PUNCH

Vol. CLXXVIII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1930.

PUNCH:



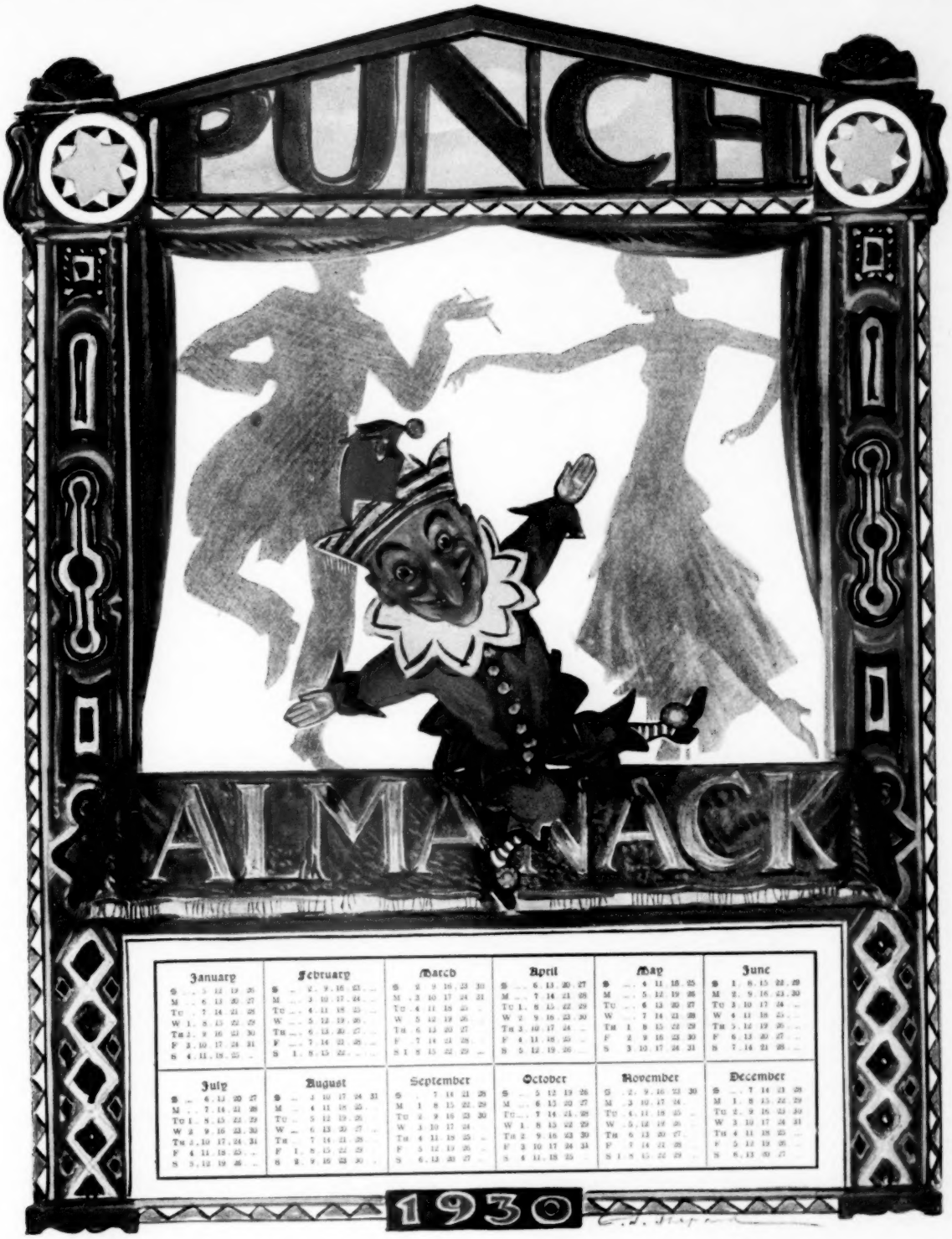
VOL. CLXXVIII.

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1930.



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January

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I WONDER IF THE PEOPLE—



WHO MAKE FUNNY NOTES—



OF THE PEOPLE—



WHO STRIKE THEM AS FUNNY—



LOOK AS FUNNY TO THE PEOPLE WHO STRIKE THEM AS FUNNY!

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



THESE GIRLS AND BOYS—WHAT FUN THEY HAVE!



BUT, OH, WHAT FUN THEY *MIGHT* HAVE HAD!

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

THE ALPS IN AN AFTERNOON.



SCENE—*A City Office.* TIME—10.30 P.M.

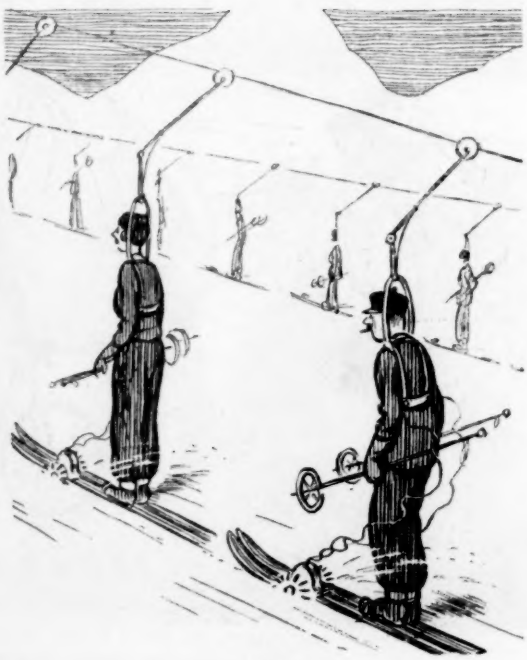
"FEELING AWFULLY LIVERY TO-DAY, PERKINS. THINK I'LL HAVE A RUN DOWN THE SCHNEEHORN. JUST RING UP AND BOOK ME A PLACE ON THE 12.30 'BLUE PLANE.'"



2.0.



2.10.



2.15

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

THE ALPS IN AN AFTERNOON.



3.0.



3 10.



4.45.



5.5—"First-rate, thanks, Perkins. Snow in splendid condition. Come along, now, and we'll soon get through this little lot."

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



Football Fan (suddenly waking up and spotting cannon-ball attached to ghost's ankle). "SHOOT, YOU FOOL!"



Poet. "WELL, DID YOU SEND THOSE BEASTLY KIDS AWAY?"

Wife. "I HADN'T THE HEART TO, DEAR. YOU KNOW THAT BEAUTIFUL POEM YOU WROTE ABOUT THE WAITS. WELL, IT 'S BEEN SET TO MUSIC AND THEY WERE SINGING IT."

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



"THEIR LORDSHIPS VIEW WITH GROWING CONCERN——"

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



THE MAN WHO COULDN'T DECIDE WHERE TO LUNCH.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



Plumber. "YES, SIR, THERE'S SOME OF 'EM STILL TORKIN' ABAHT THE DRY SUMMER WE 'AD."



Stranded Motorist (stuck in the snow, to owner of isolated cottage). "MAY I PHONE FROM HERE TO A GARAGE?"

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



FALSTAFF:— MR THOMAS SHAW (Secretary for War).
"I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is."
(HENRY IV. PT. II. I. 2.)

PORTIA:— MISS BONDFIELD (Minister of Labour).
"I am informed throughly of the cause."
(MERCHANT OF VENICE: IV. 1.)

DOGBERRY: MR J. H. CLYNES (Home Secretary).
"I am a wise fellow, and which is more an officer: and one that knows the law, go to.
(MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING: IV. 2.)

ARIEL:— MR GEORGE LANSBURY (First Commissioner of Works).
"Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands." (THE TEMPEST: I. 2.)

TOUCHSTONE: MR NOEL BUXTON (Minister of Agriculture).
"A poor virgin, Sir; an ill-favoured thing, Sir, but mine own."
(AS YOU LIKE IT: V. 4.)

DRAMATIC POSSIBILITIES.

THE LABOUR PARTY'S SHAKESPEARE TROUPE.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



MARK ANTONY:—Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON (Foreign Secretary).

"Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go."
(ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA: I. 3.)

PUCK: LORD PASSFIELD (Secretary for the Dominions).

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth."
(A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: II. 1.)

HENRY V.: Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN (Chancellor of the Exchequer).

"We will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way." (HENRY V. III. 6.)

HAMLET: Mr. J. H. THOMAS (Lord Privy Seal).

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."
(HAMLET: III. 1.)

MACBETH: Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD (Prime Minister).
LADY MACBETH: Mr. MAXTON.

Give me the daggers. "Infirm of purpose!
(MACBETH: II. 2.)

DRAMATIC POSSIBILITIES.

THE LABOUR PARTY'S SHAKESPEARE TROUPE.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

THE wholesale thefts of turkeys which have been occurring are said to have been facilitated by the fact that these fowls make no noise when disturbed. It is a moving thought that turkeys could never have saved Rome.

* * *

A London doctor complains that he can never get through his Christmas dinner without being disturbed. Smith minor says he can quite understand that, but it is worth it.

* * *

The Government is promising every assistance in order to make the Christmas of 1929 a cheerful one. It is even hoped that our income-tax demand notes will have a sprig of holly in the corner.

* * *

Hoops, it is pointed out, have been completely ousted by the modern mechanical toys. Fathers never really cared for playing with hoops.

* * *

The seating arrangements of a new London theatre which is to be devoted to musical comedy are said to give plenty of leg-room. This is a welcome departure from the idea that musical comedy requires no leg-room except on the stage.

* * *

Those who regret on sentimental grounds the threatened supersession of carol-singers by the portable gramophone should find some consolation in the thought that there is no immediate prospect of the elimination of the human factor from demands for Christmas-boxes.

* * *

The B.B.C. is now a serious rival to the waits, and we hear of some who are proposing to chant the latest weather reports between their carols.

The fear of impairing their eyesight is said to be the reason why professional footballers are seldom addicted to studious reading. Cup-tie spectators complain that they have always found them unresponsive to exhortations in the dead languages.

* * *

As the comic policeman, first introduced at Sadler's Wells, has been a feature of pantomime harlequinades for just one hundred years, the suggestion is made that something ought to be done to mark the centenary. The feeling in theatrical circles is that it would be only courteous to invite the co-operation of Scotland Yard.

* * *

From observation of climatic phenomena it is inferred that the tropics are moving northward. For the present, however, we have decided to order our coal just as though they weren't.

* * *

Several schoolmasters have expressed themselves as in favour of the earlier and longer Christmas holidays advocated by a daily paper, and it is not thought that the suggestion would meet with serious opposition from schoolboys.

* * *

The ice-cream vendor of last summer, it has been observed, has changed into the baked-potato man. And the dress-reformer has changed into thick woollen pants.

* * *

An outstanding event of next year is the World's Poultry Congress at the Crystal Palace, and regret is expressed that barn-yard-stick limitations preclude the attendance of the American Eagle for the purpose of laying a Peace Egg.

* * *

After-dinner speakers are complaining that with Peace-on-earth talk going on all the year round it is almost impossible to be impressive at Christmas-tide.

* * *

"Modern youth is very *blasé* about old Christmas customs," says a writer. We know of one young lady who always lights her cigarette from the Christmas pudding when it is brought in.

* * *

It is understood that the anti-Christmas season in Russia will again be marked by the customary interchange of bad wishes.



Heroine. "HANDS UP OR I F-FIRE."
Burglar. "WOT! NOT UNDER THE MISTLETOE, LIDY?"

No Third-Party Risks.

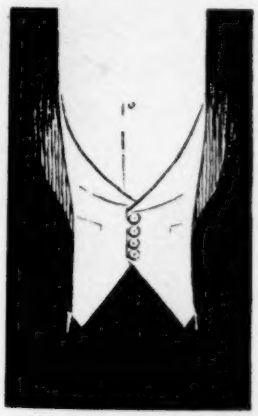
"5526 { I know of Two Bright Eyes (*G. H. Clutsam*)—with String Quartet. Meet Me by Moonlight (*arr. J. Batten*) —Unaccompanied."

From a Gramophone Catalogue.

The latter, of course, is much the best arrangement.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

IN RE WHITE WAISTCOATS.



NOW THE SINGLE-BREASTED LOOKS VERY NICE WHEN IT'S PUT ON—



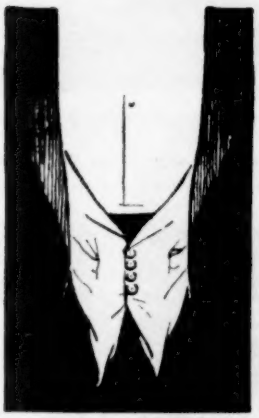
BUT UNFORTUNATELY WHEN YOU SIT DOWN IT GOES LIKE THIS—



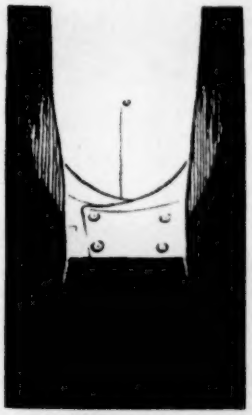
AND WHEN YOU STAND UP AGAIN IT CONSEQUENTLY GOES LIKE THIS—



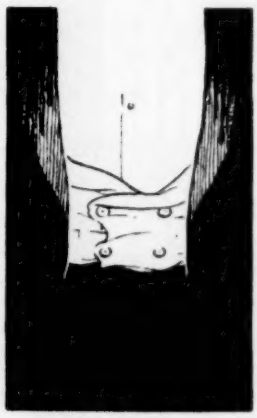
UNLESS YOU 'RE CAREFUL EVERY TIME TO GO LIKE THIS—



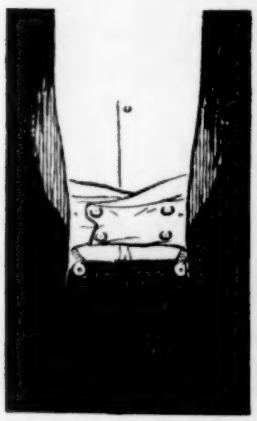
IN WHICH CASE IT SOON GOES LIKE THIS.



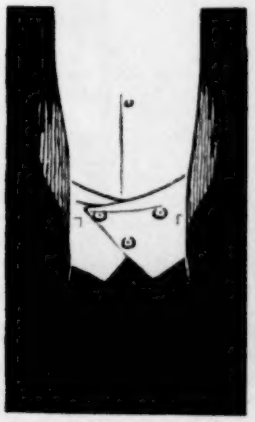
THE DOUBLE BREASTED ALSO LOOKS VERY NICE WHEN IT'S PUT ON—



BUT IF IT'S WIDE ENOUGH IT GOES LIKE THIS—



AND IF IT'S NARROW ENOUGH IT HAS A HABIT OF GOING LIKE THIS—



SO NOW YOU SEE WHY PEOPLE TOLERATE A HYBRID LIKE THIS.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



"DO ALL MY PRESENTS COME FROM FATHER CHRISTMAS?"
"YES, DARLING."
"THEN WHAT ARE YOU AND DADDY GOING TO GIVE ME?"



Butler (*to guests arriving for New Year fancy-dress ball*). "I REGRET TO SAY, MADAM, THAT HIS LORDSHIP IS SUDDENLY INDISPOSED AND HER LADYSHIP HAS HAD TO POSTPONE THE NEW YEAR."

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PRESS ADAPTS ITSELF TO THE TIMES.



THE PEARLY PRINCE AND FRIEND AT THE DERBY.



SOLLY ABRAMS AND NERVY NAT CHATTING AT THE WHIPPET RACES.



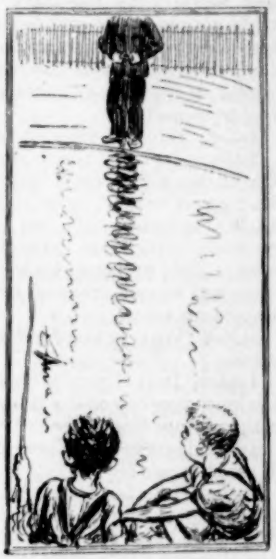
WITH AMY BIGGS. GEORGE SPIGGS ON THE ENGLISH RIVIERA.



FIRST OF MAY CELEBRATIONS. BERT WOOP, THE WELL-KNOWN COMRADE, AND MRS. WOOP.



ALBERT TOMPKINS FISHING IN THE BRENT. HIS WATER ADJOINS THAT OF ALF BUNT.



YOUNG WILLY SMITH, SON OF BILL SMITH, YACHTING WITH FRIEND ON HAMPSTEAD POND.



SLINKY SAM AND EARLY ERNEST, THE WELL-KNOWN SHOTS, ARE SHARING A SHOOT. CAUGHT ON THE "*QUI VIVE*."



AFTER THE WEDDING OF SAUCY SUE AND BLIMY BEN A RECEPTION AND DANCE TOOK PLACE.

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LITTLE MINGI.

(*In humble imitation, so far as the artist would allow, of all the Nature-stories that ever were.*)

"Swish!" went the wind in the pine-trees. A small sharp nose and two small sharp eyes have peeped out into the cold air. They are the front bit of Little Mingi.

Little Mingi was a coney seal.

Artist. I can't draw a coney seal. There 's no such thing.

Author. There is.

Artist. There isn't.

Author. I 've seen it in a fur catalogue.

Artist. It 's a trade term. I can't draw a trade term.

Author. Well, well. Do the best you can. Little Mingi was a coney seal. One of his earliest recollections was of playing in the forest with his brothers and sisters and biting out little pieces of their fur. What games they would have together! They would play hide-and-seek behind the trees, they would run races with the wind, they would toss the big pine-needles in the air and pretend that they were beetles.

Artist. Why did they do that?

Author. Just for fun. They would bite sticks, they would dive into the clear green torrent or wait for hours beside the rocky pools and scoop out the little silver trout with their front paws. But perhaps their favourite game was to roll over and over in the crisp warm snow.

Artist. Why *warm*? Snow isn't warm.

Author. It is if you 're wearing fur. Anyhow, you can make it cold in the picture if you like.

Artist. Look here! Where did all this happen?

Author. In a far, frozen land. A land of pine forests and things. Don't you know how to make pine forests? It 's quite easy. You do it like this:—

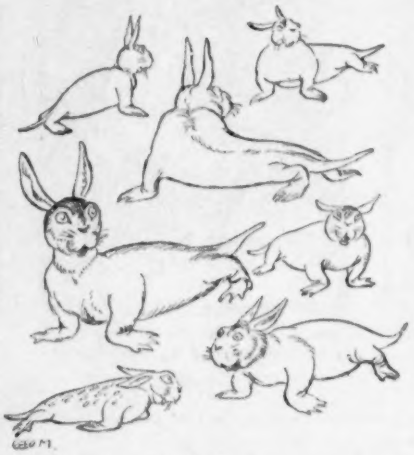


Artist. I see.

Author. Now perhaps I can get along. Very carefully had Little Mingi and his brothers and sisters——

Artist. Wait a moment. What were the names of Little Mingi's brothers and sisters?

Author. Oh, Little Stingi and Little Dingi and that sort of thing. Coney seals aren't very clever at giving names. Anyhow they all looked just the same and were the same kind of fur. Very carefully had Little Mingi and his brothers and sisters been told by their Mamma to distinguish by sight and smell the various slots and trails that ran through the warm white snow, and to give them different names. There would be Four-Foot-with-the-Branched-Head—that was the slot of the big bull-moose. And then again there would be Four-Foot-with-the-Unpleasant-Aroma—that was the skunk.



Little Mingi, the coney seal, with his brothers and sisters.

Artist. Pardon me for a moment. Why was it easier for Little Mingi to call him Four-Foot-with-the-Unpleasant-Aroma than to call him a skunk?

Author. You talk too much. Little Mingi, being a coney seal, didn't know that a skunk was called a skunk.

Artist. Why not?

Author. That 's a human name.



White Trapper with wife and child.

Artist. I see. But how did Little Mingi learn the phrase "Unpleasant aroma"?

Author. Oh, shut up! There was one trail in the forest that Little Mingi learnt to fear more than all the rest. It was called Two-Foot-with-the-Barking-Bough. That was the trail of man. It meant that the White Trapper had been that way, and it was the White Trapper, as Little Mingi's mother had taught him, who placed here and there in the forest the Burrow-with-No-Back-Door, a terrible contrivance, out of which coney seals could not hope to return. The Burrow-with-No-Back-Door had a pleasant smell of dead fish inside it, but it was in one of these that Little Mingi's own father had lost his life.

Artist. And it was not long, I suppose, before Little Mingi found himself inside one of these things?

Author. No; not at all long. It happened almost immediately. There was a tempting piece of tinned salmon stuck up on a forked stick. No sooner had Little Mingi begun to nibble it than there was a click, and, turning round, he saw that the door by which he had come in was tightly closed. And there was no other way out.

What agonies of mind Little Mingi endured! Ages afterwards, as it seemed to him, he remembered being taken up by the ears and put into a dark stifling hole, which he afterwards learnt was called a bag. Then he remembered nothing more until he heard a gentle voice saying, "We won't skin this one; I want to keep it for a pet."

That was how Little Mingi became a pet in the log cabin which was the home of the White Trapper and the White Trapper's wife.

Artist. Do White Trappers have wives?

Author. There you go again! Just as I am trying to get a little feminine interest into the story you go and spoil it all. The wife of this trapper was a particularly beautiful woman with large violet eyes. She had left all to follow the trapper and help him in his humble calling. And they had a child.

Artist. What was the name of these people?

Author. Little Mingi never knew. He called them the White Trapper and the White Trapper's Wife and the White Trapper's Child. He soon became absolutely happy in his new home. He would take bits of pemmican from his mistress's hand, or lap a saucer of condensed milk, or lamp-oil if there was no milk to be had. He would catch ants

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

and bite slippers or sleep by the baby in its cot; or he would dig under the snow outside the log cabin and get moss.

Artist. What did he do that for?

Author. Dash it! You don't want him to have any amusements. All day long Little Mingi played by himself in the hut, or helped the White Trapper's Wife to look after the baby, while the White Trapper went forth after fur-bearing animals, such as the slink and the kink and the mink and the sable fitch and the coney seal.

Came an evening when the White Trapper was away from home and a half-caste, another trapper, entered the cabin.

"What business has this dark-faced Two-Foot-with-the-Barking-Bough to come in here?" thought Little Mingi to himself, putting up one paw to his forehead.

A little later he heard his mistress scream. The half-caste pulled her to the door of the hut. He tied her hands with ropes and began to draw her through the snow.

Little Mingi was beside himself with grief. He bit deeply—oh! how he bit—into the muscles of the half-caste's leg, but the man threw him off with a murderous oath. What could Little Mingi do to save his mistress?

Then he remembered the baby all alone in the hut.

"I must protect that," he murmured to himself in coney-sealese, "for the fire in the stove will go out and it will die of cold."

Very rapidly he ran about the hut, collecting all the furs of the skinned animals he could find. These he dragged with his teeth to the cot and heaped them all over the baby, so that it was quite cosy and warm. Then he dipped a piece of pemmican in lamp-oil and laid it close to the baby's lips, so that it would not starve while he was away. Then he——

Artist. Look here! I've had about enough of this. You said Little Mingi was a coney seal, not a district nurse.

Author. How do you know what a coney seal can do? You complained at the beginning there wasn't such an animal.

Artist. Have it your own way.

Author. Then he dashed off in pursuit over the frozen snow. Br-r-r! It was cold. Icicles formed on his whiskers as he ran. The dry branches of the pine-trees crackled and the stars glittered like diamonds in the deep blue sky. Little Mingi ran and ran. He kept his nose to the trail. He had always been the quickest of his family when they chased each other round the tree-stumps in the old days.



LITTLE MINGI BITES THE HALF-CASTE IN THE LEG.

He did not reason or talk to himself as he ran. Enough for him to know that some great danger was threatening the home that he loved.

Artist. How did he know that?

Author. Instinct, my boy, instinct. After two hours of running he came to the half-caste's hut. Cautiously he sniffed round it till he happened on a cleft between two logs where he could creep through. His dear mistress was lying gagged and bound on the floor. The dark-faced Two-Foot was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps he was cutting sticks. Perhaps he was drinking fire-water in the ante-room. He had left his Barking Bough on the table.



LITTLE MINGI GNAWS THROUGH THE ROPE THAT BINDS HIS MISTRESS.

In an instant with his sharp teeth Little Mingi had bitten through the cords which had been tied round the white woman's ankles and wrists. She staggered out into the snow. But scarcely was she under cover of the darkness when the half-caste came reeling in. Seeing his victim gone, he uttered a terrible curse and turned round to look for her. She was only a few yards distant, but at that moment, with a shrill shriek of defiance, Little Mingi had leapt on the table, and using his white teeth again and bracing himself with his fore-paws, tugged with all the strength of his lithe furry neck at the Little Twig of the Barking Bough.

Artist (*coldly*). Do you mean the trigger?

Author. A man would have called it the trigger. I am using Little Mingi's words. The half-caste collapsed with a groan on the threshold. Wasting no time, Little Mingi sprang from the table and dashed into his mistress's arms. Away! away! was her one thought. She ran blindly, not caring how she went, until at last she sank from utter weariness under a pine-tree in the snow. I think I ought to have mentioned that it was Christmas Eve.

Artist. Did Little Mingi know that?

Author. Not for certain. Besides, he was concerned with other things. A long-drawn whine that the woman was too weary to notice had not escaped his quick furry ears. He knew well that the forest was as dangerous a place to be in as the half-caste's hut and his little heart began to sink within him.

The whine was repeated, and then repeated again. Long low shadows loomed between the pine-stems. Sharp eyes like bright green stars pricked the darkness. A pack of hungry nutrias was on their trail!

Artist. Nutrias?

Author. Nutrias.

Artist. I thought they came from South America?

Author. They may have. Anyhow they had got here now. Lots of incredibly ferocious fur-bearing nutrias looking for nutriment among the pines. They are the mortal enemies of the coney seal

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and only less feared than the skunk or the Two-Foot-with-the-Barking-Bough.

Little Mingi had been taught by his mother to make off home instantly whenever he saw the nutria slot in the ground or whiffed the nutria waft in the air. Now the great crisis of his life had come. He faced it resolutely as only a staunch little coney seal can.

The leader of the pack crept forward, bristling. Little Mingi bristled in reply. The nutria snarled, showing his long incisors. Little Mingi did the same.

Then began a battle-royal as fierce as any the forest had ever known. To and fro they rolled and tumbled, clawing and biting wherever they could. Terrified and hardly daring to breathe, the White Trapper's wife watched them from behind a tree.



LITTLE MINGI DEFIES THE LEADER OF THE NUTRIA PACK.

Little Mingi knew that if he could only get a grip of the nutria's throat he had a chance to win. Meanwhile about half his tail was bitten off, and he doubted if his whiskers would ever grow again. The snow was trampled with paw-marks till it looked like this:



Artist. Why not use asterisks?

Author. The snow was trampled with paw-marks till it looked like that and stained with blood. Suddenly, just when he thought he could last no longer, Little Mingi got the hold he desired, bit deep, and with one final screech the savage nutria fell back dead. Almost at the same moment there came a crack and a spurt of red fire.

It was the White Trapper.

"Saved!" thought Little Mingi as he fainted from exhaustion, and the nutria pack slunk away whimpering into the night.

In the log hut there was great rejoicing. A little pine-tree had been brought in by the Two-Foots and hung with candles and brightly-coloured balls. It was placed near the baby's cot and the baby crowed for joy. Instinct told Little Mingi that this was a Christmas-tree, and you may be sure that he had an extra piece of pemmican and many beetles that night.

"I want you to promise me something, Sebastian," said the woman to her husband.

"Well, Anastasia?" he asked, tenderly stroking her hair.

"Will you leave this dreadful country and give up the trapper's life altogether?"

"If you wish it. But why?"

"For Little Mingi's sake. I cannot bear to think of killing another coney seal."

So the Two-Foots went away.

Artist. What did they do to earn a living then?

Author. They bought a camera and began taking pictures of animal life.

Artist. And what of Little Mingi?

Author. I was going to tell you that. Instinct now told Little Mingi that a long beautiful phase in his life was over, and he cried softly to himself. On the last night, while they were asleep, he crept up to the cot and emptied a whole tin of condensed milk into it. Then he stole quietly away into the forest. The Call of the Wild, he knew, would soon come to him again, and somewhere there would be waiting a little doe coney seal named Fringi or Bingi and destined to be his mate.



LITTLE MINGI POSES FOR A FAMILY GROUP.

Artist (*almost in tears*). Did they never see him again?

Author. You are in such a dreadful hurry. One bright spring morning, when the snow had melted, or at any rate a good lot of it, and the pines were bearing bright green cones, and the big bull-moose, who had just got new antlers on his head, was bellowing softly the song of love and the whole air thrilled and vibrated with the soft sudden reappearance of the skunk, the Two-Feet came back to the forest with their camera and found Little Mingi with a wife and four furry cubs rolling and playing games together. They would have recognised him anyhow because he only had half a tail, but he ran up to them and poked a little nose into their hands. Then he went back and posed with his family at the door of the burrow. It was one of the best groups they ever got. And Little Mingi taught his cubs not to be afraid of them, because the man was no longer a Two-Foot-with-a-Barking-Bough, but a Two-Foot-with-a-Snapping-Slide, who wished no harm to coney seals. He would never set any burrows with no back-doors in the forest again.

Artist. And is that all?

Author. Yes.

Artist. Well, it's the hardest story to illustrate that I've ever read.

Author. On the greatest occasions we always find (do we not?) that we have an unexpected strength lurking within ourselves. Just as Little Mingi did. EVOE.

Editorial Candour.

"The Editor's Standpoint. (Astonishing Ignorance)."—*Contents Bill of Monthly Magazine.*

The Tiara that Slipped.

"Ruth attracted the attention of many eyes, for her white dress revealed her true loveliness, and she wore a modest tiara of diamonds in her corsage. Bernard glanced at her and sighed."

South African Woman's Paper.

Very considerate of Bernard just to sigh. He might well have giggled.

"For sale, 1 quiet cow; coming to strong; and easily erected."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Macri had a quiet coo
Whose milk was never spilt,
And, if it ever came in two,
'Twas easily rebuilt.

THE FAMILY ALBUM.



BE-whiskered and be-bustled,
Entwined about with plants,
Daguerreotypes unhustled
Of uncles and of aunts!
With lamplight to illumine us
How oft we had to look
At relatives albuminous
Imbedded in a book!

Above their faded poses,
Inquiring whose was whom's,
We bent obedient noses
In slumberous drawing-rooms;

The horror of that memory,
The faces proud and chill
(So Edward-ish and Emma-ry!)—
It lingers with me still.



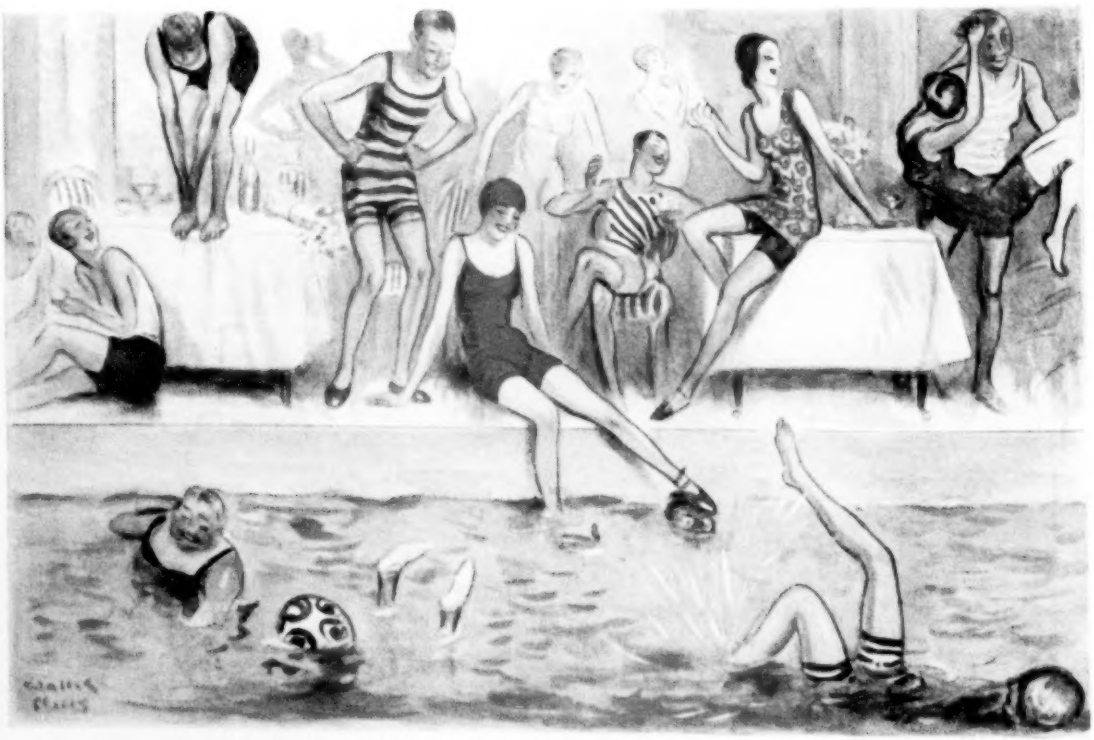
Now every aunt is brisker
Than every niece, they say;
No uncle wears a whisker,
And life is much more gay.
When evening brings the movie near
The nephews howl with glee—
In fact their favourite souvenir
Is photographs of me!

EVOE.

THE FREAK-MERCHANTS; OR, THE BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE.



"THEY USED TO THINK THAT THE BEAN-AND-BOTTLE AND-PYJAMA PARTY WAS QUITE ORIGINAL—



TILL THEY WENT ONE BETTER WITH THE BATHING SUPPER-PARTY—

THE FREAK-MERCHANTS; OR, THE BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE.



THEN THEY HOPED THEY HAD TOUCHED THE HIGH-WATER MARK OF ORIGINALITY WHEN THEY HELD A "BABY" PARTY IN A PUBLIC SQUARE—



ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES COMPLETELY ECLIPSED BY THE *BRIGHTER* YOUNG PEOPLE.



ILLUSTRATED NEWS-ITEMS FROM THE PAST.

MERRIE SPORTSMEN ATTE KNOTTYNGE HILL PROVIDE GOODE CHEARE FOR YE APPROACHING YULETYDE FEASTS.



ILLUSTRATED NEWS-ITEMS FROM THE PAST.

A PUISSANT GOATE-HERD OF STONYE STRATTEFORDE PUTTITH IT ACROSS A SNATCHE AND GRABBE PARTIE OF CATTLE-RAIDERS.

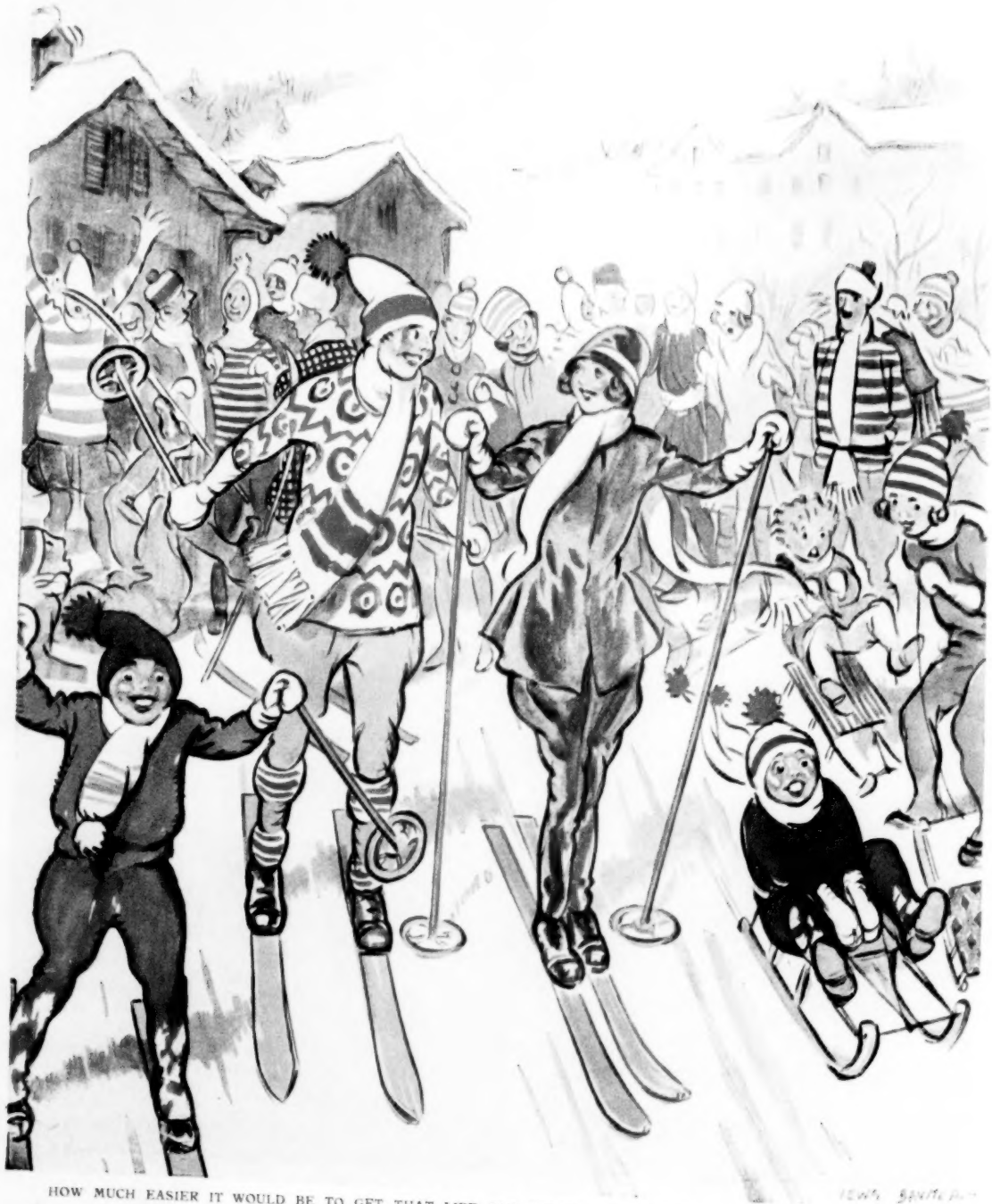


CHRISTMAS I



STMAS IN SOHO.

MANNERS AND MODES IN THE MOUNTAINS.



HOW MUCH EASIER IT WOULD BE TO GET THAT LIFE AND COLOUR SUITABLE TO MAKE A CHEERY DRAWING OF AN ALPINE RESORT.

MANNERS AND MODES IN THE MOUNTAINS.



IF ONE HAD NEVER SEEN THE ACTUAL THING.

PROGRESS.



IT USED TO BE ONE'S DUTY TO ONE'S CHILDREN TO KEEP THEM IN HAND BY A STERN DISCIPLINE—



BUT NOW THE IDEA SEEMS TO BE TO ALLOW THEM ABSOLUTE FREEDOM IN SELF-EXPRESSION—



AND BEFORE LONG THE CORRECT THING MAY BE TO BE IN COMPLETE SUBJECTION TO THEM.



THE COUPLE WHO DIDN'T REALISE IT WAS AN EXHIBITION DANCE.

CINDERELLA OF THE EAST.

SAT UPON IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY—

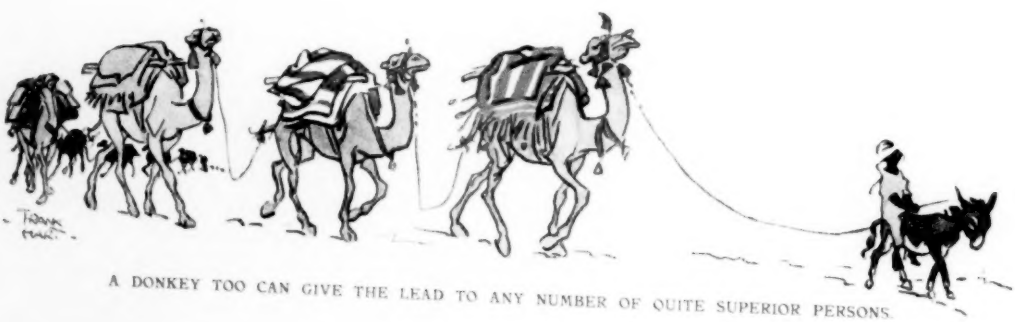


THE DRUDGE OF EVERYBODY, WHETHER IN TOWN OR COUNTRY—



THIS MOST HUMBLE OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS YET HAS SOME OCCASIONS CALLING FOR POMP AND DECORATION.





A DONKEY TOO CAN GIVE THE LEAD TO ANY NUMBER OF QUITE SUPERIOR PERSONS.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

THE POISONED ORANGE.

(Being a generous attempt to satisfy at once the Christmas spirit and the popular appetite for "detective" fiction. An effort has also been made to reproduce the "detective" style.)

I.

"SHOULD I give the young gentleman an orange, Sir?"

"We generally keep the oranges for the girls."

It was Atwell, the venerable butler, who put the whispered query, and kind old Jeremy Grain, his master, who uttered the response.

In the great bed before us, blissfully unconscious in the arms of Morpheus, lay little Mervyn, Lord Calliper, heir-apparent to the Cotway earldom and estates. It was Christmas Eve and we were "doing the stockings." Old Jeremy Grain's Christmas house-parties for the little ones were famous. Thirty-five children were housed to-night under the hospitable roof of "Highmote."

A third voice now joined the whispered colloquy.

"Oh, let the little chap have an orange."

My friend Roke and I glanced at the speaker, whose dark hair and piercing eyes held somehow a hint of mystery. Jasper Weal, I knew, had spent much of his life in the East, a fact which the bronzed eyebrows and lemon-coloured skin did nothing to belie. The man's reputation was not altogether a savoury one. There were stories of a dancing-girl in Smyrna, as a result of which the British Consul had made certain representations, followed by a question in the House. Younger brother to the Earl of Cotway, Jasper Weal would be the next heir to the title in the event of the decease of the sleeping child whose stocking was now under discussion.

"Very well," said our host, and Atwell, choosing an orange, carefully executed the order.

As we turned to the next bed the rays of the night-light fell upon the face of the butler, and I was unable to suppress a start. Due, perhaps, to some distortion of the light, the kind old features seemed, as it were, twisted with a malignant passion. I glanced at Roke, but the erstwhile detective's physiognomy was as inscrutable as ever. Apparently he had noticed nothing untoward, and I attributed what I had seen to an optical illusion.

That night I retired early. As I passed along the Tudor corridor I was astonished to see my friend Roke emerge from the Yellow Room, where little Mervyn slept. *In his hand was an orange!*

II.

Christmas morning. The great hall was a veritable pandemonium. Thirty-five children were blowing trumpets, banging drums, pulling crackers, inflating balloons and noisily chawing at apples and other fruit. I noticed especially little Nicholas Mainwaring, who was sucking an orange with childish intentness and at the same time beating his little sister with a whip. Nicholas was an unusually objectionable child. He and little Mervyn were never tired of invading the old butler's trim pantry, smearing the polished silver with jam, stealing raisins and putting mice in the decanters. The aged servant seemed to take the childish fun in good part, and worked good-humouredly to make the revels a success.



"'SHOULD I GIVE THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN AN ORANGE, SIR?'"

Suddenly with a low groan, in which I seemed to detect some sinister import, the boy Nicholas fell to the ground.

Roke was at his side in an instant, and I was not far behind him, though I could not hope to emulate the agility of the quondam investigator of crime.

"Dead," said "Needle" Roke, his hand on the boy's heart. "Hicks, there has been some devilish work here."

"Have you formed the opinion then," I said, "that the decease of this child is due to other than natural causes?"

I was amazed, as always, at the rapidity of my friend's reasoning.

For answer he picked up the half-sucked orange and carefully placed the fruit to his ear.

"Faugh!" he said. "Prussic acid."

"Prussic acid!" I echoed in surprise. "But that is dastardly! Can there be a fiend in human shape who would administer so terrible a poison to an innocent child?"

"There is worse than that," he said grimly, scratching his hip, a nervous mannerism which told me his intellect was working at its acutest.

"To my mind," I said, "the fact that this foul deed has been perpetrated on Christmas morning invests the affair with exceptional horror."

"This is not ordinary prussic acid," hissed Roke. "It is a peculiar chemical composition, the secret of which is known only to the Etwas of Smyrna."

Smyrna!

Looking up, we both saw above the ring of children's faces that of "Uncle" Jerry, distorted with some emotion.

"Nicholas is dead," said Roke slowly, with a gesture of finality. "Breath has left the little body."

"I know," responded the old man.

The reply struck me as strange. *How* did he know?

Behind his master stood Atwell, his rather yellow eyes fixed on the body.

"Breakfast is ready, Sir," he said.

Where had I seen the man before?

III.

"Please, Mr. Roke?"

"Yes, Margaret?" was the kind rejoinder.

My friend's interlocutor was Margaret Wimple, the six-year-old ward of Jeremy Grain, and heiress to a vast fortune.

"Please, Mr. Roke, have you any theory which may lead to the apprehension of the miscreant? I feel I shall never know any peace until this hideous mystery is unravelled."

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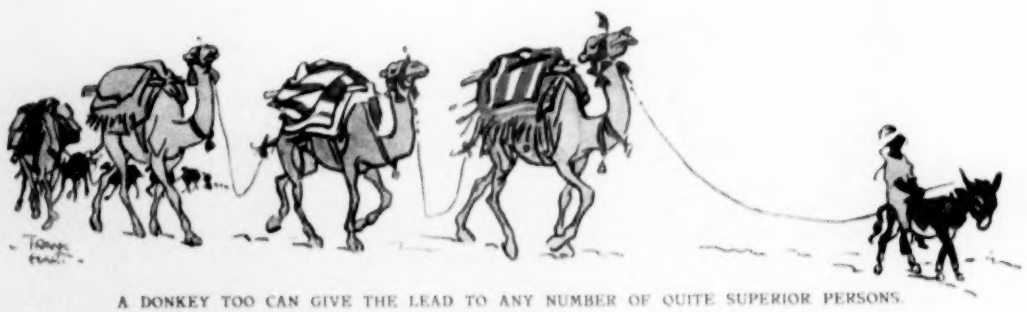


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Punch's Almanack for 1930.

"You and Nicholas were well acquainted?"

"We were almost inseparable playmates," the child replied simply. "Although in certain respects our natures were diverse, yet we had many points of contact."

Roke scratched his hip.

"Have you yourself any hypothesis which would account for the taking of your companion's life?" he said.

"None," was the disconsolate response. "Nicholas had no enemies. I can only surmise that there was some secret antagonism in his life of which we have as yet no cognisance. Oh, Mr. Roke," the child went on eagerly, "what a merciful chance that you were present in the vicinity! Promise—promise that you will use your unrivalled powers of ratiocination to identify the dastard!"

"Why do you talk like that?" Roke asked curiously.

"I have read many detective-stories," was the simple response.

Roke held out his lean yellow hand.

"I promise."

IV.

Since the unfortunate Titmouse affair, when "Needle" Roke had wrongfully arrested two peers of the realm, my friend had undertaken no serious criminal investigation. Now, sneezing irritably from the intensity of his thought, I could see that the case had gripped him.

The body lay on the billiard-table, and, for myself, as I gazed at it, I could perceive no daylight. The crime seemed motiveless. Why an orange? Why not a raisin? Who had filled Nicholas Mainwaring's stocking? Where was the butler? What time was high-water? Turn where one would the mystery grew darker.

A sinister thought struck me. *Why had I seen Roke carrying an orange on the night previous?*

The question gave me furiously to think.

The "Needle's" eyes clicked.

"The orange which killed Nicholas Mainwaring was the orange which was placed in Mervyn Calliper's stocking."

A wave of horror swept over me. I recalled a certain childish quarrel of which I had been witness.

"Is it your suggestion then that little Mervyn is the guilty individual?" I asked. "The hypothesis is ghastly."

"No," he snapped. "I changed the oranges myself."

I broke off, baffled. If Roke had suspicions anent the *bona fides* of the orange intended for Mervyn, why transfer the sinister fruit to Nicholas?

I gnashed my teeth in perplexity.

V.

"Bring in the pudding!"

A sort of cloud had seemed to hang over the Christmas dinner. It was the desire of "Uncle" Jerry that the dramatic event of the morning should not be allowed to spoil the pleasure of the children. And yet, as I pulled a cracker with little Margaret, I could not help feeling that somehow our gaiety seemed incongruous.

Old Jeremy served the pudding. The children eyed him eagerly, hungry for half-sovereigns.

"Ah, Margaret," the old man chuckled, "you are in luck, I fancy."

The girl quivered as Atwell handed her a plate on which the unmistakable glint of gold could be detected.

At that moment I chanced to look across the table to where sat Jasper Weal. There was an expression of intentness on the sallow countenance.

Then I noticed that the chair next to him was untenanted. A few moments previous I had watched him pulling a wish-bone with a laughing boy. *The boy was Mervyn, future Earl of Cotway!*

Roke, as usual, was before me. "Quick!" he hissed in my ear, "there is not a moment to lose!" And we rushed from the room.

"Where?" I cried. "London? Shall I order the car? Have you packed?" I could not follow the workings of his mind.

"The billiard-room, of course!" he snapped, flinging open the door of the apartment referred to.

On the great billiard-table were *two* little bodies. In a crumpled heap beside Nicholas lay Mervyn Calliper, sometime heir of Cotway.

"Dead?" I gasped.

"Defunct," snapped Roke, after a single glance. "Hicks, this is devilish."

"Can you trace the origin of this second calamity?" I stammered.

The detective took a small object from the boy's right hand.

"What is that?" he rapped.

"It looks to me like some part of the anatomy of a fowl."

"It is half of the wish-bone of a turkey," Roke replied.

"But, surely," I stuttered, "you do not connect this little bone with the foul deed of which we have just become cognisant?"

"Look again!"

Again I examined the object in his grasp, but for the life of me I could make nothing of it.

"It is the *losing* half of a wish-bone," my friend snapped impatiently.

"What then?" I was hopelessly fogged.

"The boy *lost* his wish," Roke ripped significantly.

"You mean——?"

"Weal wished that the child was



"THE GREAT HALL WAS A VERITABLE PANDEMONIUM."



"'PLEASE, MR. ROKE, HAVE YOU ANY THEORY WHICH MAY LEAD TO THE APPREHENSION OF THE MISCREANT?'"

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

dead. *And he won!* Oh, Hicks, this is damnable."

I gasped. What a brain!

"Pudding is served," said the old butler behind us.

Something in his face seemed to suggest to Roke a new line of reasoning.

"By heaven! Of course!" he ejaculated. "Blind fool that I am! Quick, the dining-room! Even now we may not be too late!"

But a single glance sufficed to show that we were. The ring of children's faces, erstwhile bright with merriment, was now blanched with terror, and the little eyes, as one eye, were fixed upon a small figure which lay in one of the footmen's arms.

"Margaret!" hissed Roke. "I knew it!"

Roke stepped swiftly to the body and extracted something from the mouth.

I gasped. It was a half-sovereign!

"I thought as much," snapped the detective, who was examining the coin with his pocket-microscope. "A child's first action on gaining one of the hidden treasures of a Christmas-pudding is to suck it clean of pudding."

(Roke's knowledge of the world was a constant source of astonishment to me.)

"The sucking action of the tongue would dislodge this almost invisible catch, thus releasing from a secret chamber a liquid which, if I mistake not"—my friend sniffed cautiously—"is one of the deadliest poisons known to mankind—*Banus Ibericus*."

I was dumbfounded.

"Are there any indications," I queried, "as to the author of this inhuman device?"

"The miscreant is short-sighted and belongs to the Primrose League. The poison was made at No. 29, Calle Podrido, Madrid."

I shuddered. I could not forget that the Easter previous our host (who wore spectacles) had spent a holiday in Spain.

I turned at a sound behind me. "Uncle" Jerry had fainted.

VI.

"Hicks," said Roke, "there is someone in this house who dislikes children."

"Can such a monster exist?" I replied.

But I was forced to admit the plausibility of the hypothesis. At tea-time Stephen and Michael Pewter had been killed by an explosive cracker. Two more children had shot each other dead with toy-pistols in which some fiend had concealed the bullets of an army revolver. Eight bodies lay on the billiard-table.

Lord Pewter entered the greenhouse.

"Mr. Roke," said the nobleman. He paused. "There are now nine bodies in the billiard-room."

"Eight," said my friend with his characteristic passion for accuracy.

"Nine. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Weal has just committed suicide."

"I expected that," said Roke calmly.

What a man!

"Do you not think," the peer continued, "that the time is approaching when this terrible series of events should be communicated to the police?"

Roke frowned as he acquiesced. He detested the blundering stupidities of Scotland Yard.

Chief Inspector Smoot arrived at once.

"Mr. Roke," he said, "this business is too big for us. We wish to leave it in your hands unreservedly. If my detectives can help you by running messages let me know."

Roke scratched his hip. But this time the gesture was one of triumph.

VII.

It was with heavy hearts that we let off the fireworks on Boxing Day. The roll of death had mounted to twenty-three, and only twelve little ones remained to see the fun.

But Roke seemed to have thrown off his depression and I guessed he was hot on the scent.

"Come, Inspector!" he hissed as he touched off a huge catherine-wheel. "The grounds are surrounded by uniformed constables. None can escape."

We ran to the giant rocket, where Atwell the butler stood ready with his torch.

The Inspector's arm shot out. "Robert Atwell," he cried, "I arrest you. You are charged with the murder of Nicholas Mainwaring, Mervyn Calliper, Margaret Wimple, Stephen Pewter——"

Before the list was half finished there was a blinding flash, a whizz and roar. The giant rocket had gone up.

But where was Atwell?

Roke pointed. Far up, clinging to the great stick, the butler soared skyward, his round face distorted in triumph.

"Tut!" said the Inspector. "He has eluded the just punishment of his crimes. He should land about Croydon, where no doubt an aeroplane is in readiness."

"Wait," said Roke with a confident gleam.

At that moment a terrific explosion rent the welkin. Horrified, we saw the butler's body disintregrate into a thousand pieces.

"A very curious firework," said the Inspector.

"Very," said Roke, with a quiet smile.



"'TUT!' SAID THE INSPECTOR. 'HE HAS ELUDED THE JUST PUNISHMENT OF HIS CRIMES.'"

VIII.

"Yes," said Roke later in his bath (he never bathed during an investigation), "I knew he would try to make a bolt and so I ventured to tamper with the rocket."

"But how on earth," I cried, "did you fix the responsibility for these diabolical crimes upon the aged retainer?"

"Very simple. You see, there were any number of persons who had a motive for removing *one* child. The problem was to find somebody who wanted to remove them *all*. Atwell detested the children. They made his life a burden to him. And he was determined that this should be the last children's party at 'Highmote.'"

"Well, Mr. Roke," said the Inspector, as he rose reverently from his sitting posture on the edge of the bath, "you are a wonder."

A. P. H.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

MY LADY'S PUTT.



MISS A LOOKS WELL.



MISS B PUTTS WELL.



MISS C LOOKS LIKE THIS AND DOESN'T PUTT WELL EITHER.



PUTTING IS QUITE THE WEAKEST PART OF MISS D'S GAME.



NO ONE COULD SAY MISS E WAS WEAK ON THE GREENS.



MISS F IS TOO CASUAL.



MISS G IS PAINSTAKING, BUT THEN SHE MEANS TO GET THEM IN.



MISS X DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



Small Child (*whose father, dressed as Santa Claus, has fallen downstairs*). "DADDY! DADDY! THAT 'S ALL WRONG; YOU 'RE SUPPOSED TO COME DOWN THE CHIMBLEY!"



STUDY OF ABANDONED YOUNG CREATURE (PERIOD, 1930) WHO DARED TO SHOW HER LEGS IN THE EVENING.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

WHAT SCOTLAND HAS TO PUT UP WITH.



The Monarch of the Glen (U.S.A.).



The MacMillions' Moor.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

WHAT SCOTLAND HAS TO PUT UP WITH.



THE QUEUE BY THE FIRST TEE AT NORTH BERWICK.



THE TARTAN TERRORS.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

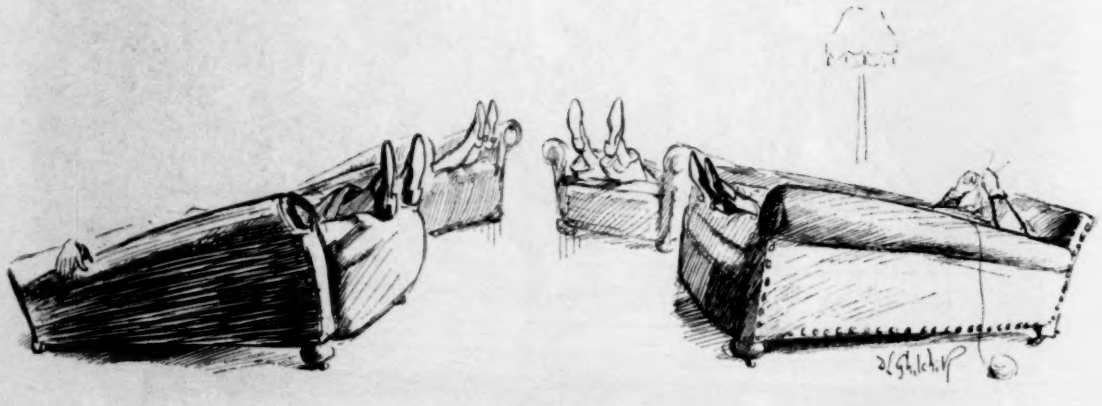
EASIER CHAIRS.



YESTERDAY.



TO-DAY.



TO-MORROW.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

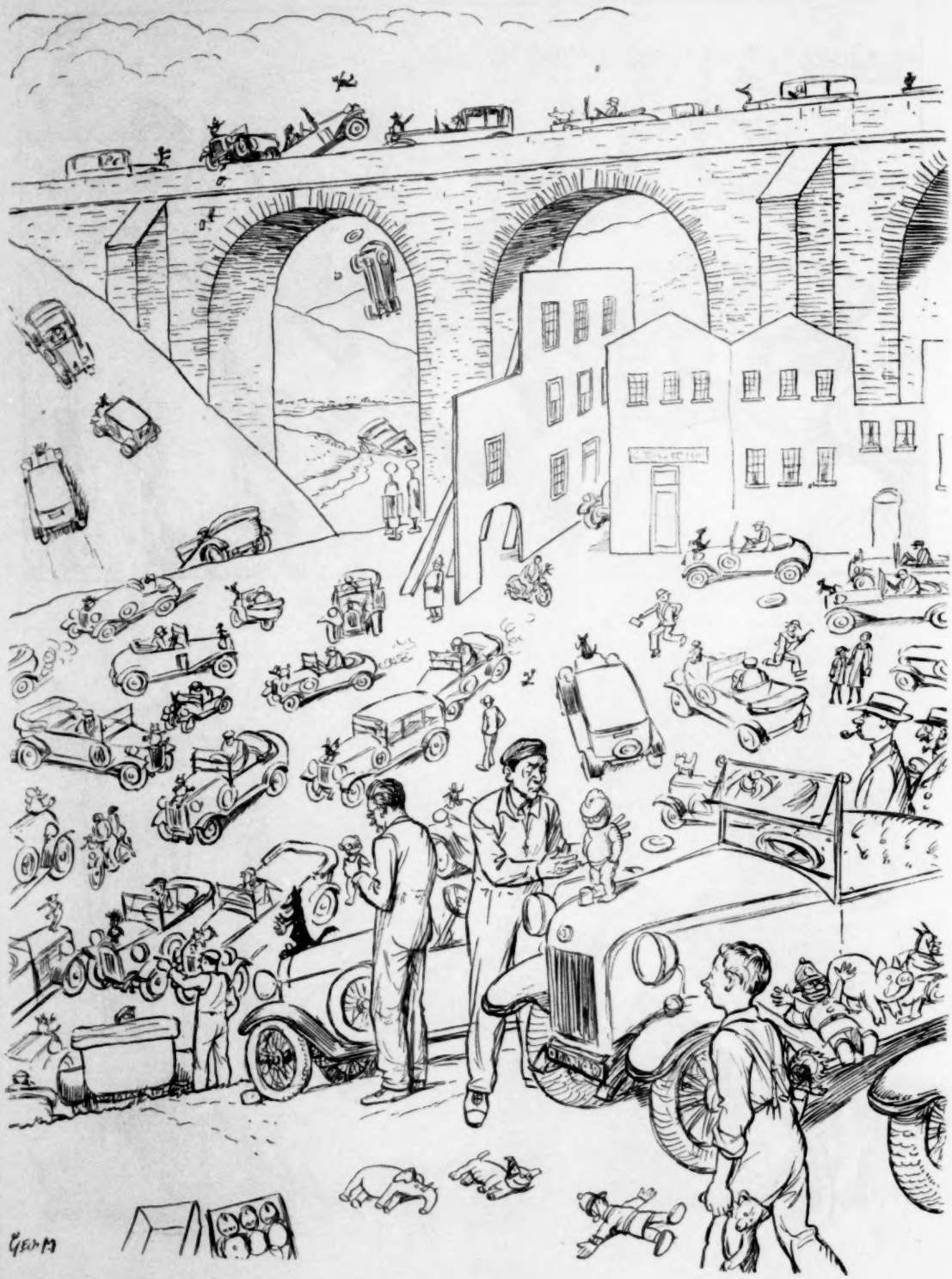


Disgusted Supporter. "YOU OUGHT TO JOIN ONE O' THEM TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA!"



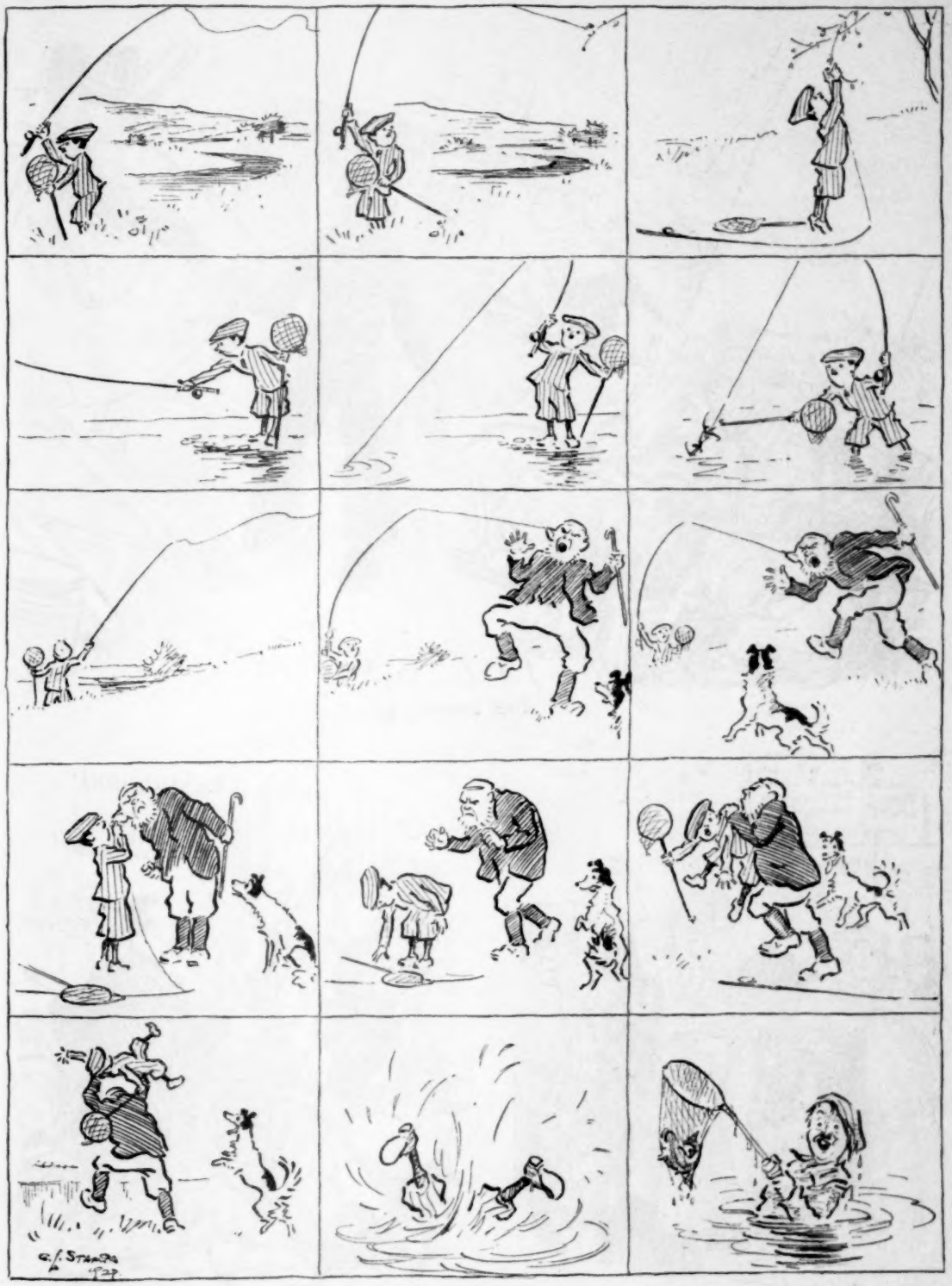
Butler (to guest in haunted room). "JUST A COUPLE MORE 'OT-WATER BOTTLES, SIR. IT GETS ICY COLD 'ERE ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK."

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



TRYING OUT MASCOTS AT A MASCOT FACTORY.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



THE PRICE—



WE—



PAY—

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



FOR—



A FEW—



DAYS'



ENJOYMENT.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.





HE ONLY WISHES THEY COULD.

Punch's Almanack for 1930.



THE IRREVOCABLE KISS.

Superstitious Youth. "GREAT SCOTT! IT ISN'T MISTLETOE AFTER ALL."



Little Girl (after surveying collection of dolls, etc.). "MUMMY, DON'T YOU THINK SANTA CLAUS IS GETTING RATHER GROOVY?"

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.



AFTER A LONG SPELL OF THIS KIND OF SNAP IN OUR DAILY PRESS—

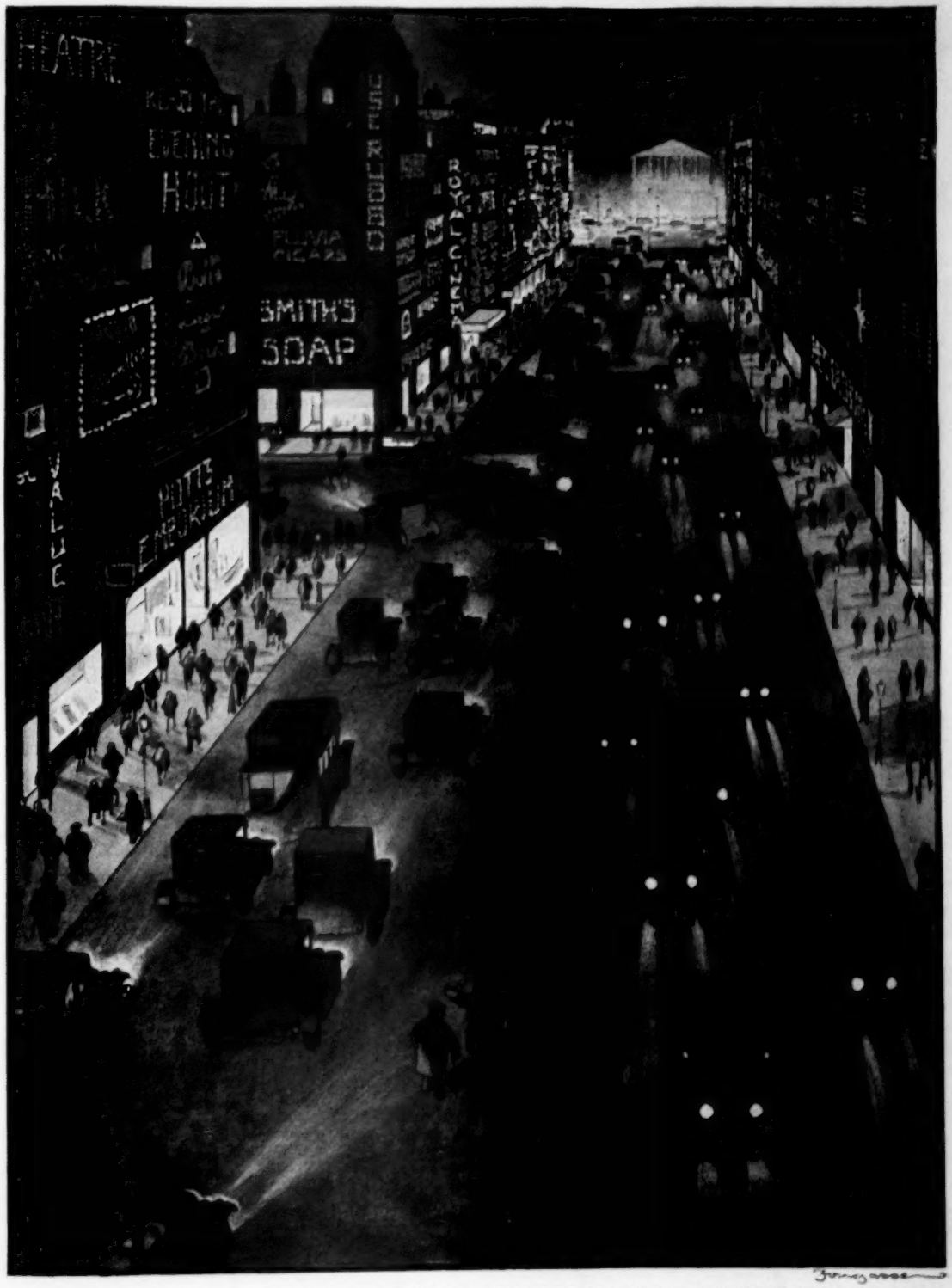


THE OPENING OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON USED TO BRING A WELCOME RELIEF—



BUT NOW THE EVER-INCREASING FEMININE ENCROACHMENT IN SPORT THREATENS TO LET US IN FOR THIS.

STREET SIGNS.



"ROYAL TERRACE, SIR? TURN TO THE LEFT AT 'SMITH'S SOAP' HERE, AND THEN TO THE RIGHT AT 'JONES'S BEER' IN RED, AND AGAIN TO THE LEFT AT 'ROBINSON'S HATS,' WITH PART OF THE 'H' GONE, IN GREEN, KEEPING 'BROWN'S FACE POWDER' TO YOUR RIGHT. THEN, WHEN YOU GET TO 'SIMPSON'S FOOD' GOING IN AND OUT IN RED AND BLUE, TURN UP THE ALLEY TO YOUR RIGHT, JUST UNDER THE SECOND 'T' OF 'TWICE NIGHTLY,' AND IT BRINGS YOU RIGHT INTO ROYAL TERRACE, WHICH YOU'LL KNOW BECAUSE THERE AREN'T ANY SIGNS THERE."

Punch's Almanack for 1930.

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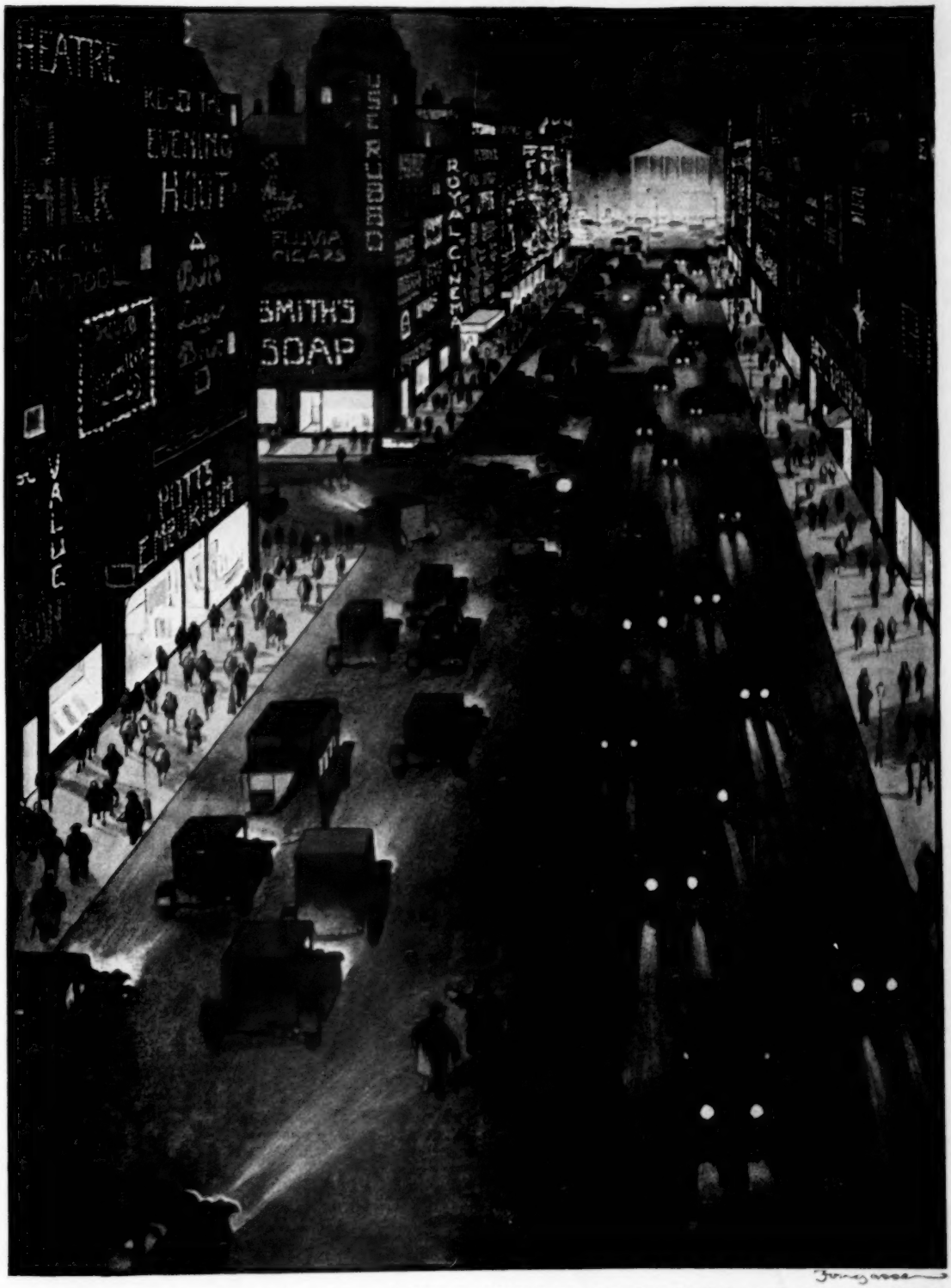


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THE FORTUNES OF THE BALL-ROOM.

"BEWARE OF A TALL RED-HEADED MAN WITH STEPS OF HIS OWN."



EIGHT-BELLS.

EIGHT-BELLS chimed from the fo'c'sle
Back to the chime from the poop;
Out tumbled the port watch, cursing:
The cock crowed loud from the coop.

The sea was bright as a mirror,
The moon was shiny as steel,
When Ginger limped aft at midnight
For to relieve the wheel.

He spat on his hands as he took it
And the course, which was "Full an' by,"
And "'Appy New Year," says Ginger,
And "Same to yourself," says I.

"'Ere 's a bit more meat in the lobscouse,
A few more plums in the duff,
A few less kicks wi' the 'alfpence,
A bit more smooth wi' the rough.

"'Ere 's grub whenever you 're 'ungry
An' drink whenever you 're dry,
An' a "'Appy New Year,'" says Ginger,
And "Same to yourself," says I.

C. F. S.

"OLYMPIA'S GREAT SHOW AND ITS BRIGHT FEATURES.

. . . 'A wonderful show, which I always enjoy,' was the verdict of Mr. Ben Tillett, Minister for Mines, who applauded with the rest of the children."—*Daily Paper.*

We congratulate Mr. BEN TURNER on his narrow escape from the nursery.

A Nice Distinction.

"If we could live up to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount we should, in the historic words of Pope Gregory, be 'not Angels, but angels.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"Our Offices will be closed from December 24th until December 30th, but a skeleton staff will be in attendance on Friday, December 27th."—*Firm's Circular.*

Smith Minor thinks this sounds like a rather thin time on Christmas Day.

"To allow a tiny toddler to play with some gorgeous toy, and then take it away without purchasing it strikes the infant as revolting cruelty."—*Weekly Paper.*

The modern infant is highly sensitive to the callousness of theft.



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THE GREAT PEACE.

Reflections at Breakfast on Dec. 26.

WHAT means this boon on Boxing morn?
Why do my inwards feel so perky?
What makes me glad that I was born
And laugh aloud in careless scorn
Of yestereve's debauch of turkey?

What is the cause that in my soul
I nourish not the faintest choler
Toward genuine seekers for the dole
Or such as want to see my coal
Cost me (per ton) an extra dollar?

Why does a flood of goodwill run
All through my generous veins so sweetly?
Why do I get no cruel fun
From AUSTEN hustling HENDERSON
Or THOMAS being whacked by WHEATLEY?

How is it I am at my best?
Can you conjecture what strange forces
Have purified my worldly breast
So that I take no interest
In villains, murders and divorces?

Whence comes it that I should not care
Though Boreas blew an arctic blizzard,
While with a breath of balmy air—
Wafted from who can tell me where?—
A halcyon calm pervades my gizzard?

You give it up? You fail to throw
A light on my serene condition?
Then let me say why this is so:—
I've missed for two days in a row
My morning paper's apparition.

O. S.

A DIARY OF 1830.

LIFE was not all golden in the old days. Of this, if any proof were wanting, it might be found in the tattered diary, begun exactly a hundred years ago, which I took from the top drawer of a walnut writing-desk bought at ——. It seems to have been kept by a small tradesman named ——. I forbear to be more exact in case there should be descendants of this worthy citizen yet alive. But I have no scruple whatsoever in publishing the diary, hoping rather that any profit I may make from it may defray in some measure the exorbitant price I was charged for the desk.

Mr. —— may have been more unlucky than the majority of his contemporaries, less imaginative and less spiritual in his outlook. But other old diaries that I have read give me no reason for supposing so. Perhaps a study of the brief extracts below will enable my readers to confront the present year of grace, if not with radiant hopes of our country's future, yet at least with equanimity.

Jan. 1.—New Year's Day. Overcast and damp morning. A part of the paddock fencing Torn down by last night's wind. . . . For dinner, neck of pork, pease pudding, and a boiled Rabbit. Tib, my wife, Complained of the ague. Rec^{d} from Jas. Smedley 0£ 0*s* 0½*d*, the Hapenny being bad. Walked out with my dog Nap to see the fire at Bugge Mill. Flames burning very Fiercely. . . . The children caught a Colick. Sir Chas. Morton dyed.

Jan. 2.—Wet and rainy.

Jan. 3.—Sleete.

Jan. 4.—Attended Inquest on Sir Chas. Morton. Heard of the great rioting in Manchester. This growing Worse. Sharp frost in eveg. Took jalep for my Gout.

Jan. 5.—Hail.

Jan. 6.—Frost returned, being very Bitter. Sold 7 Bushels of Wheat to A. Ridley, who had no money to paye. 4 persons killed on the Birmingham Railway.

Jan. 7.—Ate for dinner one ½ chine of Beef, a mincemeat tart and 3 Bath chaps. . . . Sir Chas. Morton now is said was Poisoned. Dranke 1 gallon gin. Tib, my wife, in bed with Influenza.

Jan. 8.—Thaw began. Very cold.

Jan. 9.—A whale being washed ashore at Whipley, this was cut up and given to the poor. Drove my poor horse Hob in the cart to see this, and coming back he lamed a forefoot. . . . Quarrelled with Jno. Martin about the pyghtle. . . . Jas. Donovan Esqr. died.

Jan. 10.—Thundered.

Jan. 11.—Boy killed by Lightning at Friske Hall. 2 sheep were Struck also.

Jan. 12.—Very wet and blusterous. Jno. Martin now found to have killed Sir Chas. Morton by Poison. . . . gave the Peace officer 1 pint of beer. Had the Leech to see my wife Tib, who commended basilic ointment. Mr. Cole fell dead.

Jan. 13.—Very foggy and mizzling day.

Jan. 14.—Wind blew hard, especially in the Eveng. Walked into Mudhampton to see Mr. Jos. Wilson, ill with the cow-pox, and growing worse. Took henbane for my goitre. Mr. Champneys died.

Jan. 15.—Tib my wife worse, and the children much Frostbitten going to school. Bought 1 caske of Brandy from smugglers at Blythe. Jno. Martin's brother met me in the Pyghtle and saying I gave False witness about his brother, struck me in the eye. . . . Rioting in Norfolk. Mr. Bartlett killed by a train.

Jan. 16.—My eye very painful.

Jan. 17.—Rats came into my barn this night and ate all my Corn.

Jan. 18.—Lord Norbury murdered.

Jan. 19.—Jno. Martin to be Hanged. Rec^{d} from the Peace officer for 1 new Rope, 0£ 1*s* 1½*d*. For dinner 1 goose, 2 bottles of Port, and a hare. Drank brandy for my eye, but no better. Nose also very inflamed and sore. . . . Cooper's child drowned in the big Vat at Foster's Mill. Snowing.

Jan. 20.—Snow.

Jan. 21.—More snow.

Jan. 22.—Snow very deep.

Jan. 23.—A Great Fall from the drifted snow came into the yard burrying my wife Tib, who was with difficulty removed, but not my dog Nap, which dyed. Dinner a rosted fowl and 2 black Puddings. My wife Tib very cross and said she would go home.

Jan. 24.—Snow.

Jan. 25.—Jno. Martin's brother, being Drunk, fell into the snow and not found. Went to Evegsong.

Jan. 26.—Poulticed my eye.

Jan. 27.—Thaw. My wife Tib wished to go to —— for a junketing, but the road too Bad. Brewed 1 gallon mead. Will. Godley chosen to hang Mr. J. Martin. Lost 2 Cowes in the fog.

Jan. 28.—Rainy and wet.

Jan. 29.—Sent Will. Godley a present of Ale.

Jan. 30.—Strong E. Wind set in. A chimney falling struck my wife Tib but not much Hurt. Two of my best hens seized with the gapes. Paid Jas. Smedley 0£ 0*s* 1½*d* to have my horse Hob Shoed, the halfpenny being that I had from him. Fine evg.

Jan. 31.—To —— with my wife Tib to see Mr. J. Martin hanged and bought her a fairing. Heavy snow.

That is all. The rest of the chronicle, quaint and interesting as it undoubtedly must be, has been too much damaged by mildew, and in some places by mice, to make republication possible. EVOE.

A WET NEW YEAR.

["I am bringing in the New Year in Scotland by undertaking a twenty-six-hours' endurance swim in the Infirmary-street baths, Edinburgh. I shall start at seven o'clock on the evening of the last day of the year, and finish at nine o'clock in the evening of the first day of January 1930."

Miss MERCEDES GLEITZE.]

WHEN Auld Reekie's bells are ringin'
An' the unco fou are singin'
An' the hale auld toon is bringin'
In a Guid New Year,
There will come a cauld wet feelin'
Into every warm hert stealin'
Juist as if ye'd f'und an eel inside yer bed or beer.

As the nicht is gettin' later
Drouthy folks will grow sedater,
For the thoght o' that cauld waitter
Will destroy their drouth;
An' tae me 'twill be nae won'er
If Auld Reekie taks a scunner.
Could the lassie no hae done her
Soomin' further Sooth?



THE S.O.S.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S RESPONSE.

[*See Cartoon of December 18, 1929, p. 675.*]



MR. AND MRS. TOPHAM MAKE A RESOLUTION NEVER TO "LOOK UP" IN 1930.

FEATURING FATHER CHRISTMAS.

IT is appalling to realise that last week there were all over England several myriads of gentlemen, otherwise normal and fully competent to catch the daily train to their work, who were donning red dressing-gowns and cotton-wool, preparatory to cutting presents off a small tree and burning their fingers on dangerous little candles tilted at forty-five degrees. It is even more appalling to me to remember that last year I was one of them. Never again, not even if they promise me a pair of scissors that will really cut instead of masticate and a Christmas-tree wired for electric light.

It was Aunt Araminta who lured me into it. When I say "lured," I mean she made arrangements for throwing the complete kids' party in early January, and then a blister of a cousin called Marmaduke, who was to have donned the cotton-wool for her, crocked himself at another local children's party and, there being presumably no one else simple-minded enough in the village, the aunt wired for me. At two days' notice I received this:—

"Can you come wednesday act santaclaus ordinary children's party marmalade sprained ankle ringaroses four P.M. preferred but come when able aunt araminta."

I read it all ways up for some time and toyed tentatively with a code-book. I was honestly about to wire back: "Have bought you Santaclaus Ordinary. Marmalades were sagging, but Ringaroses 6 p.c., Preferred displaying great strength. Wire further instructions," or words to that effect, when the solution dawned.

So I wired resignedly:—

"Coming four wednesday presume marmalade will lend kit love nephew apple."

One drawback, amongst many others, to Cousin Marmalade, as I now call him, is that he is too long and thin to be really human, judging by the Father Christmas outfit which was ready for me. By the time I had put on the body-work I looked like a starved pillar-box in Berkeley Square in August. And when I came to the face I found that "Too-Too" and "Quite-Quite," Aunt Araminta's two pugginese, had got at it with such vim that they had practically shingled the beard and considerably altered the expression of the mask.

I put it on, looked at myself in the glass, shuddered, hid the more repulsive portion of the leer beneath medicated cotton-wool from the Little-White-Medicine-Chest-on-your-Left-as-you-go-into-the-Bathroom-dear and went to my station in the wings of the drawing-room. Here I was given a sackful of crackers and small toys, some final instructions and a quick push in the small of the back. And so came Santa Claus.

I advanced ponderously. A Christmas-tree burnt perilously on my right, Aunt Araminta stood to prompt me on my left. Facing me was the assembled kiddage of the neighbourhood, its nurses, mothers, camp-followers and what not in close attendance.

I beamed, realised that it didn't matter what I did behind my adopted face, and so said in a genial voice, reminiscent, I hoped, of snow and holly and reindeer—

"Well, well, my little dears, and here we are again!"

Remembering hurriedly I had not got a red-hot poker and a string of sausages I changed this last to, "And how nice to see you all again!"

There was, I should say, a thirty-

seconds' pause. Then a unanimous wail went up to the ceiling. Three small children were led out sobbing bitterly and—I speak the sober truth—were thence taken straight to the shelter of their own homes to recover. Many others fled behind the furniture or to the protection of their nurses. Others stampeded for the door. Four alone out of twenty-seven stood their ground in that first wild panic, induced, I can only suppose, by the good tooth-work that "Too-Too" and "Quite-Quite" had put in earlier upon my façade.

Upon these four I advanced ingratiatingly, fumbling in my sack for toys. Let me but win them and, crowd psychology being what it is, I had gained the rest—except of course the three wailing cravens now being hurriedly buttoned into coats in the study.

One of the four, the weakest, could not stand my stealthy advance and bolted as I arrived. The other three still stood, but, glancing surreptitiously down the inside of my left nostril, I could see they were clutching hands.

I gave one a cracker. He took it as if it had been a bomb. I offered the second a tin trumpet. To show there was no ill-feeling and to set him at his ease I passed it right through my face to my real lips and blew. . . .

It was not a good trumpet. It was not at all the sort of trumpet I should myself have chosen to give a child. It had an eerie yet compelling note, something like the ghost of the Last Trump. At the end of this it developed a wail like a pig in pain—great pain and, I should judge, abdominal pain. It made even me shudder. And it routed those three last brave spirits like a blast of shrapnel. Next minute I stood alone in the centre of the room, genial old Santa Claus whom the kiddies love, and the corners were full of cowering shapes.

Aunt Araminta pulled my sleeve and shouted in my ear, in order to make herself heard above the wailing, that I had better retire and take the mask off as it seemed to be disturbing the children.

When I returned, having, one might say, lost face considerably, but still in Marmalade's red dressing-gown, three of the children who had been quieted went off again. I had apparently, mask or no mask, acquired a baneful prestige that an African tribal deity would not have scorned.

I retired again, amid soothing sounds from nurses and mothers—"There, there, darling, nasty Father Christmas has gone now. No, my pet, he won't come back again."

I re-entered later in plus-fours and by another door. The hubbub had died down somewhat and, posing as a friend of the family, I proceeded to chew presents off the tree with Aunt Araminta's second-best garden-scissors. You will not be surprised to hear that, in conformity with tradition, I burnt myself twice, but at least I had no beard to burn. Throughout the whole show, however, one small boy still yelled incessantly. At last, rather annoyed—for had I not taken off every scrap of disguise and was only my normal smiling open-faced self?—I went up to him and asked him what the trouble was. He replied, wailing, that he wanted to see Father Christmas and Father Christmas had gone away and wouldn't come back.

A. A.



"NOW, *THIS*, MODDOM, IS *MOST* 1930!"

The Dormitory of England.

"Wanted, from January 1, 1930, first-class Resident Representative to cover the whole of Yorkshire with Wood Bedsteads."
Adv. in Liverpool Paper.

"The dance, 'Rufty Tufty,' by eight Young Britons would have been better had the girls been in some kind of costume."
Country Paper.

They seem to have taken themselves for Ancient Britons.

"BUS STOPS PROPOSAL."
Folkestone Paper.

Mr. Punch considers that the vehicle was going beyond its rights.

MISLEADING CASES.

XXVI.—THE LAW OF CRITICISM.

Bacon v. *Egg*; *Kidney* v. *Egg*.

THE hearing of this case was concluded in the High Court to-day before Mr. Justice Farrow. His Lordship, in his summing-up to the jury, said: "This action is one of the most entertaining in my recollection.

"The defendant, Mr. Egg, is, as you have heard, renowned for the vigour of his views and the frank manner in which he expresses them as the dramatic critic of *The Moon*. Such is this renown that the managers of several theatres have ostentatiously withheld from him the customary invitation to the first performance of their plays. Among these managers is Mr. Horace Kidney, who recently presented a play by Mr. Bacon entitled *Between Ourselves*. Mr. Egg was not invited, as the other authorised critics were invited, to view without payment the first performance of *Between Ourselves*; but, being anxious to see Mr. Bacon's new work as early as possible, he purchased, or hired the use of, a seat in the pit in the usual way. The circumstance that on this occasion for the first time he wore blue spectacles and a bright red wig in order to escape the notice of Mr. Kidney is for our purposes irrelevant and may be dismissed from your minds.

"Mr. Egg then wrote, and published in *The Moon*, a very unfavourable account of the play and of the manner in which it was performed. 'Dialogue, deplorable; plot, puerile; characterisation, childish;'—this is one of the comments particularly complained of; and he concluded by remarking that '*The fact is, Mr. Bacon does not begin to know his business; and after this production we begin to doubt whether Mr. Kidney knows his.*'

"You have been told in evidence that these expressions of opinion, strong and even hostile though they may appear, are not more severe than what is commonly said about those who attempt to give pleasure and amusement to their fellow-men. But both Mr. Bacon and Mr. Kidney resented them and have brought actions for defamation against Mr. Egg.

"They have based their complaints, not only on the strength and the character of the words employed by Mr. Egg (which, they admit, are not exceptional), but on the curious ground that Mr. Egg was not invited to express an opinion at all. There is here a misconception of the law which I must at once expose to you. We have been informed in this case that it is the common belief among theatrical managers that only those are entitled to criticise their productions who are invited to do so. That belief, if it exists, has no foundation in law. It has been clearly laid down that every man who publishes a book or presents a play submits himself to the judgment of the public; and anyone may comment upon his work within the limits of what may be fairly called criticism. Lord Justice BOWEN, in the celebrated case of *Merivale* v. *Carson*, with which you are no doubt familiar, spoke of the '*common right of public criticism which every subject of the realm equally enjoys—the right of publishing a written criticism upon a literary work which is offered to public criticism.*' And I am not permitted to find fault with what was said by Lord Justice BOWEN in the year 1887. It is a favourite saying in the bars of this free country that any man is entitled to his own opinion; but, what is more, he is entitled to express it, provided it is not defamatory.

"The right of criticism, then, is not confined to the professional critic; and it would be lawful for every member of an audience to write to the papers about a play which they disliked. It is fortunate, perhaps, that they do not exercise this right; on the other hand, if it did not exist, it would follow that no man would be able to write in a letter to his aunt (as we frequently do), 'I have just read *Dandelion*—it is an inferior book,' without exposing himself to an action for defamation.

"Much less can the right be conceded to one class of professional critic and withheld from another. The critic who is invited and the critic who is not, the critic in evening dress and the critic who chooses to disguise himself with blue spectacles and a red wig—all these are equally entitled to express their opinion of a drama publicly performed, not as critics but as citizens. For the right of criticism is a public right and not a favour to be bestowed upon individuals at the pleasure of managers and authors. We have been informed that the managers of certain theatres make arrangements for the exclusion and ejection of Mr. Egg by force, if he insists upon attending their performance uninvited. In such a case I conceive that Mr. Egg might successfully bring an action for trespass, or even breach of contract, against the manager responsible for his ejection. For he who invites the public to a public entertainment may only exclude an individual on the ground that he is offensive to the public by his being noisy, quarrelsome, drunk or diseased; and, much as he, or we, may detest the personality of Mr. Egg, there is no particular reason to suppose that he, or any dramatic critic as such, is more likely to give that kind of offence than any other person. However, in the present case, owing to the ingenious device of the red wig, no such situation arose; and I only throw out the suggestion for the titillation of law students and legal debating societies.

"Again, where legal malice is alleged, such as will remove the expressions of a critic from the region of fair comment into the domain of defamation, it might be held to be evidence of malice that a critic who knew himself to be unwel-



Betty. "I'D RATHER NOT HAVE A DOLL, IF YOU DON'T MIND. I FIND THEY'RE SUCH A TIE."

come had insisted upon thrusting himself in and had thereafter adversely criticised the entertainment. But here no charge of special malice is made, for the plaintiffs have admitted that Mr. Egg is accustomed to express himself with the same violence whether he is invited or not. In short, ladies and gentlemen, what with one thing and another, in so far as the plaintiffs rely upon the fact that the defendant was not invited, it is my direction to you that they have no case.

"This is not to say that they may not succeed upon other grounds. Now, the law of libel is almost incomprehensible, except to those who have studied it from their cradles, and even for them it is a labyrinth of uncertainties, of false clues, blind alleys and unexplored passages. Counsel for the defence has elaborately explained it to you, and probably some part of what he told you was correct. He has claimed that Mr. Egg, in the expressions complained of, has done no more than to exercise the right of every citizen to utter a fair and honest opinion on a matter of public interest, that is, a literary work exhibited in public for the judgment of the public. Mr. Haddock, however, who appeared for the plaintiffs, has reminded us that an honest opinion, fairly expressed, upon a matter of public interest, may still be defamatory. For example, it is defamatory to use expressions reflecting upon a man in the way of his trade, profession or calling. To say of a doctor that he had no knowledge of medicine, of a solicitor that he knew nothing of the law, or of a banker that he did not know his business would without doubt be defamatory, however honestly the opinion was held and however moderately that opinion was expressed. Nothing but the strongest proof that the assertions were true in substance and in fact would be sufficient excuse for them in an action for defamation; yet it is undeniably a matter of public interest that our doctors, our solicitors and our bankers should know their business.

"'Now what,' says Mr. Haddock, 'is the distinction in law between the doctor and the dramatist?' I hold that there is none. There cannot be one law of libel for the author and another for the financier. An imputation of professional incapacity or unfitness is as damaging to the one as it is to the other; and each must be entitled to the same remedy at law, unless we are prepared to say that the author is a kind of outlaw, having a lower status than the solicitor or business man and entitled to a lower standard of justice. Unfortunately this view is very commonly held, and it has been encouraged by the feeble acquiescence or noble disdain of the writing profession; but in this court it will receive no encouragement. I hold that the author, however loathsome to the ordinary citizen, is in the eyes of the law a professional man; and the newspapers must be as careful what they say about his professional fitness as they would be in the case of a surgeon. That is to say, any comments they may make upon his work must be both honest and fair; and if they go beyond that to the statement of facts, which, if they were true, would disqualify the author from practising his profession, then they must be prepared to prove that those statements are true. In this case Mr. Egg has made no attempt to prove that Mr. Bacon and Mr. Kidney are not fitted to practise the business of entertaining the public by the writing and presentation of stage-plays. All he has shown is that this particular effort has failed to please him. That opinion he has expressed intemperately, relying upon a supposed right to say what he likes. The evidence is that by what he has said he has deterred many thousands of citizens from visiting the Joy Theatre, and at least two managers from purchasing Mr. Bacon's new play, *Daffodils*. He has damaged the plaintiffs in their business and he must pay for it."

The jury found for the plaintiffs. Damages £10,000. A. P. H.



Mother. "JOHN, IT WAS VERY RUDE OF YOU TO TAKE THE LAST PIECE OF CAKE. WHY DIDN'T YOU OFFER IT TO YOUR VISITOR?"
John. "'COZ HE 'D HAVE TAKEN IT."

"PROFIT-TAKING IN TINS."
Headline in Daily Paper.
Bucket-shops, please note.

CHARIVARIA.

AFTER the season of Noel comes the season of No £ *s. d.*

* * *

It is pointed out that if the figures 1930 are added together they make thirteen. Anyone who doubts this should work it out on paper.

* * *

We have no confirmation of the rumour current in political circles that the Government's New Year's resolutions have been submitted for the approval of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

A political writer observes that "Dear Coal" is a ready stone for anyone to throw. The costly stuff our coal merchant supplies is full of ready stones.

* * *

The newly-awakened public interest in Italian art gives rise to anxiety as to whether preparations have been made to cope with a rush on the National Gallery.

* * *

"To never know is cruel," said a recent "agony." It is a poignant thought that a kind word might have saved an infinitive from splitting.

* * *

A Chiswick resident claims to be a descendant of King CANUTE. In times of flood it is regretted locally that he inherits his ancestor's inability to control the tide.

* * *

Mr. LANSBURY'S refusal to allow M.P.'s to play games on the Terrace discourages the hope that he would sympathise with the idea of a Westminster Lido.

* * *

Until it is established beyond doubt that the streptococcus which has been photographed is the genuine influenza germ there is likely to be little demand for enlargements suitable for framing.

* * *

"Within a few hours on Saturday," says a gossip-writer, "I saw at least a dozen notable people." So much for the belief that gossip-writers have their Saturdays off.

* * *

From recent observations of Mars it is deduced that the limited store of water is controlled by intelligent beings. No offence is intended to the Metropolitan Water Board.

* * *

Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia have agreed to adopt a more energetic policy towards Hungary than before, but have they reckoned with Thanet?

* * *

In providing accommodation for dancers on the new Pullman trains to the Riviera the French railway authorities are understood to have been actuated by the belief that hitherto the prospective hardship of long hours without a dance has deterred many from making the journey.

* * *

As the report that Lord PARMOOR had decided to retire from the leadership of the House of Lords was contradicted, no credence is attached to the rumour that he contemplates following Lord BIRKENHEAD into the City.

* * *

Savile Row is to be expanded, or, as it is expressed in sartorial circles, "made easier."

* * *

A gossip-writer relates that a City Councillor stopped him in Fleet Street and asked the way to Shoe Lane. Journalistic courtesy of course forbade a feigned ignorance of the whereabouts of Lord CASTLEROSSE'S office.

* * *

The proposal that Stoke-on-Trent shall annex two others of the Five Towns is meeting with opposition, and there is some talk of an appeal to Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT.

* * *

We read of the destruction of a cargo of coffee which had become tainted with the flavour of an adjacent consignment of apples. The use of any of it in a doctor's household might have had alarming consequences.

* * *

"The modern girl is not at all shocking or indiscreet," says a bishop. This sort of statement is terribly discouraging to the modern girl.

* * *

A parrot was recently exhibited as evidence in a London police-court. The bird does not seem to have been unfavourably affected by the proximity of a rival beak.

* * *

A new style of hat is said to give the wearer a surprised expression. This is better than the kind that produces this effect in those who see it.

* * *

Two Australians who have crossed Africa on foot for the first time on record describe how they were chased by a mad elephant, charged by a rhinoceros, attacked by a terrible snake and surrounded by roaring lions. They have, however, proved that Africa is still comparatively safe for pedestrians.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the increasing number of divorce suits in which the parties have not been five years married. When a Hollywood couple have been five years married they celebrate their golden wedding.

An antiquarian points out that at one time there were no lamp posts in London. And at one time, of course, there were no antiquarians.

* * *

"Wives don't tell their husbands everything," says Judge CRAWFORD. After all, there are only twenty-four hours in each day.

* * *

A musical critic reminds us that a young composer's device of separating the syllables of the words of a jazz poem by means of a hiccup-rest is not new. It has been heard in certain renderings of *Auld Lang Syne*.

* * *

In China recently a battle was discontinued owing to rain. We understand however that the combatants will have to make this up by fighting overtime during their next fine half-holiday.

* * *

Wireless telegraphy, a contemporary reminds us, was predicted by JAMES CLERK MAXWELL in 1864. His warning, however, was disregarded.

* * *

A writer asks whether women have a sense of humour. Undoubtedly; look at the men that some of them marry.

JESSICA GOES TRAVELLING.

WINNIPEG AT CHRISTMAS.

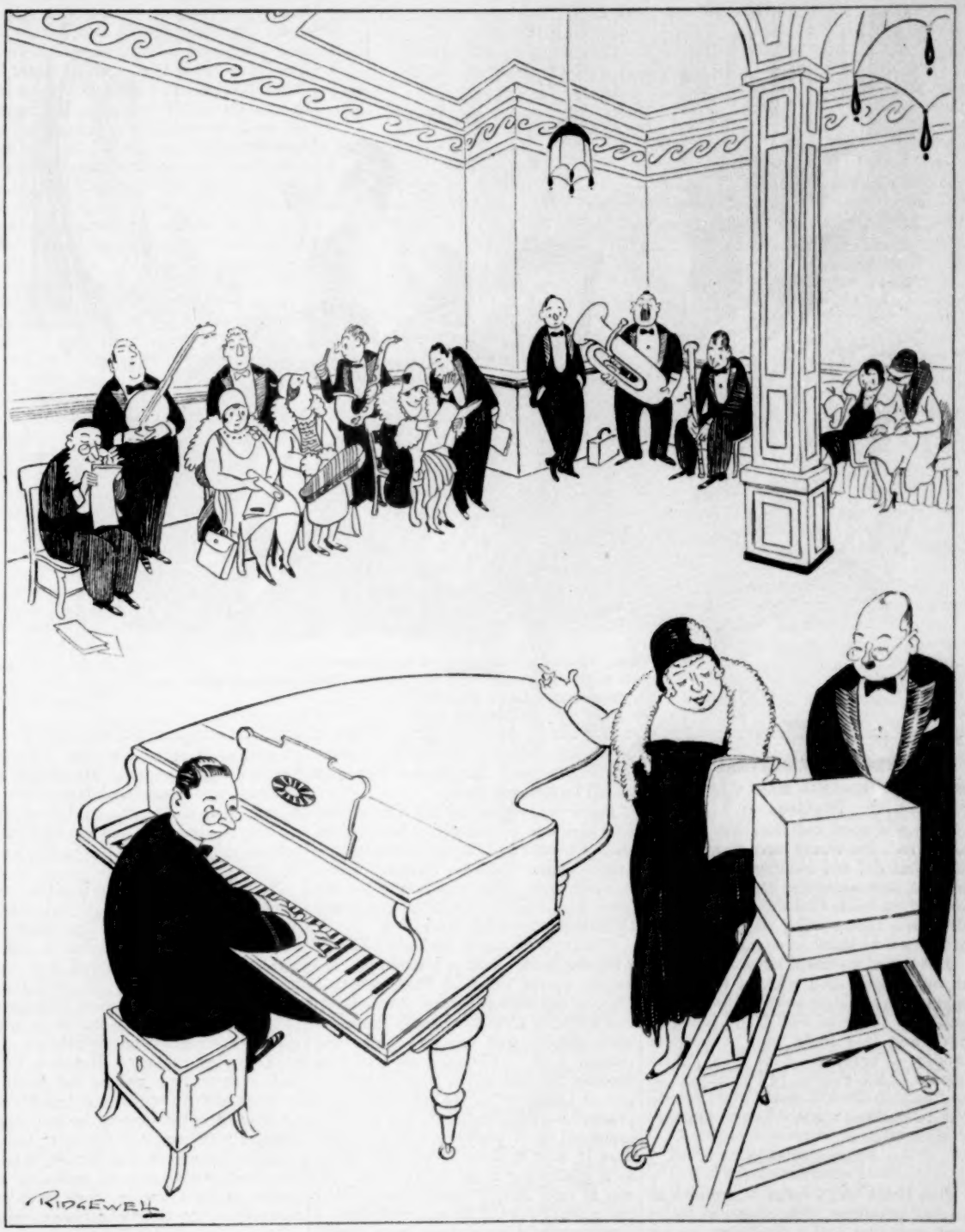
IN Winnipeg at Christmas
There 's lots and lots of snow,
Very clean and crisp and hard
And glittering like a Christmas-card
Everywhere you go;
Snow upon the housetops,
Snow along the street,
And QUEEN VICTORIA in her chair
Has snow upon her stony hair
And snow upon her feet.

In Winnipeg at Christmas
They line the street with trees—
Christmas-trees lit up at night
With little balls of coloured light
As pretty as you please.
The people hurry past you
In furry boots and wraps;
The sleighs are like a picture-book
And all the big policemen look
Like Teddy bears in caps.

And oh! the smiling ladies
And jolly girls and boys;
And oh! the parties and the fun
With lovely things for everyone—
Books and sweets and toys.
So, if some day at Christmas
You don't know where to go,
Just pack your boxes up, I beg,
And start at once for Winnipeg;
You 'd like it there, I know. R. F.

Illuminated Pedestrians at Last.

". . . . she wearing a Persian lamb coat."
Daily Paper.



SECRETS OF THE B.B.C. THAT ARE MERCIFULLY HIDDEN FROM THE LISTENER.

Singer. "AND NOW, CHILDREN, STEPPING LIGHTLY, COME WITH ME TO THE FAIRY GLEN, JOIN OUR FAIRY THRONG," ETC.



Husband. "WELL, WHAT DID YOU DO THIS AFTERNOON?"
Wife. "NOTHING MUCH—WENT AND GOT PLUCKED AT WHAT 'S-HIS-NAME'S."
Husband. "MY DEAR GIRL! CARDS AGAIN?"
Wife. "NO, MY DEAR OWL; EYEBROWS AGAIN."

THE BURGLAR'S CHRISTMAS-EVE;

OR, THE CHILD THAT WASN'T LIKE THE STORIES.

IT was a good old Dickensy Christmas-Eve. He would have been a hard man that did not mellow to its magic and an unimaginative one that could not picture Santa Claus's sleigh running along the roofs, which were all bulged with snow as thick as sugar icing.

But it had no moral effect at all upon an abandoned man who, as this story opens, was slinking along Belvoir Crescent; for this was Jem Budd going to work, and Jem Budd was, to be quite candid, a burglar. Even the golden chimes of the church bell marking the half-hour in the still starlit night moved him to nothing nobler than to murmur to their rhythm:—

"Tip-top weath-er
For crack-ing cribs."

Jem Budd had a large blue chin and a small cranium. His nose was badly bent, and that and a livid scar on his cheek were mementoes of convivial occasions when his friends had pulled him up for exceeding their limits of amicable discussion. He was, in short, a burglar of the old school. Mr. EDGAR WALLACE would have loved him.

Budd was spending his Christmas-Eve in search of something better than electro-plated wedding-presents in suburban homes where the furniture comes in plain vans. He was bound for the town house of the Duke of Cul-de-sac to lift some jewelled heirlooms.

Presently he was in the Duke's library with the Duke's safe at his mercy. He put on gloves to avoid finger-prints—his one concession to the new school; had a livener from the Duke's tantalus; methodically laid out his tools and started work. His progress was slow because he had left a very important tool at home, for in the impressionable years of his adolescence he had been apprenticed to a plumber. But dogged does it, and in time he had the jewels in a glistening heap before him. He was at once deeply vexed to notice that the plum of the Cul-de-sac heirlooms—a seventeenth-century tiara—was absent from parade, and he was debating whether to risk looking for it in the bedrooms, or whether it would be wiser to cut, as it were, his loss, when he heard a slight sound. He looked up, stiffened, and uttered a sibilant "Stroof." A fairy-like child was watching him with wide-open eyes, her ten little pink toes working excitedly in the thick pile of the carpet.

Now Jem was not unfamiliar with tales of burglars who, caught red-handed by the little daughter of the house and innocently mistaken for Santa Claus, had experienced an abrupt and most untimely reformation. He was aware that some of his colleagues, mistrustful of their better natures, stayed at home rather than run the unfair risks peculiar to Yuletide burglary. But Jem Budd had always had unbounded faith in himself, and whenever the legend was mentioned in his hearing he would spit derisively and smile to himself; and by "smile" is meant the furtive inward leer that served Jem on occasions for mirth, as, for example, when he gained admission into the Policemen's Sports with a counterfeit half-crown.

But now that Jem actually experienced the situation, now that he saw this traditional vision of a child's angelic

face with an aureole of golden curls, his better self rose up disconcertingly and threw off the confining fetters. Jem looked into the little girl's candid eyes of heavenly blue, and he cast his life-preserver from him with an involuntary gesture of disgust. The room seemed to become full of diffused radiance like the light of the sun streaming through stained-glass windows, and he admitted to himself that he ought to have stuck to plumbing. He thought he heard the pealing of an organ, and he knew now that he ought not to have bashed his aunt so often. And as his eye took in the blue baby ribbon of the mite's little nightie, he was caught up in a surging revulsion of feeling and scalding tears coursed down his grimy cheeks.

"Come on, Luvvy," he sobbed, "let 's 'ear from yer. Spit it aht. 'Is 'oo Father Kissmas?'"

The child gave a silvery, tinkling laugh. "Oh!" she said, "only kids believe in that old Nordic legend. Anybody can see you 're a burglar, and I've come to ask you to help us because Daddy 's so very poor."

"The Jook? Poor?"

"Stony. All the Old Masters have gone to America to clear off the death duties, and the timber off the estate has all gone to pay the surtax. Daddy 's got nothing now but the heirlooms."

"Mike your mind easy, little missy," said Jem in a voice husky with emotion. "I won't touch 'em, swelp-me-bob, I won't."

"But you *must* steal them," rejoined the little girl with some impatience. "Daddy won't sell the heirlooms, although Mummy wants him to, because of his ideas about family honour. But when you have stolen them all Daddy will get the insurance, and that will make Mummy glad. So please don't make difficulties, Mr. Burglar."

"It can't be done, dearie," cried Jem with the inflexibility of the neophyte. "Something 's took me and I won't never steal no more."

"Oh, but please, please. *Do* steal them—just this one last time. Especially as I 've brought you the nice tiara from Mummy's dressing-table in case you might not think of looking for it there."

The trinket sparkled and flashed its evil gleams into his eyes. He groaned and bowed his head in his hands; and while he fought his inward fight the little child hastily thrust the tiara and the other heirlooms into his coat-pocket. When Jem ventured to look up she had the decanter in her chubby hands and was pouring him out a double.

"And if you want to show your gratitude," she was saying, "come round in the New Year and burn the house down for us. That 's insured too."



Frantic Householder (*in the throes of a bad water-burst*). "SHALL I CALL ROUND FOR YOU IN MY CAR?"
Voice of Plumber (*dubiously*). "WOT KIND OF A CAR IS IT?"

A FIRST FOOTING.

YES, James, when I was young and gay
I too was yearly wont to pay
The hoary rites of Hogmanay
  According to our custom;
I too would drain a drap or more,
Sing "Auld Lang Syne" till I was sore,
Direct my feet to someone's door
  And o'er the threshold thrust 'em.

Well, here 's your scribble to explain
That yesternight you knocked in vain,
Then turned your heel in high disdain
  Upon my callous "number,"
And off with jocund steps you strode
From our inhospitable road
To some more wide-awake abode
  And left me to my slumber.

Now, since I value, James, your zeal
For what concerns my private weal,
Some small return is due, I feel,
  For my unconscious booting;
So to your house post-haste I send
These metric feet which I have penned,
Trusting that they may prove, my friend,
  A fortunate first-footing. A. K.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

"THE SKIN GAME."

George is collecting skins. I do not mean to suggest that he is pushing a barrow round the neighbourhood acquiring them on a cash basis, together with old bottles and discarded garments. Far from it. The housewives of Nukuku run their wardrobes on a scale so small as to leave no margin for discards at all, whilst bottles, old or new, are happily unknown to them.

George is supposed to be collecting the skins of various buck with the view of making them into a large rug, known technically as a kaross. He requires about twenty for the purpose, and I have estimated that at the present rate it will be a good ten years before he is able to present the completed article to his mother. By that time the moths are certain to have played havoc with the end he began at, and George himself, having long since been dismissed the Service, will probably be figuring inconspicuously among London's unemployed.

But George is not dismayed. He points out that Central Africa is simply teeming with game, and that it will be really bad luck if he cannot acquire a paltry score of skins before his tour of duty with the King's Askari runs to an inglorious conclusion. Admitting that to make a really effective rug all the skins must be of one species, he is convinced he can do it on his head and scorns my suggestion of a patchwork quilt.

The main difficulty is that he cannot quite make up his mind which particular type of buck he will collect. At the moment he has accumulated the externals of one duiker, one baboon, one reedbuck, one rabbit (nearly blown to pieces), one goat (shot by George in mistake for something else—he doesn't know what), and one Kaffir dog, shot by me for stealing our fowls and pressed on an unwilling George as evidence of his superior officer's anxiety to be helpful.

The entire collection is making its noisome presence felt in George's hut, whither I consigned it after a prolonged search of the orderly-room for what I took to be the putrefying corpse of a rat had revealed George's treasures neatly piled under my office table. George himself has taken to sleeping in the open-air.

His spare time is occupied in interviewing native gentlemen whom he has subsidised to assist in the search for skins, and the whole District has taken up the thing with characteristic and embarrassing fervour. Skins of all shapes, sizes and condition pour into camp throughout the day. They range from ratskins, brought in by some unduly optimistic piccanins, to the decayed remnant of a lion, apparently killed by several hundred assegai stabs in the dim past before the white man came this way, and ever since serving a useful purpose as a sleeping mat for old Mbombo and his immediate forefathers.



"THE DECAYED REMNANT OF A LION."

But George is rather particular. He has at last impressed on his varied friends that the skins he requires must be comparatively modern and that it is essential they should be at least moderately complete. One hole—perhaps two—is permissible, but a skin so perforated as to resemble a loosely-knitted shawl is immediately disqualified.

Unfortunately our African neighbours have a fondness for making assurance trebly sure when they kill anything; its present stocks being therefore pronounced unsuitable, the District, lured by the promise of easy money, has gone hunting in droves, so much so that Van Blerk, our local big-game hunter, sent in a friendly remonstrance the other day, pointing out that his living was endangered, not through the amount of game destroyed by George's zealous allies, but on account of the alarm caused to the buck by these harassing mass attacks and the consequent drift of all types of fauna to less troubled latitudes.

Furthermore, George and some of his misguided accomplices have taken to laying spring-traps all over the countryside. The nett bag to date has been three native fowls, one dog, two goats and a sprained ankle, all of which have required compensation in varying degree, whilst the presence of these traps has made non-combatants uncommonly nervous when traversing familiar routes after dark. George goes out shooting every evening, hitherto harmlessly, save for that unlucky goat, and has suggested that it might be a good thing to take his platoon out into the bush with the view of getting some practice at moving targets. The idea of Number Two Platoon wandering about the wild, indulging in rapid fire every time something stirs in the grass, strikes me as highly undesirable, and I have been quite firm about it.

In the meantime the skins George has acquired are rapidly making themselves unpleasantly obvious, and I am inclined to think there must be something wrong with his methods of curing. I am quite sure that, if he ever collects sufficient of one kind to make even a tippet for his admiring mother, she will be unable to wear it with any degree of comfort to herself or anyone else in the immediate vicinity, to say nothing of the risk she will run of incurring the displeasure of the local sanitary inspector.

The best skin of all came into camp about a week ago. I pointed it out to George, and he immediately opened negotiations with the owner, a portly native lady of mature years and a keen sense of humour, judging by her remarks when she finally grasped what George was driving at. But she would not part with the very fine koodoo skin she wore, and really one could scarcely blame her. You see, it was her only garment.

"The centuries-old custom of segregating men from women at a play was observed at the Westminster School, when the King's scholars presented Terence's 'Phormio' in Greek."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems a pity to disregard TERENCE'S centuries-old custom of writing in Latin.



Wife of Public Man. "YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED TO HEAR, DARLING, THAT YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN ASKED TO GIVE HIS VIEWS ON NATIONAL ECONOMICS FOR THE 'TALKIES.'"

Daughter of Ditto. "BUT, DADDY, HOW LOVELY! AND HAVE THEY GOT THE THEME-SONG FOR IT YET?"

RESOLVED. . . .

THE wind of the winter is blowing,
The world is barren and chill,
And it looks very much like snowing
And I am exceedingly ill;
But I will arise in the morning—
I swore last night that I would—
And follow out every warning
Given to me for my good.

Pride shall depart with December,
And sin with the world that is dead,
And to-morrow I shall remember
That there must be bran in the bread;
I shall look upon war with loathing,
A sorry and old dispute,
I shall wear warm underclothing
And eat more fish and fruit.

My hours of work shall be shorter
And fewer my vain regrets;
I shall drink more stout and porter
And, smoke more cigarettes;
I shall learn, if possible, PLATO'S
Dialogues off by heart,
And dine upon mashed potatoes,
And do what I can for Art.

I will spend for the sake of the nation
And save for the nation's need,
I will goggle at aviation
While cursing the lust for speed;
I will gain more vitamin gumption
By browsing the lettuce's leaf,
I will lower my meat consumption,
I will buy more English beef.

I will write no word at random,
In the little book I have bought
I shall make a memorandum
To have my memory taught;
I will travel to every lecture
Upon every subject known,
From insects to architecture,
By tube and by microphone.

I will journey to foreign places,
I will see my own land first,
I will buy myself new braces,
For one of the clasps has burst;
I will try to be nice to my neighbour,
I will keep my eye on the ball,
I will study the wants of Labour
And the woes of Capital.

I will eat New Zealand honey,
I will burn more gas and coal,
I will give to the poor man money,
I will feed at the Cosmopole;
I will use an electric cooker,
I will ride about on a horse,
I will couple the mind of a HOOKER
With the heart of a WILBERFORCE!

And, whether or no I am better
By the time that the year has run,
I shall feel that every letter
Of the white man's task was done;
Gentler and calmer and wiser
And fatter by far round the waist
By the slogan of each adviser,
I shall feel I am not disgraced!

EVOE.

The Fledgling.

"PILOT OF 3 MONTHS FLIES ALONE."
Headline in Evening Paper.

"PICTURES IN WRECK.
TWO ORPENS AMONG THEM."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Orpens of the storm, in fact.

"3/6 GIFT SUGGESTION.
PAIR OF BRACES IN CASE."
Notice in Strand Hosier's Window.

"In case," no doubt, of emergency.



AULD LANG SYNE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE IN THE ALPS.

NEW ARRIVAL, FINDING HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY PERFECT STRANGERS, JOINS FEEBLY IN THE GENERAL PROTEST AGAINST THE IDEA OF "AULD ACQUAINTANCE" BEING FORGOT.

"THE NURSERY TIMES."

THE BOOK CUPBOARD.

IN the last few months there has issued from the Press the customary flood of "Books for Girls" and "Books for Boys" (*sic*), and these volumes have been thoughtlessly bought up by well-meaning but indiscriminating aunts and uncles and distributed widely over the nurseries of the nation. It will be our object, as in past years at this season, to help our readers to sift the grain from the chaff, and our first series of reviews appears below:—

Miss Paula Dorchester's *Good-night Stories* we found entertaining enough at first, but the author succumbed halfway through to the fault, alt too common among writers of this kind of book, of introducing the didactic note. For instance the story of *Naughty Peter*, who removed the insides from a whole box of mince-pies and then carefully replaced the empty shells in the box, is highly ingenious. But the account of what subsequently happened to *Peter*, with its sharply-pointed moral, is sheer bathos. Miss Dorchester must study not to blur her artistic effects in this way.

* * *

Mr. Humbert Ipswich's rather pretentious volume, *The Story of the Motor Car*, is assuredly not, as described by its author, "A book for the boy about to leave school." We are not clear whether the total sum of Mr. Ipswich's knowledge of, say, the principle of the internal-combustion engine or the relative efficiency of different methods of transmission is represented by what he has to say in this book, or whether he is deliberately "writing down" to a public which can scarcely exist outside his own fertile imagination. The book might conceivably interest a few boys about three or four years of age who want a first primer on the subject of the motor-car, but it is hopelessly inadequate as a serious book for the intelligent boy of maturer years.

* * *

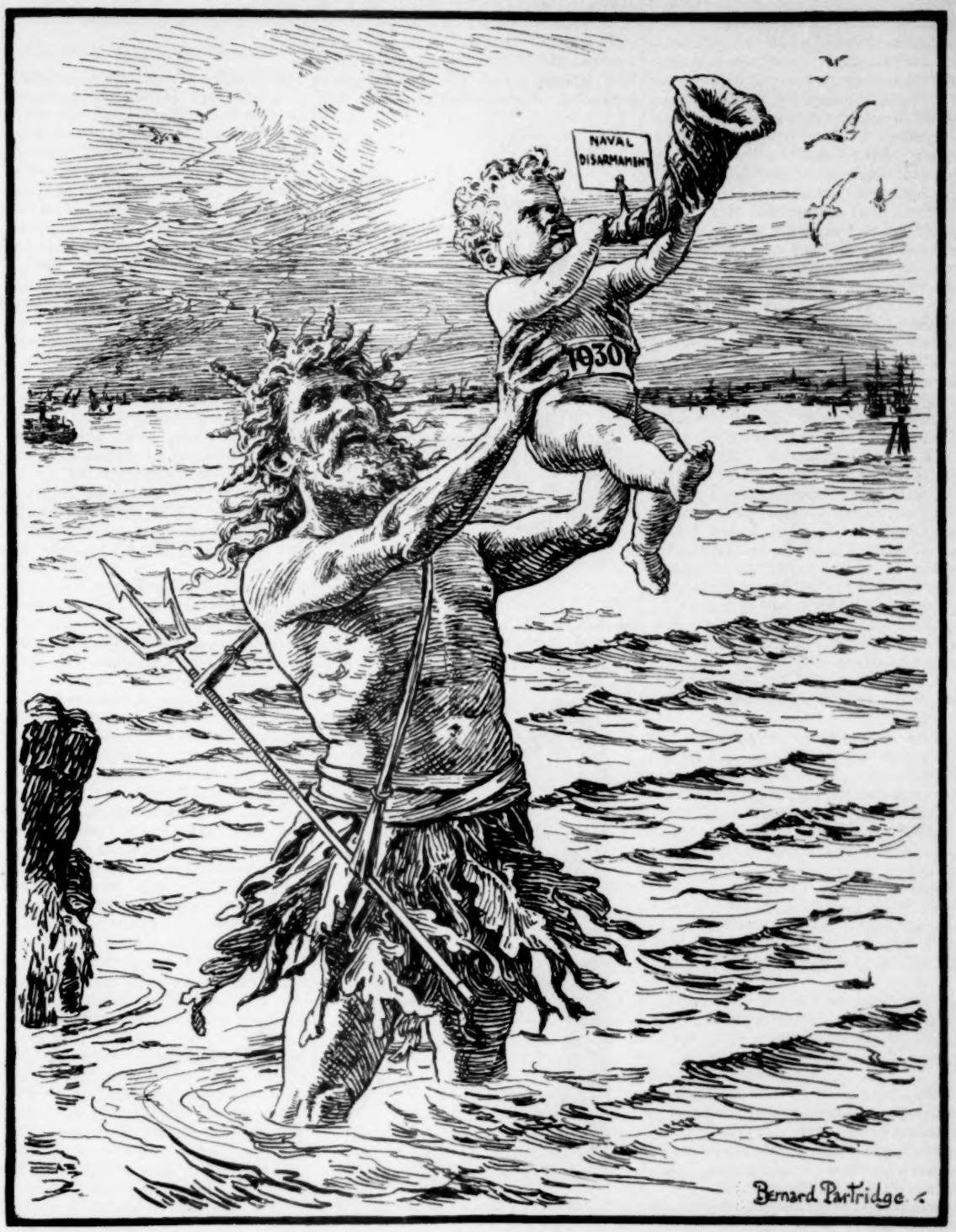
The Fifth at St. Figs, by Rhoda Oxford, is the usual type of sugary school story for girls, and for those who like this sort of thing it is no doubt interesting enough. But we must really cross swords with Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Oxford over her school slang. Half the expressions used by the girls of St. Figs in this book are glaring anachronisms, and scarcely one has not been hopelessly *démodé* in the best schools for at least two terms.

* * *

In *The Far Trail* Mr. Leonard Royal has written another fine book for boys. Mr. Royal has the notable gift of writing up to his public. We commend the book not only for the excellence of its story but for the daring of its syntax. We greatly relished Mr. Royal's carefree indulgence in split infinitives.

* * *

Glancing through the illustrated books we find the usual tendency to put, so to speak, all the best of the goods in the shop-window. Most of these, as in previous years, start off with every picture in colour, but tail off disappointingly into uninteresting black-and-white sketches which the reader must perforce colour for himself with crayons or paints.



1930 CALLING.

THE NEW YEAR SUMMONS THE FIVE NATIONS TO THE NAVAL CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, December 17th.—Their Lordships passed from the Mental Treatment Bill to the Road Traffic Bill with an ease that made their conjunction significant. Lord COTTENHAM'S plea for motor-cops "in suitable vehicles" to patrol the roads, though Lord RUSSELL found it unacceptable, received the joint support of Lord BANBURY and Lord HOWE. Noble and elderly lords looked on aghast at the spectacle of Lord BANBURY solemnly advocating that two engines of destruction should speed where one sped before.

Mr. GRAHAM moved the Second Reading of the Coal Bill in a speech of an hour and forty minutes, in which he never once looked at a note or lost the thread of his lucid discourse. It was a conciliatory rather than a fighting speech, as might be expected, seeing that the Bill's main purpose—the regaining of foreign markets for British coal by the setting up of a rationalising and price-fixing ring—primarily concerns persons identified with the two parties opposite.

No olive branches, it is true, were extended to the Conservatives, but then the Conservatives had not tabled an Amendment setting out any particulars of the Bill to which they especially took exception.

It was otherwise with Sir HERBERT SAMUEL. He stated quite explicitly the two matters wherein the Bill must be amended if it was to get Liberal support. There must be definite provisions in this Bill or another Bill for the compulsory amalgamation of the industry and not merely to organise marketing, and the Bill must contain proper safeguards of the consumers' interests.

Mr. GRAHAM had explained that amalgamation under the Bill was left the subject of future investigations by a Committee, and that the public would be safeguarded by his projected Consumers' Council. The Liberals demanded something more explicit, and it was clear that they have only to insist on it to get it.

Sir HERBERT emphasised the fact that once the uneconomic mine got its quota it immediately got a statutory interest in survival and an enhanced value. You might give an organ-grinder sixpence to go away, but if he got a statutory right to play in front of your premises it would cost a deal more than sixpence to get rid of him.

Colonel LANE-FOX described Sir HERBERT'S speech as "devastating," but failed to be very devastating on his own account, and Mr. BEN TURNER played his appointed *rôle* of assistant olive-branch waver with amiable brevity.

Wednesday, December 18th.—The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS received unsympathetically a suggestion that our "Fidos" should have unleashed



THE UNCANNY SCOT.
MR. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

access to the Royal Parks. "I also think that every flower should have its right to bloom," he retorted when it was suggested that every dog should have his day in the Park.



FLORA (THE FLOWER GODDESS).
"I also think that every flower should have its right to bloom."—*Mr. LANSBURY.*

They are calling it the Plaza-Tory Party now, but whether the painful incident about to be recorded must really be ascribed to Mr. BALDWIN'S habit (which some allege) of leading his regiment from behind is not clear. Suffice it that last night, when the call to arms came (the occasion being Sir GERVAIS RENTOUL'S motion for leave to introduce a Bill to enable the Government to implement Mr. BALDWIN'S General Strike pledge that there should be no victimization), nearly half the regiment had run away. As a result the motion (which thirty Liberals voted for) was lost by seventeen votes, and the House went on record as approving, instead of condemning, the vengeful tactics of the Socialist-run Hull Corporation.

After a high-minded and mildly-worded motion of Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY, there followed a symposium of kind words about India, the only person to come under the lash of unkind criticism (wielded by Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN) being the absent Lord ROTHERMERE.

Thursday, December 19th.—Lord ARNOLD, moving the Second Reading of the Unemployment Insurance Bill in the Lords, observed somewhat airily that it was of no consequence whether the unemployed were supported by the ratepayers or the taxpayers. Of course it was all nonsense to suggest that high taxation was a burden on industry. Moreover the Bill was merely intended to "undo the mischief done to the Unemployment Fund by the late Government."

Lord LONDONDERRY approached the Bill, which he said he would not ask their Lordships to reject, in sorrow rather than in anger, enumerating six particulars in which it appeared to be unsatisfactory, but giving no unqualified approval to the rest of it. Lord BEAUCHAMP also offered support "without enthusiasm," while Lord MELCHETT propounded a new line of criticism, pointing out that, as the statistics showed that there was not likely to be any juvenile employment, contributions were apparently to be collected from the young merely to help make the Fund solvent.

The House heard with great satisfaction that the KING would open the Five Power Conference, which will be staged in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords on January 21.

Lieut.-Col. BROWN introduced a Bill to strengthen the Importation of Plumage (Prohibition) Act, 1921. Fine feathers, it seems, are still making fine birds—except perhaps in the political aviary.

The conclusion of the Coal Bill Second Reading debate provided the House with its first and last thrill of the session. The Bill was carried by a majority of eight, this margin being secured by the perhaps calculated abstention from the Lobby of five Liberals and the support of the Government by two others.

It was a Pyrrhic victory, a mere staving off of defeat pending a Liberal-Labour treaty, and the wrathful trumpetings of the Epirote king's elephants were adequately reproduced by Mr. MACDONALD's henchmen as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's polished lance probed their sensitive skins.

Indeed, it is suggested that if the Liberal Leader had merely rattled his weapon in the Government's composite face instead of drawing it across defenceless portions of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the MINISTER OF MINES, surrender would have been immediate. As it is, the healing hand of Christmas must pave the way to a better understanding and the Government's acceptance of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's four points.

Meanwhile the Conservative leaders had rallied the forces that had showed no stomach for the fight on the previous day, and, either by beating them with the flat of their Whips or less drastic methods, had led all but a small handful into the fray. To some of them it was not a new sensation to "make their oriflamme that day the standard of LLOYD GEORGE."

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in a speech that left no doubt of his supremacy in the House as a fighting front-bencher, charged the Government with having produced a Bill dictated at every point by the coal-owners, driving home his arguments with such skill that the ranks of Tuscany almost forgot that they must not cheer. He condemned the quota system as hamstringing the good mines and giving a vested interest to the worthless ones, as boosting prices for the benefit of the coal-owners instead of protecting the consumer from exploitation, and as putting 3*s.* 6*d.* a ton on the price of the coal required for British industries, "already white with anæmia," in order that their foreign rivals might buy exported British coal cheaper. Mr. GRAHAM had said in his speech that he was a Scot. He, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, could not believe that anything so uncanny ever came out of Scotland. It was an incredibly bad Bill and no answer to the points put by himself and Sir HERBERT SAMUEL could redeem its outstanding viciousness in their eyes.

The rest of the debate was a mere tiding over of the time that must elapse before the House divided. Even Mr. CHURCHILL's speech was that of a performer who knows that it is not his limelight, and the PRIME MINISTER in reply gracefully accepted the Right Hon. Member for Epping as a convenient punching-bag at which to aim the gentlemanly blows he clearly shrank from aiming at Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's all too minatory chin.

Members poured into their Lobbies really wondering what the outcome would be, and poured out again asking themselves why those ardent individualists, Messrs. RUNCIMAN and HARRIS, had given such a Bill the negative approval of neutrality.



COCKATOOS.

The Plucked Fowls. "PITY SOMEONE DOESN'T BRING IN A BILL TO SAFEGUARD PLUMAGE (HOME-GROWN)."

MR. THOMAS, MR. BEN TURNER AND MISS BONDFIELD.

Monday, December 23rd.—The House gave no other indications of exceptional industry beyond a certain liveliness of manner which culminated in a general request that the MINISTER OF SCOTLAND should re-read a particularly long-winded answer on a peculiarly involved and uninteresting topic. The PRIME MINISTER answered soothingly and with some skill Sir LAMBERT WARD's invitation to "implement the pledge given by his predecessor after the General Strike that there should be no victimisation;" and the CHANCELLOR made a far from soothing statement about his prospective intentions in respect of the Safeguarding, McKenna and other duties. He took obvious pride in reiterating that uncertainty must always attend a tariff policy, and the Conservatives, accustomed to dissembling their love, forgot to retort that a tariff plus uncertainty might still be preferable to free trade plus unemployment.

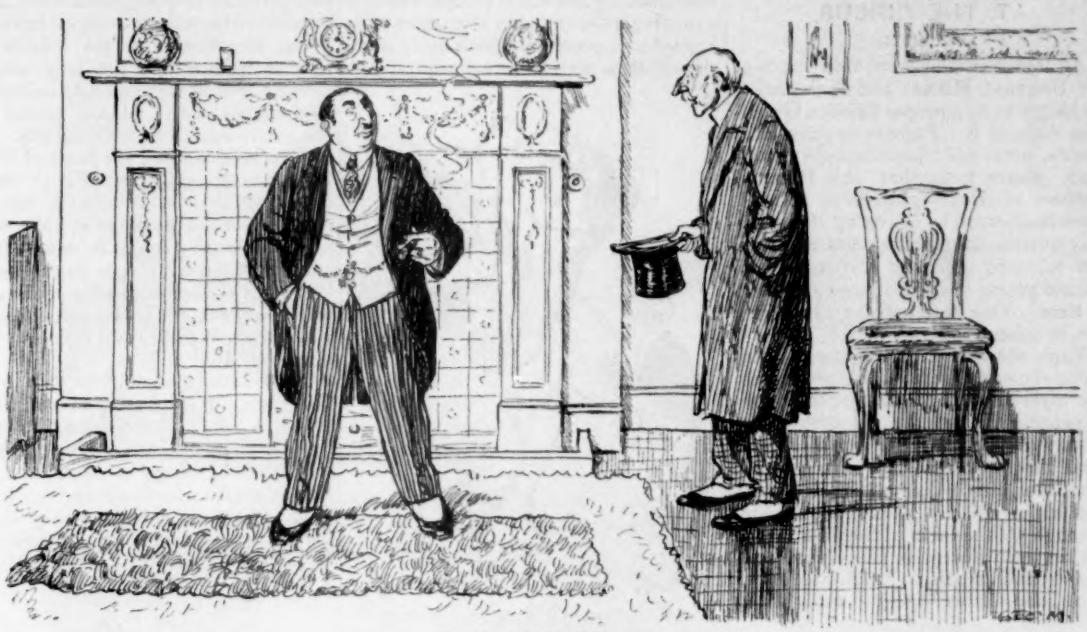
It is the legitimate business of the Opposition to send the Government home with a maximum of its gaudy plumage removed, but as a means of extracting a few more pin feathers a debate on Egypt could have been improved upon. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN had perforce to content himself with gloomy forebodings—for which this is not the season—and his obvious plea, that the Government which lately protested its faith in the man on the spot in India might well have paid some attention to the man on the spot in Egypt, was impaired by the fact that Sir AUSTEN himself had had occasion to reject Lord LLOYD's advice.

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, fortified, one may suspect, by the admirable speech made during the Lords' debate by Lord GREY OF FALLODON, emerged from the encounter with his plumage relatively intact.

Tuesday, December 24th.—The House found plenty of entertainment in a wordy duel between the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his predecessor, which may have been pantomime stuff, as Mr. SNOWDEN intimated, though some of the thwacks suggested that there was more in the bladders than wind. "Squanderer!" shouted Mr. CHURCHILL. "Waster!" retorted Mr. SNOWDEN, and so forth, pot-and-kettlewise, to the House's great enjoyment, no general concern being felt for the corpse of the taxpayer, which, like the body of the ancient TARQUIN, merely gave the protagonists something to fight about. It was an equal exchange of back-chat between two rival squandermaniacs washing their Treasury linen together in public.

Erratum.

Mr. Punch regrets that in the half-yearly Index in his last issue he attributed "The Anglo-American Entente" to Mr. J. D. ANDREWS. Its author was Mr. W. S. GILBERT.



THE NEW POOR.

Moneylender. "WELL, SIR, WHAT IS THE AMOUNT YOU REQUIRE? FIVE 'UNDRED? A THOUSAND?"
Client. "OH, NO—NOTHING LIKE THAT. YOU SEE, MY SON IS ABOUT TO MARRY A YOUNG WOMAN OF WHOM I DO NOT APPROVE, AND I WANT A SHILLING TO CUT HIM OFF WITH."

NEW YEAR'S EVE: SETTLING UP.

Bingo and I have been having a heart-to-heart talk this evening. In my best "Heavy Master" manner I called Bingo and showed him the entry in *Whitaker's Almanack* which reads: "Dog and establishment licences renewable."

Bingo showed his opinion of that by getting a firm grip of *Whitaker* and proceeding to "kill him dead." I heaped reproaches on his head, and he retired under a chair and lay there with tears (almost) streaming down his cheeks.

After about thirty seconds he bounded out again, magically possessed of a ball, which he laid at my feet. To prevent further interruption I put the ball on the top of the bookcase (which he always regards as a dirty trick) and resumed the sitting.

We tackled the Profit and Loss Account.

I told him severely that the outlook was serious. I spared him some of the smaller items, but I felt bound to dwell upon such outstanding features as—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
One pair of spectacles, complete with case, entirely chewed up	2	2	0
Subsequent visits to Vet. . .	1	7	6
One inner tube of bicycle, slit half the way round . . .		10	6
One cushion totally worried to death	1	5	0
	£5	5	0

Here Bingo interposed with a heart-rending cry, and I thought his better feelings were touched, but I found he was woefully contemplating the top of the bookcase.

I sternly continued the rehearsal of his misdoings, refusing to be side-tracked, and so gravely did I speak of the occasions when he had mutilated *The Times* and chased the Buff Orpingtons at "The Nook" that he really became very dejected, and Bingo's dejection, though rare, is profound.

"Now," I said severely, "can you honestly maintain that 7*s.* 6*d.* will be well and sensibly spent on you to-morrow?"

Bingo was speechless. His ears remained at half-cock and his tail drooped pathetically. After a moment or two I mentally relented. Up sprang Bingo, though I had not spoken a word or moved a muscle.

When he had completely washed my neck and face, with special attention to my ears, he dashed to the bookcase and awaited my attention with unbounded self-assurance.

That was half-an-hour ago, and now at my feet he sleeps the sleep of the carefree unjust.

And there is one more item to be entered in the accounts—a broken coffee-cup—but as the clocks happened to be striking twelve we have agreed to carry it forward.

THE YOUNG CHRISTMAS-TREE.

LIKE peacocks enchanted,
Like snapdragons bright,
Aloft see her planted,
Her candles alight;
With parcels she dangles
And star-dusted fruits,
And she 's winky with spangles
Right down to her roots.

When the lights are diminished
That twinkled and shone,
When parties are finished
And all the guests gone,
Please never to chop her
That starrily stood,
But take her and pop her
Back safe in the wood.

So, when days are behind you
(Like butterflies' wings),
She 'll always remind you
Of crackers and things—
You that lean on stick-handles
And simply hate snow,
But who lighted her candles
In long, long ago. P. R. C.

"Berlin taxi-drivers who have a knowledge of foreign languages will henceforth wear armlets indicating their linguistic capabilities."
Sunday Paper.

Those without armlets will continue, as in the past, to indicate their linguistic capabilities on payment of the exact legal fare.

AT THE CIRCUS.

OLYMPIA.

AN institution by now, this Circus of Mr. BERTRAM MILLS; and Christmas is no longer to be a proper London Christmas without it. Parents or guardians, uncles, aunts and benevolent old gentlemen, please note that the Borough Fathers of Kensington have selected Christmas-week to heave up the roadway outside Olympia so that an extra ten minutes must be allowed if the frantic young in their charge are to be in time. This is important, as no turn can be missed without regret.

Each one will place the items in an order of merit dictated by his prejudices. For myself I will vote first for the grave handsome Señor DE VASCONCELLOS, who, with the proud carriage of a mediæval knight and a seat which would have delighted Colonel MCTAGGART, put his noble bay gelding, Dynamite, through all the feats of the *haute école*, and in spite of a rather dismayingly energetic and impulsive band, made him pace and dance to an astonishing



THIS CHARMING SPANISH DANCER—

variety of rhythms. The second place must, I think, go to an old favourite, "CHARLIE" RIVELS, who has devised new antics of an inconceivable absurdity to fill out his caricature of CHARLIE CHAPLIN with an invention that rivals the ingenious and well-beloved original. And the third, I think, to LONG TACK SAM, in his Chinese Revue, with its colour and movement which would delight a painter and the amazing skill of the juggling of the head of the troupe—an admirable showman—and his clever compatriots. One of his young ladies, graced with the beauty of both East and West, danced with entirely Western technique some entirely Western trifle with such grace and skill as to make us wish she had chosen something from her own country's treasure-house of lovely things. A really beautiful picture was made by the whole troupe weaving a moving maze of paper streamers with a grace and precision which quite literally must be seen to be believed.



—SHOULD HAVE RECEIVED A BOUQUET FROM LORD LONSDALE, LIKE ALL THE OTHER LADIES.

I am never quite comfortable when the nobler animals are made to look foolish by their trainers, but the three wise-looking young elephants, under the direction of the determined ADÈLE NELSON, no doubt, as they grow old, will be set to more dignified tasks. A large waterproof sheet spread for the turn of the "Four Bronetts" raised our hopes which were duly fulfilled. There is a universal appeal to the risible faculty in the spectacle of men, whether in clown's fustian or immaculate evening-dress, being drenched with water through the deliberately maladroit handling of generously-filled buckets of (we hope) warm water. The "Bronetts" are indeed diverting clowns, and good nonsense with air-balloons and other simple but exquisite funniments drew roars of laughter from the most hardened critics and other superior persons.

"The Sixteen Lancashire Lassies," parading smartly with one missing, delighted us with their well-timed steps and solid beauty; and certainly the heart flew to the mouth as one saw the skater, LA HART, swung to the horizontal by her partner, precariously holding to his neck by her instep, assisted by centrifugal force, and performing meanwhile in that position the never too easy evolution—the splits. A spectacle more astonishing than pleasing, perhaps.

"The Musical Andreus" exploited the comic possibilities of the egg, the trombone, the siphon and the slipped denture, and gave us a skipping exhibition of admirable virtuosity, and—good heavens! I am forgetting our old friends the callous *Humsti* and the longsuffering *Bumsti*, whose miraculously calculated misfortunes with ladders, tables and chairs always fill us with delight.

Of course we had the famous SCHUMANN horses, with Herr ERNST on his clever stallion in command—the six beautiful brown geldings and the white and dapple grey Arabs or semi-Arabs; and for those who have strong nerves there was the aerial display of the combined troupes, "The Flacoris, Collins, Kiewnings, Welsons and Balzers"—an amazing affair.

That nothing should be missing to the glory of the occasion we had a real live LORD MAYOR trying to speak against the combined clamour of roaring wheels, champed bits, trumpets and talk with a fortitude and resolution that promises well for the City during his year of office, and Lord LONSDALE's frequent presentation of bouquets to the



DISCORD IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.
THE BROTHERS BRONETT.

ladies of the various troupes. "Better than ever" doesn't seem an exaggerated estimate. T.

The Italian Ambassador will preside at a Lecture on the Italian Exhibition, to be given by Mr. COLLINS BAKER at 25, Park Lane, on January 14th, at 5.30 P.M., in aid of the Mothercraft Training Society, of which the Duchess of YORK is President. Tickets (one guinea) can be obtained from Lady DAWSON OF PENN, 32, Wimpole Street, W.1.

Precautions that Hardly Seem Necessary.

"A short programme of carols, sung by the Masked Carol Singers, will be broadcast from the London Studio to-night."—*Daily Paper.*



Office-Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, CAN I HAVE THE DAY OFF TO-MORROW TO GO TO——"
Employer. "GRANDMOTHER GOING TO BE BURIED, I SUPPOSE?"
Boy. "NO, SIR—MARRIED."

THE BATTLE OF BOAR'S HILL.

ON the Hill whose sweet seclusion, innocent of formal parks,
Fosters in a fine profusion poets and prosodiarchs,
Recently I had a vision, as I strolled along its heights,
Featuring with rare precision unimaginable sights.

For I saw at closest quarters the supreme and final stand
Made by the devout supporters of the Laws of Metroland,
Crashing and colliding head-on in a closely tangled swarm,
In the mood of Armageddon, with the enemies of Form.

HOMER I beheld surrounded by Digammas stout and strong
As he resolutely bounded deep into the battle-throng,
While SIMONIDES (the Cean), victor of a hundred fights,
Darkened all the empyrean with his awful epitrites.

Ranged against these ancient "heavies," charging resolutely up
Came the light free-lancing levies lauded by *The Times Lit. Supp.*,
Filled with energy unsleeping, bursting with offensive pep,
Though incapable of keeping any of their feet in step.

Unencumbered by Cæsura, in Elision's arts untried,
With belligerent bravura they intrepidly defied
Dreadful tripodies advancing on their triplicated shanks
And provocatively prancing in the manner of the Manx.

Still the votaries of Freedom, champions of untrammelled verse,
Like the Ishmaelites of Edom, hard to conquer or coerce,
Faced the Trochee and Iambus in the stark relentless way
That an uncontrolled West Ham bus treats the poor pedestrian jay.

Fiercer grew the fight and faster; I may here observe that I
Narrowly escaped disaster as the Strophes thundered by,
And a catalectic Cretic, with an anacrustic zest
Utterly asynartetic, barged into my blameless breast.

All in vain did Emendation, erudite and heavenly maid,
By the art of restoration seek to lend her healing aid,
And apply her vast resources to repair the shattered lines
Of the academic forces of the Dons and the Divines.

Only could the embattled legions be persuaded to retire
When the Ruler of these regions ordered them to cease their fire,
And on every stricken chief a liberal allowance poured
Of the "liquid synalœpha" in his hygienic hoard.

"FUTURE QUEEN OF ITALY IS LOVER OF MUSIC.

'But, though I practise four hours a day, I have been going to school,' the princess told me, 'to the Esole Superieure de Jeunes Fillies (high school for young ladies) in Brussels.'"—*Canadian Paper.*

Music is very popular just now with the *Jeunes Choses Radieuses* of Brussels.

AT THE PANTOMIME.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" (DRURY LANE).

THIS latest of the pantomimes at the famous old KILLIGREW-BUTT house of Drury Lane seems to me, despite deplorable liberties taken with the ancient legend by the bookmakers, Messrs. J. HICKORY WOOD, F. V. MAXWELL STEWART and JULIAN WYLIE, the best we have had for a score of years. Certainly the first part; the second declined somewhat and was ragged in parts: will, I think, be the better for some drastic excisions. And in these hurried days nobody wants to sit in a theatre for four hours on end, however comfortable the seats. This theatre, however, has an honourable tradition to maintain for giving full measure, and it is perhaps ungracious to complain.

Catalogue Raisonné herewith; no more is possible.

Scene 1.—The Royal Nursery. The *King*, an undersized timidly pompous little man (Mr JAMES CRAIG), bullied by his hectoring spouse (Mr. G. S. MELVIN): good fooling and an admirable transformation scene. Blessings by Good and curses by Bad Fairy.

Scene 2.—Beauty's Garden, with *Beauty* (Miss EVE GRAY), now grown up, and a bevy of pretty wenches, serving-maids, nurses, local peasantry; and, just when you are saying to yourself what an admirable assembly of talent and comeliness, there appear some sixteen trim taut dancing-maidens who put the others, not ungallantly or selfishly, in the shade. Why, the "Tiller Girls," of course! Any show with these artistes in it is sure of success.

Remarkable also the appearance of some forty-odd extremely energetic children—Cuirassiers of the Guard—yelping in native accents wild (cuttable with knife) the song of the Royal Brigade. A roaring success.

Scene 3.—Fooling in a wine-cellar by that quietly fatuous comfortable comedian, JAY LAURIER (*Rudolph the Reckless*), *Prince Florizel's* page; so far mistaken for the Prince. *Prince Florizel* (Miss LILIAN DAVIES) has already graced the garden scene and is all that a fairy prince should be in dress and bearing—with a pretty mezzo-soprano and clear articulation.

Scene 4.—Much excellent tomfoolery by *King* and *Queen* in the Kitchen of the Royal Palace, with flat-irons, sewing-machines, motor-horn bulbs, and the like—in the best tradition.



Prince Florizel (*Miss LILIAN DAVIES*) *contemplating the early stages of the long sleep of Princess Beauty* (*Miss EVE GRAY*). "THIS IS GOING TO BE A TEDIOUS BUSINESS. I 'D BETTER SLIP OFF AND GET A BIT OF SLEEP MYSELF."

Scene 5.—More good nonsense in the Royal Backyard with the *Queen* and *Rudolph* and a wireless, beer and pork pies.

Scenes 6 and 7.—Beauty's Boudoir and the Throne Room: incidents confused in my crowded memory, but all very magnificent. Of the musical numbers of this Part, *Rudolph's* idiotic "Baa, Baa, Baa, Moo, Moo, Moo," and *Prince Florizel's* softly sentimental "Under the Spell of the Moon," were the most successful. You will note that the *Prince* has appeared before his time upon the scene, and while the *Princess* and Court sleep their hundred-years' sleep *Father Time*, "the bloke with the egg-boiler," makes a special arrangement for him so that he appears unchanged before the thorn barriers of the Tangled Wood in *Act II.*



WAKING BEAUTIES.

The King . . . . . MR. JAMES CRAIG.
The Queen . . . . . MR. G. S. MELVIN.

Act II.—Passing rapidly from the Tangled Wood (*Scene 8*) to the awakening of the Court (*Scene 9*) we see the *King* bearded like *Rip Van Winkle* and his royal mate, visibly aged and covered with cobwebs and fungi—further liberties with the legend, to be suffered gladly enough. A long interpolation by Mr. G. S. MELVIN, as a lawn-tennis star strongly resembling a certain French expert, was, however excellent in itself, too long and too irrelevant for comfort.

Scene 10.—The Frontier of Toyland—a charming design, with *Prince Florizel's* tuneful "Jus' Keepin' On" (by Mr. ALEXANDER PHILLIPS).

Scene 11.—A most ingenious and original affair—Meccanoland, with the children aforementioned now turned into precocious tumblers.

Scene 12.—A blank in my memory.

Scene 13.—An abbreviated Harlequinade in a Railway-Station—Clown, Pantaloon, Poker, Sausages, King and Queen. Untraditional but not unamusing—though attention was necessarily beginning to flag and the too hard-worked principal comedians showed signs of fatigue.

Scene 14.—More trials for *Beauty*, carried by the Bad Fairy to the Witch's Haunted Tower.

Scenes 15 and 16.—Rescue and rejoicings, with wedding-bells and march of vociferous Guards, now habited in shining silver. A very good show indeed. Spectacle brilliant, humour adequate, music tuneful, dancing agile.

P.S.—Good heavens! I have forgotten Miss CLARICE HARDWICKE, a delightful comédienne, better than her part—*Trixie*, the *Princess's* maid. T.

AT THE PLAY.

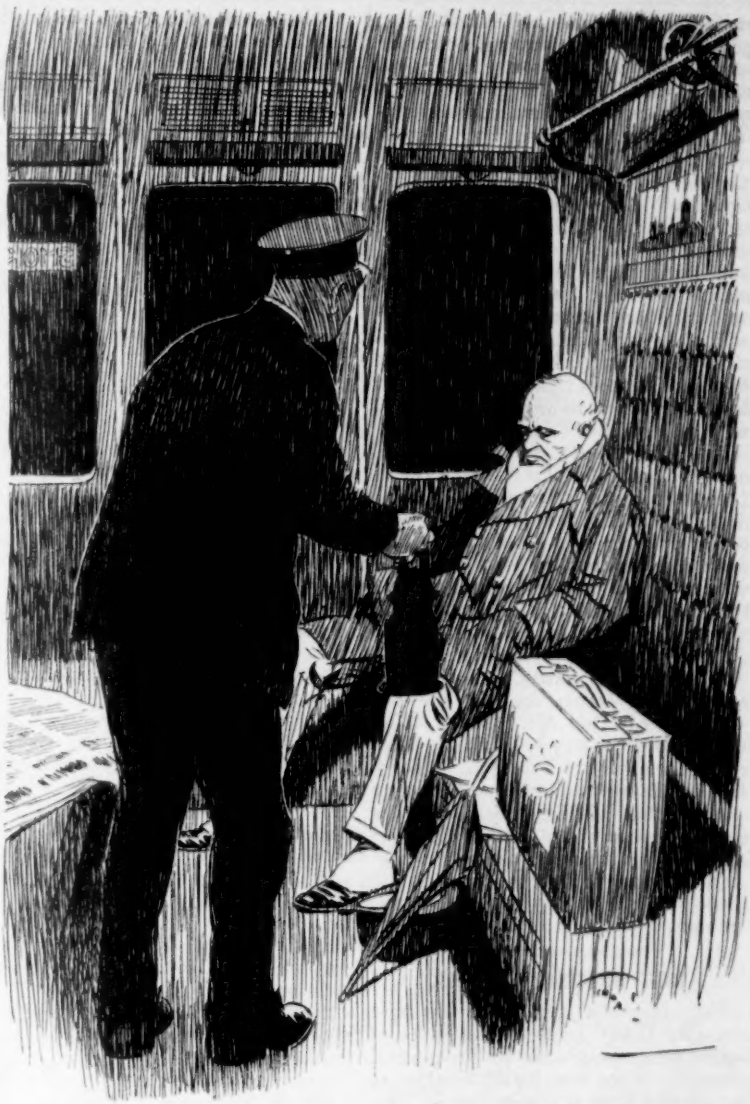
"THE LAST ENEMY" (FORTUNE).

ONE does not somehow connect Mr. TOM WALLS with stage-plays having a theological, mystical or metaphysical basis, and therefore one must suppose that some deep note of serious intention in Mr. FRANK HARVEY'S *The Last Enemy* urged him to finance and produce this interesting if rather unconvincing play—unconvincing perhaps only if you are disinclined to read your theology in the book of the theatre, and have a prejudice against the wailing of female voices in the Mary-Rosy manner, and Gordon Craigish staircases piled against a red star-spangled sky as indications that you have passed beyond the borders of earthbound Life and are on the First Landing on the way to Heaven.

Happily the brave explorers who had just been starved and frozen in the Antarctic (A.D. 1896), spending their last breath in, for English and Scotsmen, some rather unlikely disquisitions and quotations, retain their workaday garments and the hearty cheeriness of their native dispositions. *McKenzie*, the doctor (Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN), and young *James Churchill* (Mr. CARL HARBORD), of profession unspecified, a little frightened by the awesome loneliness, a little out of breath after the steep climb and more than a little apprehensive as to whether their earthly lives will bear the scrutiny of heavenly eyes, are much heartened by a rather vaguely comfortable lecture from the *Janitor*, a Dantesque person who explains that everything is quite all right; that the last enemy is fear (which the two explorers promptly cast out). They learn too that while they can climb anywhen to the second and other landings they can also keep in touch with earth; that the childless *McKenzie* has (or will have) a spiritual son, and the beardless *Churchill* a spiritual mate, and that they have power to defend and help these earth-bound friends.

And then the scene changes to a comfortable bourgeois house in Hampstead in the autumn of 1916—and let me confess that my earth-tethered spirits rose considerably. Mr. HARVEY'S Hampstead which he knows seems to me so much more interesting, stimulating and comforting a place than his Heaven which (I am assuming) he doesn't. His *Thomas Perry* (Mr. O. B. CLARENCE) is a charming person, not merely because Mr. CLARENCE plays him but because Mr. HARVEY has written him so; his sister, *Clara* (Miss ATHENE SEYLER)—an excellent portrait in that clever actress's serious vein, too seldom seen—is a real human being; and *Tom's* daughter, *Cynthia* (Miss MARJORIE MARS), caught in the mid-War stream of cocktail gaiety and loosened restraints—"after all, this may be the poor boy's last leave"—has sterling character and self-respect behind her trivial mask. And Hampstead tells (pre-War Hampstead, of course), even when in a Clarges Street studio the nerve-ridden airman, *Jerry Warrender* (drinking too much to keep himself from worse), locks the door and desperately attempts to break down her resistance. After four doomful knocks, twice repeated, the locked door slowly swings open (I am afraid the producer here rather overdid his effects—eerie lights, slow music, wails and what-not—thus robbing his author by over-emphasis of a well-designed effect), and *James Churchill*, *Cynthia's* mate, enters and calmly takes the girl home, not unnaturally driving poor hard-driven, puzzled and now ashamed *Jerry* to a little more of the old brandy.

Back to Hampstead again with stout *Mr. Perry*, now a queerly-tailored private on three days' leave, with youth renewed and an extended vocabulary caught from the R.S.M. and his messmates. Young *Graham*, companion of *Cynthia's* childhood and now a two-



Polite Official. "THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO, SIR. WHERE DID YOU WANT TO GET OUT?"
Sleepy Traveller. "THAT'S MY BUSINESS."

starred babe-at-arms on his first leave, proposes—in a charmingly-written scene which Mr. LAWTON (and for that matter Miss MARS also) plays with a quiet emphasis which is genuinely moving. A second proposal by the now rehabilitated *Jerry*, again written and played with a fine tact, is accepted by *Cynthia* (V.A.D.); she has forgotten or, better, she has had the sympathy to understand, that far-off unhappy night, and they have made some guess at the nature of their strangely calm and authoritative visitor. We feel they will make a good thing of their marriage. I mustn't forget to say that Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER played his not too easy part, in its contrasted phases, with great skill and plausibility.

The scene changes to the battlefield on the night after Festubert. *Harry Graham* is at the point of death, and it is his spiritual father, *McKenzie*, who comes to help him through the too-wide and too-crowded Gate of Death with words of comfort and a stave or two of "Hush-a-bye, Baby," at which nobody laughed—this for evidence that playwright and players successfully "put the scene across." But not, I regret to say, across me.

I prophesy that Mr. HARVEY, if he will leave the starry heights and fields of Heaven for the hills and vales of Happy Hampstead, will write a play that we shall all like. Meanwhile for many, especially those involved in the cults of spiritualism and the very newest of new thought, there is comfort and consolation; and there is certainly excellent acting by an admirable cast. T.

THAT PANTOMIME SPIRIT.

THE fact that pantomime is once more at Drury Lane after a lapse of eight years may lead to its general revival. Even our local theatre has launched out on *Robinson Crusoe*. The Kid was mystified as to the exact meaning of pantomime until I explained that she was going to see a representation of a favourite story.

She arrived at the theatre with an open mind and a great deal of curiosity. The first scene began with some spirited dancing by the ballet and a dialogue by two American back-chat comedians. When *Robinson Crusoe* appeared she (*Crusoe*) at once betrayed her nautical leaning by dancing a hornpipe. Yet the Kid actually demanded, "When shall we see *Robinson Crusoe*, Mummie?"

"There he is on the stage now, dancing."

"Do you mean the lady with the pink legs, Mummie?"

"Yes, yes; that's supposed to be him—her."

"And are those ladies in the pretty frocks his friends?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Don't talk; they're going to sing. . . . No, that isn't *Crusoe's* father in the hunting-dress; it's the village squire. . . . No, I don't know why he has such a red nose. . . . Yes, of course there'll be a desert island later on."

The next scene absorbed the Kid, as it was on board ship and she scented a wreck in the offing. There was a chorus of A.B.'s and a very catchy song by the *Captain*, followed by the appearance in mid-ocean of the chorus-ladies, dressed this time, in deference to their surroundings, to represent mermaids. After they had retired in good order the sea began to get so exceedingly turbulent (in parts) that *Crusoe* had to dance a hornpipe again. Did the Kid feel the imminent peril, the sense of drama? No, she did not, because she had seen wrecks on the pictures which had been better managed than this one. Coldly I wrestled with her questions. "Yes, the ship *is* going down. . . . No, I don't know where the ladies have gone; how should I know whether they've got life-belts? . . . No, I can't say if the wireless man is sending out an S.O.S."

The sea, which had lashed itself into a fury, now grew calm and the thunder stopped to allow *Crusoe* to sing a song about his mother whom he might never see again. After the last encore had died away the sea started again and the wreck began in good earnest. The bulwarks of the ship fell down on deck, the mast went up; finally the vessel broke in the middle and went off R. and L. Luckily for me, as the Kid's questions were getting too technical, darkness descended.

The next scene was the desert island, with *Crusoe* in white silk tights and white fur and a great many diamond rings. I knew at once that the Kid wouldn't accept this.

"Where did he get all those new clothes if he was wrecked?" she demanded.

"They must have been—er—washed up. . . . Oh, don't ask so many questions. Yes, I suppose all the people who were with him on the ship were drowned. . . . What? Yes, all the sailors, even the funny one with the red whiskers and the *Captain* who sang. . . . Yes, yes, they're all gone. You know yourself what happened in the story."

The Kid, who has a tender heart, was plainly grieved at such wholesale loss. But at this moment some acrobats (the Brothers Monteski) appeared to give a display and *Man Friday* was introduced to sing a duet with *Robinson Crusoe*. The chorus arrived dressed as Hawaiian maids this time. Gradually indeed the entire cast filtered on to the desert island, and the tropical background became the scene of topical sketch, song and revelry. The Kid had ceased to question the perplexing incidents in the life of her nursery favourite. When it was over I inquired, "Now, wasn't that a lovely pantomime?"

"It was very nice, thank you," she replied politely; "but I like the pictures better."

No, children haven't got the pantomime spirit nowadays. I think next time I shall leave the Kid at home and go alone. F. A. K.

THOUGHTS FROM A FLOODED AREA.

COME, let us praise with one accord
The Metropolitan Water Board,
Which with discriminating eye
Deals with the question of supply,
And in the late most grievous drought
Forbade us bring our hosepipes out.

In the grim crisis of that time
It seemed the meanest sort of crime
Even to wash our hands and faces,
So stringent were its stern ukases;
And he who dared to swill his car
Was rightly treated on a par
With wicked men who stay out late
And buy tobacco after eight.

If then we felt disposed to grouse
To-day we must applaud the *nous*
That moved our thoughtful Water Board
To guard so well its dwindling hoard;
For, had we been allowed to spout
And splash the precious stuff about,
We might not now be in the mood
To relish such a plenitude.

Even the wretch who rose ere dawn
To spray by stealth his arid lawn
And souse his seedlings 'neath the moon,
Little as he deserved this boon,
May joy to see the affluent flood,
Rich with alluvial ooze and mud,
Depositing its gracious store
Upon his very kitchen floor.

Since everything has ended well,
Now let our thankful voices swell
And magnify in sweet accord
The Metropolitan Water Board.

C. L. M.

A Staggering Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Miss Sybil Thorndyke tells me she is very happy because the play is in the nature of a feminine effort, the joint authoresses being women."—*Gossiper in Daily Paper.*

"A leaking suitcase left in a railway station cloakroom some months ago has proved embarrassing to Edward E. ——, an ardent 'dry' representative in Illinois Constituency. The Federal Grand Judy has indicted him as being in possession of liquor."—*South African Paper.*

Mr. Punch hastens to state that he is not acquainted with this lady.



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

THE DOUBTFUL KING.

(ALFRED THE GREAT in Trinity Square, S.E.)

IN Trinity Square in the Borough
(Or so I have always been told)
Is ALFRED THE GREAT
In weather-worn state
And truly exceedingly old;
Though, if you are prosy and thorough
And wish to be difficult too,
You 'll probably say
It possibly may,
But never was proved to be true.

But we in the Borough know better
Than pedant, professor or sage,
So once more I state
He 's ALFRED THE GREAT
If only because of his age;
And if it 's not true to the letter
(There aren't any letters to read)
The spirit is his,
I 'll swear that it is,
On that we can all be agreed.

But, ALFRED, one day I shall test you,
In spite of my positive pose,
By getting a cake
And letting it bake
To cinders right under your nose;
And if that should not interest you
I 'll know you 're not ALFRED at all
But one of his brothers,
Because there are others
Just like you in Westminster Hall.





American Author (in search of "local colour," to his host, a London publisher). "WELL, IT'S BEEN VURRY INTERESTING TO ME TO GET THIS CLOSE-UP OF BRITISH HOME-LIFE. AND NOW I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE HOW THE REAL GENTLEFOLK LIVE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FOLLOWING the example set by Sir HARRY JOHNSTON in *The Veneerings*, Mrs. FRANCIS BROWN has essayed to give a new lease of life to characters whose *finis* might have been thought irrevocable. A great-grand-niece of JANE AUSTEN, what more natural than that she should attempt to revive her great-grand-aunt's creations?—the more so as these share with the personages of DICKENS an immortality so unquenchable as to render their reappearance not only plausible but likely. *Margaret Dashwood, or Interference* (LANE), makes amends to a young lady rather scurvily treated in *Sense and Sensibility*. The youngest, you remember, of the three *Dashwood* sisters, *Margaret*, in the first chapter of the original, was a mere thirteen-year-old onlooker of her elders' entanglements. By the last, she had reached "an age highly suitable for dancing and not very ineligible for being supposed to have a lover," and it is at this point that Mrs. BROWN takes her in hand. The sensible *Elinor* and the romantic *Marianne* are mothers of families, and all the energies of *Mrs. Jennings*, *John Dashwood* and other persons more considerately if less vigorously interested are bent on securing *Margaret* a *parti*. *John's* candidate, *Mr. Atherton*, is perhaps too intimate a relation of the one and only *Collins*—a fault Miss AUSTEN, with her infinite *nuances* of parsonry, would not have committed. But *John's* furtherance of *Mr. Atherton's* suit is in the best *John* tradition and wholly enjoyable. With *Margaret's* second wooing by a naval commander, Mrs. BROWN has a trifle relaxed her imitative vigilance. But at its best the book exhibits quite enough of the best JANE qualities—the delicate analysis of temperament, the gently ironical "moralising" on social foibles—to assimilate it very happily to its charming original.

The late M. GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, in what he would himself have declared to be the last considerable action of his continuing consciousness, has turned to bay in the face of the Universe. M. CLEMENCEAU, fighting captain, ever set himself squarely in front of relentless truth, and, though one may search in vain the thousand pages of his last defiance —*In the Evening of My Thought* (CONSTABLE)—for more than very slight references to those now historical national conflicts in which his force was spent, the spirit that inspired the recovery of France has stayed with him to the end. In this book, which will rouse a hundredfold opposition, he sets out to pass in review the entire field of proven knowledge, and, tracing the myth in the word and the soul in the appetite, stripping the patriot of his wreath and the martyr of his crown, taking gulfs at present unbridgeable in his stride, he finally places Man in the Cosmos—his body and his

mind, his civilisation, his accomplishment, his impulse to altruism, his hopes for the future and his belief in God—as the resultant by-product of impersonal forces grinding ceaselessly in mathematically calculable orbits. Though for the stirring into existence of the Cosmos itself he has no word of explanation, M. CLEMENCEAU has found it easy to throw down gods of his own contriving. To those who hold an established faith, the incompleteness of his survey will cry aloud in his failure, implacable thinker though he was, and with the greatness of the atom and the relative simplicity of the stellar spaces fairly before his mind, to escape in thought from the imprisonment in time and space that alone makes Man and his God appear as weaklings in a brainless Universe. The publication of this last masterful declaration coincides so nearly with the writer's passing, and in spite of its fearless declamation yet has such an underlying sentiment as of one who would persuade himself or be persuaded, that we can but reverently note that he has spoken—and is gone.

Ages ago, when I carried home
STEPHEN LEACOCK'S earliest tome,
At a single sitting I read it through,
And that was the very worst thing to do.

For such was the medley of jest and wit
That I was a wreck at the end of it,
And I saw that trying to wolf the lot
Meant there were points that I failed to spot.

So I vowed when the next should come my way
I 'd read no more than a chapter a day.
I 've tried it with all of them, one by one,
And I doubt very much if it can be done.

With *The Iron Man and the Tin Woman* (LANE)
I 've tried once more and I 've failed again;
I chuckled until I was fit to drop,
But I had to read to the last full-stop.



Fatuous Wife. "DO YOU KNOW, CUTHBERT, I THINK A BEARD IMPROVES YOU."

Andromeda in Wimpole Street (BUTTERWORTH) strikes me as a well-arranged personally-conducted tour over that *pays du tendre* which is the BROWNING romance, a tour planned entirely for the convenience and delight of the unleisured and inexpert reader. This was undoubtedly worth doing and has been well done; and, if you are of that large public which flinches from the complete BROWNING *Letters* and has no use for such full-dress studies of the poets as Mr. OSBERT BURDETT'S, Miss DORMER CRESTON'S detailed picture of ELIZABETH BARRETT'S courtship, together with her vivid little sketches of that courtship's prologue and epilogue, ought to serve your turn to a nicety. I have an uneasy conviction that Miss CRESTON'S aim was somewhat more complicated—I fancy she would say more exalted—than its issue justifies. Her work is undoubtedly influenced by modern biographies of a more alchemistical nature; but, though she has to a certain extent imitated their result, it is with material curiously unfused in the furnace of subjective experience. Her own personality, with its genial "one notes," "we see," "we seem to get," "we must now look a little more closely," is that of the cicerone, not of the artist; but it would be the absurdity of ill-manners to belittle an office so thankful and so gracefully exercised. I have a notion, founded on the excellence of Miss CRESTON'S scenery and minor portraits—her Hope End and Wimpole Street, for instance, her KENYON the Magnificent and Miss MITFORD—that a thought less reverence for her theme would liberate both herself and her subject. If this is so, I shall probably find that her next literary study—to which I shall look forward with interest—will have gained both in assurance and artistry.

Very possibly, unless you have had the fortune to be born in Yorkshire, you may not know a Gytrash when you see one—which it is to be hoped you never will. For the Gytrash, or Barguest, as some prefer to call it, has a particular liking

for newly-buried corpses, from which, vampire-like, it is supposed to draw its life; and it was this predilection that assisted the people of Goathland to "lay" not only the Gytrash that haunted their neighbourhood in the guise of a gigantic black goat, but also the Spinning Maiden who had been walled up in his castle by Julian of Goathland and who had been responsible for that hard-hearted Lord's unrest after his terrible death. It was the Spaewife of Fylingdales who instructed the villagers of Goathland how to get rid of their double burden, and the Spaewife's vengeance on a forgetful people who failed to keep their promise is the theme of "The Eldritch Erne," which is the second story of the eight that compose *The Gytrash of Goathland* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT). "The Gaabrel Ratchet" comes next, and with these three Mr. MICHAEL TEMPLE, that industrious collector of Yorkshire legends, concludes his tales of horror and descends into the less hair-raising regions populated by the snakes of St. Hilda or the Good People of Fairy Cross Plain. Of these latter I like best the story of the Yorkshire farmer who made the great discovery that a pig can beat a horse for speed over a course of two furlongs or so—if he can be induced to give his mind to the job.

Should you require an antidote to the hysterical war-novel of today you will find it in *The Weary Road* (MURRAY), a book that will be increasingly valued and cherished as the years pass on. Its author, Mr. CHARLES DOUIE, went straight in 1914 from school into the army, and in giving us "Recollections of a Subaltern of Infantry" he has at once paid a splendid tribute to the dead and offered an incentive to the living. In an introduction Major-General Sir ERNEST SWINTON says, "Mr. Douie gives to us the point of view of the hundreds of thousands of men who were in the thick of things, and acted and suffered as they did at the prompting of and in the exaltation of their own souls. . . . To those of its readers who have sad cause to look back it will bring comfort and not despair. From all it deserves gratitude." These words are fitting and very true. Mr. DOUIE has not glossed over the horrors of modern war, indeed, as he is telling the truth about those terrible years in France, he could not, but he lays no emphasis on the vileness of it, and in many passages of haunting beauty he shows us the everlasting debt we owe to those whose courage reached heights of amazing grandeur.

I can't help thinking that the happy persistence of M. ANDRÉ SIMON in instructing us on *The Art of Good Living* (CONSTABLE) is inspired by a great compassion for a benighted race of contemners and spoilers of good food. Or it may be, of course, a vain attempt at self-defence. He perhaps travels in English dining-cars or stays at English provincial hotels or in the town's restaurants sees good claret drunk with chocolate *soufflé* or has had a scratch meal at a countryside inn, and can hardly go on bearing it. In this book he discourses briefly but in detail, and always knowledgeably, of particular foods and wines and their suitable marriage. The dismay of this learned clerk may be imagined when he found a carefully compiled gastronomic vocabulary of the terms used in cooking a "sole à l'Ambassade: lobster sauce truffles and cream," and so forth, he having spent many hours of hard-earned leisure upon a similar task. The poignant fact of being so inconveniently forestalled does, however, enable him to recommend M. SIMON'S book with genuine fervour.

In the 1929 *Christmas Tree Annual* full measure has been given to the public by its publishers (BENN) and contributors, for, besides making a present of their services to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, in aid of which the volume appears, they have given of their best. The list of contributors is long and imposing and many favourites are there. I thought the most interesting thing in the book was "The Recluse," a deer story by Mr. H. MORTIMER BATTEN. His description of the unaccountable behaviour of an old roe is very good, and it carried me away to the Highlands faster than the Flying Scotsman has ever done. There is also a great story by Mr. STEPHEN KING-HALL called "Modern Magic," in which he brings *Robinson Crusoe* on a memorable visit to 1930 London, and treats both him and us very well. After which it is only necessary to mention the names of Miss EADY, Mr. CECIL ALDIN, Mr. PETT RIDGE, the late Mr. SYDNEY CARLINE, Messrs. *Pip*, *Squeak* and *Wilfred*; and to remind you that, although this excellent collection costs a pound, the whole sum will be spent in sending a London slum child to the country for a fortnight's holiday.



Customer. "I WANT TO SEE SOME FUNNY NOSES."
Assistant (temporarily transferred from the Hat department). "YES, SIR; SOMETHING LIKE THE ONE YOU 'RE NOW WEARING?"

In spite of his amazing industry Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM shows no signs whatever of suffering from overwork in *What Happened to Forester* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Ten stories are included in this collection, and in the last of them you will discover that *Major Forester* fell so overwhelmingly in love that he could only find faltering words wherewith to express his great emotion. Many strange and exciting adventures had, however, come his way before he became so tongue-tied, and I especially commend those related in "The Siren of the *Madrid*," "The Fugitive of Adelphi Terrace" and "Mr. Brown and the Madonna." But Mr. OPPENHEIM tells all of these tales with ease and skill, and never once is he at a loss to find exhilarating employment for his kindly and enterprising *Forester*.

Caviar for the General Ward.

"A surgeon, about 5ft. in length, was landed this morning by the Fleetwood steam trawler Gava."—*North-Country Paper.*

"The new service enables one to travel from London to the Riviera without sleeping on the train."—*Daily Paper.*

We used to find that the old service kept us fairly conscious.

CHARIVARIA.

THIRTY copper coins found inside an ostrich which died at the Zoo have been placed in the Society's museum. So much for the popular view that any money collected by these birds goes towards the up-keep of the Gardens.

* * *

We have no confirmation of the rumour that before leaving for the Second Hague Conference Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN took the precaution of having his chin tested.

* * *

A waiter at a West-end restaurant was once a cowboy. From the wide open spaces to the wide open faces.

* * *

Quotations embroidered on sheets are the latest Paris notion. They should, however, be verified, as misquotations are conducive to insomnia.

* * *

A *Times* correspondent alleges that the Inland Revenue authorities have been taking advantage of the innocence of taxpayers by accepting cheques on which a 2*d.* stamp duty has been paid. We ourselves have never felt quite happy about signing them.

* * *

A former Inland Revenue official is reported as saying that the most troublesome taxpayers are actors and actresses. Difficulty is of course presented in some cases by the discrepancy between their real salaries and those announced by their Press-agents.

* * *

Dean INGE has declined an invitation to visit Australian universities on the ground that it would not be possible for him to take so long a leave of absence. *The Evening Standard* can't do without him.

* * *

In denouncing the story of BRUCE and the spider as a myth, Mr. THOMAS JOHNSTON, Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, is considered to have shown up a falsehood which had been tacitly fostered by successive Tory and Liberal Governments.

* * *

This year marks the bicentenary of the formation of the Serpentine, but confidence is felt that any celebrations Mr. LANSBURY may arrange will not be marred by unseemly mafficking.

An authority on duelling considers the sabre safer than the sword. Still, when carelessly handled, the sabre is capable of inflicting a nasty cut.

* * *

"Spurred on," we are told, "by the news that his wife had presented him with a daughter, ALBERT STEELE, of New Zealand, broke the world's record by playing the piano continuously for 112½ hours." We can only be thankful that it wasn't twins.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the increasing number of Frenchwomen who shoot their husbands, and it is thought that the authorities will have to take a serious view of the practice.

* * *

Addressing the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. FAY COOPER COLE discredited the alleged superiority of Nordics. He was understood to incline to the view that thay have nothing on Wops.

* * *

In an account of a recent christening it is mentioned that the baby's parents belong to families that fought on opposite sides in the Wars of the Roses. It is greatly to their credit that they have made it up.

* * *

It seems that the Chelsea Arts Ball was such a riot of colour that Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN was almost tempted to have the Riot Act read.

* * *

A psychologist thinks it would be a good idea if our M.P.'s had X-ray photographs taken of their brains. It is said that if his comes out well Mr. CHURCHILL has promised to send it to Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN so that he can have it framed.

On the eve of the Disarmament Conference France is building a new cruiser and six destroyers. The explanation is that they are only being built to take the sailors for a ride.

* * *

It appears that the moustache is to become fashionable again this year. It will be a welcome change from the things that some of our young men have been wearing.

* * *

An American dramatist says there is no demand for plays with a sad ending. And particularly is that so in the case of those that end sadly after the first four or five nights.

* * *

A friend of a Hollywood movie actress would not act as her bridesmaid because she too was in love with the bridegroom. But surely she could have put her name down on the waiting-list.

* * *

The latest music-hall turn is a man who allows members of the audience to stick pins in him. He should be a great success as a war correspondent during the Great White Sales.

* * *

"Members of Parliament are just like the rest of us," says a gossip-writer. This is a pretty nasty slap in the face for the rest of us.

* * *

"I think we are probably living in the greatest period of our country's history," says Mr. LANSBURY. These Labour men are so refreshingly modest.

* * *

"I doubt whether it is not better to be a coal-miner than a popular reviewer," says Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT. Of course the literary critics lack their A. J. COOK.

* * *

A writer on thrift says that every twenty shillings saved is a pound towards a rainy day. Audited and found correct.

* * *

"I have often been bitten by strange dogs," says a Sunday paper gossip-writer. This should put an end to the belief that gossip-writers are not edible.

"GOOD YEAR FOR MERSEY PORT."
Liverpool Paper.

Still we shall probably remain faithful to Douro.



Perfect Valet (after wreck). "I 'M AFRAID, M' LORD, THAT I LEFT YOUR CABIN IN A VERY UNTIDY STATE."

MISSED OPPORTUNITIES.

IT was with deliberate intent that I tackled my son John on the subject of his school report in the presence of his grandmother. In the first place I considered that the occasion would gain added solemnity if it assumed the guise of a family conclave. In the second place it struck me as an admirable opportunity for letting my mother see that I was fully alive to my responsibilities as a father—a fact which, I regret to say, she does not always appreciate.

"Now look here, John," I began, frowning at the offending document in my hand, "this is a very unsatisfactory report. It could hardly be worse. 'Divinity: Poor. English: Has ability if he would only try to use it. Latin: Appears to take no interest in this subject. French: Disappointing; shows little sign of improvement. Mathematics: His work is spoiled by carelessness.' And the headmaster says: 'I fear he has not made the most of his opportunities.' This is perfectly disgraceful." And I transferred my frown to my offspring.

"But I don't call that such a bad report, dear," said my mother in a gentle voice.

I looked at her in amazement.

"Not a bad report?" I protested. "If this is not a bad report I should like to know what is."

"I only meant," she replied deprecatingly, "that it is not bad compared with the reports you used to get when you were at Mr. Hussey's."

This was too much, but before I could speak she continued:—

"Don't you remember when you were caned for keeping a hedgehog in the dormitory?"

"No," I lied.

"And when you were nearly expelled for shooting Mrs. Hussey's pug with a catapult?"

"I didn't hurt it," I expostulated; "and it was a thundering good shot, right across the playground."

"And when you were stopped from playing in a cricket-match because you put a frog in the French master's desk?"

"That was a dirty shame," I exclaimed with heat, for the memory of that injustice still rankled.

"And that time when you spent nearly all your journey-money on an owl and had to tip the porter at Paddington with a lead-pencil and give the cabman who drove you to Euston your name and address because you hadn't enough money for the hansom? And how you had to travel to Watford with a half-ticket, although you were nearly fourteen and tall for your age, and——"

"And how the bally owl escaped out of the basket and flew round the carriage and all the women screamed!" I found myself exclaiming.

Then I pulled myself together and said coldly—

"But I fail to see what all this has got to do with John's report. And in any case old Buz—I mean Mr. Hussey—never knew about all that."

My mother rose.

"Well, I will leave you," she said. "Don't be too hard on John, dear."

When I had closed the door behind her I turned to my son. To my astonishment his face wore a look I had never seen on it before. He was gazing at me with eyes of reverence.

"My word, Daddy," he said after an awkward silence, "I had no idea that you'd been such a sportsman when you were young! What did the porter say when you gave him that lead-pencil? And did you get the owl back into the basket? And you might show me how to make a catapult. We haven't got a pug, but there's a perfectly good cat."

His expression changed to one with which I was more familiar as he went on: "I *have* led a rotten dull life at school. I quite see now what old Bruggers—I mean Mr. Bruce—meant by saying I hadn't made the most of my opportunities."

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

A SONG OF KENSINGTON GARDENS.

BABIES? It's a gift, my dear; and I should say I know,
For I've been pushing prams about for forty years or so;
Thirty-seven babies—or is it thirty-nine?
No, I'm wrong, it's thirty-six—but none of them was mine.

Other people's babies—
That's my life,
Mother to dozens,
And nobody's wife.
But then it isn't everyone can say
They used to bath the Honourable Hay,
Lord James Montague, Sir Richard Twistle-Thynnes,
Captain Cartlet and the Ramrod twins—
Other people's babies,
Other people's prams—
Such little terrors,
Such little lambs!
Sixty-one to-day
And ought to be a granny,
Sixty-one to-day
And nothing but a Nanny!
There, ducky, there,
Did the lady stare?
Don't cry! O my!
Other people's babies!

Everybody's told me, dear, since I was seventeen
I ought to been a mother—what a mother I'd have been!
Mind you, minding babies isn't everybody's line,
But I wouldn't mind the minding, dear, if I was minding mine.

Other people's babies
All my life—
Three dozen mothers
And not one wife.
Of course it isn't everyone can say
They used to bath the Honourable Hay;
Lord Charles Cobley, had a present from the King,
And now, Cook tells me, he's a Bright Young Thing—
But forty years of bottles,
Forty years of fits,
Forty years of first teeth,
And here I sits,
Sixty-one to-day,
Might have been a granny,
Meant for a mother
And nothing but a Nanny!
There, ducky, there,
Howl, if you dare!
Don't cry! O my!
Other people's babies!

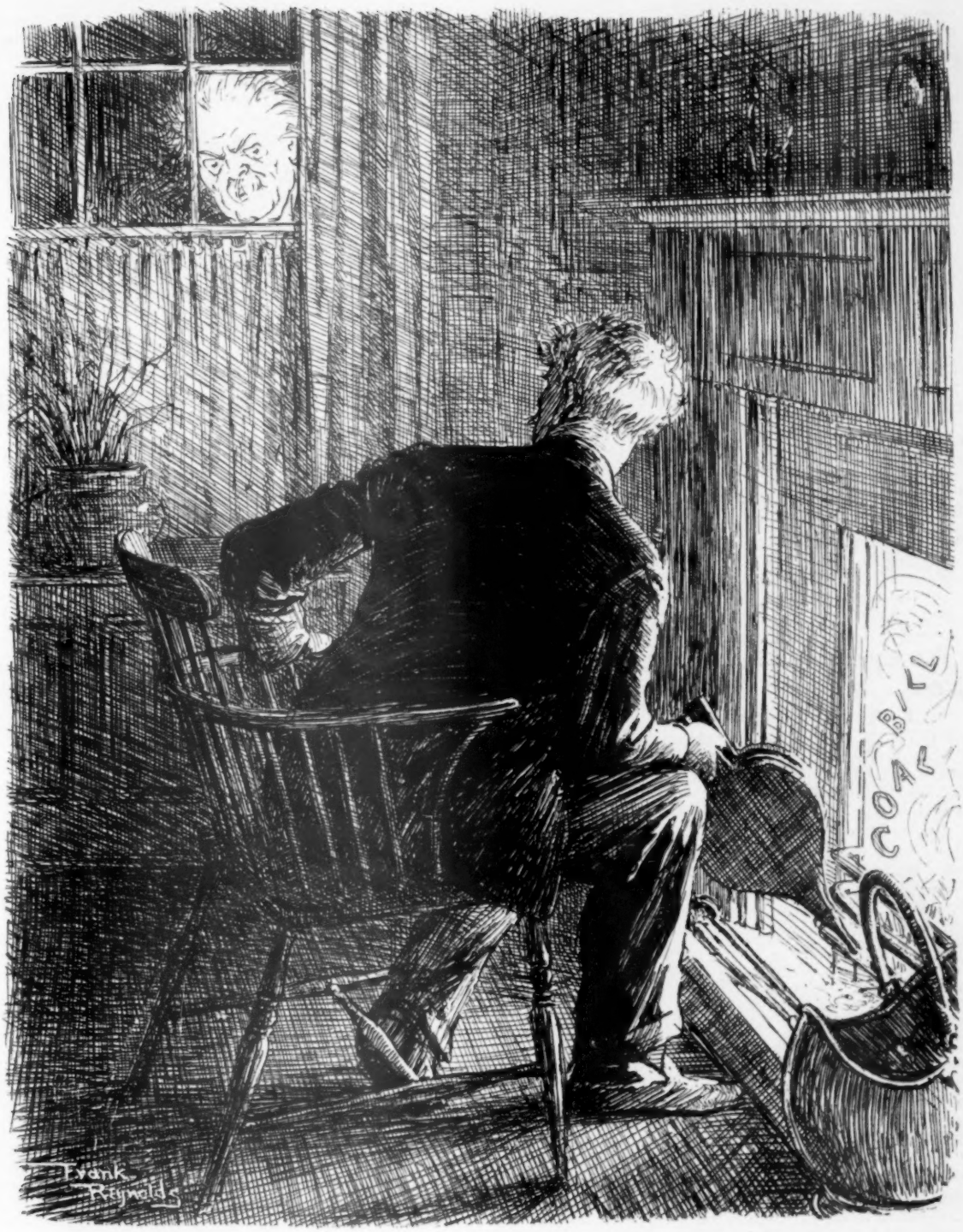
Isn't he a pet, my dear—the spit of Lady Stoop?
Looks a perfect picture, yes—I nursed him through the croup;
But I shall get my notice just as soon as he can crawl—
It's a funny thing to think he won't remember me at all.

Other people's babies,
Nothing to show—
Twelve months' trouble
And out I go.
Of course it isn't everyone can say
They used to bath the Honourable Hay,
Lady Susan Sparrow, what was dropped in the pond,
And now, Cook tells me, she's a well-known blonde—
But forty years of croup,
Forty years of frights,
Long, long days, dear,
And short, short nights—
Sixty-one to-day
And ought to be a granny—
Pensions for the widow, eh?
What about the Nanny?
There, ducky, there,
Nannies don't care!
Don't cry! O my!
Other people's babies!

A. P. H.

"For Sale, nice young Turnips, for eating."
Local Paper.

Now that they are unfashionable as watches, this seems about the only thing left to do with them.



LOSSIEMOUTH NIGHTS: THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.



Lady (with black-eye). "LOOK WHAT I'VE JUST GOT IN YOUR LINGERIE DEPARTMENT."
Unobservant Shopwalker (languidly). "BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT? PAY AT THE DESK, PLEASE."

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

I.—STRANGE CUSTOMS.

WELL, Percival and I are here at last. The call of America, the land of the Free, America the land where cigarettes can be sold after eight and where there are no licensed hours, sounded one day in our ears and we responded. We affirmed with our hands upon our hearts (and worse still in writing) that we were white, that we did not suffer from polygamy, and that we were neither anarchists nor moral turpitudinarians—and America consented to receive us. We were even allowed to land; and at once had a brush with the Customs.

The New York Customs officials have an eye for liquor. A dry eye, of course. It was not ten minutes after we had stepped off s.s. *Alcoholic* that one of them found an unexpected flask in my suitcase. He shook it politely, and it very rudely gurgled back at him. Most embarrassing.

"Hey, what 's this?" he said.

"Water," I replied, and crossed my heart.

He made a sound in the back parts of his throat and nose. Incredulity, amusement, tolerant contempt and a whole raft of other emotions were registered, but I could not detect any simple trustful belief in my statement.

"It *is* water," I repeated. "I and my friend George always speak the truth. . . . Er—George Washington," I explained in haste as he began to look round suspiciously for George's suitcases. Percival laughed and then, to save the fellow's feelings, at once turned it into a nice little cough.

There was an uncomfortable silence while he fixed us with his eye. Then he told us to quit being fresh—whatever that meant—and shook my flask again. Again it gurgled at him. Rather a jolly sound, I thought, but it made him frown ominously.

"Gin," he diagnosed, inspecting the liquid through the window. "Gin, hey?"

"Well?"

"No liquor allowed through the Customs," he announced. "Unless——" And he paused to cough behind his hand.

"Unless what?" we asked.

He looked a trifle disappointed in us. "No liquor allowed through the Customs," he repeated briskly in quite a different tone.

"It isn't liquor; it 's water. I put it in to keep the flask sweet during its—er—forthcoming abstention. It 's simply water."

He intimated that I had told him that before and that he had now ceased to have any reaction to it. He then opened the flask and sniffed.

"Ain't much kick to *that* gin," he complained sadly.

"It 's White Star Line water," I said in a high pure voice. "I don't mind telling you, since we 're all men together, that I did have gin in that flask before. But I knew I wasn't allowed to bring it in, so" (I made an up-stage gesture of renunciation) "we finished it up at the three-mile limit."

He laughed sarcastically and called up a friend. "Say, Ed, what do you make of this?"

Ed smelt it cautiously and allowed that, if it was spirit, it was only a ghost.

"Better taste it," Percival suggested.

A look of horror and repulsion proper to a native of a dry country came over his face. My opinion of him went up a little.

"Not in front of all these guys," he said, rather spoiling the effect, and my opinion of him went down a lot.

"Well, I 'll pour it away."

An even greater look of horror came over the faces of both men. It was as though I had suggested lighting a cigarette with a five-dollar bill. No, say a twenty-dollar bill.

"Not thart!" they said hoarsely.

"Well, what shall I do?" I asked.

He scratched his head. Evidently a national problem had arisen.

"Better put it back," he suggested

at last, "and let Ed look through your grip. Maybe he won't notice it."

"What 'll it cost me if Ed does notice it?"

He looked as if he were going to retort: "Not half as much as if he doe-n't," but thought better of it. He put on his best GROVER WHALEN expression and said, "Then we shall have to hold you for the police."

I gave up the game. I poured the liquid away on the concrete floor. Two porters fainted at the sacrilege, an onlooker gasped and swallowed half his cigar—the non-smoking half—and Ed went as pale as a bottle of gin himself. A thirsty dog, coming up hopefully, was kept at bay by another porter—presumably until our departure.

Percival and I alone kept calm. But then we apparently were the only people there who believed, and knew, that it really *was* water.

As we finally went off I heard Ed say something that sounded like "Drughouse." But perhaps I was mistaken; I always thought they called them drug*stores*. A. A.

PERSIA.

MOST people know Persia as the place where the rugs come from. But they don't, usually. And the Persian refugee who tries to sell Persian rugs which are not Persian rugs is a refugee all right, but not from Persia. He is merely refugeeing from the last person to whom he sold a Persian rug which wasn't a Persian rug.

If you meet a stranger walking on the road in Persia you say, "Don't be tired." It doesn't go quite so well in England. And if you apologise to a Persian for turning your back on him he just says, "But a rose has no back." I've never tried that one in England. And, if—it isn't very likely, but if—you do see a man working in Persia, you say, "God give you strength to work." I tried that one in the Strand quite recently, but the pneumatic drill was making rather a loud noise, so I got away all right.

When I first got to Persia I climbed with some difficulty to the top of a pass. There I was met by a distinguished-looking but rather dirty patriarch who, handing me a singularly unripe orange, said, "From your coming the desert blossoms with roses." He was also kind enough to tell his servant to look after my baggage mule. We had tea together (my tea) and I stored up a host of compliments for the subsequent confusion of unappreciative friends. He allowed me to give him the equivalent of five shillings, and I was permitted to keep the unripe orange; and I went my way feeling that my many virtues had at last found recognition.

It was when I unpacked at the next stage that I found out that his was the "desert" and most of my kit was the "roses."

I was walking along a path in Persia once and a man shot me from the top of the hill in the leg. I pressed for an explanation. He said, "I'm most awfully sorry, but you've no idea what a magnificent target you were from the top of the hill. I've only had this rifle a couple of days and I wanted to try it." I told him it seemed to be all right, and I stayed with him a week until I was better. He charged me nothing at all.



Empire Crusade Burglar (operating in stores). "I 'OPE YOU REMEMBERED, 'ERBERT; NOTHINK BUT ALL-BRITISH GOODS FOR US!"

Cheer for the Genuine Non-seeker.

"Think you amid this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking
That nothing of itself will come
But we must still be seeking?"
Wordsworth.

THE MOTHER TONGUE.

I MEAN to make a stand this year about the Americanisation of my native tongue.

In reporting a police-court case about a week ago an English daily newspaper described a free-born English citizen as a "clubman." There are no clubmen in England. There may be people who have club feet and people who wear club ties, but there are no clubmen. There may be people who carry clubs in their hands and hit you on the head with them in the dark, but they are not clubmen either. They would not even call themselves clubmen. However low in the social scale they may have sunk, they would not have sunk so low as that. Still less do men who utilise those delightful institutions in which we lunch, dine, play bridge and occasionally indulge in a moderate amount of alcoholic refreshment, call themselves clubmen. I know they don't.

As soon as I read this outrageous assault on the English language, this attempt to bludgeon us into a Transatlantic neology, I went into the Greville Club and sought out its oldest inmate. He has been there so long and so constantly that nobody knows whether he ever really goes home or not. He may be described as not the least interesting part of the interior decoration of the smoking-room. If there were any clubmen in England, he would be one.

I put the matter to him in a perfectly straightforward way.

"Are you a clubman?" I said.

He looked a little worried and puzzled.

"Have a drink?" he said, and began to tell me the story about —— and the —— all over again for the fifty-first time.

But he is not a clubman. Nor are the men who use the public-house at the corner of this road in which I live pubmen.

I know that they might be. There are carmen and churchmen in England. There are bagmen and ragmen. But there are no restaurantmen or hotelmen or housemen (apart from a couple of poets), nor are there any clubmen.

I am prepared to admit that *The Oxford Dictionary* states in a bland way, which I find somewhat disconcerting:—

> "(3) *A member of a club.* 1851. THACKERAY, *Eng: Hum*: (1866) ADDISON was one of the most resolute club-men of his day."

I admit also that THACKERAY was a contributor to *Punch*. But if you think that I am going to climb down on account of a quotation from *The Oxford Dictionary* you are vastly mistaken. THACKERAY was a humorist. Probably he was being funny when he said that ADDISON was a club-man. In any case he used a hyphen, separating as it were with a thick wand or cudgel of print the words *club* and *man*, as one might say a menagerie-man, or a caravanserai-man, or an interminable anecdote-man, or a whisky-and-soda-man.

I repeat it, the cities of America may be replete with clubmen. Their wives may be clubwomen, and every one of their offspring, if they have any in between divorces, may be termed a club-child. But the words have no present significance and, so far as I can help it, shall have no future significance, in the English tongue.

A friend of mine rang up—I mean, a friend of mine put through a telephone call—to one of those institutes in London which purport to teach foreign languages by means of personal tuition.

"I want to learn American," he said.

There was a kind of buzzing at the other end. The institute appeared to be perplexed. He reasoned with them firmly.

"You announce that you teach foreign languages," he pointed out. "I want to learn to talk and to write in the American idiom, or dialect, or whatever it is. I want someone to whom I can say a sentence in English and hear it repeated in American, and try to imitate it."

They had no tutors.

Nor are there any gramophone-records which give plain elementary instruction in American. You can learn French and Italian from the vowel-sounds onwards. After the vowel-sounds you proceed to easy lessons. As, for instance:—

ENGLISH.—I am the son. We are the children. I have a grandfather. He has a pipe. The father has a son and a daughter. We have a father and a mother. They are the parents. The son has a ball.

FRENCH.—Je suis le fils. Nous sommes les enfants. J'ai un grandpère. Il a une pipe. Le père a un fils et une fille. Nous avons un père et une mère. Ils sont les parents. Le fils a une balle.

Very good, and quite so. But what is all that in American? How is the student to be sure? If he says—

I am the nut. We are the chips. I have an ancestor. He has a tube. The clubman has a boy and a bud. We have a clubman and a clubwoman. They are the clubfolk. The boy is home base—

if he says this, will he be right or will he be wrong?

I submit that a great deal of confusion will arise in the world if these points are not cleared up, and that very soon. Imagine that at the Naval Disarmament Conference the American Representative arises and says, "Speaking for myself as a simple clubman——" The interpreter may be merely mystified. But if, being an ordinary Englishman, he tries to translate these remarkable words into French, instead of saying, "*Je suis un simple boulevardier*" (which is probably the right equivalent), he will most likely render them, "*un homme qui porte un assommoir rude et plain*," he will appear to be a Big Navy advocate and the whole question of the ratio between submarines and cruisers will be immediately and most dis-



GOOD-NIGHT!



Wife (to Husband who has strained his leg at a ski-ing school in London). "I'VE NO PATIENCE WITH YOU, CHARLES. YOU *MIGHT* HAVE WAITED TILL WE GOT OUT TO SWITZERLAND. IT 'S NOT DONE HERE."

astrously compromised. There may even be another war.

I have had rosy hopes, since the movies transformed themselves into talkies, that the two languages, English and American, might be kept more definitely apart, since there are no longer any sub-titles to lure the student into the belief that he is reading the English tongue, and the movie language, spoken in the movie accent, is as distinct from English as it is from Erse. (Apart, that is to say, from the fact that it is not distinct at all.) But if an English daily newspaper is going to present me with a word like "clubman," and trade it off on me as if it meant something in my own language, all this good work will be spoiled.

I propose, then, in this year 1930, to found a club of club-men; that is to say, men carrying staves or bludgeons, who will walk about the streets (not the side-walks) and stand about in bars (not in speakeasies) intent to strike upon the head any person who uses the word "clubman" meaning a member or frequenter of an English club.

I say this in no rash or hasty spirit. I am the mildest of men. But on the day in which the word "clubman" passes into ordinary English use I shall resign instantly from any clubs to which I may happen to belong. I shall renounce the world. I shall make myself a modern DIOGENES. I shall become a tubman. EVOE.

A Vow of Temperance.

"The depression which caused the gale is moving away. We shall not have any more ales until the next depression comes along."
Liverpool Paper.

An easy New Year Resolution.

"I am so happy over the condition of my skin that I am compelled to write a few lines in reference to your —— Cream. My skin is perfect. It is an article I will never be without."—*Magazine Advt.*

"SMITH'S BREAK OF 1588."
Headline in Evening Paper.

This early billiards epic would probably be better known but for Sir FRANCIS DRAKE'S monopoly of publicity in that year.

"Spain is becoming the popular resort for this time of year, unless such unusual spots as Rhode Island are sought by travellers bent on discovering new holiday homes."
Daily Paper.

But travellers should remember how difficult it is with Prohibition to paint a Rhode Island Red.

THE FOLD.

THEY are building a crown
For April and Pan
A-top of the Down,
As your Berkshiremen can,
Who work with pale wattles
Gold straw and good wills,
Where the sheep in grey mottles
Feed up the far hills.

Oh, the very first flag—
Oh, the year's oriflamme—
Is the little tail-wag
Of a little young lamb;
So what 's so Aprilish,
So new, so Pan old,
So daffydowndillish
As building a fold?

So they 're building a fold
For a crown on the Down,
In the cold of the wold
Up from Blewbury Town,
Where, some morning of starkness,
Frost-jewelled like Shahs,
Spring shall move in the darkness
To little young "*maas*." P. R. C.

"DANGEROUS DRAUGHTS."
Daily Paper.

But not so dare-devil as Ludo.

LOOKING AT LIFE.

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN, assisted by a Press interviewer and sustained, according to the latter, by sips of fruit salad and strawberry juice, has recently been looking at Life from the columns of a Sunday newspaper. Mr. H. G. WELLS, whose means of refreshment, if any, were not disclosed, had previously broadcast his contemplations on this same phenomenon, so there can no longer be any doubt that Life is a very important thing, and everyone should investigate it without delay.

For those who do not possess Mr. EINSTEIN'S or Mr. WELLS' power of vision, looking at Life is not such a simple matter as it sounds. Probably they do not know how to look at Life properly and consequently they could no more explain exactly what Life means than they could walk on the ceiling. It is for the benefit of such unfortunates that we writers of striking and clarifying articles exist.

When you place a piece of over-ripe Stilton or Gorgonzola under a microscope or look at a dog biting the leg of a postman, or enter a tea-shop full of clamorous customers, what do you see? You see matter in a state of agitation or, in one word, LIFE. The microbes, the postmen and the customers are in fact alive and kicking—especially the postman.

It may be that at some time or other you have had the privilege of observing Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON waving his umbrella to attract the attention of a taxi-driver. Did it occur to you that, in a biological sense, you were gazing not at Mr. CHESTERTON but at a number (and a very large number) of molecules massed together in violent action? No, of course it wouldn't.

Now by breaking up and dispersing those molecules you could have annoyed the approaching taxi-driver very much by causing Mr. CHESTERTON to disintegrate to the point of invisibility. You did not of course think of doing this, and I am not advising you to try it now, as it would be a painful business. I just want you to understand this marvellous molecular structural system by means of which a number of little thingmajigs, so insignificant in themselves that you might sit on one in a bus and never notice it, can, if there are enough of them, produce a thing such as Mr. CHESTERTON. Yet all life is—er—like that.

You are beginning now to grasp how a little scientific knowledge helps us to see Life as it really is. The importance of looking at Life properly cannot be over-estimated. If a young man on his knees before what he quite wrongly considers to be a beautiful girl could only behold himself as a cohesive mass of agitated molecules proposing to another cohesive mass of scarcely less agitated, though outwardly composed, molecules, what a difference it would make and what a number of marriages would never take place!

As you look at Life you can scarcely help noticing, unless you are very batty, how various and ingeniously adapted to their purpose are the ways by which it evolves. A hen, for example, lays eggs, whereas a lioness gives birth to cubs. Why? Well, if you adopt a biological standpoint you will at once perceive how very inconvenient it would be for a hen to have cubs; indeed a hen with a cub would probably get more flustered than she does over an egg. Equally a lioness who laid an egg would be in an unenviable position; she would naturally feel that the achievement was scarcely worthy of one in her regal position in the animal kingdom, and the fear of flopping on top of the thing would make life a burden to her. The oak and the horse-chestnut, on the other hand, produce neither eggs nor cubs, and for a very sound biological reason, since they are in the habit of casually dropping their offspring on the ground from a considerable height, and you cannot do that with eggs or cubs and get really good results. There is something rather marvellous (I don't quite know what) about all this, and it goes to prove that HUXLEY was absolutely right in what he said. I cannot remember what it was that he said, but it was wonderfully true and you must read it for yourself.

You see therefore, now that you are looking at Life properly, that what we call Life—and let me say at once there is no physiological reason why we should *not* call it Life—is something that begins somewhere and goes on until it finishes. Everything in which the atoms and molecules have not been absolutely dispersed, or, as some moderns say, "gone west," is alive; even in Government offices the scientific eye may perceive signs of stertorous existence; we apply ourselves to the telephone and, if we are patient, far distant evidences of some form of life will gradually be made manifest.

In fact I do not know anything more interesting than Life, and I am very glad to have helped you to look at it properly.

D. C.

"£2,000 for Husband and Wife if killed together (either holding policy) in a Train Accident."—*Insurance Circular.*

(SCENE: A railway carriage.)

Mrs. Binks. "George, just hold the policy for a minute while I undo the sandwiches."

BRIGHTER DOGS.

MOTOR vehicles, bicycles—even, I understand, policemen in one of our cities—have now to wear rear lights for the sake of their own safety and that of other road-users, and it is a surprise to me that nothing in this line has been done for the protective illumination of dogs. Why should not the dog himself generate the necessary power for keeping a small electric lamp burning, fitted perhaps to the back of his collar? No one can have failed to be struck by the enormous amount of energy expended in tail-wagging. Far be it from me to say that this is wasted, since the expression of goodwill is an adequate end in itself, but if, as a by-product of that energy, the owner of the tail could be safeguarded in traffic what an achievement it would be!

My suggestion, then, is that the wag of the tail should be made to operate a small dynamo, which would charge a compact storage-battery connected with the lamp.

If, as we are told, an American has made a wireless set which will fit into a hollow tooth, there should be no difficulty in constructing my apparatus on a scale small enough not to be cumbersome or even to hamper its wearer in a dog-fight.

If the practical details of this invention are worked out and the device adopted for universal canine wear, it should be particularly welcomed by fox-terriers and certain other dogs whom present fashion bereaves of their caudal birthright. The agitation of a mere stump would, I imagine, be insufficient to keep its owner's lamp alight, and tails would become the mode for all dogs whose lives were valued.

I may point out in conclusion that my invention will tend to produce a race of invariably cheerful dogs. Those which find life most worth living will have the best chance of prolonging it; the despondent dog, the Dismal Desmond, whose tail wags seldom and languidly, will show but a dim light, and fall a far easier victim to traffic than the jovial dog who wags powerfully and persistently. Dog dispositions will in course of time improve, on the charming principle of the survival of the best-tempered.

I propose, rather cleverly, to call my gadget the "Sirius."

W. K. H.

There was a young poet of Chertsey
Who wrote "Humoresken" and
"Scherzi";
But a generous bunch
That he offered to *Punch*
Was declined with the usual courtesy.



Hairdresser. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOU PUT ON YOUR HAIR TO MAKE IT GROW SO?"

MISLEADING CASES.

XXVII.—REX *v.* THE HEADMASTER OF ETON.

AT Windsor to-day, before a full Bench of magistrates, a serious charge was made against the Headmaster of Eton, who appeared to feel his position acutely. Police-Constable Boot gave evidence in support of the charge, which was preferred under the Obscene Publications Act, 1857, commonly known as Lord CAMPBELL'S Act.

Constable Boot said: On the 5th of this month, acting under instructions, I proceeded with a special warrant to the premises known as Eton College and made a thorough search of the same. I found and seized there a number of books which in my opinion were of an obscene character. Defendant admitted that the said books were kept on the premises to be "sold, distributed, lent or otherwise published," within the meaning of the Act, to the students under his charge, who are from thirteen to nineteen years of age, your worship.

The Attorney-General. Have you carefully perused the said books?

Constable Boot. I have.

Sir Ethelred Butt (for the defence). Your worship, I have here a hundred-and-forty-nine professors and schoolmasters who are prepared to go into that box and swear that the volumes in question have not the character suggested.

The Chairman. What is the use of that? The defendant himself is a schoolmaster. In a charge of burglary the evidence of a hundred-and-forty-nine burglars would not persuade the Court that the prisoner was incapable of house-breaking.

Sir Ethelred. But, your worship——

The Chairman. We cannot admit this evidence. The question of obscenity is for the Court to decide.

Sir Ethelred. But, your worship, you

have admitted the evidence of the constable.

The Chairman. That is different.

Sir Ethelred. How?

The Chairman. Do not be impertinent, Sir Ethelred. The constable is not a schoolmaster.

Sir Ethelred. Your worship, it is a principle of English law that an accused person is assumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. In this case it appears that the defendant is assumed to be guilty, since he is summoned to show cause why the books in question should not be destroyed, yet he is not permitted to prove himself innocent, for the evidence of ignorant persons is admitted against him and the evidence of educated persons is not admitted in his defence. I protest.

The Bench. Sir Ethelred, you may protest.

Counsel then addressed the Bench.

The magistrates withdrew and did not return for several hours.

On their return the *Chairman* said: This is a very painful case. During our absence we have perused, with growing interest and disgust, a number of passages in the books complained of, and in particular a book called *The Classical Dictionary*, which is written in English. Many of the books are written in a foreign language with which we are not acquainted; some of these are accompanied by English translations, and some are not; but from the character of the former we are entitled to form certain conclusions as to the character of those volumes which no one has yet been bold enough to put into English.

The Classical Dictionary is a book of six-hundred-and-forty pages and contains a very large number of legends or stories concerning so-called classical or mythological figures. I am glad to say that no one on this Bench has had a classical education, and we were therefore able to approach these volumes with an open mind. The magistrates on my right and left include a baker, a brewer, a farmer and a distinguished banker, and, though none of us are professors or schoolmasters, Sir Ethelred, you will admit, I think, that we are as well able as other men to say what is fit and proper to be read by young persons.

Sir Ethelred. Certainly, your worship.

The Chairman. Now we are informed that the definition of obscenity laid down by Lord COCKBURN in the case of *R.* v. *Hicklin* was as follows: "I think the test . . . is whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." The last words are important. Not only the nature of the work but the circumstances of its publication, including its price, must be taken into account. A treatise on the passion of love, philanthropically intended and decently expressed, might be most unsuitable to be read by young persons, and if it were hawked in the streets for twopence might properly be condemned under the Act, but not if it were sold at a high price by reputable booksellers, in which case it would be most unlikely to fall into the hands of young persons. But in the present case the publications complained of have been deliberately purchased and kept for the consumption of young persons, and young persons drawn exclusively from the aristocracy and the governing classes, whose duty it will be in future years to set an example to their less fortunate countrymen, to mould their minds and dictate their actions. Any conduct therefore which tends to corrupt and deprave those young persons must be held especially culpable.

We find unanimously that these volumes have such a tendency. The legends in *The Classical Dictionary* have a pagan origin and are largely concerned with pagan gods, whose amorous adventures and barbaric standards of behaviour form strange subjects of study for the pupils of a Royal College situated under the walls of a Royal Castle whose august occupant is head of the Established Church. We have read with particular repugnance the record of the alleged god, Zeus, whose habit it was to assume the shape of swans, bulls and other animals, and, thus disguised, to force his unwelcome attentions upon defenceless females of good character. The case of the woman Leda, if it were published in the newspapers to-day, would arouse the indignation of every right-thinking Englishman; and we have no doubt that our leaders of thought would mobilise the conscience of the nation to prevent the repetition of such offences. But in these books we learn that, although the unfortunate woman became the mother of two eggs, the celestial profligate was permitted to proceed without public protest to the odious case of the woman Europa. No moral reproof is founded on these stories, no improving lesson is drawn from them; on the contrary they are related with a callous indifference which, coupled with the fact that the delinquent is of a divine or pseudo-divine character, must tend to suggest to the susceptible imagination of the young that such behaviour is defensible or even desirable. The boys of Eton must not be encouraged to dress themselves as swans or wild beasts for the purpose of idle and illicit flirtation; but that can be the only effect of these deplorable anecdotes.



Little Girl (at Pantomime). "MUMMY, THIS PLAY 'S CRIBBED FROM A BOOK OF MINE."

I could mention many others, only less disgraceful in that they relate the moral lapses of mortal men and not of gods—the case, for example, of the man Œdipus, who killed his own father and married his own mother. Then there is the revolting story of the woman Medea, who committed or was accessory to a number of atrocious murders. This woman, by false representations, induced the daughters of Pelias to cut their father in pieces and boil him; she sent to a female rival a poisoned garment which burned the unfortunate woman to death; she murdered her own brother and herself cut him into fragments; she killed and (according to one account) devoured her own children; but, so far from paying the due penalty of her crimes, she was then conveniently conveyed to safety in a chariot drawn



FORCE OF HABIT.

Forward (recovering consciousness). "DID ANYONE GET THE NUMBER OF THE CAR?"

by winged dragons. Strange food, this, for the tender minds of our growing aristocracy. It must not be forgotten that the mind can be "corrupted and depraved" in more than one direction; tales of parricide, fratricide and infanticide are "obscene" in the truest sense of the word; and all through these legends there runs a strain of violence and cruelty and blood-thirsty vengeance which is as harmful to the reader as the strain of irregular passion. It is idle for us to urge upon the newspapers and the makers of films the duty of reticence in their treatment of crimes and offences if our places of education are permitted to discuss them without restraint; and it may well be that the prevalent appetite of the poor for tales of murder and wrong-doing has its real origin in the schools and colleges of the rich.

We have been asked by counsel to take into account the innocent motives of the defendant, the artistic merits of the works in question and the long tradition which has admitted them as proper reading for the young. It was decided in the year 1868 that innocence of motive is no defence to a charge under the Act; and neither art nor custom can, in this court at least, excuse an offence against morals. We find that these books are corrupting and we order them to be destroyed. Fortunately we have only been called upon to consider a fraction of the so-called "classics"; but after what we have seen we shall recommend to the proper authorities that a thorough survey be made of the whole body of classical literature in order that our schools and colleges may be made safe for aristocracy. The defendant is severely censured and will pay the costs of the prosecution. A. P. H.

Boxing Day comes into its own.

". . . the schoolboy football match at Runcorn on Boxing Day, when Bebington were successful by two goals to one in the fist round of the Cheshire Schoolboys' Championship."
Birkenhead Paper.

". . . a steam rooler had to be requisitioned . . ."—*Manchester Paper.*

Why not try one in Afghanistan?

JESSICA GOES TRAVELLING.

BOSTON.

Boston is a nice town
With trees along the street
And a garden in the middle
Where all the roads meet;
There are very pretty houses
With very pretty doors,
And you can see the river
From the upper floors.

The folk who live in Boston
Are pleasant and polite,
The little girls all curtsey
When they say Good-night;
They have darling painted china
And solemn painted clocks
And pictures of their grandmothers
Dressed in satin frocks.

There 's a splendid fairy palace
Where anyone can go
All built about a courtyard
Where lovely flowers grow;
Everyone in Boston
Was very kind to me,
And I 'd baked beans for breakfast
And ice-cream for tea. R. F.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE BUTCHER.

ONCE there was a butcher called Mr. Pickalow, and he quite enjoyed being a butcher after he had once got over killing animals which he didn't like at first because he was very kind-hearted, but he said to himself well somebody has got to do it, and he was always very humane about it, and any animal he got fond of he told his assistants to kill.

Well Mrs. Pickalow was rather a tedious woman, and she was always changing her religion or the furniture in her drawing-room or her servants, because they got tired of never knowing what she wanted them to do next, and one day she said to Mr. Pickalow I think it is perfectly disgusting eating animals and I am going to be a vegetarian.

And Mr. Pickalow said very well honey you please yourself, because he was quite fond of her although she was so tedious, and he never argued with her.

But she liked arguing, and she said you know you wouldn't like it yourself if you were an animal, and I think we ought to do as we would be done by.

And Mr. Pickalow laughed at her, and he said well you wouldn't like to be eaten if you were a vegetable would you? So I don't think there is anything in that, vegetables were made to be eaten and so were animals.

And she said cats weren't, or dromedaries, and how do you know that any animals were? You ought to be a vegetarian yourself.



"MR. WINKLEBODY HAD SEVERAL CHILDREN."

And he said how can a butcher be a vegetarian? Supposing I were to tell my customers that I thought it was disgusting to eat animals they would be sure to say well then it is disgusting of you to cut them up and sell them for eating. And she said well so it is.

Well it didn't really suit Mrs. Pickalow being a vegetarian and she got very bad-tempered and peevish, and it was very uncomfortable for Mr. Pickalow, but he went on being kind to her, the only thing he wouldn't do was to be a vegetarian himself, and when he was eating a nice beefsteak or something like that and she was only eating cabbages or brussels sprouts she could hardly bear it. And she pretended it was because she thought it was so disgusting of him, but he knew it was really because what he was eating smelt so good and she wanted to eat some of it herself, but she wouldn't because she was so obstinate. So he didn't answer her back when she was nasty to him but made it up to her in other ways, and he bought her a china box for her powder puff made to imitate a cauliflower, but she only threw it out of her bedroom window and didn't even say thank you.

Well at last it got so bad that Mr. Pickalow didn't even enjoy himself at Christmas time when he stuck rosettes on his prize bullocks, and Mrs. Pickalow had hysterics when he was eating turkey and sausages and said he was like a great bullock himself and she wondered he didn't grow horns. And his Christmas was very miserable, and he wished they had some children so that they could have a Christmas tree for them and put presents in their stockings, and then perhaps Mrs. Pickalow wouldn't be so awful. Still he was sorry for her, and he told the cook to put plenty of suet into the Christmas pudding, and she was a little better when she had had three helpings of it and some mince pies, and after dinner he said she had better lie down, and he tucked her up and kissed her and went out for a walk.

Well he came to where a friend of his called Mr. Winklebody lived, and Mr. Winklebody was a market gardener, so he thought he was just the man to advise him about vegetarians, and he went in to talk to him about it. And Mr. Winklebody had several children and they were all enjoying themselves very much after their Christmas dinner, and they were glad to see Mr. Pickalow who was the godfather of Jacob Winklebody the eldest boy, and he had sent them their turkey for a Christmas present. So he was quite cheered up, but he wished more than ever that he had some children of his own and that Mrs. Pickalow was less peevish.

Well he told Mr. Winklebody all about it before he went home and he said what can I do? And Mr. Winklebody said well I don't see that you can do anything, unless you would like to exchange businesses with me, I am sick and tired of growing vegetables, there is so much stooping about it, and I have never been able to eat as much meat as I should like to because it is so expensive, if I were a butcher I suppose I shouldn't have to stint myself in that should I?

And Mr. Pickalow said oh no, you could eat as much as you like of what is left over from the shop, but I don't know that I should like to give up being a butcher, I do enjoy it so, and besides you don't make a quarter as much money in your business as I do in mine.

And Mr. Winklebody said well of course there is that, but what I always say is anything for a quiet life, and if it will make Mrs. Pickalow less tedious it might be worth it.

And Mr. Pickalow said well it might but I doubt it. But he was so kindhearted that by the time he got home again he thought he would do it. And he said to himself I suppose I shall be very miserable not being a butcher any longer, but then I am rather miserable now, so what does it matter? Anyhow it will please her and perhaps she will be less peevish.

But it didn't please Mrs. Pickalow at all when he told her, and she said what go and live out in the country away from the shops and the cinemas and only keep one servant and not have any money to spend, you are a brute to think of such a thing and I shall divorce you.

Well Mr. Pickalow didn't often lose his temper but he lost it now, and he took Mrs. Pickalow by the shoulders and shook her, but not very hard, and he said I have had enough of it, get up off that bed and come downstairs, and he went out of the room.

And she was so surprised at his



Old Gentleman. "T-T-T-T-T-T——"
Leader of Hare-and-Hounds Pack. "YES, YES—QUICK! WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?"
Old Gentleman. "I W-W-WAS ONLY G-G-G-G-G-GOING T-T-T-TO SAY T-T-T-T-T-T-T-T-T-T-TANTIVY!"

shaking her and speaking to her like that that she thought she had better obey him, and she went downstairs. And he heard her coming and met her at the bottom of the staircase with his blue apron on and a knife in his hand, and he said to her go into the drawing-room.

And she was frightened and said are you going to murder me? And he said I don't know yet, go into the drawing-room and don't come out till I tell you.

Well in about a quarter-of-an-hour he opened the door and said to her come into the dining-room. So she did that, and there was the Christmas dinner all laid out again, except that the turkey was cold, and Mr. Pickalow carved several slices and gave them to her on a plate. And he said to her eat that.

Well she was too frightened of him to make any objection, and she was so pleased to be eating turkey again, although it was cold, that by the time she had finished the plateful she was quite amiable.

And that was the end of her being a vegetarian, and now that Mr. Pickalow had found out the proper way to treat her she got much less changeable in her ideas, and did what he thought would be good for her instead of a lot of silly things that she would be sorry for afterwards. And they were both quite happy together again, and soon after that they had a little girl called Rosemary, and then three boys and then four more girls. And Mr. Pickalow got on so well in his business through being honest and always selling good meat that he was able to make all three of his boys butchers when they grew up as well as his godson Jacob Winklebody. And Mrs. Pickalow was quite pleased about it and said she would rather have her sons butchers like their father than anything else even clergymen. A. M.

INVITATION TO THE DANCE.

[The Polka seems likely to return to favour.]

Mrs. Brown, your chaste affections
  Concentrate, of course, on John,
But you must have recollections
  Of your girlhood that is gone;
May I therefore ask you whether
  You recall the dash wherewith
We would polka once together
  While you still were Susie Smith?

As the ancient war-horse prances
  When the trumps of battle sound,
So, to share this best of dances,
  When the band begins, I bound.
Join me in rejuvenation!
  To my arms! Now let us show
To a languid generation
  How we did it long ago!

Can a he-man in the Tango
  Prove his paces, or the Blues,
Or the Fox-trot? But he *can* go
  In the Polka if he chooses!
With my sword-arm round your middle
  And the music in your ears
Of a reminiscent fiddle,
  Overtake departed years!

Oh, forget those dietetics,
  Yield to hunger's healthy whim!
Let your dancing be athletics,
  Let the Polka keep you slim!
Come, your partner fears no rival
  In a dance where men are men;
So for this superb revival
  Rise and rollick round again.

W. K. H.

The Brighter Basement Movement.

"Live House Crickets wanted for country house; must be healthy, strong, and loud chirpers."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*



FLOREAT ITALIA.

A THRILL OF RACIAL PRIDE SPREADS FROM BURLINGTON HOUSE TO SOHO.

"THE NURSERY TIMES."

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

QUITE a sensation occurred at the Hon. Sylvia Squash's fifth-birthday party on Tuesday when the hostess, piqued by a remark from one of her guests, promptly dropped the remains of a strawberry ice down the offender's neck. Several male members of the party at once rushed to her assistance armed with spoons and forks, but her frock was ruined and, much to her disappointment, she had to be taken home in a taxi with the proceedings only half over. Inquiry at her house the following morning elicited the information that she was confined to bed suffering from chill.

The Hon. Sylvia has of course quite a reputation for practical jokes. It was she who, when just four, being left alone for a moment in the family car, put the gear into reverse and nearly landed her father into serious trouble with the police. Her brother, by the way (he is entered for Giggleswick), has recently exchanged his famous collection of stamps for a pocket-knife, two pieces of string and a jam-tart.

I noticed Master Rodney FitzEvans eating a large cream-bun in a Regent Street tea-shop the other afternoon. He was accompanied by his aunt, who is growing her hair again, and between mouthfuls he told me he was terribly busy running a new model car his father had given him. He bemoaned the fact that he had to find time next week to act as page-boy at his sister's wedding, which he thought was all rot. He confided to me that he and some of his friends when they grew up were going into Parliament to pass a law against boys being required to attend weddings in the holidays. His father, who is also a FitzEvans, is getting slightly bald.

* * *

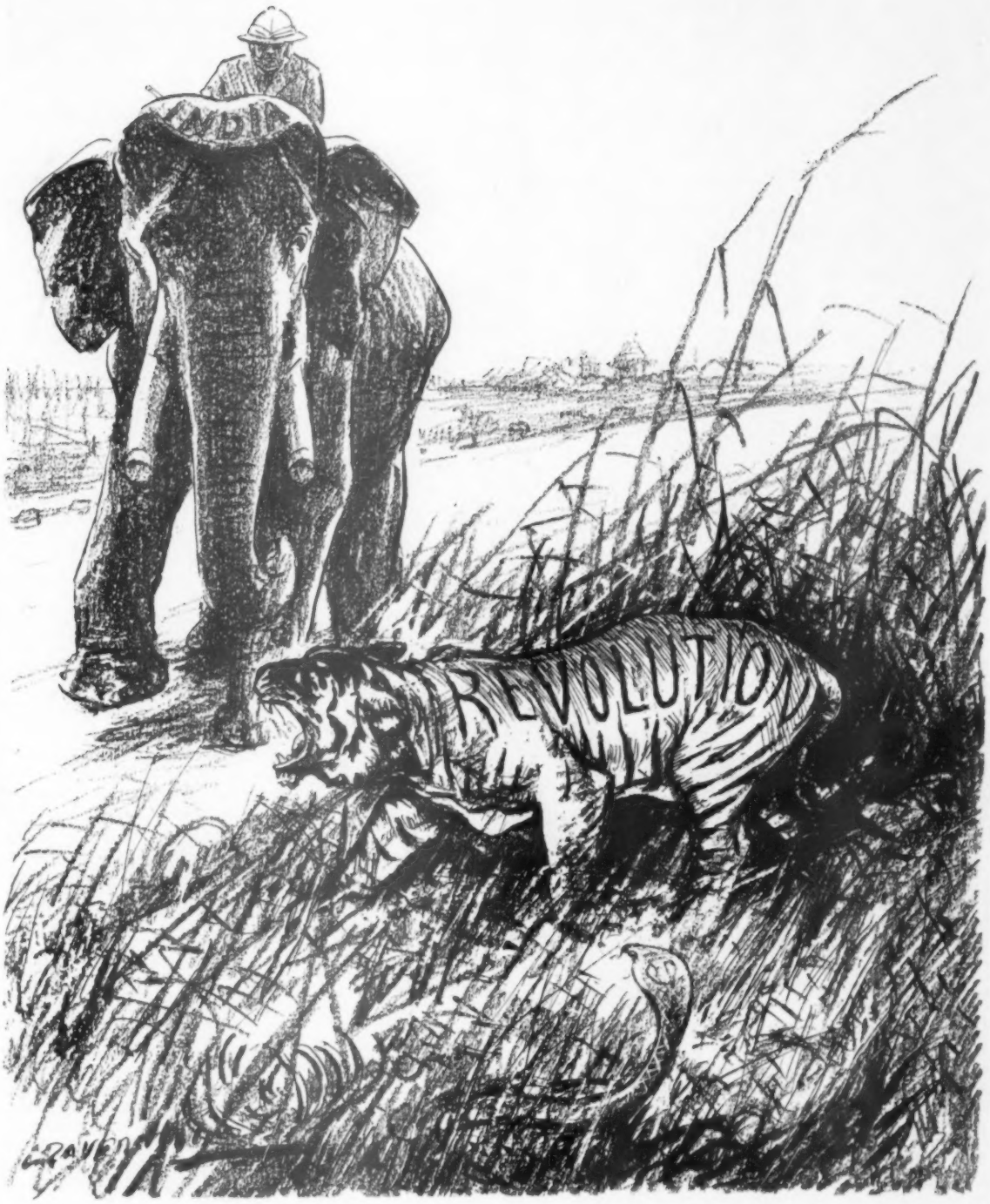
On Wednesday morning in the Park I saw young Lord Pye, who was eight last week, out walking with his new French governess. It is rumoured in certain quarters that the two do not get on very well together. Certainly Lord Pye, who was carrying one of the newest model aeroplanes—he devotes a great deal of his spare time to aeronautics—did not look too well pleased with life. It was his younger sister, by the way, who not so long ago created such a scandal by slipping away from the guests at a party at her aunt's house and reappearing in pyjamas.

* * *

The Hon. Pansy Hubbard, whom I met shopping with her mother in Bond Street last week, tells me she was bored stiff by the family holiday on the Continent at Christmas, and I think it is probably true that the smartest children nowadays would definitely prefer to spend this vacation at home. I gathered that the season of goodwill had not been a pleasant one in many ways for this popular young blonde. Her Christmas presents, she hinted, had fallen far short of expectations, and to crown all she had pains in the tummy on Boxing-Day and had to go early to bed. Her brother, who of course keeps white mice, is taking up the study of Latin, I hear.

* * *

A little bird whispers that young Geoffrey Popinjay is likely to be seen in long trousers in the spring. His mother, who of course is Mrs. Popinjay, has felt for some time that her son was growing out of the knickerbocker stage. I believe he is now busy considering how the event should be celebrated.



THE CALL OF THE OLD CHAOS.

TIGER. "COME AND JOIN US."
ELEPHANT. "NOT ME. I KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT THE JUNGLE!"

A DEAL IN COPPER.

IT has long been my ambition to excel in those feats of legerdemain—not to say prestidigitation—which do so much to relieve the tedium of the holiday party and make their perpetrator the life and soul of every social gathering. By ill luck I am congenitally incapable of concealing a gold, or even a gunmetal, watch between the third and fourth fingers of the left hand or substituting one top-hat for another, in full view of my audience, undetected. Consequently, though I eagerly imbibe the seasonable instruction so freely imparted by the Press, I am seldom able even to attempt to carry it out. I was therefore delighted to come across the following paragraph:

"A novel but effective revenge" (note the "but"—the hall-mark of the born paragraphist) "on one's friends may be obtained by purchasing a penny bottle of copper sulphate and after borrowing their pen-knives dipping the blades in the liquid. On withdrawing they will be found to be heavily coated with copper."

There I felt was something I *could* do to add to the general gaiety. It is true that as regards "revenge" on one's friends (how well the writer understands the nature of friendship!) it is perhaps a trifle anæmic. "The Half-Breed's Revenge; or, The Spoilt Penknife"—the title would be somewhat lacking in pep. A more obviously effective form of vengeance, for example, would be to borrow their watches and immerse them in a beaker of sulphuric acid; and many others will occur to the resourceful wag. The actual execution, however, of the trick should present no difficulty, nor is the apparatus expensive; but the occasion of its exhibition would have to be carefully selected.

Clearly it is not a trick for evenings *en grande tenue*. Even a penny bottle of copper sulphate is calculated to disturb the set of a white waistcoat, while to carry so cœrulean a liquid in the tail-pocket is plainly too hazardous, unless one is willing to run the risk of spending the evening in the *rôle* of a decorative inmate of the monkey-house. Nor, judging by my own practice, are one's friends likely to have brought their pen-knives to evening functions, even if one could think of a plausible excuse for borrowing them.

The borrowing does seem to me to be a difficulty. It is all right for the professed conjurer to stand up and inquire if half-a-dozen gentlemen in the audience can oblige him with the loan of a bowl of goldfish or a crimson silk handkerchief. But as this will be the sole item in my répertoire it is hardly enough to justify me in claiming such licence. I must wait for some jolly informal gathering where we are all in day clothes with pen-knives. Having worked the conversation round to parlour-tricks and allowed the experts to induce a frame of mind among the spectators in which anyone is willing to lend anything without a qualm, I will then stage the hit of the holiday season. But even then there is always the risk of finding the knife-owners' sense of humour as effectually blunted as their blades.

Perhaps I had better have one more try at mastering a card-trick.



Old Lady (to distinguished author). "I MAY AS WELL CONFESS AT ONCE THAT I READ NOTHING BUT TRIPE."

Things which People Bring on Themselves.

"Solos: Miss S. —— will sing her farewell solo, 'Thanks Be To God.'"

Church Notice in Australian Paper.

"It may not be generally known that Levin occupies a pivotal position in New Zealand. Although it is not the geographical centre, it stands midway in another sense, as three-quarters of the population are to the north of it and the same number to the south."

New Zealand Paper.

We work this out at a population and a half.

THE LISTENERS.

"*I* HEARD you last night!" said the tobacconist, the very moment that I came in and before I could say anything at all.

"Oh, yes," I replied.

He spoke in a triumphant tone. He had the air of a man who, making long preparations and hiding carefully in the dark, has detected burglars breaking in through a window in the rear of his premises.

"As soon as I saw your name in the paper," he went on, "I said to my wife, 'Why, if we listen at a quarter-past-nine we shall hear him talk.'"

"I see," I said.

"So we made a point of listening at a quarter-past-nine, the two of us, and there you were."

He gave me the tobacco for which I had come. His face still wore a look of satisfied cunning. I went out with my parcel in my hand, feeling like a convicted criminal, or a boy who has been playing humorous pranks but not quite cleverly enough to elude the master's vigilant eye.

In the road I met Mrs. Armitage.

"*I* heard you last night," she said.

"What, you too!" I exclaimed. It was fairly evident that the game was up. Secrecy had become wholly impossible.

"Yes, I heard you as distinctly as I can now."

"I'm so glad," I said, straightening my tie.

"Yes, I should have known it was you even if I hadn't seen it in the programme"—she paused reflectively for a moment—"by your voice," she concluded.

It flashed across my mind with a swift rush of intuition that that was really the only way she could have known it. I had left, I mean, no finger-prints on the ether. But I thought it better not to say so. I raised my hat politely and went across to the post-office.

I only wanted some ordinary stamps. One can usually get them, after waiting for a while, without any great trouble and certainly without any blaze of embarrassing publicity. But not this morning.

"I think I had the pleasure of hearing you last night," said the lady behind the purdah.

There seemed to be no use any longer in denying it.

"It came quite as a surprise to me, because I hadn't glanced through the paper beforehand. But I thought it must be you——"

"How did you guess?"

"Why, by the voice," she said.

"Ah, of course," I replied.

I bought two books of stamps, though I had only intended to purchase one. It seemed to me that I could do no less. I also bought a dog-licence and renewed the licence of my motor-car. I was brought by this time to such a reckless frame of mind that I almost paid my telephone bill. My attempt to lead a sequestered life in this suburb seemed to have departed once and for all.

I had only one other errand. I had to buy a newspaper. I tried to do this unostentatiously by going into a very small shop indeed, at the corner of a very narrow road, where they only sell newspapers as a kind of offset to ginger-beer and toys and currant cake and balloons and ham. I thought I could steal in there, put down a penny, pick up a paper and dash away without being observed. But not at all. The very amply-boscmed lady who controls the multiple store had observed me from between two enormous glass jars half filled with confectionery.



VOL. II.—"THE REVIVAL OF ARISTOCRACY."

[Mr. ARTHUR AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARRY PONSONBY, author of *The Decline of Aristocracy*, has been raised to the Peerage.]

"Good-day, Sir," she said, and I felt obliged to answer her greeting. After that it was too late.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," she announced (a most palpable lie), "when I heard you begin talking last night. I says to my Winnie, I says, 'That's him,' and she says, 'Lor, no, it can't be.' But I says, 'I know better. That's the gentleman as comes here now and again for a paper. I can tell him by the way he says his words, as you might say.' Then I ask a customer who seen you come in here before, and I says, 'Isn't it the same gentleman as comes in here for a paper now and again was on the wireless last night?' And he says, 'That's right, that's him.' And I says to my Winnie, 'There you are!' It was your voice as done it, as you might say. That's how I knew."

How extraordinary, I said to myself as I crept home, are the miracles of scientific research! But how much more extraordinary is the way in which they are received! Supposing for a moment that I had tried to hoodwink all these innocent folk! Supposing that I had roared at them like a bull, or sung sweetly to them like a nightingale, or tried to imitate the voice of some noble actor or some eminent divine. They would never have forgiven me for the ruse. As it was I was announced to speak, and I spoke. I spoke in my ordinary voice, and they, with their shrewd unerring perspicacity, their strong instinct for truth, knew who it was immediately because they had heard me speak so often before. This has made them happy. This has made them proud. Although the great gift of my voice is bestowed upon them freely, day after day, accompanied by my personal presence, they feel none the less a peculiar thrill in detecting it again through the medium of a miniature meat-safe in the etiolated atmosphere of a small room at Savoy Hill.

Musing thus, I met Brown.

"Hullo," he said, "I was listening-in last night?"

"Not really?" I replied,

"There was a fellow talking about something or other who sounded exactly like you."

"What was he talking about?" I said.

He told me.

"That," I answered with some dignity, "*was* me."

"I thought it must be," he remarked quite solemnly, "on account of the voice."

"Eavesdropper!" I said. It seemed the only thing left to say. EVOE.

"The following handsome and useful wedding gifts were received: Bride to Bridegroom, gold golf links . . ."—*Sheerness Paper.*

Probably one of these nine-carat courses.

"Swinburne (Algernon Charles) A Strong of Italy."—*Bookseller's Catalogue.*

Wasn't it clever of SWINBURNE to know about CARNERA?

"Extending Ladder, 12ft. 6in.; new."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

We should send this one to the invisible menders.



ANOTHER SCANDAL OF THE ROAD.

CALLOUS PEDESTRIAN PROCEEDS ON HIS WAY AFTER DAMAGING A MOTOR-CAR THROUGH CULPABLE NEGLIGENCE.

"HITTING LOW.

PUNCHES AT MOTORISTS BY MR. PUNCH WHICH ARE NOT QUITE FAIR."

UNDER the above heading our humorous contemporary, *The Motor*, in its issue for December 31, 1929, publishes an otherwise genial and even generous article, in which it reluctantly criticises, as being "in bad taste," Mr. Punch's reflections on those coroners and magistrates who decline to convict a motorist for killing or damaging a pedestrian. "We think," says *The Motor*, "that to introduce prejudiced comment of the kind indicated is not in accordance with what should be expected of *Punch* as a national institution."

Not much humour in that, you will say. But wait. On the same page, under the caption, "Efforts to Secure Common Justice for Motor Drivers," is an article from which the following passage may be quoted as revealing *The Motor's* own good taste in the matter of comment on the alleged prejudice of magistrates *against* motorists. "In the majority of cases," says this impartial organ, "the motorist appears before courts of summary jurisdiction presided over by magistrates who, as we pointed out in a recent article, have unfortunately shown prejudice in the past. That bias is shown by justices is proved by a statement in the best work on motor law yet published." [Here follows a quotation from that work pointing out "the prejudice of magistrates against mechanical traction."] "That," continues *The Motor*, "is a condition of affairs which, in our opinion, should be remedied in the Road Traffic Bill. As we have stated, we English have a reputation for the fair administration of the law—with the sole exception of the punishment applied to motor offenders. That state of things must be swept away."

Mr. Punch presents his friendliest compliments to the Editor of *The Motor*, and salutes him as a dangerous rival in the sphere of humour. O. S.

ONE RIDDLE MORE.

(*To a Damsel of To-day.*)

FAR be it, Amanda, from me to complain
That you furrow my forehead with frequent amaze
And persistently flummox my masculine brain
With your incomprehensible ways;
For have we not learned from the total of History's
Lessons since EVE the dark business began
That Woman is quite the profoundest of mysteries
Planted on Man?

I don't even grumble that you, who would shame
Any rosebud, should further embellish your face
With powder put up by one Popkin (the name
I have culled from your vanity-case);
It may be you fancy that SHAKESPEARE was silly
Or blind, a mere male and perhaps growing old,
When he got off that stuff about painting the lily
And gilding the gold?

But here is a point you appear to have missed:
Press ads. of that powder explicitly tell
That ladies will find the improvement persist
For a truly remarkable spell;
One "make-up" each morning, says Popkin, is plenty;
Then how is it, fairer than flower of the may,
That *you* cannot manage on fewer than twenty
Or thirty a day?

Advertisements which make our Pockets flap.

"Wanted for solicitor's office, clerk used to small debts."
Advt. in Tasmanian Paper.

"500 Oddments in Jumpers . . . For personal hoppers only. 5/-."
Sales Catalogue.

Bounders need to select their jumpers with special care.

AT THE PICTURES.

"GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY."

IF I am to believe all that the programme tells me I ought to be far more grateful than I am for the privilege of attendance at this "Scintillating Colour Talkie." I am assured that it "exceeds



THE SUBTLE VAMP.
Mabel . . . MISS WINNIE LIGHTNER.
Blake . . . MR. ALBERT GRAN.

in pretentiousness (*sic*) and beauty anything which has yet appeared on the screen." Certainly the colour-photography was admirable, with the one defect that figures in rapid motion were not very distinctly defined. When we were shown a stage-scene, with dancers and acrobats in front and a row of stationary supers behind, we had the curiously unatmospheric effect of haziness in the foreground and clearness of definition in the distance.

The film is of course adapted from Mr. AVERY HOPWOOD'S *The Gold-Diggers* (ladies of the stage who extracted "alimony" from their admirers). I never saw the original, but I imagine, since it was something of a success, that the ladies did their extraction with rather more subtlety and feminine charm than were exhibited by one of the vamps in the film, who relied entirely on a broad comic style with a negroid flavour. The spade-work of this digger was extremely direct and she never hesitated to call her instrument by its own name. Here again the programme's view differs from mine. It tells us that the film "discloses how modern gentlemen are subtly bilked of cash and concomitants by these attractive and clever metal gougers."

As in the film *Broadway*, adapted from a play that confined itself to life behind the scenes, so here the audience is offered distraction in the form of stage-shows that have very little bearing on the main idea and are dragged in primarily for spectacular effect. On this point I find myself once more regrettably at variance with the author of the programme, who asserts that "one of the most interesting features is the utilisation of very elaborate stage-settings *as integral factors* [my italics] of the story. In 'Gold Diggers of Broadway' grandiosness (*sic*) is not introduced to cover the weakness of the story."

Actually it is impossible to produce this effect of "grandiosness" with figures reduced to the miniature scale demanded by the narrow limits of the screen-field or to do justice to the "Dazzling Beauty Chorus of One Hundred" when their faces are about the size of a boot-button.

Which brings me to a common defect that calls for correction—the constant shifting of scales. At one moment we are shown as many figures larger than life as the screen will accommodate, say three or four; the next moment the same figures are reduced to pigmy proportions, so as to admit of the introduction of fifty or a hundred others. And all this time, whether we are supposed to be thirty yards away or a furlong, the volume of sound remains unaffected.

But what troubles me still more is the restlessness and jumpiness of these



FACES THAT YOU GET TO KNOW.
THE "CROONING TROUBADOUR'S" EIGHTH CROON.
Nick . . . . . MR. NICK LUCAS.

productions. We have a man and a woman engaged in dialogue, and by watching their lips we can tell whether it is the man or the woman who is speaking in a rich booming baritone. Then a third figure butts into the conversation and the first two are wiped off the screen to make room for him (or her). And even if they are allowed to remain on the screen there are perpetual changes of angle and scale, as if the film-director had no confidence in his ability to hold our attention with figures in repose. One is reminded of those



Stage Manager (*Mr. NEELY EDWARDS*). "LATE AGAIN FOR REHEARSAL!"
Eleanor (*Miss LILYAN TASHMAN*). "WHY, OF COURSE. WE'VE BEEN SO BUSY WITH BACK-STAGE LIFE."

American comic papers that dare not publish an article more than an inch long.

In the present film we were happily spared the theme-song. But there was the irrepressible NICK LUCAS, "America's 'crooning troubadour,'" who persisted in playing the guitar to such words as "What Will I Dew Without Yew," and "Tiptoe Through the Tulips with Me." I liked him best when he crooned like a tooth-comb without any words at all.

There was humour of the American kind, provided largely by Miss WINNIE LIGHTNER, and due provision had been made for intervals of laughter. As the programme says in its quaint imitation of English: "A director has to make allowances that the course of action occurs after each funny scene sufficiently long to enable the audience to recover in time to resume the thread of the story. When you see *The Gold Diggers* notice how cleverly this has been done." I am afraid that this feat of technique escaped me, but then I did not myself require any intervals for laughter.

Apart from Miss LIGHTNER'S performance, which was excellent without being attractive or suggesting any Sex Appeal—indeed I found her scintillations rather repellent—there was no acting



First Novice. "WHY DON'T YOU GET UP?"
Second Novice. "BECAUSE MY SKIS ARE CROSSED AND MY COMPLETE GUIDE TO SKI-ING IS STRAPPED UP IN MY RUCKSACK. THAT'S WHY."

of sufficient distinction to call for special mention. The real attraction of this film lies in its colour and, negatively, in its freedom from the horrors of the close-up. But, as the technique of the colour talkie draws nearer to perfection as a cheap substitute for the living stage, so, it seems to me, the art of the cinema loses its best reason for existence. The silent film, with its crowds and its swift movement and other effects impossible to produce on the stage, did not pretend to be a substitute for the theatre, but was complementary to it. If these distinctive features are to be sacrificed in favour of something that sets out to rival the living stage, then I would still prefer a live figure in three dimensions to a photograph of it, even a talking one, in two.

However, these fellows know their own business; and anyhow the perfected cinema will always retain certain peculiar virtues of its own: its cheapness, the limited length of its performances, the comfort of its spacious auditoria and the convenience of its veil of darkness. O. S.

"BRITISH TAR FOR OUR ROADS."
Headline in Evening Paper.

One of the land marines?

THE PHILISTINE.

(South Indian Version.)

[The names here given are purely imaginary.]

THE Merediths at Sulya
A year or two ago
Made a pretty garden
At the Judge's bungalow;
Little Mrs. Meredith
With her own hand
Out of stark wilderness
Fashioned fairyland.

With cannas and with cosmos,
Marigold and rose,
Moonflower and jasmine—
With every flower that grows
In the hot plains of India
That beauty do begrudge
Sulya was sanctified
When Meredith was Judge.

But the years rolled onward,
The Merediths went,
And what's a mere garden
To the Local Government?
For they sent us MacAlastair,
A Vandal, a Hun;
And the goats broke the fences
And the garden's done.

Worthy chap, MacAlastair,
Works enough for three,
But doesn't know a canna
From a Christmas-tree;
He's sacked the best *mali*
And sold half the pots,
And the goats eat what's eatable
And the rest just rots.

Often in the evening
Of a dull drab day
I survey that garden
When MacAlastair's away,
And, seeing there the handiwork
Of this yahoo,
Thank the Lord the Merediths
Can't see it too.

Little Mrs. Meredith
With her own hand
Made beauty out of ugliness
In this forsaken land;
May she end in Paradise
Where gardens always grow . . .
As for MacAlastair,
I know where *he'll* go. H. B.

"——'s flat duplicator, 30/-"
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

The best and cheapest solution of the housing problem.

AT THE PLAY.

"A WARM CORNER" (PRINCES).

THE authors of this broad and lively farce, Herren FRANZ ARNOLD and ERNST BACH, have a sound knowledge of the essential quality of farce—that the fun should spring rather from the situations than from the intrinsic humour of the lines. Not that bright lines do not abound and charming absurdities of phrasing. They do. And I suspect not a few of them are gags invented by the accomplished Mr. W. H. BERRY, who is the unhappy hero of this frantic invention. The translators, Mr. ARTHUR WIMPERIS and Mr. LAURI WYLIE have done their work admirably.

Peter Price (MR. AUSTIN MELFORD) and *Mimi*, his wife (Miss HEATHER THATCHER), are stranded in the Hôtel Ricardo, on the Lido. *Peter* is a guileless idiot; *Mimi*, an extravagant and conscienceless person, in no sense a help-mate, her bell-bottomed pyjamas in flaming orange *crêpe-de-chine* alone being worth a head-waiter's ransom. The local milliners and costumiers are waiting in the hall with hats and frocks and bills for same. The only hope for *Peter* is an appeal to a rich but not very understanding uncle, a *Mr. Turner* (Mr. ALFRED WELLESLEY), who does not know that his *Peter* is married, and, when he arrives suddenly and catches sight of the adventurous *Mimi* (her comely face and shapely limbs of a rich copper hue that never was, I hope, on land or Lido), not unnaturally assumes her to be merely a temporary partner, to be dismissed by the simple process of stumping up expenses already incurred, a little present and kissing a perfunctory good-bye.

Enters upon the rainbow-coloured scene a *Mr. Corner*, proprietor of Corner's Corn-plaster and inventor of its famous and unlikely slogan, "Use Corner's Corn-plaster and enjoy the Pilgrim's Progress without Bunyan." He is married, but not slavishly, yet gives us to understand that hitherto he has been all that a jealous wife could wish. But the Lido has a way with it, and his unprincipled old friend, *Turner*, suggests that *Mimi* will suit him very well. Hence abrupt developments of a warm *Corner*. And *Mimi* plays up to the elderly inexperienced philanderer and has a little plan whereby a sufficient sum in the way of blackmail may be extracted from this fabulously wealthy corn-plasterer. Which plan succeeds beyond even her rosy expectations. The scene is appropriately set—the shaded lights, the champagne in the cooler, the elaborately tactful waiter, and *Mimi* clasped in the heavy embraces of the expansive *Corner*. *Peter*, carefully coached by *Mimi* in the part of outraged husband, but by no means word-perfect, breaks in upon the naughty sinners, and *Corner*, a poor-spirited oaf, is excessively apprehensive lest any word of this belated infidelity (in intention) should reach the ear of the mistress of Braystead Castle, a battlemented fortress, with drawbridge and several score of bedrooms and unusual offices.



NOT AS BROWN AS SHE'S PAINTED.

Peter Price . . . . . MR. AUSTIN MELFORD.
Mimi (his wife). . . . . MISS HEATHER THATCHER.
Thomas Turner (his uncle) . MR. ALFRED WELLESLEY.



SUNNY CORNERS.

"Illi mihi præter omnes
Anguli rident."

Charles Corner . . MR. W. H. BERRY.
Adela (his wife) . . MISS CONNIE EDISS.

All this is embroidered with complications of a familiar kind—*Lady Bayswater* (Miss TONIE EDGAR BRUCE) working as connoisseur for *Mrs. Corner* (Miss CONNIE EDISS), seeking a titled husband for *Peggy Corner* (Miss ISABEL WILFORD) and fixing upon *Count Toscani* (Mr. KIM PEACOCK), now fiddling for a living in the Ricardo and keeping his dignity withal; while his uncle, *Count Pasetti* (Mr. GEORGE DE WARFAZ), is stung by the taunts of his noble nephew into taking a job as waiter in the Ricardo as a change from passing dud cheques and bank-notes on confiding Lido snobs. And of course *Peggy* is really intended for *Peter* by *Corner Père* and *Uncle Turner*.

So far the first Act—punctuated by such happy nonsense as *Peter's* defence of nightgowns as against pyjamas: "Mosquito in pyjamas, very difficult. In night-gown you just shoo him out"; and of course by the continued exercise of Mr. W. H. BERRY's almost too fertile invention—almost too fertile because his musical-comedy technique is just a little apt to disturb the balance of even such wild playing as this. However, no player can contrive more fun by smirk and wink and shrug and trolled staves and grossly-tailored garments than this experienced comedian.

Acts II. and III. are set in the baronial hall of Braystead Castle with its grotesque châtelaine (Miss CONNIE EDISS—God bless her!), its mournful butler, *Joseph* (Mr. HENRY CROCKER), and the sprightly *Peggy*, and are devoted to the vain efforts of *Mr. Charles Corner* to prevent the story of his attempted misdeeds reaching the ears of *Mrs. Corner*. There are of course too many in the secret, each with a private end to gain at *Mr. Corner's* expense; and all ends happily for everyone but him.

Miss CONNIE EDISS was at her very best—abject in her snobbery, grotesque in her pitiful vulgarity, violent in her rage; to see her shin up the grand staircase in quest of her miserable spouse was a thing to make glad the heart of man.

A distinctly beguiling affair—most competently produced by Mr. LESLIE HENSON.

T.



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"HOLD EVERYTHING."

MR. LAR.

[Amongst the latest arrivals at the Zoo is a specimen of the Lar or Silvery Gibbon, which by its engaging manners and attractive appearance bids fair to become a popular pet and to redeem the species from the character of viciousness displayed by the last tame Gibbon, which was a "hoolock," and disgraced itself by a savage attack on its keeper.]

'Twas "pleasant to know Mr. Lear" in
The days that are distant and far,
And now we find comfort and cheer in
The coming of kind Mr. Lar.

For we flock to make friends with the monkey,
So strange and attractive of hue,
Appealing alike to the funky
And fearless who visit the Zoo.

His temper is "tame and confiding,"
With brollies he needn't be poked,
For he hasn't the habit of hiding
And comes of himself to be stroked.

His chanting is gay, not Gregorian;
His figure, elastic of limb,
Unlike the momentous historian,
His namesake, is slender and slim.

Though the lore of Miss YONGE and Miss MULOCH
He hasn't begun to imbibe,
He isn't a hooligan "hoolock,"
Like some of the types of his tribe;

And at tea, with best tucker and bib on
And wearing a smile on his face,
The cheerful and Silvery Gibbon
Presides with an exquisite grace.

He isn't morosely majestic,
As some of the Simians are,
But preserves the urbane and domestic
Traditions attached to the Lar.

His nose is not bulbous or "STAN"-like
And ridicule's shaft it escapes,
For he's said to be quite the least man-like
Of all the South Asian apes.

In the ranks of man's poorer relations
He cannot in justice be set;
And he cannot compete with Alsatians,
When safety comes last, as a pet.

Still I think that some sort of blue ribbon,
Some animal garter or star,
Should be giv'n to the Silvery Gibbon,
The gentle and lovable Lar.

Parlour Tricks of the Great.

"That boy was J. Rudyard Kipling. . . . He was dressed in a white drill suit, shirtless, his tropical coat buttoning tunic-wise at the throat. A large sun helmet that descended to his ears and almost eclipsed his little face hung on the hook behind the door."—*Sunday Paper.*

Even *Kim* couldn't have bettered that.

SHEARER AND SHORN.

MR. "BIRD'S" picture in a recent *Punch*, showing us a barber turning on his customer and demanding silence, took the wind completely out of my sails, for I was even then pondering upon a defence of *Figaro* from the old and facile charge of talking too much. I was going to maintain that, as a whole, barbers talk less than their customers. I was going even farther by suggesting that many men have their hair cut or shampooed oftener than is necessary wholly because they want to make sure of a listener—someone who can't retaliate. There must be an end of the stock idea that a man in a barber's chair is an imprisoned victim; on the contrary, it is more frequently the barber who is the victim. Fancying myself as an original observer, I was going to say all that; and then, with a few strokes of his diverting pencil, Mr. "BIRD" came along and cut the ground from under my feet. And what a pioneer! The first man to repeal the old rule, "One law for the shearer and one for the shorn."

If, however, barbers were allowed to say "Shut up" to their customers I personally should have missed one or two interesting things, for, though an indifferent talker, I like to overhear what the next chair is saying. I should have missed, for example, the successful man of affairs who the other day was referring to the death of a wealthy man notorious for his meanness.

"Well," he said, "there are only two ways to live—one is to live rich and die poor; and the other is to live poor and die rich."

A glance in his mirror told plainly enough to which school he himself belonged; but what of the people who live poor and die poor too?

And I should have missed the story, which I overheard from a neighbour at another recent session, of the host and the new liqueur.

"This is absolutely true," the customer began in a voice which he preferred should reach other chairs rather than not. You know the type? "It just shows," he went on, "what kind of fellows some of these foreigners can be. I was at Lisbon the other day on business, and the head of the firm, a young man, asked me to lunch.

"I went. Beautiful house outside the town, near the aqueduct. Do you know Lisbon? No? Very interesting. The aqueduct 's wonderful. You should go there for your holidays." (Snip, snip.)

"Well, we had lunch. Several other men, all speaking English, and plenty to eat and drink. After lunch my host produced a strange-shaped bottle and said it was a new liqueur, very delicious, and we must all try it. I thought it a little bit fierce, but not bad. We all had another glass—all, that is, except our host. I noticed that.

"When we got up to go I made a remark about his not having joined us. 'No,' he said, 'I never drink liqueurs. I don't drink them, but I find them very useful;' and, unscrewing his automatic lighter, he filled it from the bottle. Can you beat it? I mean to say."

All the same I think the new barber's shop in Golden Square a very interesting place. I paid my first visit last week, taken thither by one of those young men who always know (as I used to try to do) the latest thing in London. I asked him what the attraction was, but he only laughed.

"Wait and see," he said.

"If it 's lady-barbers," I replied, "I 'm leaving you."

"Wait and see," he said.

The place is very well fitted up: all the newest devices in electricity and so forth; several copies of the illustrated weeklies, instead of only the one which is engaged; and so forth. And everybody was masculine.

An attendant advanced towards me with a pad and a pencil. "Please write your requirements," said a notice at the top, "as all our assistants are deaf and dumb. And, when finished, please do not give any tip, as all our assistants are paid a living wage."

The place was extraordinarily still. You could hear a hair drop. E. V. L.

A WAY WITH BORES.

I WAS sitting alone in the golf clubhouse glancing idly at a newspaper when Green and Mason came in. I looked up. They nodded casually and then sat down so near to me that I was unable to avoid overhearing their subsequent conversation.

"Thanks, old boy, for rescuing me so neatly," said Green. "If you hadn't come up when you did and told me I was wanted on the 'phone, I don't know when I 'd have wriggled out of Stringfellow's clutches. I 've never encountered a man like him for making a long story longer. I 'd been standing there entirely surrounded by the blighter for forty minutes. He had told me a lot of things I didn't wish to know about his dog, his wireless-set, his first-born and his lumbago. And he was launching into an account of the foibles of his new cook when you came up."

"I happened to spot you," said Mason, "staring glassy-eyed over Stringfellow's shoulder like a man in dire need of a lifebelt, so I thought I 'd better step across and toss you one. I used to be a boy-scout once, you know, and the old habit of a good turn *per diem* dies hard."

"The man 's a public nuisance," said Green.

"He is rather deadly," agreed Mason. "But you should nip him in the bud."

"I try," replied Green, "but I don't succeed. He 's unstoppable."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mason easily. "No bore is quite invulnerable. There are always ways and means."

"Tell me one."

"I will. You know Todhunter, of course?"

"I do."

"Todhunter has a plan which you might try out with advantage. Oddly enough, he was telling me about it himself only the other day. When a bore bears down upon Todhunter he bounds forward to meet him with a glad smile and a cheery word. He makes bright chat for a space and then, before the other chap settles down to business, Todhunter calmly and bluntly tries to borrow a tenner from him. Naturally, of course, when he consistently does that to a chap—well, the chap gives him a wide berth."

"It certainly sounds all right," said Green.

"It *is* all right. It 's not startlingly original, I admit, but, according to Todhunter, it never fails. You should try it, old man."

"I will," said Green.

A few minutes later they drifted out. Presently I rose and strolled to the door. Just as I reached it Todhunter entered. I nodded pleasantly. He moved towards me, beaming.

"Hullo," said he cheerily.

"Hullo," I replied affably. "Splendid afternoon, isn't it?"

"Beautiful," agreed Todhunter with enthusiasm. "Clear, sparkling and crisp. Cold, but not too cold."

"Yes," I said. "And the glass——"

"I say, old man," interrupted Todhunter abruptly, "I wonder would you do me a favour? I am temporarily bunkered—er—financially. If you could accommodate me with a tenner till the week-end I 'd be infinitely obliged, old boy."

The Growing Dangers of Capitalism.

"An increased cost of coal will throw owners more and more into burning oil."
Article in Shipping Paper.

Most Communists would consider such a proceeding unnecessarily restrained.

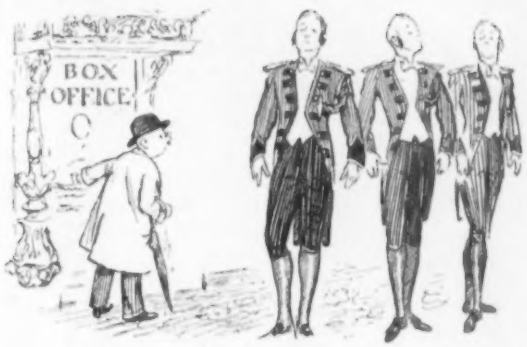
"After three days' hooting at Idapalayam, the Viceroy arrived at Kottayam yesterday."
Indian Paper.

This ought to smash the existing endurance record for Viceregal mirth.

ACCOMMODATION DE LUXE



WHEN THE ENTRANCE IS SO PALATIAL—



THE FOOTMEN SO SPECTACULAR—



THE LOUNGES SO IMPOSING—



THE DECORATIONS SO PRODIGAL—



THE SERVICE SO OVERWHELMING—



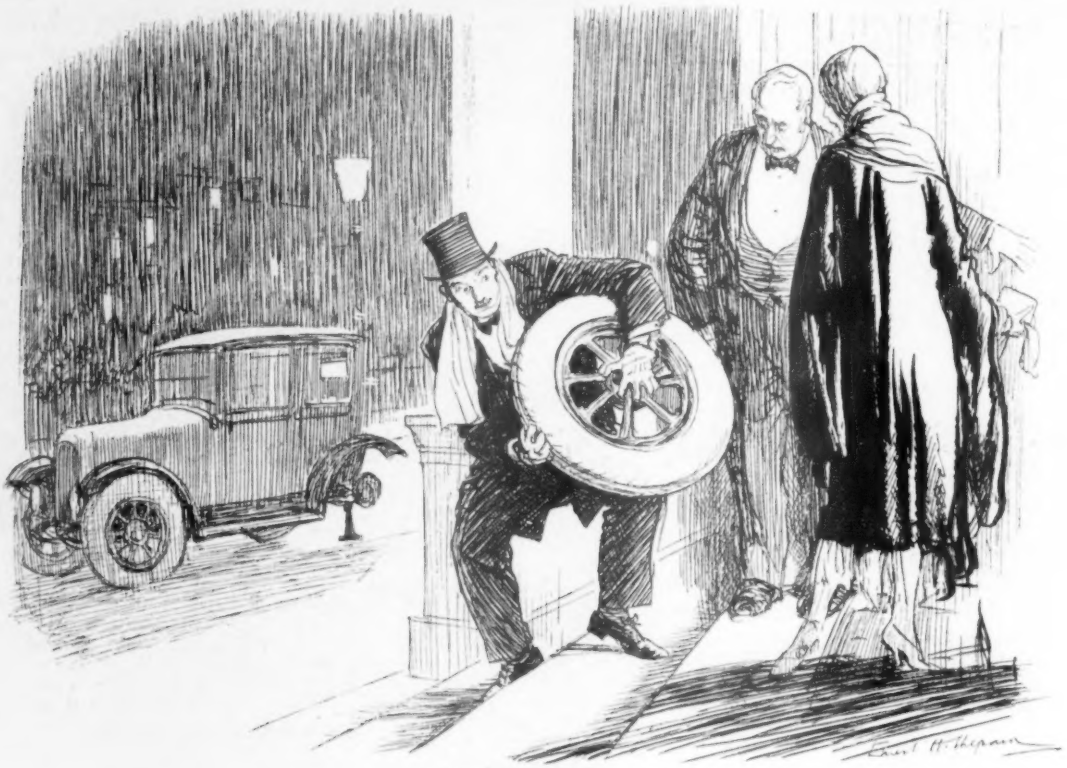
THE ATTENDANTS SO CAPTIVATING—



AND THE SEATING ARRANGEMENTS SO LUXURIOUS—



IT'S RATHER A SHOCK TO BE FACED WITH THIS SORT OF THING.



SAFETY FIRST.

HOW TO DEFEAT MOTOR-THIEVES WHEN PARKING YOUR CAR.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT may be true, as Sir CHARLES HOLMES suggests, that there is nothing new left to say about Italian Painting; but if you think that this bogey is going to deter Sir CHARLES from writing a helpful and delightful small book on the subject you are mistaken. It may also be a fact that this particular volume was primarily written for the untrained and untravelled, who with his or her foot on the threshold of the Italian Exhibition felt the need of a mentor. Personally, I foretell for *An Introduction to Italian Painting* (CASSELL) a more ample office. I think it should be of real service in refreshing the memory, welding the knowledge and strengthening the convictions of every ardent amateur. For—witness the concourse at the Dutch Exhibition last year—there is still breath in the body of the ardent amateur, though of late he has fallen among thieves who have stripped him of his principles, wounded his feelings and departed leaving him half dead. And here is not only a Samaritan but the old heaven that lay about us in our infancy, with all the fixed stars of *Baedeker* shining in their accustomed places. A wholesome sense of continuity animates Sir CHARLES's book, continuity not only as regards Italian Art—itself the most coherent, as it is the richest, movement of its kind—but in its antecedents and successors. Perhaps the Sienese and Milanese backwaters are contrasted a thought too drastically with the Florentine and Venetian spates; but I have nothing but praise for Sir CHARLES's clues to the seventeenth-and-eighteenth-century labyrinth. It is of a piece with his thoughtfulness for the student that his technical instructions refer to easily-accessible examples, while he ransacks the galleries of Europe for his forty excellent illustrations.

More than a mile deep in the flanks of Mount Lebanon there is a stalagmitic obelisk, to be reached only at the cost of incredible toils, which is named after Mr. EDWARD THOMPSON, the author of the most flower-filled book (short of a florist's catalogue) I have seen for many a day—*Crusader's Coast* (BENN). His really thrilling chapter on the caves where this natural monument rises amidst subterranean torrents is a little out of key with the rest of his charming volume, for even his war-reminiscences are touched with a spirit of gentle reverie rather than moved with martial ardours. There is age-old sunshine in them, and the stir of a breeze that was dawdling over thyme and borage and asphodel long before Abraham's caravan moved westward. The writer's narrative is enriched, without ever being overweighted, by reference to the Bible story and to secular history new and old. Thus, seeing a brood of young snakes, to take one instance, scuttering away in front of a bush-fire, he has remembered the passage about vipers fleeing from the "wrath to come"; while on the rocks in Syrian mountain passes he has studied the rude remarks of successive waves of marching conquerors—Egyptian, Greek, Australian. As a final touch there are illustrations in this book by Mr. C. E. HUGHES, which, though they came to be associated with Mr. THOMPSON's writing almost by chance, show in the spiritual suggestion of their delicate line—old Sidon's profile strung along the coast, or snowy Hermon tilted up against the sky—a feeling marvellously kin to that of the writer.

Major K. DAWSON writes down for young *John*
These excellent letters (called *Son of a Gun*),
Wherein he advises his nephew upon
Beginning his shooting days, tells him what 's done
When you choose, and pay for,
Your initial twelve bore,
Till you 're free of the manor, the moor and the shore.

Here are days in the school, here is powder and shot,
Here 's from rabbit to red grouse in rudiment form,
But even at my age I 've learnt quite a lot
When (the duck coming in on the tail of a storm)
We are taught the first part
Of a wildfowler's art—
Ah, ha, Major DAWSON, he 's fowler at heart!

And here are epistles on working a dog—
Major DAWSON and I for the Labrador vote,
Though at wildfowling work, in cold water or bog,
Can he stick it as well as the old curly-coat?
And the MAJOR knows much
About ferrets, and such
He writes down in a letter on handling and hutch.

This book you will give to a lad or his dad,
Who is learning to shoot or who learnt long ago;
Country Life brings it out, and CHARLES SIMPSON has had
His black-and-white way with its pictures; and, oh!
But I almost forgot,
There 's a screed worth a lot
On what 's *legal* in shooting and likewise what 's *not*;
Just you learn it by heart and remember what 's what.



"I 'LL PAY YOU THREE POUNDS A WEEK, STARTING NOW. IN THREE MONTHS I 'LL RAISE IT TO THREE POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS."
"RIGHT-O! I 'LL LOOK IN AGAIN IN THREE MONTHS."

If our generation is as "preoccupied with the problem of woman's place in the social organism" as Mr. H. A. WORTHAM thinks, it might, I feel, gain considerable enlightenment from his *Three Women* (CASSELL). ST. TERESA, Madame DE CHOISEUL and Mrs. EDDY—could there be a drearier declension from the feminist point of view? A nun of the most hidebound caste in Spain turns out not only a saint but a great woman. A fine lady of the POMPADOUR's Court has to be congratulated on having succeeded in blending conjugal and financial honesty with *esprit, goût* and *bon ton*. "The most remarkable member of her sex America has produced" appears as a mercenary self-advertiser of "ungovernable temper and hysterical ways." Without professing myself concerned for the past, present or future of feminism, I cannot help wishing Mr. WORTHAM had studied a more pleasing modern example of the movement than the founder of Christian Science. As a child she had glimmers of unselfishness—there is a quite Franciscan story of her sitting one chill November evening by the pig-sty, singing to comfort the pigs—but her legend in its adult stage is the apotheosis of the unheroic. Madame DE CHOISEUL, faithful wife of a Voltairean spouse, was, as HORACE WALPOLE put it, "the gentlest, amiable, little, civil creature that ever came out of a fairy egg." She is rather preposterously exalted here—"perfection itself could not have fashioned a nobler woman"—but her tragedy in porcelain makes very pretty reading. ST. TERESA is at once Mr. WORTHAM's Austerlitz and his Waterloo. Enthusiastic approach, wide research and a fresh angle of appraisal carry him far, but he is badly let down by his ignorance of mysticism in general and Carmelite mysticism in particular.

Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME is reported by her publishers to have said of her new book, *Windlestraws* (COLLINS), "all my life I have known people like *Beatrice, Reggie, Ian, Lady Margaret* and *Char*." I would not venture to cast any doubt on her assertion, but I certainly admire her courage, for to know at all well a personality like any one of the first three, so strong and tall and beautiful and selfish and utterly ruthless, and inclined, in the case of the men, to

kiss any attractive young woman, however unwilling, at sight, must have been a shattering experience. Apparently this is what the Privileged Classes—with capital letters—are like. To me it seems a little exaggerated but that did not prevent me from finding that this story about them, wrought by Miss BOTTOME'S practical hand, made excellent reading. *Reggie* owns Windlestraws, and *Beatrice* is his wife, who loves the house but hates its owner; and *Ian* is her cousin, who practically lives with them, runs a profitable brick-field in *Reggie's* interest and loves and is loved by *Beatrice*. She, determined to keep Windlestraws and the custody of her children, gives him nothing but the satisfaction of loving her and her alone. Into their lives, as *Reggie's* political secretary, comes pretty, sensible, sturdily honest *Jean Arbuthnot*, who does not belong to the Privileged Classes and is not unduly tall, beautiful or ruthless, and dislikes being kissed too impulsively. The story ends happily for the characters in whom we are most interested, but only after they have endured a great deal of torment and both the men have found that they prefer *Jean* to *Beatrice*. Though it is by no means as fine a piece of work as, for instance, Miss BOTTOME'S earlier novel, *The Belated Reckoning*, *Windlestraws* has been fashioned by so skilled a craftswoman that it is not till the end is reached that the reader is conscious of being a trifle disappointed.

Miss RACHEL FERGUSON has selected an admirable formula for the exercise of her gifts in the disjointed autobiography of an octogenarian *doyenne* of the English stage, *Sara Skelton* (BESANT), a racy old lady whose memories range with the magic of partial senility over the periods of VICTORIA and EDWARD VII. The Lions are thinly and neatly disguised, though occasionally (and inconsistently, I think) they stalk abroad under their own names. Miss FERGUSON reveals a close knowledge of the social history of thirty and forty years ago, and her wit toys with it prettily. I appreciate the temptations that beset a writer with her peculiar gift of charming impudence, and certainly there are passages here that betray a lack of judgment. She needs a little editing until she achieves a greater measure of restraint. This is an uneven book, but on the whole I found it extremely entertaining. To my mind the plums are the passages on OSCAR WILDE; on the Art of Being Interviewed; on London in the '70's, and on the Boer War. And they are fat and juicy plums.

Miss HELEN SIMPSON, in *The Desolate House* (HEINEMANN), a tale of English country life some hundred years ago, bases her drama on the jealousy that *Sir Hilary Pomfret*, an aristocrat of easy morals, inspired in a war-profiteer named *Horatio Forster*. With the foul and fulminating *Horatio* it is difficult to sympathise, but I have to admit that he had definite cause to be jealous and that *Sir Hilary's* attitude towards him was extraordinarily exasperating. The relations between these two are described with admirable subtlety, but the most memorable scenes of a well-told story occur during the trial of some labourers for attacking and wounding *Sir Hilary*. Here we see to what lengths *Horatio* was prepared to go in pursuit of revenge, and also are given a vivid picture of the Court of Assize in a country town during the earlier years of last century. An unusual novel that is worth reading.



New Cook. "THIS IS AN AWFULLY SMALL ROOM FOR ME, IF I MAY SAY SO, MUM."
Mistress. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. IT'S BEEN GOOD ENOUGH FOR HUNDREDS OF OTHER COOKS."

When Miss BERTA RUCK undertakes a task she can be trusted to do it thoroughly, and in *To-Day's Daughter* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) we have a vigorous portrait of one of the brightest of the world's Bright Young People. *Pet Elliot* is revealed for anyone's approval or censure, and, although her use of catch-words grows tiresome and the artificial atmosphere in which she lived becomes oppressive, it is well that a girl of her type should be pinned down and carefully studied. You will find the story of this gay young woman hap-hazardous and full of adventure, and in the end you will be glad that she exchanged the "chorus-boy" to whom she was at first engaged for a man whose main occupation was not the mixing and drinking of cocktails.

I admire the cleverness with which the leading ladies in *Artificial Silk* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) are contrasted. *Margaret Maxwell*, when Miss CHRISTINE ORR introduces her, was thirty-five years of age and threatened with blindness; her dynamic friend, *Viola Templeton*, was considerably younger and as active as *Margaret* was passive. We all know our *Violas*, women of boundless energy and an honest—if sometimes too impetuous—desire to help and influence others, and Miss ORR'S specimen of the kind is sympathetically considered and faithfully drawn. She is the mainspring of interest in a tale that is quietly told and pleasantly spiced with humour.

The statement made in *The 1929 Christmas Tree Annual*, published in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, that one pound would send a child away for a fortnight's holiday, led Mr. Punch's reviewer to believe that this was the price of the book. Actually it will cost you six shillings.

Requirements in which we Suspect a Snag.

"Man or Youth who can Strip fast enough to follow up behind a milking machine; must be single."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper.*

"£3,275 FOR BEAUTY SPOT."—*Headline in Provincial Paper.*
It seems a mountainous price for a mere mole.

CHARIVARIA.

A CONTEMPORARY suggests that open-air dancing should be started in our parks in the spring. It is even rumoured that Mr. LANSBURY has offered to be Queen of the May.

* *

The discovery that a bag-snatcher at Westcliffe has been using a stolen car confirms the suspicion that bag-snatchers are unscrupulous.

* *

Complaints of excessive chattering have been made in one exclusive West-End club. Some member must have wished another a Happy New Year.

* *

A Chicago woman recently shot a neighbour's husband in mistake for her own. We always thought it would not be long before this Middle-West habit of letting off guns would lead to some regrettable incident.

* *

Lord ROTHERMERE, who visualises Lord BEAVERBROOK as a potential occupant of 10, Downing Street, intends to keep on urging him to come to the front in political life, and it is anticipated that his efforts will be ably seconded by *The Daily Express*.

* *

"What China needs is a Government like ours," says a morning-paper writer. It sounds a very drastic remedy.

* *

The Sudan is no longer utterly lawless, but a spice of excitement should be added to Lord BRENTFORD's visit by the knowledge that it is still inhabited by tribesmen who would not hesitate to buy cigarettes after 8 P.M.

* *

A motorist reports having seen on a Surrey road a cat in hot pursuit of a rabbit. Our regret is that the so-called lower animals should set motorists so bad an example.

* *

Hop-growers speak highly of the value of flood-water. Beer-drinkers, on the other hand, dislike the taste of it.

* *

The possibility is admitted in medical circles that there are people who, owing to some special conformation of the brain, are natural wireless-receivers. It is anticipated that they will be required to take out licences.

Mr. JULIUS CÆSAR, of Weymouth, is visiting Italy in pursuance of his efforts to trace his descent from the family of his famous namesake; but it is clearly understood that his genealogical researches are without prejudice to the position of Signor MUSSOLINI.

* *

It is pointed out that the Fascist Government was under a wrong impression in fixing this year, and not 1931, as VIRGIL's bi-millenary. Smith Minor remains indifferent.

* *

Nova Scotia's decision to permit the sale of alcoholic liquor leaves Prince Edward Island the only remaining "dry" Province, so that Prohibition in Canada may be regarded as virtually stamped out.



THE PORTMANTEAU PANTOMIME—FOR ALL TASTES

With reference to Sir HUGH ALLEN's statement that the piano is fighting for its life in the home against long odds, we can only say that the one next-door seems to have its back to the wall.

* *

Although facilities for Assize divorces have been extended, it is stated that many petitioners prefer a hearing in London. An impression prevails that a London decree confers a certain *cachet*.

* *

"Here's to india-rubber in the right place at this season!" exclaims Dr. C. W. SALEEBY, with reference to the feet. "No heel-taps!" we would add.

* *

Sufficient imaginative play, according to Dr. J. REANEY, is the one preventive of morbid-mindedness. Children thwarted in this respect are in grave danger of becoming novelists.

The news that a cricket-match is to be filmed at Hollywood encourages the hope that it may yet be possible to see a Test match in accelerated action.

* *

"Think of EUCLID when you are putting" is the advice of an eminent golf professional. Thoughts of EINSTEIN, on the other hand, are apt to cramp the style.

* *

According to a critic, when viewing the works of modern artists one should look for beauty of colour, form and brilliant drawing. We suppose there is no harm in looking.

* *

The fact that a clergyman has joined the staff of *The Daily Mail* has led to the erroneous belief that each editorial staff in Fleet Street is to have its own chaplain.

* *

An arch of fishing-rods was formed at an Ilford wedding as the angler-bridegroom left the church with his best catch of the season.

* *

A headline speaks of "The Legal Poor." Can there be some people existing in poverty in defiance of the law?

* *

A psychological expert says that people's occupations often affect their private lives. We know of a wealthy draper who cut off his son with elevenpence-three-farthings.

* *

A new post-office for bungalovians is to be built in the Thames Valley. We understand that at the launching ceremony a bottle of post-office ink is to be broken over the bows of the vessel.

* *

There has been some discussion as to what epithet should be applied to the new decade, the "Thirties," on the model of the Roaring Forties. What is the matter with the "Nineteen" Thirties?

* *

"Nigger music comes from the devil," says a critic. Few people have the courage to interrupt a jazz-band and tell it to go home.

"As another poet cries, 'Build thee yet larger mansions on my soul.'"
Literary Weekly.

Not many poets can afford to let out their souls as building sites.

GIVE US MORE UGLINESS.

SIR HERBERT MORGAN, in *The Daily Telegraph*, has launched an admirable appeal for a national movement in the cause of Beauty. Every county, town and village, I understand, is to have its own Beauty Preservation officers, working to the general orders of a single national organisation. There are already a number of energetic and valuable societies whose object is to make the country look more like country and less like an unfinished garage; and, if the efforts of all these bodies are generously financed and scientifically co-ordinated, they may in about a hundred years begin to make an impression on the imaginative mind of the Englishman. It may then be too late.

I fear that it is little use to appeal to most of us in the name of Beauty. The word frightens us, as many words do. If you ask the average Briton to attach proper importance to Purity he will either blush or catch you a sock on the jaw; but if you say that this or that is the action of a dirty dog he will heartily agree.

In the same way the Society for the Preservation of Rural Beauty would have even more success if it were called the Society for the Removal of Eye-Sores. And I suggest to Sir HERBERT MORGAN that he should go a step further and found a Society for the Exhibition of Ugliness, whose function shall be to set up here and there such examples of ugliness as no one could fail to observe.

Take Newland's Corner and other favourite commons and picnic-places. If picnickers could see the scenes of their revelry on the day after Bank Holiday they would be startled if not ashamed. I believe there are excellent societies who go round clearing up the litter at beauty-spots. Quite the wrong principle. My society, which will have Government support, will go to the beauty-spot *the day before Bank Holiday* with lorry-loads of tin-cans, paper-bags and old newspapers, and strew the stuff about. Every day for a week the dustmen of London will deposit their loads on Hampstead Heath. The litter-fiend would then *find* the beauty-spot as he is in the habit of leaving it; and that, I fancy, would make him think as nothing else does.

Much could be done on the same lines in the towns and villages. The local branch, acting in concert with the local authority, would from time to time erect in all the favourite spots eye-sores and vulgarities such that *nobody* could fail to notice them. The town would wake up and find a row of advertisements hanging on the church, two petrol-pumps and a corrugated-iron shack on each side of the War Memorial; the principal square would be carpeted with orange-peel and banana-skins; the old stone bridge would be painted yellow, and all down Lovers' Walk there would be loud-speakers hidden in the trees and attached to a gramophone which would sing, "O Baby, Say!" over and over again from five P.M. till ten. Motor-cars specially constructed to make the loudest possible noise would dash round the town at the highest possible speed, hooting continuously.

These simple arrangements would in one day attract more recruits to the MORGAN banner than ten years of lectures and letters to the papers. You would have the small-garage man frantically championing the Cause of Beauty, the jazz-fiend protesting against vulgarity in music, the advertiser imploring for reticence, and the litter-folk would think twice or thrice before they threw away so much as a match.

No doubt the effect would wear off; in fact I expect the operation would have to be done about once a week.

A. P. H.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

(With acknowledgments to a stunt newspaper.)

FIRST DAY.

EXTRACT from a leader-page article in *The Daily Leash*:—

"What is wrong with the British race? What is the reason of our dwindling prosperity? Why are our women diminishing in charm, our men in manliness? *The Daily Leash* has discovered the reason. We have lost the art of walking; we slink; we slouch. This slouching attitude has crept into our system and affected our outlook on life. How can this be remedied? Purely in the interests of the public we have consulted Sir William Push, the famous osteopathist, and we are now able to instruct our readers on the best way to acquire our new 'Quick-March' step. The action (illustrated on page 2) consists of putting the right and left foot forward alternately and keeping the head erect."

SECOND DAY.

"*Romantic Episode Recalled.*

Miss Dora Dasher of the Jollity Theatre (who got married for the third time recently, when, it will be recalled, the ceremony was performed in an aeroplane) has ardently adopted *The Daily Leash* 'Quick-March' step and is so enthusiastic that she talks of giving up several of her motor-cars and taking to walking. Views of our leading actors on the movement are on page 7."

THIRD DAY.

"*What of the Future of the Race?*

In every school throughout the country the message of hope is being delivered. Special instruction in our 'Quick-March' step is being included in the regular curriculum. On the back page we show a party of school-children receiving a lesson in the art of walking. Note their keen faces and air of alertness. The future lies before them like a shining road. . . ." (Descriptive stuff follows, three-quarters of a column.)

FOURTH DAY.

"*Record Shopping Crowds.*

This interesting picture, taken in Piccadilly yesterday afternoon by *The Daily Leash*, showing the record shopping crowds, also illustrates the remarkable effect of the new 'Quick-March' step on the public. That it is being generally adopted is amazing proof of the immense popularity and power of *The Daily Leash*."

FIFTH DAY.

"*New Aspect of Italian Art.*

A reader draws our attention to a curious feature in a picture at the Italian Art Exhibition. It is by Gorgonzolione (1544-91). It shows the figure of a man walking on a terrace and is an exact representation of our famous 'Quick-March' step. A reproduction of the picture appears on page 8. Letters from all parts of the country thanking us for inaugurating our great walking campaign continue to flow into the offices of *The Daily Leash*. We are employing a special staff to deal with the enormous rush of correspondence."

SIXTH DAY.

"*A Blow at the Motor Trade?*

It has been suggested to us from many quarters that the general adoption of our famous 'Quick March' may induce the public to walk rather than ride, incidentally injuring the British motor industry. As we are anxious to avoid this, we hope shortly to launch a campaign to encourage the masses to ride. . . .

Anyhow, it's the end of the week, and we shall want a new stunt for Monday."

F. A. K.

Victorianism on the Rugger Field.

"The life of the Park was one of the veterans of the team. The Old Birkonian ran with extensive bustle."—*Sunday Paper.*

But how did he get through the scrum with it?

Something in a Name.

"George —— was remanded in custody on Tuesday accused of fraudulently converting £130 belonging to the members of a 'Didlum' Club. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*



EXTRATERRITORIALITIS.

MR. HENDERSON. "ISN'T YOUR WITHDRAWAL OF EXTRATERRITORIAL RIGHTS FROM MY COUNTRYMEN A LITTLE SUDDEN?"

JOHN CHINAMAN. "WE HUMBLY THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT BE GOOD PRACTICE FOR YOUR EXCELLENCY'S HONOURABLE EVACUATION OF EGYPT."



First Young Lady. "I SAY, THERE 'S A TOPPING ARTICLE HERE ON THE IMPORTANCE OF POISE."
Second Young Lady. "I KNOW; I 'VE READ IT."

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

II.—SUBWAY SCENE.

BEFORE ever we came to New York Percival and I, holding hands, swore that nothing would ever get us down the subway in the rush hour. We had read all the coloured supplements and comic strips and guessed we knew all about this subway business. The rush-hour on a London Tube is a polite picnic in the desert compared with its New York version. And yet within two hours of our arrival. . . .

It was six P.M. and we were on Fourth Avenue at Twenty-Eighth Street. We wanted to go up to Fifty-Ninth, where an American friend lived. He was the only one of our six slight acquaintances in Greater New York who hadn't hospitably come in to greet us off the boat as though we were long-lost brothers; and we were beginning to think he must be ill. So we asked a policeman—Percival says "cop"—who was standing on the pavement—Percival says "sidewalk"—if it was a far walk—er—"hike." By the way, you must excuse Percival brushing up on his American expressions. He says he was "given the downtown" about them by an American on the boat, and now has all the "inside coke" on American slang.

The cop, speaking in a strong New Yorkshire accent, said: "Shure, it 's a long way, begob, but ye c'n take the subway right here."

"Oh, if it 's far we 'll have a taxi," we replied. We were not going to let our money stick to our pockets while in New York. Not that you can prevent an experienced dollar-bill sticking to most things.

"Ah no, ye needn't do thot," replied the cop heartily. "Why, the subway 's right here around the corner, and it 'll take you straight to Fifty-Ninth."

"Surely a taxi . . ." we put in tentatively.

"The subway 's right here," replied the patrolman firmly.

In order not to hurt his feelings, since he had been so kind, we went around the corner as if making for the subway. We reached the edge of the solid human stream which was flowing down the entrance like mince-meat into a sausage-machine and stopped. But just as we were turning back, about to summon a taxi, the ox—sorry, Percival says "bull"—came round the corner and saw us.

He looked at us with slight suspicion. We looked back at him cool and partially collected and hummed a gay little snatch. He looked at us with definite suspicion. We took a casual pace back towards the taxi-rank. He took a casual pace forward towards us—and swung his night-stick. . . .

We remembered that New York policemen were armed.

We went down the subway.

After that I had no say in the matter. I was just carried onward. I became part of New York. I lost my hat in three seconds, my stick—badge of Britain—in five, and Percival in ten. At the turnstile I did manage a fighting pause to try to get my ticket from the automatic machine in exchange for my nickel, but discovered the New York system has no tickets. Seven people just behind hinted this about the same time. The man right behind had also, I thought, a peculiarly hard wooden stomach which he was using as a battering-ram (or it may have been an arm

of the turnstile), so I went right on. The impetus of the turnstile (or it may have been his stomach after all) took me into a train, full measure, pressed down and running over.

I took a stance on a fellow's foot and began to calculate the number of stations I should stop at in getting to Fifty-Ninth Street from Twenty-Eighth. I made the answer, a simple sum in subtraction, come to thirty-one. This seemed a lot, but I never was much good at arithmetic, anyway.

Before I could check upon this I found I was out of the train again. There was a man just behind me, a powerful well-made fellow, who wanted to get out at the next station. I went right along ahead of him. As the train drew out I noticed Percival's face pressed against a window. A stout Jewish gentleman seemed to be doing the pressing. He waved a despairing eyebrow and was gone.

Outside the station I looked about to make sure our cop had not followed the trail over-ground and took a taxi. I went a short distance and settled down in a jam. A red and green light flickered away ahead. Every time it went green the traffic jam shivered slightly throughout its length; when it turned back to red the jam set solid to jelly once more. Soon I discovered that we were just outside a subway entrance, and after some minutes temptation grew too much for me. I thought maybe I'd give it another trial and got out. I had forgotten about paying the taxi, but luckily the driver—a fine free-spoken native of a free-speaking country—reminded me.

I made Fifty-Ninth along towards midnight. There was fortunately a man behind me—another powerful well-made fellow—who wanted to get out there himself. I had been standing on his foot at every lurch. I think he was quite glad when I asked him where I got off. Certainly he told me. And how! * A. A.

* American expression meaning there was no doubt about it.

Statements Which Must Have Caused a Pang.

"Christmas carols and chants were sung by the Club Choir, assisted by Miss —— and Miss ——, who were hidden behind the scenes, thus enhancing the beauty of the tableaux."
Herts Paper.

"A burglar who entered a works at St. Albans in the early hours of this morning left untouched a number of bottles of whisky and port, prizes in the Christmas 'sweep.' . . . Detectives discovered footprints on the office door."—*Sunday Paper.*

For climbing up doors these spider burglars have to keep pretty sober.



Customer. "I UNDERSTAND YOU SELL EVERYTHING IN THE WAY OF HUNTING-KIT HERE?"

Shopwalker. "CERTAINLY, SIR. HUNTING-COATS, FIRST FLOOR; BREECHES, SECOND FLOOR; STOCKS, TIES, HATS, THIRD FLOOR. WHICH DEPARTMENT CAN I DIRECT YOU TO, SIR?"

Customer. "DON'T QUITE KNOW. I WANT ONE OF THOSE GADGETS FOR KEEPING ONE'S HAT ON."

JESSICA GOES TRAVELLING.

C.P.R.

WE rumbled on, we rumbled on,
And soon the streets and towns were gone,
And there were miles of forest trees
And quiet hills and quiet seas,
With here and there a house of wood
Where sometimes waving children stood.
We rumbled on until at last
Even the lonely huts were passed;
Only the pine-trees seemed to stare
And ask what we were doing there.
We had our dinner and our tea,
And there was just the dark to see,
And yet I knew on either side
The loneliness went stretching wide.
We went to sleep and woke again,
But nothing moved except the train.

R. F.

Commercial Suicide.

"USE GAS COKE
Damage to Stoves Guaranteed."
Shanghai Circular.

"New Ribs fitted Ladies 9d.; Gent's 1/0."
Umbrella-maker's Advt.

The cost has naturally increased since the Garden of Eden.

THE RUSSIAN LOAN COLLECTION OF 1931.

THE beauties of the Italian pictures at Burlington House must not blind us to the fact that there are other and newer artistic modes than those of the quattrocento and cinquecento. We are promised, for instance, by the good offices of Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, Minister for Foreign Affairs, the spectacle of a great Loan Exhibition of Modern Russian Art in the near future. The canvases are already collected at Archangel, and only await the spring weather and the impact of the right political breeze.

The painters of the Nijni-Novgorod Renaissance, unknown as yet to Western Europe, are one and all of the twentieth century both in their manner and their theme. Nearly all of them Russians by birth, they have yet, out of a kind of savage irony, chosen for the most part to adopt Italian or Italianate names in order to commemorate their complete divorce from the traditions of the mediæval schools.

By a stroke of good fortune I have been sent an advance copy of the catalogue which has been prepared for this Exhibition, and I must say that it fills me with a good deal of anticipatory zeal.

The incomparable *eccentrizia* of the Nijni-Novgorod school of brushwork has no doubt to be seen to be believed; but a foretaste of its glories may prove not uninteresting to some of my readers, who are already growing accustomed to the technical language of art-criticism, however funny it sounds.

I make no apology, therefore, for presenting them with a few specimens of descriptive panegyric from the Russian Catalogue, translated by Comrade Gagov, formerly of Old Compton Street, Soho.

SOVIETANO
(*Active 1921—1925. Executed 1926*).

17. The Birth of Anarchy.

Lent by the Third International.

Il Sovietano was one of the many nicknames bestowed on Giorgione Porgione or Kryovski by his friends, owing to his fanatical devotion to symbolistic representation of the dictatorship of the proletariat in terms of paint. "The Birth of Anarchy" shows a virago rising from the White Sea in a practically nude condition, with a background of icebergs and samovars. She is floating on a tin of caviar. KARL MARX, in a white dress powdered over with sprigs of propaganda, steps forward ready to cast a cloak over the female figure when she alights. On the left two winged commissars, flying through a shower of snowflakes, blow hard over the icy water.

(*Painted in distemper on matchboard and partly injured by broken eggs.*)

The work, originally commissioned under machine-gun fire by the Soviet Sunday-School in Moscow, is also sometimes known as the Lenin Anadyomenos.



A WOODCUT BY TOSCHKI, AFTER THE PAINTING BY IL SOVIETANO.

The subject, "Ukrainian Love Song," is a favourite one with painters of the Nijni-Novgorod Renaissance. In this picture Il Sovietano has reverted to his earlier realistic manner.

By the Same

18. Portrait of Trotsky.

Missing.

LOONIENSKI (LEOPARDO)
(*Putrescit 1924*).

159. A Russian Family.

Lent by the National Gallery, Odessa.

Under a crimson sky, broken by conflagrations, the male members of a poor Russian family are engaged in the act of breaking to pieces a church. In the centre the head of the family kneels on one knee smashing an ikon with a pick-axe. To the left, two other members of the family stand gazing in reverence and admiration at his work. Further to the left a group of three small boys are castigating a priest with a knout. On the right another group of three are torturing a small dog.

(*Painted in Blood on Pinewood.*)

Originally attributed to Pushoff, called "Il Cataleptico," this picture was buried for two years in Leningrad under a lot of mould, but was afterwards scraped clean by a member of the Red Guard with a broken bayonet and, on his imprisonment for saying that he disliked the chiaroscuro of the principal figure, was found and stolen by a peasant, who traded it to the municipal authorities at Odessa for a bottle of kvass. The features of the small dog are variously said to be those of an English bourjocee or of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

BATTIAVSKI (BELFRISCO DI)
(*Incarcerated 1921*).

231. Portrait of an Unknown Man.

Probably STALIN. The lower part of the face has been obliterated by vitriol, and partially restored by another hand. In his right hand the sitter holds a bunch of garlic, and in the background is a man throwing a knife.

DROSHKI (IL INEBBRIATO)
(*Boiled in Oil 1928*).

250. The Martyrdom of St. Arcos.

An allegorical group. One of the first of the *fantasie pittoriche* of this great Slavonic symbolist. Lord BRENTFORD is represented as a centaur, shooting arrows in almost incredible numbers at the central figure of the composition, whilst in the background demons, were-wolves and other mythological figures run furiously about, carrying scrolls of paper, keys, etc., in their hands.

IVAN IVANOVITCH
(FRA DIABOLICO)
(*Detonated 1927*).

286. The Making of a Bomb.

Remarkable alike for its grouping and the charm of its colour. Inspired by a delicate atheism, the figures in this canvas rise up tender and harmonious, while the whole composition is conceived with the sincerity of a child.

The young girl on the left holding a time-fuse, with a meat-chopper hanging from her girdle, is a triumph of tonal grace. On the back of the canvas, which has been twice cut out and re-framed, is a receipt for seventeen roubles, five kopecks, with the signature "Trotsky," which is now supposed to be a forgery.

(Painted for the dining-hall of the Lazar-house at Tomsk.)

IL EVOVITCH.

Appeals which hardly need to be Made.

"Mr. J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, made a striking appeal to capital and labour to work together for the common good, at a luncheon at the May Fair Hotel, to-day."
Provincial Paper.

"BOMBAY FLYING CLUB.

His Excellency christened the cup 'Sir Charles Wakefield' and presented it to Mrs. ——, who received it on behalf of the club and shortly after soared aloft on it."
Indian Paper.

This must be the cup that cheers and also elevates.

ACCUSATIVE CASES.

MEDIEVALS whose keen sense of humour
Contrived in odd channels to run,
Found highly amusing a tumour
And elephantiasis fun;
We term them, in strong condemnation,
A cruel and barbarous race,
But is not our own generation
In similar case?

When *Falstaff* appears with his joking
And stomach we giggle like mad,
But your doctor will tell you he's choking
And his venous condition is bad—
On a par with a lung-er or heart-er,
So the grin should dissolve from your face,
Since *Sir John* is a dropsical martyr,
A hospital case.

When we view in the spotlight of Science
The object of SHERIDAN'S jeers,
DICK ceases to win our compliance,
Mrs. Malaprop plainly appears
By no means a pleasing fantasia
Constructed with wit and with grace,
But a victim of verbal aphasia,
A border-line case.

I am loth your fine feelings to harrow,
But the psychos stand ready to strike,
So when *Pickwick* reclines in his barrow
You may laugh with what gusto you like,
Only realise first your interior
Elation involves your disgrace,
For our friend had a complex (inferior)—
A Freudian case. E. P. W.

Dismal News for Mr. Thomas.

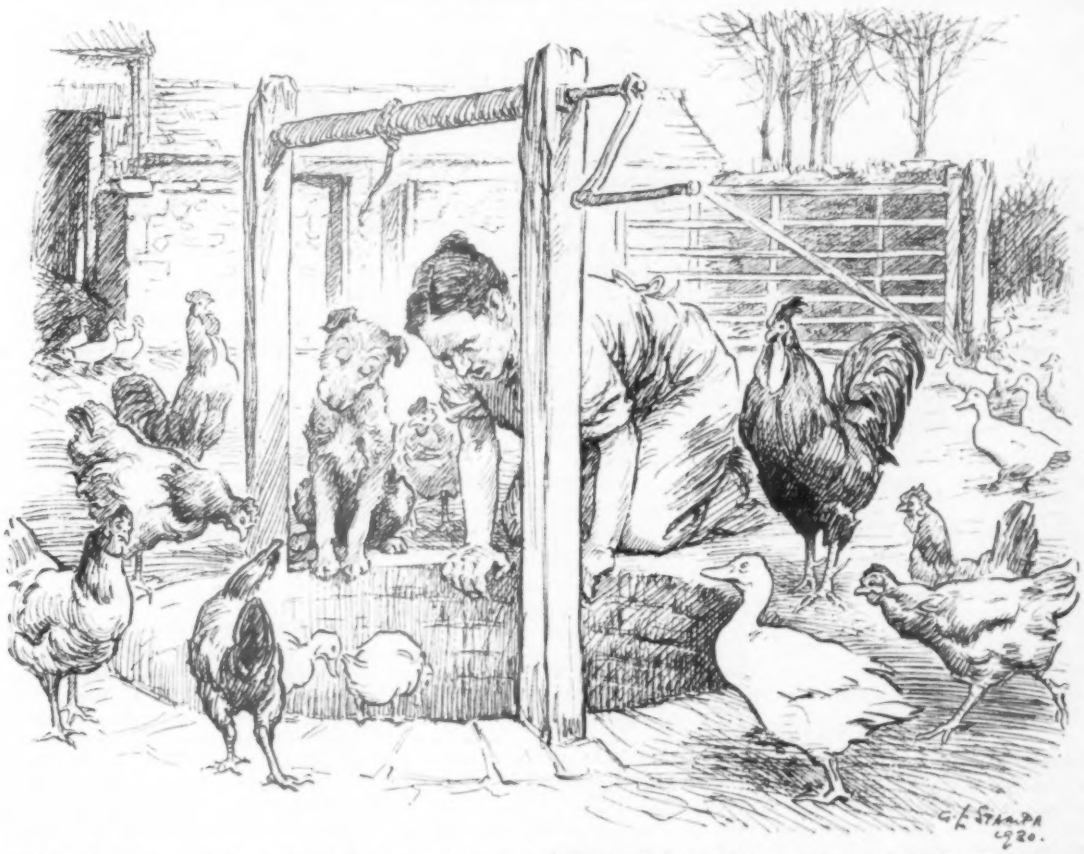
"300 MEN AFFECTED IN WORKS' CLOSE-DOWN.

. . . . The men are being found unemployment elsewhere on the Company's railway system."—*Bristol Paper.*

"RANGOON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (THE SCOTS KIRK).

Wednesday.—6.30 p.m., Young Men's Guild. Mu[illegible] Voice Choir."—*Rangoon Paper.*

No connection with the Vicar of Bray.



Wife (to Scots farmer who has fallen down well). "YE'RE NO HURT, JOCK? I'LL RIN AND FETCH THE LADS TO HELP YE OOT."
Voice from depths. "NA, NA, DINNA TAK 'EM OFF THEIR WORK, LASS. I'LL BIDE HERE TILL THEIR DINNER-HOUR."

SHAKESPEARE AS MOTORIST.

AN American professor—mostly American, I fancy—has recently had an urge to tell the world that the guy WILLIAM B. SHAKESPEARE is out-of-date—is, in fact, the back leg of a lame tortoise.

All Americans, however, do not think this. Mr. Attaboy D. Hoosh, that well-known lover of the high spots of Parnassus (Gre.), has, on the contrary, just produced a booklet proving conclusively that SHAKESPEARE knew all about motors, for instance, centuries B.H.F. (Before HENRY FORD).

By his vurry kind permission I am enabled to quote from this work, which will, as he says, "can the boneheaded cackle about old man SHAKESPEARE being a back number." It is arranged in the form of quotations, and I will let it spiel for itself:—

Engines (Noisy)—

"Thou . . . in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous."—*Hamlet, I. 4.*

Engines (Difficulty in Starting)—

"Which, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again."
Julius Cæsar, IV. 3.

Engines (Over-oiling)—

"The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril."
The Merry Wives of Windsor, III. 5.

Insurance Policy (Flaw in)—

"Never did base and rotten policy
Cover her working with more deadly wound."
Henry IV., I. 2.

Mass Production—

"The baby figure of the giant mass."
Troilus and Cressida. I. 3.

Mechanics—

"Another lean unwashed artificer."
King John, IV. 2.

Motoring Offences—

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."
Midsummer Night's Dream, II. 2.

"All his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote."—*Julius Cæsar, IV. 3.*

Petrol (Advertisements for)—

"A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity."
Antony and Cleopatra, V. 1.

"The spirit of the time shall teach me speed."
King John, IV. 2.

Petrol (Water in)—

"These foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit."
Merchant of Venice, II. 3.

Traffic (Block in).

"Why, one that rode to his execution
Could never go so slow."
Cymbeline, III. 2.

Traffic (Police Control)—

"Look, with what courteous action
It waves you on."—*Hamlet, I. 4.*

Traffic (Lights Control)—

[Go] "The ground is tawny
Yes, with a green eye in 't."
The Tempest, II. 1.

[STOP] "Making the green one red."
Macbeth, II. 2.

Tyre Trouble—

"Let me not burst."—*Macbeth, I. 4.*

"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English."
The Merry Wives of Windsor, I. 4.

"My high-blown pride
At length broke under me . . .
Vain pump* and glory of the world, I hate ye."—*Henry VIII., III. 2.*

These extracts should of themselves be enough to convince anyone, thinks Mr. Attaboy D. Hoosh, that SHAKESPEARE was a motorist; but his attitude to pedestrians puts the matter entirely beyond doubt:—

"You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face."—*King Lear, IV. 2.*

So thorough-going was he and so wonderfully provident was his mind that he could even supply an excuse for joy-riding three hundred years before it was actually needed:—

"He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robbed at all."—*Othello, III. 3.*

In conclusion, Mr. Hoosh, who is a great admirer of internal textual evidence, draws our attention to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. In this play, it will be remembered, a certain *Ford* did undoubtedly request *Sir John Falstaff* to take half a bag of money, or all of it, for "easing him of the carriage"; and when, later, *Ford* asked him how he had sped, the reply was, "Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook." This point, says Mr. Hoosh, will surely carry conviction to any guy, even a Baconian. I hope it will.

* Some versions prefer "pomp," an obvious archaism.—A.D.H.

Things We Don't usually Mention.

"Lord ——'s brother, who was married a few weeks ago, returned from his honeymoon to act as best man." *Sunday Paper.*

New Fields on which Research may Impinge.

"On the subject of tights stage antiquaries have shown considerable slackness."
Dramatic Paper.

A very bad example for the tights.

"During all the storms a young, tall, lithe figure was seen gradually coming to the front and taking a firm hold of the rudder of the boat. That figure was their chairman that evening."—*Speech at Company's Dinner, reported in Daily Paper.*

In our opinion the bow of a boat is no place for the cox.

A HOME FROM HOLMES.

IN these days, when there is an inexpensive guide or handbook for the acquisition of practically any branch of knowledge on earth, it is strange that nobody has yet come forward with a practical course on the most paying employment of all—the art of the Detective Novel.

This want is now supplied, although the College of Detection is still in its infancy. Partly oral, partly written and partly demonstrative, the following time-table will afford some idea of the activities of this establishment:—

THE DETECTIVE'S PHRASE-BOOK.

(*Price 2s. 6d. Containing remarks for use by the central figure of your novel.*)

(1) Leave the room exactly as you found it.
(2) It is too early to form an opinion.
(3) I will leave one constable in charge.
(4) Send me two plain-clothes men.
(5) The window, you say, faces the garden?
(6) Thanks, Mr. X. I think I needn't trouble you further.
(7) Were there signs of a struggle?
(8) And now we will stroll down and have a chat with Mr. Eberfeldt (*spoken sardonically*).
(9) There is nothing more to be learned here.
(10) I should like a description of this kitchenmaid.
(11) Try to remember, please. Cast your mind back. This is important.

(*And so on. 200 pages, 8vo.*)

FIRST CLASS.—9.30–10.15.

Disguises.

Here the student is taught by a well-known member of the theatrical profession how to dress, speak, walk, spit, fill pipe or smoke like (*a*) a navvy, (*b*) a stevedore, (*c*) a tramp, (*d*) a sailor and (*e*) a gentleman. At the half-yearly written examinations students describing tramps as walking with nautical roll and smoking a Flor di Caballero will repeat the course the following term.

SOCIAL CONTACTS.—10.15–11.0.

In this class (oral) the student studies and practises suitable methods of addressing servant-girls, barmaids, family lawyers, daughters of the house and police-officers (all ranks). A wide range of manner is thus at his command when embarked upon his literary career, and embraces the Jocular, the Hail-Fellow, the Worldly, the Deferential-Sympathetic and the Authoritative-Ironic.

N.B.—Ripostes and retorts are set as home-work for the student impersonating the detective when rallying the



Distracted Telephone-subscriber (after several wrong numbers). "HULLO! HULLO! HULLO! WHO AM I?"

classmate-constable upon his denseness of perception.

EFFECTIVE GESTURES.—11.0–11.30.

Special attention is given here to demonstrations of the correct handling of lenses and tumblers. The student is taught how to discover finger-prints and to crawl round the class-room with lens in eye. Effective gestures for use on entering room where the murder was committed include methods of determining whether life is or is not extinct. Demonstrations feature:—

(1) Tying thumb with string to observe reaction (if any) of circulation.
(2) Holding mirror to mouth.
(3) Dropping hot wax on skin.
(4) Shouting "FIRE!" in ear of presumed corpse.

CHEMISTRY.—11.30–12.15.

A qualified member of the Pharmaceutical Society supervises this branch and teaches the reactions of the human body to veronal, digitalis and a few other of the more popular forms of poison.

N.B.—Only those drugs with which the reading public is likely to be familiar are employed. At the half-yearly (oral) examination students who state, when reciting hypothetical cases, that veronal caused the victim to become abusive and then violent will repeat the course the following term.

"LITTLE DODGES."—12.15–1.0.

A theoretical course, enabling the student to outwit the villain and entitling him to exclaim, "Ah, that was a little dodge I learned in 1910 from a pock-marked Lascar whom I saved from a beating!"

This class deals with ju-jitsu, carpentry (for construction of plausible trap-doors), lariat-throwing (for use in cases of escape, by ruse, of villain) and hydraulics (for construction of ingenious machines attachable to walls or pieces of furniture and capable of suddenly

stunning or instantaneously enclosing villain).

Theory of aeroplane, motor and river-launch driving (for midnight pursuits, etc.) is £5 5*s.* extra per term.

(Biscuits, milk and mineral-waters can be obtained from the bursar.)

N.B.—Students are given free access to the College library, where they are able to pick up many auxiliary hints which cannot fail to prove valuable to them in their literary career. As examples of the reference-books available may be quoted:—

(*a*) "*Hobbies.*"

Recognising that the detective of fiction has commonly a hobby of a quaint or unexpected nature calculated to endear him to the reader, this handbook gives its readers a wide choice of hobbies together with condensed information re'ating to each one, as it is realised that the need might always arise for the central figure in the student's novel to speak with authority upon his pastime. Hobbies covered by this booklet include stamp-collecting, card-tricks, sporting prints, Chinese motets, Victorian paperweights, spinets and Angora rabbits.

(*b*) "*Rallying Signals.*"

Recognising that the detective of fiction, whether professional or amateur, frequently has a band of devoted assistants pledged to the cause of righting wrongs, salving fiancées and getting their leader out of dilemmas by means of signalling to him in non-suspicious ways, this book furnishes the reader with a host of typical or original cries and other noises peculiar to the animal, bird and reptile world, and offers suggestions varying from the rattlesnake and the owl (barn or screech) to the rooster (Plymouth Rock or Buff Orpington) and the tree-pipit. RACHEL.

"The Humours of the Court."

"The jury called attention to the dangerous nature of the Coroner and exonerated the driver of the car from blame."

Country Paper.

"During the gale at York early yesterday a pinnacle was blown off the west front of the Minster and fell from a height of 2,000ft. into the cathedral enclosure."—*Daily Paper.*

Where's your Woolworth building now?

"THE NURSERY TIMES."

AT THE PANTOMIME.

(By our Dramatic Critic.)

WE find it increasingly difficult with the passing years to write with any enthusiasm on the subject of Christmas pantomime, and we are bound to say that we found *Cinderella* at the Countess Theatre a dull show; indeed, large portions of it are only tolerable if the playgoer is liberally provided with chocolate cream. If we say that the performance is in the worst tradition of the adult conception of a children's entertainment our readers will readily gather what we mean.



Short-sighted Dyer's Assistant. "WELL, SIR, I THINK A MATERIAL LIKE THIS WOULD LOOK WELL DYED NAVY."

One realises of course that in an entertainment of this sort there must be considerable concessions to the grown-up love of fairy-lore and one is prepared to put up with a reasonable amount of rather sickly sentiment as the price of the afternoon's expedition. But in recent years there has been a tendency to over-emphasis of these elements.

The story of *Cinderella* has never been received with much credence in the nursery. It is moreover not particularly edifying. It puts a very high premium on the possession of an inferiority complex. If *Cinderel'a* had had any spunk in her at all she would not have had to wait for the rather unconvincing intervention of a fairy godmother (*sic*) for the attainment of her ends. On this occasion the imbecilities of the heroine bored us rather more than usual, but from the happy smiles and vociferous applause of the grown-ups, who constituted by far the larger part of the audience, we are bound to infer that for them the rather threadbare story was as enjoyable as ever.

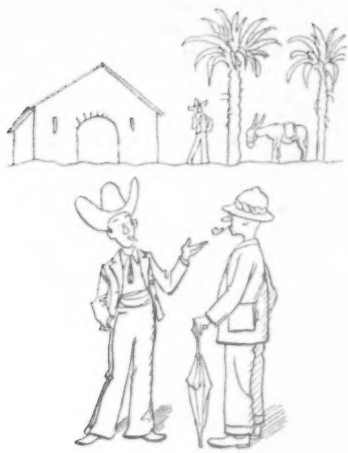
Apart from the insistence upon the story, there was some very fair entertainment during the afternoon. The dancing was as good as any we have seen for some time, and the cross-talk comedians, when they were relieved of the necessity of pretending, not too successfully, to be "ugly sisters," were for the most part mildly amusing. A trapeze act was rather thrilling, and there was a display of roller-skating from which one could pick up a few new tips. There was also a boxing-match which we suspect to have been a put-up job, as the fellow who was eventually defeated refused in an earlier round to take a most inviting chance to knock out his opponent with a straight left to the jaw.

A wholesale breakage of crockery by the leading comedian dressed as a schoolboy created considerable merriment among the adult part of the audience but seriously perturbed some of the younger children, who clearly looked for an immediate visitation of parental displeasure from somewhere in the wings. Producers should study the reactions of the younger child's sub-conscious to incidents in the theatre and avoid causing distress in this way.

The intervals were much too long and the supply of ices quite inadequate, and we thought the man on the big drum made considerably less of his opportunities than he might.

Programmes, as we have said on previous occasions, are wasted on us. The money expended upon them could be put to much better uses.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE TROPICS.



"AH, YES, SEÑOR, I KNOW YOUR ENGLEESH CLIMATE—VEREE WET AND FOGGEE—



YES, BUT OF COURSE SOMETIME—



WE TOO HAVE THE BAD WEATHER—



SOMETIME WE HAVE—



STORMS, YES—



AND A LEETLE RAIN—



BUT YOU SEE, SEÑOR, EET EES SOON OVER."

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

My friend Elsie is a poetess. The other day I found her in a somewhat depressed mood because a sister poetess had not been sufficiently enthusiastic about a new volume of Elsie's verses.

"Never mind," I said; "she is probably jealous."

She brightened up at that.

"Yes," she agreed; "Dora always was jealous of me. And, after all, what does it matter what other people say as long as one knows oneself that one's work is good?"

I agreed with her and casually disclosed the real object of my visit.

"I am thinking of writing a poem myself," I remarked. "You might give me some tips."

"You cannot write poetry to order," she replied. "I never write unless I feel inspired."

"Well, I feel inspired," I said. "I feel inspired to write about snipe."

"Why on earth snipe?"

"I want to get my own back on them," I explained. "So would you if you had ever tried to hit them in December."

Elsie looked at me suspiciously.

"Do you want to write a serious poem or a humorous one?" she asked.

"I don't mind," I replied. "I want to write a poem that will fetch enough in the open market to pay for all the cartridges I wasted last month. It will have to be a pretty long one."

"It need not necessarily be long," she said. "A good short poem is better than an indifferent long one. All my poems are short. Dora's are much too long."

"Very well," I said, "I will write a good short poem. I shall send it to you to-night and you can tell me what paper will give me the best price for it."

"Don't be so ridiculous," said Elsie. "You can't possibly write a poem—not a proper poem—in that slap-dash fashion. It takes me days of polishing and pruning before I am satisfied. Why, 'The Old Apple Tree' took me nearly three weeks before it was perfect."

"Old apple trees always take a lot of pruning," I replied. "You shall have my poem by the first post to-morrow."

That evening after dinner I lit my pipe, glanced at my watch and wrote in capital letters:—

THE WINTER SNIPE.

Then I began:—

"The snipe of September was bred on the spot;
He will let you destroy him as often as not."

I had thought of this couplet at lunch. After a moment's reflection I went on:—

"But the snipe of December comes out of the North."

Here I was stumped. The conventional rhyme to "north" is, of course, "forth." But how to fit in "forth" was a poser. I pondered a bit and found it was not possible. However, it seemed such a pity to scrap a really good line that I went through the alphabet to see whether an unsuspected rhyme might not be lurking somewhere. When I came to R, I gave a whoop of triumph and wrote:—

"He flies very fast and he fills me with wrath."

As far as I knew, no one had ever thought of this rhyme before and it ought to add on at least half-a-crown to the value of the poem.

I was now definitely committed to a serious poem and continued on this same lofty plane:—

"He comes on the crest of a following gale."

This brought me up against a fresh problem. There are so many rhymes to "gale" that the difficulty was to make a choice. I tried "snail," "quail" "whale," and then suddenly it came. I wrote quickly before I should forget it:—

"With salt-crusted wings but no salt on his tail."

I leaned back with a glow of justifiable pride. That line struck exactly the right note. In a few simple words I had shown how the foreign-bred snipe, driven from his homeland by the rigours of a Northern winter, migrates across the briny ocean and arrives at his cosy winter quarters at Puddleton-in-the-Marsh in no mood to be caught napping.

I was by now thoroughly worked up and went on with a rush:—

"He was wild when he came and the longer he stays
The wilder he gets and you miss him always.
He's as wild as a startled and timorous deer;
As wild as a navvy deprived of his beer;
As wild as a flapper when driving her car;
But, wild as he is, he makes me wilder far."

I could have gone on like that indefinitely, but I remembered Elsie's tip. I had written a good short poem and I had achieved my purpose—to show that there is every excuse when a first-class shot fires off a bagful of cartridges at winter snipe and at the end of the day is compelled to write "nil" in the column of his game-book headed "Own Bag." In future I should always be able to say, "No, I didn't do very well last week-end, but if you have read that topping poem in —— (name of selected paper) you will understand why. By Jove, the fellow who wrote that knew what he was talking about!"

When I had copied out my poem neatly, I sent it to Elsie with this businesslike endorsement:—

"Herewith poem on Snipe. Kindly favour me with suggestions *re* disposal. Time—8½ minutes."

It came back two days later with the following perfectly rotten limerick:—

"I have glanced at your poem on Snipe;
Of course it is absolute tripe;
I suggest that it will
Make an excellent spill
For lighting your silly old pipe."

Jealous little cat! But, after all, "what does it matter what other people say as long as one knows oneself that one's work is good?"



Storekeeper. "I'M SORRY—WE'RE OUT OF MOUSE-TRAPS. ARE YOU SURE IT ISN'T RATS YOU HAVE?"



Visitor (gushingly, to great lady). "I SHOULD BE SO GLAD IF YOU WOULD COME TO TEA WITH ME NEXT MONDAY. A NUMBER 11 BUS WILL LAND YOU RIGHT AT MY DOOR."

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

A SONG OF REDUNDANCY.

THIS old pub has got to go, they say,
'Cos it's "redundant."
Funny words they use for things to-day—
What price "redundant"?
Well, what I want to know,
If a pub has got to go,
There 's no harm in saying so—
But why "redundant"?

Redundant! Redundant! Well, what a silly word!
"Superfluous," "A blot upon the scene,"
"One too many"—see?
It was all explained to me—
But where's the harm in saying what you mean?
What's the use of all this education?
Heaven help the poor old British nation
If the only word we know
For a pub that 's got to go
Is redundant,
Redundant,
Redundyundyundant!

But words like that is useful now and then,
And so's "redundant";
You couldn't have a better name for men—
They're just "redundant";
Bill 's acting very base,
But you ought to see his face
When I says with quiet grace,
"'Ere, you're redundant."

Redundant! Redundant! Well, nothing calms him down
Like one of them big mouthfuls cut of novels.
Tell him he's a brute
And he throws another boot,
But tell him he's redundant and he grovels.
There's something after all in education;
It helps you in an awkward situation
If you can give a man the bird
With a perfect lady's word
Like redundant,
Redundant,
Redundyundyundyundyundant!

When you come to think the matter out
We're all "redundant";
There 's very few you couldn't do without—
They're just "redundant";
Well, look at Albert Fife,
And look at Albert's wife!
In fact the whole of life
'S a bit "redundant."

Redundant! Redundant! Well, what a useful word!
Seems to fit the neighbours like a glove,
Likewise the little gent
What comes about the rent,
The Taxes and the Government and Love.
Life is one redundant complication
Asking for abrupt elimination.
And what about your beer?
Get rid of it, my dear—
It's redundant,
Redundant,
It's redundant, Mrs. Thomas—
It's redundyundyundyundyundyundyundant.

A. P. H.

Statements which Verge on the Discourteous.

"Mr. —— said that Mr. —— was a banana planted in America."
Legal Report in Glasgow Paper.



THE DIE-HARDS.

A SKETCH IN A SWISS HOTEL.

"BUTTER."

ALL nice families have expressions—verbal, not facial—which are unintelligible to the outside world without interpretation.

"Butter for you. Bags first!" means in our family that you have heard a flattering remark about the member to whom you are speaking, but that you will not divulge it until that member tells you a true and original flattering remark made about yourself.

"Butter for you. Bags first!" I said to Betty as I handed her a programme at our Hunt Ball.

"Bother!" said Betty, by which I knew that she hadn't the necessary material for exchange in stock.

"Perhaps I had better dance with you at intervals throughout the evening," I said fraternally, "in case you hear anything."

"Tell me now," pleaded Betty, "and let me go in peace."

I regarded her coldly.

"Beast!" she said and handed me her programme.

"You can cut them if you have any luck in the meanwhile," I said kindly, and went off to see why a rather nice-looking girl at the other side of the room wasn't dancing with anybody. As a member of the committee it was my duty to do so.

"Where shall we go?" said the girl when the dance was over.

"We will follow my sister," I said, "and sit as close to her without being observed as possible."

"Is that quite fair?" asked my partner.

I explained.

"How heavenly!" said the girl. She really was remarkably attractive.

We took our seats quietly just behind the palm which sheltered Betty and her partner.

"Jolly good band," he was saying.

"Isn't it?" said Betty. "My brother is responsible for that."

"Oh! really?" he replied politely.

"Yes," went on Betty bravely, "he had terrible trouble with the committee over it, but they gave way in the end."

"Committees," observed her partner, "are the limit."

There was a slight pause.

"Do you know my brother?" proceeded Betty hopefully.

"Slightly," said her partner without enthusiasm.

"He's great fun, isn't he?" said Betty with a nervous laugh.

"I've only met him on business," quoth the fool.

"Oh! I didn't know that you ran across one another in business." She sighed lovingly. "Poor boy! he works so hard."

"We all do that," he replied, and added fatuously, "'Men must work and women must weep.'"

I heard the noise that Betty makes with her tongue when she is exasperated, and in response to a slight pressure on my arm turned and looked into a pair of very blue eyes.

"I think she deserves to be told after this even if she doesn't succeed in getting him to say anything," whispered the owner of the eyes.

"Perish the thought!" I whispered back. "Butter for butter."

"Cruel creature!" she murmured; "I'm glad I'm not your sister."

I moved closer to her, simply to avoid the risk of Betty's hearing my voice. "So am I," I said.

(*Continued on page 73.*)



SOCIALISM'S GREAT ASSET.

LORD ROTHERMERE. "DOWN WITH BALDWIN!"

MR. MACDONALD. "THANK YOU SO MUCH; I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT BETTER MYSELF!"



"WELL, ANYWAY I'M NOT SEEING IT THROUGH GLASS!"

"Sh!" she said softly; "we must listen to the dialogue or we shall lose the plot of the play."

But the curtain had already fallen on the first Act. Betty's partner was talking rapidly and enthusiastically about himself.

"Are they serving ices in the interval?" asked my partner, getting up.

"No," I said; "this is a very up-to-date drama. We dance during the intervals."

"So we do," she replied mischievously; "there's the band starting and my next partner will be gnashing his teeth."

"But——," I protested.

"You feel that when a girl consents to go to a play with one man she should not spend the intervals with another."

"Well, it isn't usual."

"Perhaps it isn't. Come on, we'll go and dance. I love this tune."

"And your gnashing partner——?"

"Only my brother."

"I'm glad I'm not——," I began.

"Quite," she said quickly and we started dancing.

When the interval came we posted ourselves behind the screen which masked us from Betty just in time to hear the young idiot with whom she had been dancing say very distinctly—

"Who is that amazingly pretty girl John is dancing with?"

"I don't know," said Betty.

"Trust old John!" he went on tactlessly.

"Ah! you've noticed how trustworthy he is then?" said Betty quickly.

"I've noticed that he's a priceless old ass," replied the buffoon.

"I won't allow you to say that," snapped Betty.

"Well, what do you expect me to say?"

"Say something nice about him."

"Good Lord! Why?" asked the astonished youth.

"Well, after all he is my brother," quoth the serpent.

"Exactly—that's why I said he was a priceless old ass—— I mean——"

"Yes, yes," said Betty impatiently, "I know what you meant. It's a term of affection used amongst Englishmen. I wonder whether that would do."

"What on earth are you talking about?" gasped her partner.

"Well, you see——," said Betty, and she proceeded to explain the situation.

"Oh, well," said her partner when she had finished, "that's easy."

I blushed.

"But you say it's got to be true?"

"Yes," said Betty. "It must not only be true but sound plausible."

"Ah, that does complicate it a bit, certainly."

I stopped blushing.

"Could one be nice about his face?"

"He has kind eyes," suggested Betty.

I tried not to hear the smothered gurgle at my side.

"Eyes like a dog. Would that do?"

"Hackneyed," said Betty.

"Teeth like a horse. By the way, what is his age?"

"Twenty-nine," said Betty shortly. "No, surely you could say something complimentary about his golf. That would please him and he would believe it."

There was an agonizing pause.

"Honestly I couldn't," he said at last.

"You simply must think of something," said Betty desperately.

There was a long silence broken only by the sound of Betty's anxious breathing. At last he said very loudly—

"All I can say is that if he marries that girl she'll be jolly lucky."

I got up hastily.

"Yes," said my partner calmly, "these realistic plays do become a trifle embarrassing at times, don't they? By the way, what was the flattering remark you heard about your sister?"

"That she was becoming more like me every day."

She looked at me curiously.

"I *am* glad I'm not your sister," she said deliberately, and left me wondering.

LUCK.

WHATEVER I may have or hold during the year 1930 I have lost my sea-horse.

Not that it was really a sea-horse. Sky-horse would be a more accurate term. It was made by the interlacing twigs of a silver-birch tree in the garden opposite, and it was a representation so exact, including the large eye, the dilated nostril and the curving crest, that everybody to whom I showed it was delighted with it. Even when it was tossed about on the waves of the wind it never lost its verisimilitude. Only summer, by defacing it with leaves, and the thickest November fog obscured its outline or made it undergo a temporary loss of form.

It was my very own. From the street there was no sea-horse visible, still less from the garden of the house to which it belonged. I counted it a mascot. If a twig had been displaced so that the nostril was not so proud as usual or the eye so pentagonal—if pentagonal is the word I mean—then I was going to have a bad day. For writing verse it was essential. How can you write verse without a Pegasus? And this was a Pegasus that had all the qualities of the ocean, the woods and the air. More especially as my head rose and fell above the window-sill of the bathroom as I did my morning exercises did I glory to behold the outline of my sea-horse pencilled against the pale sky.

I have other mascots. There is a tiny brass figure of great ugliness, made out of a shell-case, and sold to me at Bellaggio in aid of the Italian *mutilati*, which has sometimes seemed to do me a lot of good. Standing on the mantelpiece, with the ring of a clock-key placed over his shoulders, he looks as if he is about to execute a bayonet-charge. And there is the amulet or talisman called Sarvavijaya Kavacha, sold by my friend G. C. Sirkar, of Calcutta, which, according to him, cures all diseases, removes anxiety, obtains high appointments in the Civil Service, prevents misfortune, brings good luck in horse-racing and ensures the fidelity of wives.

I have one of these. I mean, I have one of these amulets. I should recommend Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN, and indeed the whole of the Cabinet, to have one. In dealing with the mysterious peoples of the East in a vast territory like India a good deal may be done by sound politics, but more, I venture to think, by means of an amulet. I had it in my pocket on Christmas Eve, when I holed out from off the green at the eighteenth (a distance of thirty-five yards, by my own measurement, though, according to Wilkinson, only thirty-three), and not only triumphed in my game but achieved a "birdie." It has not been so successful at horse-racing as Mr. Sirkar seems to think. But that is probably due to the totalisator. There seems little doubt that, properly utilised by the right people at the right times and places, it would settle the question of Dominion status for India once and for all. I earn no commission by recommending it, but I shall be happy to forward Mr. Sirkar's address and a copy of his pamphlet (of which I now have thirty-two) to any humble seeker after truth.



STUDY OF LORD BEAVERBROOK LISTENING TO ANOTHER AUTHORITY ON THE EMPIRE.

[In connection with General SMUTS' statesmanlike speeches delivered in Canada on the future of the British Empire, it has been remarked that the newspapers (mainly owned by Lord BEAVERBROOK) which profess the most fervent zeal for the Empire have ignored them altogether.]

But I never trusted the Sarvavijaya Kavacha nor my bronze goblin as much as I trusted my sea-horse, hanging motionless in the air or curvetting in a December gale. And now he is gone. *Fuit Ilium et ingens arborifactus equus.*

The truth is that the silver-birch has been cut down. It was torn at the roots in a tempest, and might (they say) have fallen on the house opposite and destroyed the chimneys and tiles. I would not have cared. There is no definite proof that it would have fallen, and in any case I ought to have been consulted before a step of such vast importance was taken. As it is I have suffered an irreparable loss, and my solicitor tells me that I have no legal remedy. No moral or material right, he informs me, is vested in the visual possession of a *Hippocampus aerius* created by the interlacing twigs of a silver-birch tree and suspended in a garden that is not one's own. The point that it was visible, and therefore existent, along no eye-line except the one from the window of my own house would have no value in a court of law as against the owner's property in the tree and his right to prevent it from smashing up his miserable roof.

This is hard. But as we live and grow older we learn that a great deal of injustice to private individuals happens in this world, and must be borne with a stiff upper-lip and a smiling face. Still, it does not seem as if I shall have very much good luck in 1930 now that my sea-horse has been taken away. He stood, or hung, for all the imaginative side of my life, and if that does not mean more to England than a few broken chimney-pots and the possible loss of life in the upper storey of a single suburban home I must face it as best I may.

I still have my Italian idol and my Indian amulet. They may hole a few long putts for me or give me a few extra aces during the coming year, so long as I do not walk under ladders and spill the salt. They may save me from being run over in the street or from meeting Ponderby when I am in a hurry to catch a train. But they are mere things of metal, mechanically made. I cannot see that they can have so much virtue as a charm that was fashioned out of wild nature and my own fanciful brain. The whole period of my morning exercises in the bathroom has been saddened by this great tragedy; and, gazing at the bare sky which once formed the amphitheatre for my marine horse, but will never form it more, tears often stream from my eyes as I return again from the squatting position with the hips firm.

I do not wish to make anyone else cry. I merely wish to point out how mutable is the state of mortal things, and how ready we must all be to give and take, to suffer and be strong.

EVOE.

"Thieves broke a shop window in Kingsway and stole several watches. These things will happen, it seems, even when a watch is kept on the premises."—*Daily Paper.*

And more so when several watches are kept.



Maid. "THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE LADY IN THE FLAT ABOVE, AND WILL YOU PLEASE SWITCH ON YOUR LOUD-SPEAKER, AS SHE HAS SOME VISITORS SHE WANTS TO GET RID OF."

MY VOICES.

WORDSWORTH, in one of his poems, speaks of two voices. These two voices of his, however, probably presented no real difficulty, for one, he says, was of the mountains and one of the sea; whereas my two voices are my very own. I refer to singing-voices, of course; my speaking-voice is fairly respectable, though highly monotonous—or so it seems from behind.

One of these singing-voices is a bass affair with a rich diapason effect. The other is a light, almost flimsy tenor; nicely flighted, though, and with a bit of a swerve from the off.

Voice "A"—the bass one—is capable of anything; that is, I can get the whole of any well-known tune out of it, and it will even hum parts of quite difficult symphonies and operas. Its general effect, however, is inclined to be overpowering and rather noisily depressing. Its range extends downwards from the third of the larger bunches of black notes, counting from the left of the keyboard, as far as the crack in one of the quite low white notes.

Let us turn for a moment to Voice "B." At once it strikes even the most unmusicianly listener as being several octaves higher. It comes about opposite the lock on our piano and can go as far as where there is a spot of candle-grease on one of the black notes. Though fairly mellifluous, it is apt to let itself be superseded on the higher notes by a third and indescribably ghastly voice—Voice "X"—which I do not exploit in the ordinary way: a sort of skeleton in the chest.

Ordinarily I sing only in bathrooms and crowds. In a bathroom I turn on each voice with superb insouciance. Sometimes Voice "B" gets through a whole tune; sometimes, as in the "Indian Love Call" from *Rose Marie* and at the end of the "Soldiers' Chorus" from *Faust*, we have to fall back on Voice "A" for help with some of the less accessible notes.

It is in crowds that the real difficulty arises. I get on very well with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne," because they generally occur some little time after a dinner. "God Save the King," however, occurring as it does after the first toast, or even in cold blood, with no dinner attached, is a decided problem. Voice "B"—the higher one—can go as far as the third line, but cannot be depended upon for "Send him victorious," for which we have to descend several octaves to Voice "A." Voice "B" then takes on as far as "Long to reign over us," handing over the opening slur of the last line to Voice "A," and coming in again to round off the whole with "God save the King."

This may seem an ideal arrangement and would work well in a bathroom. So shattering, however, are the sudden transitions just detailed that in a crowd they have a disquieting effect on those standing near, who are doing it all with their one voice. They merely think that I am trying to be funny, whereas I am doing my patriotic best.

The whole question has exercised me not a little, and still I am no nearer to the discovery of a satisfactory solution.

Perhaps I ought to train the loftier voice for general utility work, though that would be scarcely fair to the less exalted one, which has been so good a friend for so many years. I wonder what Voice "X"—the unknown quantity—would do if it were allowed to have its way. I am sure I have heard things like it in the choruses of musical comedies.

I think that I had better write and place the whole matter in the hands of Sir WALFORD DAVIES. In the meantime, if this article should catch the eye of any reader similarly afflicted with a superfluity of voices, I should be very glad to exchange correspondence.

A Gross Feeder.

. . . She is alleged to eat in a day: . . . 12 mutton shops."—*Vancouver Paper.*

"From to-morrow and until April 6 the 10 p.m. Southern Belle from Brighton to Victoria will start at 9 p.m."—*Daily Paper.*

In our view this gives the train an unfair advantage over would-be passengers.

"3.3.30, Church Cantata (No. 125) Bach, In Peace and Joy shall I depart, with Doris —— contralto."

Wireless Programme in Daily Paper.

Well, anyway, DORIS had fair warning.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE LATE MATTHEW PASCAL" (AVENUE PAVILION).

FROM the opening caption of this silent film we learn that *Matthew Pascal* (I think he must have been meant to be young, but he never looked less than about forty-five) wanted to be free, but was destined always to be entangled in something or other. He began badly, and his first entanglement was thoroughly well-deserved. Having given a most unlikely promise to a bashful friend that he would propose, as his proxy, to a girl that he (*Pascal*) had never set eyes on, he accosts her at a local fair, makes gloomy love to her (a dull process on both sides), puts on his gloves to propose to her on his own account, and marries her out of hand. She develops—and I don't blame her—a habit of nagging him, and his infelicity is accentuated by the interventions of the most grossly amorphous mother-in-law that I have ever seen.

After the decease of his infant and his mother on the same day (this was almost the only time that he smiled; possibly the coincidence of their deaths



FACES THAT YOU GET TO KNOW.
Matthew Pascal . . M. IVAN MOSJOUKINE.
Fan. "I FEEL FOR YOU, OLD MAN, BUT WHAT CAN *I* DO?"

touched some latent spark of humour in him), he decides to make a bid for freedom and bolts to Monte Carlo. Here, after an incredible run of luck (No. 12 *en plein* was his fancy) he wisely withdraws while his pockets are still bulging and takes the road to Rome. In the train he reads an item of news to the effect that his dead body has been found at home. His disappearance of course accounted for the report of his death, but the materialisation of his corpse was never explained. His first instinct is to deny this allegation and he alights at a station to telegraph a *démenti*. On reflection he sees that his reputed death will facilitate the way to freedom, and while he is tediously making up his mind to destroy the telegram



ANOTHER TRIANGLE.
MAN, WIFE AND MOTHER-IN-LAW.

the train, less patient than the audience, moves off, leaving him *planté là* on the platform with only a hand-bag.

Proceeding to Rome by a later train he makes no attempt to recover his heavy baggage, but just dashes about the open spaces of the Holy City on foot at never less than twelve miles an hour. Till you have seen him doing this you have never guessed what it is to be free in Rome. But his lack of luggage militates against his reception at the best hotels and so he drifts into a spare lodging-room at the house of a spiritualist. Here he is attracted by—and attracts (I don't know how)—this gentleman's lovely daughter, the only bright feature in a very shady environment; but, alas! she is hopelessly engaged to an intolerable villain. A further bar to his chances lies in the fact that, being reported dead, he thinks himself incapable of establishing his identity. One would have thought that in a home of spiritualism, where they made a practice of raising the dead, he might have got this difficulty put right; but it doesn't seem to have occurred to him. Meanwhile, in the course of a séance which *Pascal* attends, the villain pinches his Monte Carlo winnings and he concludes that it is time to return home.

There is nothing to show that his excursion has covered more than a few weeks at most, but time is not of the essence of this film, and when he reaches the domestic hearth it is to find his wife married to the nervous party of the early scenes and already the mother of a strapping child. The supplanter (perhaps he too had found her a nagger) is prepared to withdraw in *Pascal's* favour, on the principle that in these cases the first husband has the prior claim, but *Pascal* chooses to play at being *Enoch Arden* and waives his right.

After a visit to his own grave (one of the rare flashes of humour in this film) he returns to Rome to try his luck again with the spiritualist's daughter. Here again time is ignored and we are shown a picture of her, with a cradle in the background, engaged in sewing garments which we assume to be designed for the child that she is about to bear to the villain. But just as we are prepared to witness the final entanglement of the hero's hopes—presto! the scene presents a souvenir-picture of *Pascal's* wedding with this lady.

I may be wronging the direction. The cradle-scene may represent *Pascal's* prophetic vision of his own fatherhood. Unless you have the film-flair—and I don't pretend to have it—you can't always tell whether a picture is meant to convey fact or fancy. But my interpretation of this scene is apparently endorsed by a note in the programme which tells me that "in the film version the ending has been slightly altered with the consent of the author." And the author is PIRANDELLO! A sacrifice,



THE FREEDOM OF ROME.

I fear, of Art to Commercial Considerations, and a sad shock to those who expected better things of the Avenue Pavilion, which has a reputation for aiming higher than the popular standards.

Apart from the futility of the story, one wonders why, at a time when the silent film, at its best and latest, has to fight for a bare existence, the management should have put on anything so out-of-date in technique. The construction, good enough for the period



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"FOLLOW THROUGH."

(1925) when M. MARCEL L'HERBIER, "a pioneer of the French *avant garde* movement," produced it, seems poor to-day. Its poverty is seen not only in the prolonged insistence on unessential details (a common fault with the most modern of films), but in the obscurity of its sequence and motive where vital actions and sentiments are concerned.

The movements of its figures recall that primitive stage of the art when the Boat-Race was represented on the screen as being rowed at seventy to the minute. The lighting too was not always adequate and nobody seemed to have washed his face for a month. On the other hand, the scenic photography was excellent, notably the views of Rome and the first interior of the Monte Carlo Casino, taken, it would seem, during an actual session. But in a subsequent scene, where all the women in the place crowd round *Pascal* as he retires with his wads of winnings, the producers had evidently drawn on their heated imaginations and done a profane injustice to the atmosphere of religious decorum which pervades this Cathedral of Fortune.

The one attractive figure in this unlovely production was Mlle. LOIS MORAN as the spiritualist's daughter. She has a charming face, and her delightful manner made it easy to understand the distinction that she has since won in America. The other featured performer, M. IVAN MOSJOUKINE, I found far too Russian and dismal for a hero who was supposed to be a volatile son of Italy. I grew tired of his face, which scarcely ever registered any change of emotion. If my programme is correct in saying that "it will be agreed that his work in this picture has not been improved on in any of his later productions," I am sorry for him. O. S.

An Addition to the B. P.?

"In addition to instruments it contained cocaine, heroin, strychnine, morphia and memoranda."—*Provincial Paper.*

Memoranda-fiends are easily the worst.

"Mr. —— is himself familiar with recent American social and psychological thought, as, for example, the advocacy of companionate marriage."—*Literary Weekly.*

All the best American highbrows feel compassion for the women they marry.

ASPIRIN.

THE chemist musing in his sanctuary,
Fume-wreathed, flame-served, takes common tarry coal
And boils, torments and twists it till a soul,
New-shaped, new-charactered, takes form, breaks free
And wakes—now aspirin, now T.N.T.
Atoms were ready there. He picked and stole.
They grouped and linked, obeying his control.
What Thing was waiting? Man, or God, is he?

Don't wait to ponder philosophic terms
When sniffly Micky, sneezing, scatters germs,
But, quick! before the others all begin,
Gargle the beggar, rub him till he squirms,
Send him to bed (be sure to see him in)
And give five grains—or ten—of aspirin.

Mots which are Extraordinarily Justes.

"The rink has been a staggering success."
Daily Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HUMOURS OF THE COURT."
(ARTS THEATRE.)

I WILL here make confession that I moved a little apprehensively towards Mr. MORLEY HORDER'S well-designed intimate little theatre in Great Newport Street. What I knew of the works of Poet-Laureates for the stage had not inclined me to put my expectations too high. I was not merely agreeably disappointed—that would be much too cold a term for this gay-grave, elaborately artificial phantasy, which takes one into a happy world of make-believe, formal playful gallantry. Dr. BRIDGES' play indeed stands on its own merits and is not to be praised perfunctorily out of respect for a distinguished man who has deserved well of the republic of letters. The O.U.D.S. no doubt designed their performance as a tribute; they have as well provided us with a delightful entertainment.

Duke Richard of Milan (Mr. ROBERT HARRIS) has long and in vain laid siege to the heart of the virginal and censorious *Countess Diana* of Belflor (Miss EDITH EVANS), who, for all her assumption of coldness and the rigid love-controlling discipline of her austere Court, desperately loves her secretary, *Frederick* (Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT), who is secretly and successfully pursuing his honourable amour with the *Countess's* adopted sister, *Laura* (Miss ALISON LEGGATT). *Laura* is betrothed formally to a half-witted popinjay and sorry sonneteer, *St. Nicholas* (Mr. GEORGE HOWE).

Duke Richard, having tried in vain to forget, in absence, his beautiful *Diana*, steals back to Belflor, having grown a beard for disguise, cheerfully assuming, according to the conventions of this particular art form, that a lady you have passionately wooed for a twelvemonth or more will not recognise you if you grow a short French beard and pretend that you are your unfortunate friend escaping from the vengeance of an enemy.

Frederick, the rather solemn and over-conscientious secretary, having been hardly prevailed upon to wink at this deception of his gracious if inconveniently adoring mistress, spends all his time in fending off the ardent *Countess* and contriving stolen meetings with his own fair mistress—no easy matter with fiery-jealous eyes always on the watch and always, for the play's sake, entirely blind.



O.U.D.S. (OXFORD UNIVERSITY DANCING SOCIETY.)

Tristram . . . . . MR. RICHARD GOOLDEN.
Flora . . . . . MISS ELSA PALMER.

In a note designed for those essentially unlearned in Spanish literature—*quorum ego pars*—Dr. BRIDGES explains that he has (in the grand and casual Elizabethan manner) lifted his plot out of CALDERON'S *El secreto á voces*, with trimmings from LOPE DE VEGA'S *El perro del hortelano*. Poets should not be put to the pains of inventing such mundane things as plots. We need only ask from them gracious embroideries and fantastic variations on a theme, and these we get from our honoured poet in this charming affair. All ends happily after a merry hue-and-cry in the night, which leads to the discovery not of *Frederick* and *Laura* but of *Frederick's* servant, *Tristram* (a clown in the Shakespearean mode, played with great gusto by Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN), who has been pursuing his own private affairs in the maids' quarters—with the most honourable ultimate intentions, be it understood.

The play was mounted with attractive simplicity and dressed with a sober richness, without affectation. Miss EDITH EVANS gave us one of her ample gracious portraits; Mr. ROBERT HARRIS, a rather negative *Duke*, sang with a delightful unprofessional charm a little romantic song; Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT played the *Secretary* with intelligence, and Mr. GEORGE HOWE made a sound caricature of the amorous booby, *St. Nicholas*. Miss ALISON LEGGATT played the romantic *Laura* with a touch of sly humour which was effective and made her an apt foil for the rather humourless *Diana*. The actors, successfully concealing for the most part the fact that the play was written in Shakespearean blank verse, gave the impression of a rather odd and crabbed prose—an injustice to their author for which they ought to do penance. Or may one surmise that Dr. BRIDGES, who has an ingenious theory to cover most emergencies, has insisted on this method? It certainly avoids monotony. T.



Richard (*Mr. ROBERT HARRIS*) *to Diana* (*Miss EDITH EVANS*). "YES, I AM THE DUKE OF MILAN. FORGIVE THE DISGUISE OF MY BEARD—SUCH A VERY SMALL DECEPTION."

Clerical Fervour.

"The Rev. —— —— said that they of the Church of England would like to advocate that religious teaching should be more or less a subject of great importance in their educational outlook."
Provincial Paper.

"Finally, if you are still sleepless, go and have a good talk with a doctor who understands, and unburden the innermost secrets of your heart."—*Glasgow Paper.*

The conversation of our G.P. when we offered to tell him our innermost secrets at 5 A.M. was horribly one-sided.



Nanny. "GOOD GRACIOUS! YOU CAN'T BE VERY ILL IF YOU CAN DO THAT!"
Bobby (who has ideas of being a music-hall acrobat). "I *AM* VERY ILL. IT'S ONLY THE ARTIST IN ME THAT DOES THIS."

THE MINOR ADJUSTMENT.

I.—AS THE INSTRUCTION-BOOK WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE.

He (an Owner-driver). Are you ready to start, dear? Only a few minutes? Splendid! Then I have just time to effect a slight adjustment. Purely precautionary, of course, and an extremely simple matter; but to neglect it might mean inconvenience in the future. It should receive attention once a month or after every five hundred miles. (*Five minutes elapse.*) There—I have only to replace these tools in their compartments and I am ready. The crease of my trousers is not displaced, dear, nor is my parting disarranged.

II.—AS IT HAPPENS.

He. I say there's no hurry dear is there well anyway I must do this beastly thingumbob or we shall peter out altogether I think that blighter at the garage had a try because it's worse than ever I can wash again quite quickly can you see the hammer lying about anywhere (*thud!*) my best hat no my *only* hat take it off there's a good girl and smooth it out a bit I expect that blighter at the garage pass the adjustable spanner will you no that's the screwdriver darling you never were much (*thud!*) thanks only half-stunned they should issue a crash-helmet another spanner please these footling forceps won't open wide enough now the other one this great flat-iron is too big to get in where *is* it how can I see all upside down put it in my hand right now try to turn on the light that's the self-starter I can't see a darn thing but if I had another hand I suppose you couldn't no I thought not well hold this perishing split-pin never mind I didn't say hold it carefully did I and you can't strike matches under motors or only once and split-pins are cheap of *course* I'm trying the right way round (*thud!*) fetch the iodine dear and two yards of bandage all my knuckles have come off that blighter at the garage must have done it up the wrong way just shows you have to do every blasted thing yourself now where *is* that mongrel of a washer I'm certain I give me the screwdriver will you thanks frightfully darling but that's the grease-gun I don't know how I should manage without you never mind it won't fit any known screw on this mouldy chariot and I can't help *what* the time is if you had been ready I shouldn't have started on this job at all yes I said *cramp* don't you know what cramp is and that's blood where my knuckles used to be I asked you for the iodine oh you were looking for a split-pin well don't look any more but give me a hairpin I *know* you don't but there must be plenty on the floor or behind the cushions you don't suppose you're the only person who ever rides in this infernal car do you . . . .

(*Divorce proceedings pending.*)

Events Which We Trust Were Not Related.

"A MEMORABLE YEAR FOR MANCHESTER.

Many distinguished people visited the city. . . . Mr. Baldwin, an ex-Prime Minister, spoke at the Free Trade Hall, and Mr. Lloyd George, another ex-Prime Minister, broadcast on a large scale his message to the nation. Mr. MacDonald, the Prime Minister, also attended and spoke. . . .

There was also the Annual Donkey Show."
Manchester Paper.

"—— was sentenced to three months' hard labour at Ormskirk for smashing the window of a house while drunk because a dog barked at him."—*Evening Paper.*

Many hard-drinkers in Aberdeen will envy him his susceptibility.

UNCLE AND NIECE.

WE elders, merely supers on the stage
Of this alert youth-glorifying age,
Are often moved this question to discuss:
"What Bright Young People really think of us."
It seldom happens that we hear the truth
Straight from the mouth of unrelenting youth;
But I of late by lucky chance o'erheard,
Without the medium of a little bird,
My status in the scheme of things defined
Just as it strikes the ultra-modern mind;
For as unseen I entered, in the gloom,
My niece's Pandemonic drawing-room,
These memorable words the silence broke,
"Oh, Uncle Jim" (that 's *me*) "'s a good old bloke."

She might have called me "mouldy" or a "dud,"
Or used some epithet derived from blood;
But no, from her vermilion-tinted lip
She let this notable admission slip,
And carried me some fifty years or more
Back to my schooldays on the Sussex shore,
When the same phrase came freely from my tongue,
In the brave days when I was very young—
Not to denote a sycophantic mood,
Not to express a reverent attitude
Of awe that bows before heroic traits,
But simply meaning mitigated praise.

Gratefully then I hail this evidence
That Bright Young People cannot yet dispense
With antiquated mid-Victorian slang
To lend their vivid speech an extra tang;
More grateful still that I can now invoke
The witness of the candid niece who spoke
Of me, her uncle, as "a good old bloke."

HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR GUESTS.

Belinda and I have recently taken a small house. As we suppose is only to be expected, our friends are flocking to see it and us. This is in its way pleasant, but now and then we do feel that it would be rather nice to get to bed in good time. For so few of our friends seem to have any use for organised sleep. Most of them settle down solidly in our arm-chairs, and we have the misery of watching the energy ebb rapidly from them which an hour or two earlier would have carried them so mercifully to their own homes.

London life is London life, say Belinda and I, fun is fun, and the wassail is the wassail, but so also sleep is sleep, and individuals who prefer to break each other's health rather than break up the party are a social menace. We are about to go away for a short holiday, and when we return we are prepared to take a strong line about this question of bedtime. On the experience of the last few months we have drawn up a list of devices which we propose to utilise without shame, and which I pass on to other tired householders for what they are worth, in the shape of

HINTS FOR THE COMATOSE HOST.

(1) What is probably your greatest strength lies in an unexpected quarter, *i.e.*, in the restrictive clauses of your lease. If any of your guests appear really set for an innings of indefinite length, we recommend the following harmless little dialogue:—

Host. Darling, won't you play that BACH movement for us?

Hostess. You know what the lease says, George, about no music after eleven, and (*artlessly*)—why, it 's twenty past twelve!"

Or alternatively this:—

Host. Hell! I'm sure I heard another mouse. Let 's all get pokers and have a good fruity hunt.

He starts eagerly towards the fire-place when the hostess exclaims: "Excuse me, dear, you 've forgotten what we promised the landlord—no blood-sports between midnight and seven."

The clock will then speak for itself.

(2) This is a simple and usually effective dodge. Murmuring something about the dog, you disappear and run your friends' car down the road and round the corner, and, after a short walk to clear your head for the coming crisis, you return and break the news that their vehicle has gone. In the resulting scene they are thoroughly aroused, and when, after due searching and routing about, you announce your find with wild cries from the next street they are ready to drive home, full of gratitude to you for your discovery. The telephone should, of course, be hidden previously, for if the police are once summoned you will defeat your own ends and never get to bed at all.

(3) Our holiday will take us to Switzerland, and we have planned a clock which we intend that some enterprising Switzer shall build for us. On the lines of an "alarm-cuckoo" we shall be able to set it for any hour, but, instead of a bird, there will emerge an ample and persuasive nurse who will declaim in ringing tones, "*Cherchez le bon lit, mes enfants; pour avoir la santé il faut dormir beaucoup!*" Experience of particular guests will tell you exactly what time to set it for, and, to cover any little awkwardness after the *bonne* has retired into the works, you have only to comment lightly on the droll ways of the Swiss and on your own passion for eccentric mechanism. If we find it as successful as we hope, Belinda and I intend to set up a factory and flood what we consider at a conservative estimate to be an avid market.

(4) Though the first three remedies should meet most situations, for some modern guests it is as well to have a last line of defence permanently installed in your house, to which you can turn in desperation when a visitor shows signs of definitely taking root for the night. In emergencies of this kind I can recommend and almost guarantee—

(*a*) A master-switch controlling your entire lighting system, concealed in a curve of the divan or underneath a chair. A moment's scramble for a dropped cigarette-end will be enough to plunge you into a darkness from which there is no need to emerge till you and yours are again alone.

(*b*) A bell to the housemaid's room, which will result in a bleary domestic descending to dust the drawing-room. This should prove a fairly conclusive weapon. Indeed, humanly speaking, it cannot fail.

Of course, if Belinda or I had any courage we should say simply, "You 're worn out, and we obviously are, and we 've most of us jobs in the morning, so do go away;" and to those who are not equal cravens we recommend this procedure above all.

But what we secretly hope is that the Editor will publish this article so that we shall be able to frame and hang it conspicuously in our hall.

Statements Which Lack Tact.

"Unfortunately, Mr. —— soon after his arrival fell heavily and injured his right shoulder; the sympathy of us all went out to him, for he was obliged to call in Dr. —— . . . ."—*Parish Magazine.*

"EXPRESS TRAINS DIVERTED."—*West-Country Paper.*

"Enough to make a train laugh," as they say.



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

GOOD QUEEN BESS.

(At St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, Fleet Street.)

GOOD QUEEN BESS,
In her Tudor dress
  Thinly showing the paint,
Stands on her perch
At St. Dunstan's Church
  Pretending to be a saint:
And goodness knows she was never a saint,
You could not call her a saint;
  Gloriana and Virgin Queen,
  King in petticoats, State machine,
  Whatsoever she may have been,
She was never a plaster saint.

There she is
Our Immortal LIZ,
  Outside the door of a school,
As a child is stood
Who will not be good
  Preferring to play the fool;
And goodness knows she was never a fool,
You could not call her a fool;
  Friend of Learning and scourge of Spain,
  Tiger-cruel and peacock-vain,
  Queen of England and slave of pain,
She was never a female fool.







Small Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I 'VE LOST A PENNY, AND I 'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE EXCEPT UNDER YOUR FEET."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN these days there is bound to be something of a mortuary air about a book written on a beautiful old town. Turn where you will, characteristic loveliness is on the wane and there will soon be little left of it. Books, however, answer a double purpose of praise and commemoration, and it is to be hoped they will also serve to denounce us, to a posterity more enlightened than ourselves, for having destroyed what we were too uneducated to parallel. Yet, as Miss FLORA GRIERSON points out in *Haunting Edinburgh* (LANE), each age has proved to a great extent the bane of its predecessor, and no one would unduly bewail the necessary passing of the old if an equally characteristic beauty had replaced it. Edinburgh's story, however, discloses a steady loss of identity. A mediæval capital, she abandoned herself even more abjectly than her English rival to the commercial lures of the Reformation, and while the eighteenth century endowed her with certain cosmopolitan graces our own era has rendered her the cultural parasite of London. But, although the shadow of this surrender is implicit throughout Miss GRIERSON'S book, her main business is with the brave days of old and such of their trophies as survive. Never were stones more eloquent: the very names of Holyrood, the Grass Market, the Tolbooth are glamorous. Miss GRIERSON'S enthusiasm is admirably seconded by that of Miss KATHARINE CAMERON, whose pictures in watercolour and monochrome have a serviceable charm and a keen sense of the spiritually illuminating effect. The text introduces us to many old friends from commendably new angles. Among contemporary and less familiar figures I found myself particularly drawn to the bedridden dame behind the Canongate who, questioned by a visitor as to the whereabouts of her relations, said, "Miss! I have only Christ and ma cat."

Colonel ROWLAND FEILDING, commander of more than one famous fighting infantry battalion, kept at least as near the actual front line as a colonel ought to keep from the moment when his unit was flung into the furnace at Loos in 1915 until the crowning days when he saw the people of liberated Lille and Tournai break down, as the Germans never knew them break down, at the sight of his British companies marching eastward through their cities to the throb of the Marseillaise. Under strict compact with the watcher he left at home, for whom, as we are told in a most moving passage, a thousand Irish soldiers straight from the battle-line on one occasion joined together in prayer, Colonel FEILDING sent back almost daily despatches which, far from belittling the dangers to which the writer was exposed, told everything except what must not fall into enemy hands. In the result *War Letters to a Wife* (MEDICI SOCIETY) must rank high in the literature of the War, for the sake of its thousand touches illustrating life as it was actually lived on the very Front. The writer saw the "Tommies" fraternising sometimes with the "Boche," but more often with the mice and rats that everyone took care not to hurt in the trenches, and he had an eye for the stray pansy in the shattered village or the cat vainly stalking the elusive blackbird in the midst

of hurricane shell-fire. He could play a hand of bridge in a gas-mask or disregard instructions in order to help a party of forlorn refugees, and he was for ever contrasting the shallow open ditch on one side of No Man's Land with the palatial dug-outs—comfortable death-traps—on the other. Four times reported killed, he had a kind of facility for getting hurt by tumbling off things or over things—a trip-wire, a horse or even a common push-bike—but he developed a charmed life under fire, and his final comment on the whole furious business is that he enjoyed it.

Yesterday I 'd have said offhand
  (If you had asked) that I 'm
Not keen to read of Fairyland,
  The Honours List or Crime;
I know enough of Hammersmith;
  Finance disturbs my brain;
KING WENCESLAS to me 's a myth,
  And so he may remain.

These glib convictions MILNE (A. A.)
  Has put the lid upon
(With METHUEN's help) in his *By Way Of Introduction*;
He takes such well-worn themes as these,
  Gives them a magic twist,
And weaves delightful fantasies
  Which no one can resist.

At least that 's how the thing works out
  With me. No matter what
This fellow MILNE may write about
  I have to read the lot;
And, what is worse perhaps, I go
  Each day and all day through
Persuading every one I know
  That they must read him too.

There is much insight into character and a great deal of quiet fun to be got out of Professor F. W. HILLES's debonair and scholarly edition of the *Letters of Sir Joshua Reynolds* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS). Professor HILLES's editing is excellent. His notes are not only a necessary complement to, but an enjoyable extension of, the matter of his hundred-and-sixty letters. When Sir JOSHUA maintains that the office of "King's principal painter is a place of not so much profit and of near equal dignity with His Majesty's rat-catcher," does his editor allow this to pass for rhetoric? Not at all. He ascertains that the rat-catcher, F. SCHOMBERG, received forty-eight pounds a year and Sir JOSHUA thirty-eight pounds; and our canvas gains a subsidiary, perhaps, but fascinating figure. The rat-catcher is not of course typical of Sir JOSHUA's circle. Noble patrons, fellow-Academicians, men of letters, nieces and faithful female friends preponderate; and a Sovereign or two fall to be thanked for snuff-boxes and medals. Sidelights on work are frequent and illuminating; clients are reassuringly advised that their faces can be finished if necessary in a day, and "the rest can be done without troubling the sitter." But if REYNOLDS spared his sitters he did not spare himself either in the perfecting of his own art or the acquisition of Old Masters for England. Some of his most interesting letters recount his fortunes as a Continental buyer for English country-houses. It is part of his charm that, like his friends GOLDSMITH and JOHNSON, he was an untrustworthy speller. He made a rough draft of a letter and "wrote it over fair" if time and eyesight allowed. As often as not they failed him, and his editor has wisely retained the vagaries that resulted.



Well-meaning old Pugilist (who has received a handsome gratuity from famous patron of the ring). "BLIMEY, GUV'NOR, YOU WON'T 'ARF 'AVE A FUNERAL!"

The tragic accident which in the summer of 1928 resulted in the death of DONN BYRNE, the Irish novelist, was a real misfortune for literature. That at least is my conviction

after a perusal of *The Power of the Dog* (SAMPSON LOW), the last of his novels. For BYRNE, whatever he may have lacked, had gusto, that desirable but nowadays none too common quality. This story of England and Ireland, with excursions into Europe, in the years which NAPOLEON so monstrously dominated, is packed with vitality and brilliant with colour. It is a large untidy book. BYRNE had too much to say to pause for trim arrangement, and too much feeling for a nice detachment in characterisation. With the long memory of his race, he hated CASTLEREAGH as his fathers had done, rubbing off with ruthless hand the whitewash which modern historians have laid on that distinguished statesman. CASTLEREAGH is the villain of his piece, which tells of the divisions and eventual reconciliation of a mutually adoring young Irish couple—he a loyalist, closely *lié* with the detested Minister, she the intransigent niece of a martyr of '98. The private history of this fond and foolish pair meanders like a little stream through a luxuriant meadow, continually lost beneath the overgrowth of public affairs. Nearly every great figure of that full time flickers across the screen; there are sudden unexpected close-ups; battle scenes—Trafalgar and Austerlitz and Waterloo—compose and dissolve. It is all a little bewildering, very enthralling and full of romance.

Lady CHARNWOOD'S very solid novel, *Without Capitulation* (BENN), owes its title to some words of R.L.S.: "To keep a few friends, but these without capitulation." *Rachel*, the heroine, was so determined to be queen of her own spiritual castle and to guard her gates against opinions, conventions and sentimentalities, that she was for ever putting up her defences before there was the least hint of attack. Could she be invoked to review her own character, she would, I am sure, describe herself as "uncompromisin', irritatin', lovin' and nothin' if not honest," for she scorned leniency as much as she scorned all terminal "*g's*." Her honesty made her so afraid of appearing better than she was (a nearly impossible standard) that she almost forced her relations-in-law into hatred. The wonder is that she had any friends, but she attracted in spite of many forbidding qualities, and so does the book. The people in it talk like characters in the novels of twenty years ago, rounding their periods and stressing all their most provoking points. The chapter-headings, "Love is Enough," "A Nameless Dread," and others even worse, reek of the sentiment of a previous generation. Yet there is a most satisfying leisureliness and sincerity about the whole thing. Lady CHARNWOOD gives us the benefit of a very acute observation in this story of a group of people living in England during the War. They are nearly all snobbish and narrow-minded, but they are easy to know at the time of reading and easy to remember when the book is closed. The author may not make many friends among readers, but her really brilliant characterisation and tranquil prose should ensure that the few will be faithful.



"ARE YOU PEOPLE MAD? YOU 'VE GONE AND PUT THE BATHROOM PAPER IN THE DINING-ROOM!"

"DON'T YOU WORRY, MUM. LEAVE IT TO ME. I 'LL 'AVE THE BATH FIXED UP IN 'ERE IN NO TIME."

I am informed by the publishers (BENN) of *The Methodist Faun* that Miss ANNE PARRISH is accepted by the discriminating fiction public of both England and America as a writer of distinction, but even at the risk of disqualifying myself for membership of that august body I am not inclined whole-heartedly to subscribe to this statement, for I feel acutely that *Clifford Hunter*, the faun of the story, has evaded his creator. To me, at any rate, he was never a real nature-lover, nor did he wander in the woods because he loved them, but because he loved himself and wanted to indulge in orgies of self-pity. It may be my fault entirely, but I never got on terms with *Clifford*, who in my opinion was more fool than faun. On the other hand, Miss PARRISH'S picture of life in a primitive American town is perfectly delightful. One sees and knows these gossiping ladies, with their "Lawn Suppers for Bishops' Babies" and their "Methodist Evenings in Old Japan." So, if Miss PARRISH has wasted her time over the flaccid *Clifford*, she has also used it to supreme advantage in her portraits of those who in various ways were affected by his eccentricities.

War novels pour forth in endless stream, each one more vigorously heralded than its predecessor; but, weary as we may have become both of the theme and the acclamation, *Farewell to Arms* (CAPE) contains qualities that at once arrest attention. It is true that Mr. ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S style may at first be surprising to those unaccustomed to it, but however that may be there is no doubt in my mind that his story of a young American serving with the Italian army is extraordinarily vivid and powerful. You may not like it; you may reasonably take the standpoint that the dialogue is at times excessively frank; but even when this is granted something quite exceptional remains. For this story is not only—to my mind it is not principally—a war story; it is a tale put into the mouth of a man who by force of circumstances happened to be a soldier, but who was first and last a lover; and, although anyone who reads Mr. HEMINGWAY'S account of the Italian retreat is not likely to forget it, I think that some of the concluding scenes, when his hero had left war behind him and was bathing in love, are at least as absorbing and tragic.

The Back-Scratchers.

(Variation on an old theme.)

See, with their arms around each other's backs,
MAX scratches HAROLD, HAROLD scratches MAX.

"DIENER AND CARNERA.

. . . . it is believed that the German ex-champion retains sufficient of his strength and skull to defeat the Italian giant in a longer bout."—*Straits Paper.*

It is regrettably rare for a boxer nowadays to put his whole head into his work.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that one well-known crook, faced with the usual parental problem, has decided to set his son up in business as a mail-bag thief.

* * *

Women criminals, it is authoritatively stated, have steadily increased in numbers in the last two years and have improved tenfold on the methods practised by men. So much for the old-fashioned prejudice against crime as a career for women.

* * *

From recent utterances by leading Liberals the fact "emerges" that conspicuous among those whose confidence in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is unabated is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

When Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD went to the circus recently a famous clown entered his box and prodded him with his red-hot poker. The PRIME MINISTER must have been reminded of Mr. MAXTON.

* * *

The Government has promised the farmers that it will shortly issue a Blue Book. Surprise is felt that it is not going to be a Very Blue Book.

* * *

A crested grebe shot by a Barmouth sportsman is being sent to the Welsh National Museum. We think that accommodation should also be found for the Barmouth sportsman.

* * *

It may be, as announced recently, that a scientist has succeeded in isolating the influenza germ, but a painful experience last week leads us to suspect that the thing must have got loose again.

* * *

Mr. LEES-SMITH'S declaration that criticism is a tonic which the Post-Office appreciates is not supported by the demeanour of the young lady at the stamps-counter.

* * *

"Many golfers," says a paragraphist, "have pet remarks which they make to encourage themselves." Our feeling is that it is inadvisable to draw close attention to golfers' pet remarks.

* * *

Critics of the Conservative Party are persistent in their allegations that it is tainted with Socialism. It seems only fair to point out that the same suspicion attaches to the Labour Party.

* * *

"Hamlets are booming," says a writer of theatrical gossip. Tragedians are inclined to overdo this resonance.

* * *

A recent gale which is said to have been the most violent in living memory took England by surprise; but it does not appear that anyone at the Meteorological Office has been reprimanded for carelessness.

* * *

A French historian declares that the cocktail was invented by CATHERINE DE' MEDICI. Further researches will probably trace the saxophone to the Spanish Inquisition.

* * *

At the annual dinner of the Incorporated Guild of Church Musicians Dean INGE said that the intricacies of Church music were quite beyond him, and that, sitting just behind the choir, he did not venture to make a cheerful noise while the service was proceeding. It is to his credit that he refrains from making a gloomy one.

* * *

"Why shouldn't servants be interested in Art?" asks a critic. Most of them collect numbers of old masters.

* * *

We are asked to deny that a certain disappointed aspirant to the list of New Year Honours, who had already chosen for his title the name of his home-town, is now known to his friends as "Lord By-pass."

* * *

Dr. PANTIN has found, as a result of a series of experiments, that the effect of alcohol on an amœba living in sea-water is to inhibit movement. This demolishes the theory that it makes it want to fight a whale.

* * *

Householders are advised to prepare for a cold spell. If you want burst pipes promptly attended to send for the plumber before they begin to freeze.

* * *

"Farming," observes the agricultural correspondent of *The Times*, "is as essentially a farmer's job as cobbling is the cobbler's." That's a nasty one for Shoe Lane.

* * *

On reading that a medical authority attributes the efficiency of Scotsmen to their national diet we hasten to say that we shall turn a deaf ear to any injunction to "Eat more Haggis."

* * *

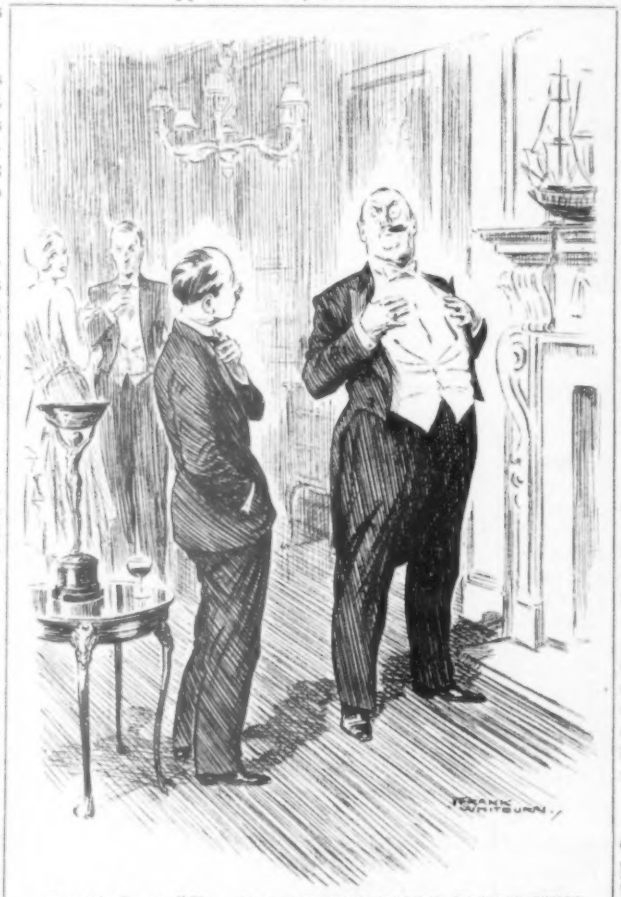
Although divorce cases can now be heard in many provincial towns, it is not thought likely that the theatrical profession will be allowed to take their divorces on tour.

* * *

According to a weekly paper the police always stop the traffic to let Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW cross the road. The idea of stopping Mr. SHAW to let the traffic pass is said to have been abandoned years ago.

* * *

Speaking at a meeting of the motor trade, Sir CHARLES HIGHAM said he thought he knew where there was a Mussolini in England. We anticipate a spirited reply from the DUCE to the effect that he is copyright.



Humble Guest. "ER—HAVE YOU EVER WALKED IN YOUR SLEEP, SIR JOHN?"
Very Rich Man. "CERTAINLY NOT. I MAY HAVE MOTORED."

OFF WITH THE DANCE!

[The following instructions may help to explain the growing attractions of the skating-rink for women. With acknowledgments to MR. JACK HYLTON, dance-band conductor.]

I HAVE been asked to say a few words on the subject of the perfect dance-partner from a man's point of view.

Well, in the first place, before committing myself and asking a lady to dance, I am very careful to study her and draw deductions from her appearance. Is her dress neat and trim, free from ornaments or buckles upon which I might catch my hand? Is her skirt so long that I might catch my foot in it? I do not expect her to carry a wrist-bag or even a handkerchief when she partners me in the dance. She must not wear much powder as it might get transferred to my coat.

As I approach I look for her to assume an expression of bright expectancy and grateful anticipation of the treat in store for her. She must suppress any undue eagerness, of course, but I wish it to be conveyed to me as subtly as possible that she is conscious of the honour I am doing her in asking her to dance.

Having settled these points to my satisfaction, I take the floor. Now I expect my partner to sink her own personality completely. I am the moving spirit; she must meekly follow my steps and wait for my lead in the conversation. This last point is extremely important. A partner may be an expert dancer but she would be far from perfect if she were not a good ball-room conversationalist. This is, of course, an art all its own. Here are some of the subjects which I wholeheartedly condemn for discussion during the dance:—

Holidays—All travel topics, names of places abroad, descriptions of cruises, walking tours, etc.

Literature—The latest novels, favourite author, amusing articles in current issue of daily newspapers.

Politics—All of them.

Plays—Inquiries as to number of shows seen in London, rhapsodies about favourite actors, reference to the number of times *Journey's End* has been witnessed.

General—All anecdotes relating to animals, domestic difficulties, gardening, work, ambitions, all forms of sport.

As will be readily understood such topics as those set out above might demand a certain amount of concentration. Only subjects connected with dancing may be touched upon. The floor may be discussed, but not the band, unless it is bad. Favourite dance-tunes may be hinted at but never hummed. Approval of one's partner's good dancing may be discreetly murmured.

The closest attention to the foregoing details should be paid by all ladies who wish to qualify as the perfect dance-partner. Let them ignore them and they cannot grumble if they must fill the mournful *rôle* of wallflower. F. A. K.

MORE WORK FOR INTELLIGENT MOTHERS.

["If the baby put out its hand to take a piece of live coal they should stop it, but they must give it something bright red to take its place. All experiments of little children, such as turning on gas-taps and the like, should be given plenty of scope."—*Report of an address by Dr. REANEY to the Winter School of Health Visitors.*]

THE wretched parent's already hard lot is now to be complicated by the need of a storehouse of substitutes. For it is all very well, but one cannot find a substitute for a live coal at a moment's notice. Dr. REANEY says, "Give the baby something bright red." He is careful not to particularise, and we are left wondering whether his idea is a tomato or a comic nose, a pillar-box or Mr. MAXTON. Now with a little foresight the tomato or the comic nose could be installed in readiness, but my experience of Mollie Bella, who appears to be a normal baby of two, leads me to doubt whether, if her heart were set on a live coal, a dead red nose or indeed anything but a live coal would really satisfy her. Certainly there is not the slightest chance of bamboozling her. And it is difficult to see what she will learn from this well-meant attempt at deception. She will not even learn that live coals burn fingers. Still Dr. REANEY says that the process is necessary for her development, and we modern parents must psychologise.

So our few leisure moments must now be devoted to—

(*a*) Thinking out all the dangerous objects that Mollie Bella has demanded or may demand;

(*b*) Collecting substitutes for same.

This is not so easy as it sounds. Mollie Bella has a passion for the bread-knife. "Something bright and silvery," says Dr. REANEY? An old man's beard, the moon, a silver pheasant—all these might serve as substitutes, but, alas, how inaccessible they are. Nor is it any easier to find alternatives for boiling kettles, bottles of ink and electric lamps; and all these are on Mollie Bella's list.

However, I don't think we need worry much about the substitutes, for Mollie Bella will soon settle matters for everyone, if we follow Dr. REANEY's alleged advice and encourage her to turn the gas-taps on.

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

FAREWELL (NEW STYLE).

GOOD-BYE, my love, good-bye, good-bye,
But dry, oh, dry that lovely eye!
We must be brave,
So do behave—
The porter 's staring so.
I 'll be all right when you are gone,
I 'll set my teeth and carry on.
My dear, don't think
I 'll take to drink
Or suicide—oh, no!
When you 're away
Don't think I 'm moping;
Life will be grey
But I 'll keep hoping.
When you 're away
I 'll sigh and say,
"She 's not the only pearl";
I 'll cast my eye
About and try
To find another girl.

I do not think that you would say
We are unique in any way;
Your eyes and feet
Are very sweet,
But so are millions more.
I have my points, I know, but then
There must be quite a lot of men
No less refined
And good and kind
And easy to adore.
When you 're away
You 'd best forget me
And curse the day
On which you met me.
Don't lose your grip,
That upper lip
Keep rigid if you can;
Just cast your eye
About and try
To find another man.

Ah, not again shall these lips touch—
But does that matter very much?
It is a blow,
But then, you know,
Nobody cares but us;
The world will still go round and round,
And twenty bob will make a pound;
My appetite
Will be all right,
So, darling, why the fuss?
When you 're away,
Don't think I 'm moping;
With my dismay
I 'll keep on coping.
Just look about
And I 've no doubt
You 'll land a landed Earl;
I 'll cast my eye
About and try
To find another girl. A. P. H.

"YARN AGENTS' FORTUNE."
Jersey Paper.

Another millionaire journalist?



THE LIBERAL COUNCIL PLANK.

VISCOUNT GREY. "SOMEONE'S GOT TO WALK THIS PLANK TO DAVY JONES'S LOCKER."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "IF ANYBODY KNOWS A BETTER LOCKER THAN THE ONE I'M SITTING ON, LET HIM GO TO IT. PERSONALLY I SIT TIGHT."



WHAT WE MISSED AT THE FOOD AND COOKERY EXHIBITION.

A GASTRO-SYNCOPATED ORCHESTRA.

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

III.—THE QUARTER GAME.

THE American dollar is divided into four. These parts are called quarters. We have been told that even an Englishman can see why. Without a supply of quarters the newly-arrived visitor to the New York hotel cannot support existence. Percival and I have suffered many embarrassments, hardly-veiled innuendo and even serious financial loss owing to non-recognition of the importance of the quarter in American hotel life. We therefore intend, in the following brief hints, to lay the result of our experience before other poor saps. Or, as Percival (than whom no one is now more American) puts it, "give them the inside dope" on the business.

The best plan, we have found, is to start as soon as you have paid off your taxi by cashing in a ten-dollar bill (that is, if you have one over after paying your taxi) at the hotel reception counter in exchange for a supply of quarters. In most hotels you will receive no fewer than forty of the little fellows in return, though in exceptionally efficient places smart desk-clerks have been known to get their figures down as low as thirty-eight. That is if you look that sort.

When you have got them carry them up to your room and stack them in neat piles on your bedside-table as though you were getting ready for a poker game. They are then handy for all eventualities, the first eventuality occurring almost immediately in the person of the bell-boy who has escorted you to your room. He has pulled up the blind, switched on the light, pointed out the bath in case you failed to recognise it, and opened the cupboard-door, presumably to show you that it *is* a cupboard and not a door communicating with the next bedroom. (If he doesn't do this the shy bachelor often hangs all his clothes on the end of the bed for the whole of his stay rather than risk starting any trouble.) He is now standing on one leg by the door preparing to be impudent or servile according to whether you say "That's all, thank you," or "Er—here—that's all, thank you."

The next person to prise a chip off you is the bell-hop who comes up to see what you want when you knock the telephone off the bedside-table while unpacking your suitcase.

A third chip goes to the bell-hop who comes up to tell you, out of the side of his mouth, that his uncle is a steward and can let you have some straight off the boat; and a fourth to the boy who tackles you in the lobby to say his friend the druggist at the corner can make you up some gin any time you care to mention. A fifth goes to the bell-hop who brings up a letter which has been lying in the hotel three weeks to ask if it's for either of you, and maybe Guggenheim is a misprint for one of your name. That letter may have been lying in the hotel, but it hasn't been lying idle; it pays its way.

A sixth goes to the lad who, when bringing up ice-water, knocks all the chips off the bedside-table by accident and kindly helps you pick them up. And that's where the seventh and missing one probably went too.

By now you can see that the glad news about you is getting around. The bell-hops are probably offering big money for the end bench place when your room number comes through.

Your chips are rapidly dwindling, and when two men come up with your heavy baggage it's about as expensive as sitting in on a jack-pot with a queen-high hand.

By next day the number of your room is written on every bell-boy's heart, and you'll probably have to cash-in for more chips. But, when it gets down to a bell-hop knocking at the door, putting his head in and saying he's sorry, he guesses he won't disturb you right now, and then expecting your last quarter for *not* disturbing you right then, well, there are only two courses of action.

You can either change another ten-dollar bill, or your hotel. If the former, you will probably become a total loss, the scorn of other guests, the legitimate prey of anything in a buttoned jacket and a pill-box hat. You will only be able to extricate yourself by going back to England or else killing all bell-hops who approach you and dropping the empties down the lift-shaft. You can of course plead the influence of the Press at your subsequent trial.

If you decide to change your hotel, then, unless you want to find yourself ultimately in the same dilemma, you must cut down your ideas to a dime per hop and look out for unpleasantness. Or you can even change your name to Mactitewadd, and give bell-hops nothing more substantial than a nasty look. But then you must go armed, refuse to drink with strangers and avoid mixing in a fight. For you will be given no quarter.

A. A.

A SEA-DREAM.

WHY did I dream last night, I wonder,
about the ship *Lodore*
I made a passage in from Ch'na—was
it 'eighty-three or -four?—
And left in the East India Basin, and
after saw no more?

I thought we were off the Pescadores,
waiting a breeze from the land;
There were some fishing junks becalmed
there, and nets spread out on the
sand;
The sun had left the sky one glory, the
sea was flat as your hand.

It was just like looking at a picture, I
saw it all so clear;
Little things I'd long since forgotten
about her rig and her gear,
And shipmates' faces I hadn't thought
of for many and many a year,

I could see them all as plain as day-
light—and then some fellow spoke,
"Here comes the wind," he said, "by
thunder!"—the sea all round us
broke
Into a hundred thousand wrinkles, and
on the word I woke.

There was nothing out of the way about
her so far as I recall;
She wasn't out of the common hand-
some or fast or smart or tall;
There was no one in the crowd to
remember—they were chaps like
most, that's all.

We'd nothing much in the way of
weather out of the usual kind;
The times we had they were like most
times, gooduns and bad combined,
And nothing ever happened on board
her to make her stick in your mind.

Just the old round of sailorizing that
all us shellbacks know,
The old hauling of sheets and braces
in the doldrums to and fro,
The old jobs aloft in the Tropics when
the good trade-winds blow,

Reefing and furling, wheel and lookout,
shifting and bending sail,
Tallying on to the topsail halyards,
snugging down in a gale,
And an old song in the dog-watches
and an old seaman's tale.

I went with never a look behind me,
and glad to leave her too,
When we made her fast in the dock
basin and the mate said "That 'll
do!" . . . .
And it's rum I should have dreamed
about her, of all the ships I knew!

C. F. S.



First Jack. "WHAT'S ALL THIS FIVE-POWER NAVAL CONFERENCE ABOUT, 'ARRY?"

Second Jack. "WELL, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, THERE WON'T BE NO GUNS IN THE FUTURE, BUT THE CREWS OF ENEMY SHIPS 'LL BE ALLOWED A FEW CHI-IKES AND CAT-CALLS AT EACH OTHER."

THE "ILIAD" RE-EDITED.

I OFTEN think as I read the wonderful war-books that come from Germany how strange the stories of old wars would have been if the chroniclers had told them to us in this way. Take, for instance, all that long fighting in front of the walls of Troy. How different a passage from the *Iliad* translated into English prose would have been! It might have been most soul-stirring or it might not. I must leave the reader to judge of that. But quite certainly, I think, it would have run like this:—

Apollo had ceased to scatter his arrows amongst the hosts of the Achæans and the three friends had come out of hospital. But the bread that giveth strength to man was still full of weevils and the soothsayers had been unable to cure their boils. They were on light duty now. Often, when they were not wanted for sanitary fatigue by the ships or in the well-dug trenches, Pholcus and Phednus and Ionides wou'd sit down together on the banks of the Scamander and talk.

They talked about many things, but chiefly what they would do when peace came. Ionides said it would never come.

"The augurs say," he would declare, "it is going to be a ten years' war. But what do the augurs know?"

"They say too it is going to be a war to end war," said Pholcus, stretching himself. His helmet was rusty and the straps of his well-girt armour showed signs of wear.

"Anyhow, if I ever *do* get out of it, I know what I shall do," said Phednus, spitting at a purple anemone.

"What?" asked Ionides.

"I shall grow spelt on an upland farm and nourish the seed of fire there. Won't I half have a time driving the even swathe and larking about in the evening with the henchwomen!"

"I shall sail on the wine-dark sea again," said Pholcus. "That 's the life for me. Always coming to new islands and seeing new harbours and carrying jars of olive oil and skins of wine. Good wine too, not the mouldy kind of stuff that they give you at the canteen by the wall. And you, Ionides?"

"I shall be a minstrel," said Ionides.

They were silent for a while, watching the cranes that flew overhead. Then Phednus spoke again.

"I saw the swift-of-foot Achilles yesterday," he began.

"What does he look like near to?" inquired Ionides.

"Not half so grand without his uniform on. You can see a look of weak cunning in his face."

"And they say he has a sore heel."

"A cold foot more likely," said Pholcus, idly throwing a pebble at a headless body that was floating down the stream. "It 's the same with all of them in the high command. They have no imagination; nothing but a kind of petty shrewdness and a study of trench routine."

"Menelaus is a pretty big chap," argued Ionides.



Character Model. "BEEN LIKE THIS FOR 'ALF-AN-HOUR, GUV'NOR. AIN'T IT ABOUT TIME I 'AD A REST?"

"A sniveller. What did he want to bring us all here for to the plains of windy Troy for the sake of a woman with a face like that?"

"And Ulysses?"

"He looks all right sitting in a tent and studying the war-plans, but when he stands up he 's no bigger than you or me."

"What I want to know is," put in Pholcus, "why we ever came here at all. What is the use of war anyhow?"

"Girls," said Phednus.

"All the best ones are reserved for the officers," said Pholcus gloomily. "Look at that Briseïs. I should like her."

"You 'd better go and ask the G.O.C. for her, hadn't you?" chuckled Phednus. "Talk to him, like Thersites. Lord, he got a fair telling-off, he did! I thought I should never have stopped laughing. Fancy a squint-eyed fellow like that, with a head like a sugar-loaf, saucing the High Command!"

"All the same, Thersites was right," said Pholcus doggedly.

"What do you think about it, wise one?" said Phednus, turning to Ionides.

Ionides said nothing. He was picking the beetles out of his shining greaves.

Roused by the noise and glare, the three comrades crept out of their shelter in the big trench by the shore, even as a worm, twisting easily, creeps out of its hole in a grassy place, yet fears the sharp beak of the watchful bird. There was mud everywhere and the smell of burning wood. Hector had broken through the front line and was throwing flammenwerfers at the ships.

Guarding themselves with their metal helmets and shields, they crawled together over the well-built barricade. The din of arms, the ringing of shields and helmets and the battering at the gates confused them and drowned their speech. An iron-shod wheel from a chariot spun close by Pholcus's ear and a spurt of blood struck him in the face.

"Phednus!" he cried; "where are you? Ionides!"

There was no reply.

Panting, he crept on. A huge man with all his sinews braced was attempting to heave a boulder from the ground.

"Help me!" he said to Pholcus.

The little private strained to the task, and the other, gathering at last the stone in his arms, hurled it with a mighty effort into the fray. There was a great gasp and a clang. Then the big man looked round. Pholcus knew him immediately. He was Ajax the Greater. He smiled, as when the rosy-fingered dawn sprinkles the world with light. The stone had taken Hector in the wind. The Trojan leader had turned pale-green.

Just as Pholcus was about to salute he felt a sharp pain in his right side and sank to the ground. The officer strode on. Trying to pluck the arrow from his wound, Pholcus fainted away.

When he came to himself a Trojan was bending over him.

"Drink some of this honey-sweet wine," he said kindly.

Pholcus drank and felt better, but his head still swam and his side was stiff and painful.

"I am going to crawl back behind the lines," he said.

"So am I," said the Trojan. "I am wounded too."

So Pholcus dragged himself away, weeping bitterly, for his stout heart was troubled within his breast.

"How much more dear to me," he thought, "is that Trojan than Ajax or Agamemnon or even the yellow-haired Menelaus himself!"

Suddenly to the rear of him was a great cry and a clash of arms. A chariot came through the tumult with helmeted men behind. It was the Myrmidon Division counter-attacking, with Patroclus at their head. Two immortal horses pulled the chariot, and one of earthly breed. It was the chariot of Achilles. Pholcus recognised the immortal steeds, for a month ago he had had to swill out their imperishable stable as a field-punishment.

He lay low and none of the Myrmidons saw him, though one trampled on him as a man tramples on a piece of the skin of a fruit which has been hurled upon a pavement made of glittering stones. Pholcus was suddenly sick on the dark ground. Then he struggled painfully through the trench right down to the ships and the shore. A man was sitting by one of the ships with a white bandage round his head. It was Ionides.

"Patroclus has gone into the battle, Ionides," said Pholcus hoarsely, "wearing the armour of Achilles."

"Do you think he will strike down Hector of the glancing helm?" whispered Ionides faintly.

"I don't know and I don't care a ——" said Pholcus.

At this moment a thunderbolt fell from the hand of Zeus and killed Pholcus where he lay.

Ionides drew a piece of palimpsest from his chiton and made a few notes upon it. Then he offered up a short prayer to the grey-eyed Athene.

"The only way to make anything out of this awful business," he murmured to himself, "will be to go into the publishing trade." EVOE.



Stately Dowager (to famous author). "LET ME SEE—HAVE I READ YOU?"

Humanitarianism which Defeats Itself.

"It is my object to try to help you to prevent this ageing by giving you a few wrinkles . . . ."

Health Hints in Provincial Paper.

"'He is a beautifully bonny Child, and is the admiration of everyone—this seems a miracle to us.'"—*Advt. in Women's Paper.*

We wish more parents were as frank.

"Twickenham Rugby Club's new pavilion was blown across the ground. Home fixtures will have to be cancelled for two weeks."

Evening Paper.

The pavilion itself seems to have failed rather as a home fixture.

Accommodation.

[A new form of feminine garment is described as the "tuck-in blouse."]

Since plumper figures are in vogue at last
No more need fashionable women fast;
So, mindful of the meals the mode allows,
Designers introduce the tuck-in blouse.

W. K. H.

"There are some distinctly original types 'up' just now. There is the young woman who plays the flute, a rare accomplishment, and sings German folk-songs to it."

Evening Paper.

Through her nose, of course.

The Dominion Touch.

"Mr. A. W. Bibby, in seconding, said they were looking forward to their chairman coming back full of New Zealand devotion for his work."—*Liverpool Paper.*

"Weston-super-Mare has two pieds."

Daily Paper.

Such pieds-à-mer must be much sought after.

"Councillor —— said that the Council should consider the advisability of the installation of an electric buzzer to warm the firemen."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

We must say this strikes us as carrying Poles to Warsaw.

COW AND YEW.

TREE, I learned in early youth
As a great and basic truth
That a dinner off your leaves
Has a bad effect on beeves.
"Watch," they said, "a foolish cow
Nibbling the forbidden bough;
See her ruminating slowly
With a visage calm and holy;
Note that early smile; alas!
She had wiselier stuck to grass.
Soon she reels and totters; soon,
Look, she tumbles in a swoon,
And in half an hour at most
Yields a pained and poisoned ghost."
That is what I held as true
Of a cow that tackled yew.

Now some person comes along
Saying that the notion 's wrong,
That a cow can freely swallow
Yew if she reserves a hollow,
And in doing so remain,
Barring surfeit, free from pain.
Here we have, it 's plain to see,
Statements that do not agree;
Here, to say no more than that,
Someone 's talking through his hat.
This cannot be left in doubt; it
Must have something done about it.

Yew, I take a branchlet; now,
Where is Farmer Giles's cow?

DUM-DUM.

SOME SKI-ING REFLECTIONS.

IT is now late in the season. The hospital-trains, full of helpless cripples, are leaving Switzerland for the Channel Ports. The hotel-keepers will soon be busy counting their money and perpending whether to remain in business just one year more or to start straight away dabbling in international finance. In places the snow is getting thin where myself and others dug temporary graves, and where an Alsatian dog searched busily for the Antipodes through the whole of one forenoon—both to the general detriment of novices who subsequently passed that way.

Hardened travellers who would scorn to feel homesick have begun to long surreptitiously for table-joints which they can recognise; and those unfortunates who have only clothes and honour left are wondering how they can find out about trains without consulting the *concierge* and giving him cause to expect a larger tip.

I sit reading one of last year's *Tatlers*, and asking myself if the ordinary tourist is sufficiently studious of his own welfare. He allows himself to be entirely dictated to by precedent.

Because certain lunatics career madly down precipices on narrow boards, should all the world put pride before any vestige of control? Why not a good strong brake which could be engaged at will?

Because advertisements order him to expensive places abroad, should he obey blindly for the mere sake of sliding down a hill—a whim that could be indulged in any hilly part of England (upon wheels too, which submit to the lord of creation instead of having ideas of their own, frequently divergent)? If the element of danger was an attraction, the present toll of road accidents would suggest a sport not entirely free from hazard.

Remaining at home might also mitigate the anxiety of relatives who are apt to read into every account of a mountain accident the absorbing history of poor George's snowy end. If George remained in England and threatened to perish they would at least have the consolation of knowing that the mortuary was nice and handy.

Though loved ones far away will ever engage the thoughts, George on holiday is naturally bored by the need to write every other day. But for this (if George still insists on going abroad) I have a remedy, a kind of Field-Service post-card which would leave him leisure of an evening to tell what lies he liked in the smoking-room about his prowess on skis that afternoon, and at the same time give the old folk at home something to bite on.

Dear . . . . . :—

I am - - -	In good health. Not so well as yesterday. Dead.
To-day we had -	Sunshine. Blizzard. Avalanche.
All - - -	Enjoyed themselves. Caught cold. Were buried alive.
They are - -	Sunburnt. A little stiff. Due out of bed next August.
I have broken -	One ski. Both legs. My bedroom tumbler.
I propose to - -	Return to-morrow. Stay for Spring flowers. Book coffin through by flying hearse.

Cross out matter which does not apply.

It will be seen that this allows for all eventualities, even George's demise, when his friends abroad would be saved the composition of such a long and tiresome letter as might seriously interfere with their plans for the following day.

THE SURPLUS.

THROUGH the inexplicable beneficence of those mysterious persons who declare interim dividends and things, we found ourselves in the astonishing position of having a positive bank balance even when Christmas and the New Year were duly paid for. That such an unnatural state of affairs could not be allowed to continue was clear.

Mary said that as a matter of fact she could do with another new hat, as she wasn't quite sure that she looked her best in last week's. I thought we might preferably give the income-tax man a shock by offering to pay our next instalment in advance. Then we both thought that there must be someone to whom we had forgotten to give a Christmas present, and we might yet send one dated December 24th, and thus save our reputation at the expense of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S.

Then Mary said, "I know—there 's poor old Aggie, who has had nothing."

Poor old Aggie! Getting shabby now and her steering not so secure as one might desire, but a faithful soul nevertheless. Of course Aggie must have something, a new mascot, a screen-wiper which would, a new wing where the front-gate hit her. It was difficult to know quite what Aggie would like most, for she needs so much and, if you give her something new here, she must have something new there to match it.

"Anyway," said Mary, "let 's take her round to the garage and make her look in the window and choose something."

So we cranked up Aggie and stuttered down the road. We had done about a hundred yards when a policeman appeared. We registered genuine innocence. Aggie could not conceivably exceed the limit.

"Your licence has not been renewed, I see," said the policeman.

"Oh, Lord!" said Mary and I.

So now Aggie has what she really wanted, and anyway this season's pink licences are rather chic, don't you think? And we feel more seasonable without that surplus.

Glimpses of the Undie-World.

"AMAZING CUTS IN WINTER UNDERWEAR."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Our laundry remains imperturbable.

". . . . There came shepherds from the Alban Hills. They wore enormous straw hats from which fell ribbons, sheepskin trousers, and boots of untanned hide."—*Article on Italian Royal Wedding in Daily Paper.*

We look forward to the day when such varied hat-trimming is the fashion at All Souls' and St. Margaret's.



Superstitious Lady (who has been persuaded to make a fourth at Bridge). "NO WONDER I'M SO UNLUCKY! I'VE GOT THIRTEEN CARDS AGAIN."

DRAGONS AND DUCHESSES.

HITHERTO, as I now realise, I have been unnaturally lucky about Nannies. They have dropped from the sky whenever I wanted them, been harmonious, competent and friendly, and departed reluctantly at the most urgent demand of impatient *fiancés*. But this time my luck has deserted me. The present one's wedding-day grows steadily nearer and no new treasure has turned up, so yesterday I decided that there was nothing for it but to go out in search of one.

Thus it came about that for the first time in my life I set foot inside Mrs. Cattermole's Establishment, that select and superior hunting-ground of which (if you are a parent) you cannot fail to have heard. I expected to find Mrs. Cattermole herself, in a small confidential room, sitting at a writing-table as capacious and comfortable as her own figure—a kindly middle-aged woman who would listen sympathetically while I described to her my idea of the perfect Nannie. Instead, I was shown into a long bare office, with a row of knee-hole desks down the middle, and at each desk a brisk business-like young woman with a poised pen. I felt as a man might feel who had entered heaven in the devout belief that he would get individual attention, and found instead that the place was run on the card-index system by a band of efficient seraphim.

I approached the nearest young woman and she wrote a few more lines before raising her head. Efficient business-people always make a point of doing this, wet or fine; otherwise one might not realise that they were busy.

"I am looking for a Nannie," I said.

"What kind of a nurse were you



Angry Golfer (held up by inefficient ditto). "YOU 'VE BEEN THERE TRYING TO HIT THAT BALL FOR THE LAST HALF-HOUR. SOME OF YOU PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU LIKE."

requiring?" she asked, poising her pen once more.

"A really *nice* one," I said. "You know what I mean—a *really* nice one."

"College or nursery?"

"Oh, for a nursery."

"I mean college-trained or nursery-trained?" she explained patiently.

"I don't mind," I said. "You can't really *learn* to be a Nannie, anyhow, can you? Either you're born one or you aren't."

She neither acquiesced nor argued, but continued to hover hopefully over the still empty sheet.

"Do you want a lady-nurse?"

"Not a bit," I said hastily, recoiling at the very thought. "Just an ordinary Nannie is what I'm looking for."

"How many children, and what ages?"

"Four and one."

"*Five* children?" She sounded faintly incredulous.

"No, no, only two. A boy of four and a girl of one."

"Nursery-maid kept?"

"No," I said guiltily.

"Nurseries waited on?"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "But our last Nannie," I added eagerly, "was most awfully happy with us. She only left to be married."

This gratuitous piece of information could not be entered on her form, so she ignored it.

"Religion?" she asked. "And age required?"

"I don't mind about her religion," I said, feeling that I ought to mind; "but I don't want one older than forty."

She asked her final question as though it were the most important of the lot, as indeed, from the Establishment's point of view, it may have been.

"And what salary were you offering?"

"Fifty," I said.

To me and to my previous Nannies fifty has always seemed a comfortable ample sum. Now for the first time it sounded like a starvation wage, and I felt that all the other would-be employers in the room were offering seventy, eighty or a hundred pounds a year.

"Is that your outside limit?" she asked after a slight pause.

"Well, if I found exactly the right person I *might* be able to run to fifty-five."

After all, I thought, what does the price of a frock, of a country week-end, of a library subscription matter, compared with keeping up one's self-respect? I saw her put down fifty-five pounds as though her very pen would have jibbed at writing a lesser sum.

"I don't know that I've got very many at that salary," she said, "but if you will go into Cubicle No. 17 I will do my best for you."

Cubicle No. 17 was about six feet square and contained two chairs. From where I sat I could see across the passage into the nurses' waiting-room. The walls of it were lined with a solid row of Nannies, like some fantastic living frieze—Nannies of all ages, all sizes, all shapes; brown Nannies, green Nannies, grey, navy and black. My heart leapt; I had not known that there were so many of them in the world: surely my perfect one must be among them!

Soon I heard the waiting-room clerk call out in a high-pitched voice, "Nurse Hemingway, will you go into No. 17?" I was afflicted with sudden panic, as I always am at the prospect of a cold-blooded interview. Nurse Hemingway, tall, stern and sinister, loomed in the doorway. The interview lasted perhaps thirty seconds; then I discovered that she was asking eighty pounds a year. It was not much, she assured me, considering that she had been in some of the Highest Nurseries in the Land. I was glad when her dragon-like figure retreated.

The next one was not a dragon; she had a patient dignified expression, well-cut clothes and a cultured accent.

"I want a Nannie for my two children," I began.

"I'm sorry," she said gently, "but I'm a lady-nurse."

I apologised for Mrs. Cattermole's mistake and the duchess followed the dragon back into the waiting-room.

Next came another duchess, but a young one this time, with high-heeled shoes, a scarlet handbag, a powdered nose and abundant self-possession. At any rate, I thought, she can't be old enough to be expensive. When I asked her salary she answered briefly, "Thirty."

"That seems very little," I exclaimed in great surprise.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered airily. "Some nurses go for as little as a pound a week, but of course I'm college-trained, so I always get thirty shillings."

The fourth one was a dear old thing, so fat that she could scarcely squeeze her way into the cubicle. She could not have been a day under sixty-five, and she said that she couldn't manage without a nursery-maid on account of her feet.

At this point I lost all patience, marched out into the office and made as politely as possible a magnificent row.

"Have you," I demanded in conclusion, "mixed up my form with somebody else's, or have you merely put down the wrong particulars for fun?"

The young woman raised her eyebrows and inspected my form as though she herself had not filled it in only half-an-hour ago. Then, without explanation or apology, she said, "If you will go back to No. 17, I think I have one who might suit your requirements."

Helpless in the face of such blank unrepentance, I obeyed, and presently I heard the clerk's voice intoning, "Nurse Ratcliff! No. 17."

No sooner did I set eyes on Nurse Ratcliff than I knew that nothing in the world would induce me to have her in the house. But in civilised society you cannot after one glance say to a person, "I'm afraid I don't like you." So I had to begin questioning her, feeling sure that it would not take me long to find a plausible disqualification. But every answer that she gave was more devastatingly satisfactory than the last, and at every word she spoke I disliked her more intensely. Her age was thirty, her salary forty-eight pounds, her references excellent. Yes, she could easily manage two children. No, she did not want to be waited upon. Yes, she could sew and cut out. No, she did not mind taking the dog out with the pram.

"And you're really fond of children?" I asked.

"I am devoted to them," she said grimly. "I think they're So Sweet. And they always obey me instantly too. I have a Way with them."

I shuddered. So might the *Giant*, I thought, be devoted to *Jack*. And dragons notoriously have a Way with them. . . .



Dentist. "ANYONE IN THE WAITING-ROOM?"
Maid. "YES, SIR, A GENTLEMAN; BUT HE'S LOCKED HISSELF IN."

I racked my brains desperately for a way out, but the repellent woman seemed determined to come to us. Her black beady eyes fixed me like gimlets, her thin-lipped mouth was set in a relentless line. Poor Timothy, I thought, his four happy years of freedom to end so soon! Poor small Jane, who has only had one, and who has found it all so far such fun!

What are mothers for but to imperil their own souls for their children's sake? Flinging truth to the winds I made up my mind to save Jane and Timothy from this monster.

"By the way," I said, "I forgot to mention that we live half the year on a small motor-yacht cruising about the—the west coast of Scotland. I suppose you don't mind that?"

"I love the sea," she answered, and my heart sank. "But the sea," she added darkly, "doesn't love *me*."

I felt a warm rush of sympathy for the sea. Nurse Ratcliff shook her head and stood up.

"No," she said reluctantly, "I'm afraid I really couldn't take on a marine situation. What a pity!"

"*Isn't* it?" I agreed, and beamed at her with a smile of fervent relief as she left me.

I escaped from Mrs. Cattermole's as quickly as possible, running the gauntlet of the row of superior young women. The next day I sent her a post-card saying that I was "suited."

I think the only thing to do now is to put an advertisement in the paper. After what I have suffered I shall word it something like this:—

"WANTED.—A Really Nice Nannie. Born, not made. Must be fond of dogs and able to make toffee. No dragons or duchesses need apply."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE DOCTOR.

ONCE there was a doctor who had a very bad attack of chicken-pox, and he was ashamed of having a thing like that so he said it was only nettle-rash, and he went on visiting his patients and gave it to so many of them that there was quite an epidemic in the town where he lived and they had to put beds in the Corn Exchange.

Well nobody died of it but of course it was very awkward and interfered with the business of the town, and everybody was very annoyed with the doctor and the Mayor said he should send him to prison when he got better, but he caught it himself the next day and when he recovered from it the Town Council paid for him to have a holiday at Brighton and by the time he was quite well again it had all rather blown over. But nobody would have the doctor to attend to them any more and he got so poor that he had to be a pavement artist, because he was rather good at drawing with coloured chalks and he couldn't think of any other way to make enough money to live on.

Well he made a fair amount of money because people were sorry for him having to come down to that and they put coppers in his cap and sometimes sixpences, but he didn't make as much as he wanted to, and presently he said to himself well I shall have to strike out a new line, and instead of doing pictures of beefsteaks and sunsets he began to do all the different parts of people's insides, because of course he knew what they looked like as he was a doctor. And people were interested in seeing what their lungs and livers and all those things looked like and he did fairly well out of it

Well one day the chief clergyman of the town was going to give a lecture in his schoolroom about the Pyramids, which he knew a lot about as he had seen them himself, but he had such a bad cold that he had to keep in bed. And he didn't want to disappoint his congregation so he sent for the doctor who had been a friend of his before he had become a pavement artist, and he said to him could you give a lecture about people's insides instead of my one about the Pyramids? you could do your pictures rather large on pieces of cardboard and have them instead of lantern slides. There will be a collection afterwards and I will give you half of it, and if your lecture is interesting enough I should think you would make quite a lot out of it.

And the doctor said well I will if you will lend me a good shirt and a pair of patent leather shoes, all my clothes are very shabby now except my dress suit and that is all right because nobody has invited me to go to anything lately where I should have had to put it on.

So the clergyman, whose feet were about the same size as his, lent him his patent leather shoes which he wouldn't want himself that night as he was in bed, and a clean shirt, and he had his hair cut and when he got on to the platform he looked quite like a doctor again instead of a pavement artist, and people who had never seen him like that were surprised and said they should never have thought it. And he gave a very interesting lecture mostly about appendixes with a lot of illustrations, and at the end of it he said you would all feel much better if you had your appendixes taken out, and I shall be pleased to do it for any bonâ-fide member of this congregation at half price.

Well a lot of people thought this was a good offer, but the other doctors in the town were annoyed about it. And they said well anyhow he hasn't got any place to operate in and we certainly shan't lend him one. But the clergyman took his part and he said he would lend him his vestry to do his operations in if he would promise to have it properly cleaned and made tidy again afterwards. So the people came there, and when he had operated on them he took them home in an ambulance and visited them every day until they got better, and as he only charged half price he soon had quite a good practice again, and was able to buy himself some nice clothes and some new stethoscopes and microscopes and things like that.

Well soon after that the doctor fell in love with the daughter of the Mayor and wanted to marry her. And the Mayor didn't mind because he wasn't quite a gentleman himself and he thought it would be a good thing for his daughter to marry a doctor, but when he asked how much money he made he said oh it isn't nearly enough, if I hadn't shown more enterprise than that I shouldn't have been nearly so rich as I am. And the doctor said well I work hard but of course I can only charge half price, what do you think I ought to do?



"PEOPLE WERE SORRY FOR HIM."

And the Mayor said well I will tell you what you can do. That was a very interesting lecture you gave about people's appendixes and you got a lot of custom after it. What you ought to do is to go into partnership with another doctor, you can go about the country giving lectures and leave him behind to take out the appendixes while you go on to the next place. I will look after the business end of it, and we will divide the profits into three parts and each of us take one.

So he got another doctor who was a friend of his to go into partnership with him, and he was glad to do it because he was good at all operations but his other practice had gone down because he had ordered a rich old lady to eat less food when what she wanted him to do was to order her to eat more food, and she had taken a dislike to him and told everybody that he was no good as a doctor. And the Mayor approved of him and he said we don't want to overdo it at first, we had better make appendixes our chief feature, but we can do tonsils and adenoids too, and when we have worked up a good connection we can think of something else that people can do without.

Well it was such a success that the doctor soon made enough money to

marry the Mayor's daughter, and the Mayor was so pleased at the way things were going that he gave up his business of being a bottle-blower and devoted all his time to it. And he engaged two more doctors and several dentists besides, because he said everybody has thirty-two teeth and only one appendix and it is a pity to let all that custom go begging. And he said it was only fair that he should take most of the money for that himself as he had thought of it, but the doctor didn't mind as he wasn't a dentist and besides he was making plenty to live on now, and the Mayor had promised to leave his daughter all his money.

Well he left a good deal of money, because he had been so enterprising, and the doctor was able to retire and go in for painting entirely. And he got so good at it that he sent a picture of a doctor doing an operation to the Academy. But they sent it back to him with a polite note to say that they would have liked to hang it but they thought it would make people feel too squeamish. A. M.

WINTER'S BOON.

THROUGHOUT the summer months, it seems,
Men's souls are filled with urgent dreams
Of speed and yet more speed;
On land and water and in air
Their one ambition is to tear
(Like animals annoyed by stings)
From point to point or round in rings
On frantic wheels and keels and wings
Much faster than they need.

They build absurd machines to fly
Like meteors across the sky,
Deafening us as they go;
They manufacture cars that flash
Along like lightning (till they crash),
And motor-boats that roar and race
And rocket as they swallow space;
Then grumble, "What we want is pace;
These things are far too slow!"

Nor is the craze confined to few;
The countless motors whizzing through
The astonished countryside,
From clamorous midgets belching fumes,
To things like wheeled Assembly Rooms,
Each straining wildly to be first,
Reveal the insatiable thirst
To move like maniacs, or burst,
Established far and wide.

But winter follows, and at length
The madness wanes and loses strength—
Our weather sees to that;
For aeroplanes can hardly rise
When vigorous gales assault the skies;
The speed-boats pass; it doesn't pay
To foam in circles round the bay
When folks are not on holiday
And seas are se'dom flat.

The road-hog's fits of frenzy cease;
He slides with caution on the grease
That lies about his road,
For things like hail and snow and fog
Are hateful to the *genus* hog.
Then the pedestrian can restore
His self-respect; he is no more
That piteous thing he was before,
A kind of human toad.



Small Boy (*about to return to school*). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, MUMMY DEAR."
Mother. "BUT, DARLING, OF COURSE I'M COMING TO THE STATION."
Small Boy. "I KNOW, MUMMY, BUT I THOUGHT IF WE GOT THE WORST OVER HERE WE MIGHT PART DECENTLY AT THE STATION."



Saleswoman (to undecided couple). "OF COURSE IT ISN'T AS IF MODOM WERE SMALL. MODOM CAN CARRY A LARGE HEAD."

GOOD REASONS.

The following genuine letter from a Japanese firm to a Swedish firm has reached us from a Stockholm correspondent:—

"DEAR FOREIGNER-SAN.—We are sorry to apologise for not answering the many letters you have sent to us during the last three months wanting delivery of the order; we are very sorry for you: We ask you to cancel the contract:—

Because. The roof blown off the factory by the strong wind last year.

Also we were in such hurry to finish your order by the time the contract that the bearings of the machinery got hot and set fire to all the goods.

Further. The goods have several times already been sent to you by the Haashin Densha some weeks ago and must have been lost.

Likewise. Our factory manager has had to go to his native country to carry the bones of his diseased Aunt's sister.

Additionally. All the workmen in our factory are dead from the flue.

Finally. Our Taisha was blown through the roof when our boiler burst and we do not know when he will come back:

In conclusion. The factory is still very busy but we will accept new orders for same goods, immediate delivery, at 50% above the former price.

We are sorry for you."

THE SACRED BABOONS.

I AM the sort of person who
Does not appreciate the Zoo.
I think the entertainment slow;
Nevertheless I often go
To visit the sacred baboons;
I'm fond of the sacred baboons;
I gladly disburse
A bob from my purse
On account of the sacred baboons.

I simply will not make a fuss
About a hippopotamus,
And I confess I cannot feel
The least emotion for a seal.
I greatly prefer a baboon;
I contracted the liking last June;
That is certainly why
I returned in July.
I wanted to see a baboon.

The reptile-house I can't abide,
Though I have never been inside,
Nor have I seen a chimpanzee
Complacently imbibing tea.
Not one of the sacred baboons
Has traffic with cups or with spoons;
To approach their abode
Bearing Wedgwood or Spode
Would anger the sacred baboons.

If, seeking solace, you should wish
To watch sea-lions fed with fish,
By all means do so; this display
Attracts spectators every day.
I rather would feed a baboon
(They are frequently hungry at noon);
I fed, I remember,
One day in September
An awfully sacred baboon.

Our holy visitors, I'm told,
Suffer acutely from the cold;
I often ring up Regent's Park,
Now nights are long and days are dark,
To inquire for the sacred baboons,
The health of the sacred baboons;
With a moment to spare,
I say, "Zoo! are you there?
And how are the sacred baboons?"

Astigmatism in the Referee.

"HACKING SAVES OLDHAM."
Football Report in Daily Paper.



THE KING SPEAKING.

FATHER NEPTUNE (*listening-in to the Inaugural Meeting of the Naval Conference*). "HEAR, HEAR! I'M WITH YOU, SIR."



Old Lady (at bookstall of London terminus). "THE PARISH MAGAZINE, PLEASE."

TIGHT PLACES FOR THE TIMID.

SOMEBODY has said that we should live more dangerously and not play for safety in City offices from nine-thirty to five, as so many are content to do. Personally I am sure that there is a great deal of merit in the suggestion, but an old friend of mine, who is leading mannequin in a parachute factory, smiled disdainfully when I asked him his opinion. He thought it likely that its originator was a diocesan surveyor, which happens to be my occupation. "My dear old man," he said, "last spring I went to Cairo and fell down the Great Pyramid. I expect you diocesan wallahs would consider that a risky thing to do. To me it was only a busman's holiday."

Seriously, though, if I had my way I would make all occupations hazardous. I would spice the homeliest tasks with a little risk. I am convinced that this would be good for the physique of the race and would also improve our standards of commercial honesty. House-agents, for one thing, would learn to be more careful. At present these persons carry on their business with impunity. As everybody knows, it is their habit to advertise their wares as being only "five minutes from the station." This is an obvious falsehood, because no house is as near a station as that, unless it is a public-house or a coal-merchant's office. If house-agents were compelled to sprint the distance in the time advertised by them, ninety per cent would die on the way and the residue would thereafter talk a little less like ANANIAS and a little more like G. WASHINGTON.

People who win the Derby, though they have never bestridden a horse since their Margate days, and then it was a donkey, offend one's sense of the fitness of things. They should be made to mount their thoroughbreds and ride round the course themselves. The welkin would then ring with well-merited scorn and the cinema-rights could be sold for the benefit of the poor.

It is absurdly easy for a man to go to the Marble Arch, mount on a step-ladder arrangement and declare that all rulers and governors and people of that kind are scoundrels. I once heard a man do it for three-quarters of an hour without stopping. There is nothing in it. But, if the speaker were man enough to stand outside IL DUCE'S place in Rome and say (in Italian, of course), "MUSSOLINI is a mut," the thing would go with a snap, which is entirely lacking in Hyde Park. It would be worth doing for the risk of it.

We cannot all go in for climbing Mount Everest, exploring the Arctic regions or taking walking-exercise on the Brighton Road, but we might at least live as though we should like to do these things if only we were not detained at the office.

Pathos in Advertising.

"AH MEN
THE LAST WORD IN TAILORING."
Advt. in Canton Paper.

"BOMBAY.—The city was without meat or crabs to-day because of a religious strike . . ."
Vancouver Paper.

One has only to imagine Hartlepool without its truffles to realise the full horror of this statement.

"A high wind yesterday caused huge wages to break over the piers and promenades."
Scots Paper.

It is understood that the natives appropriated the spoil before any excursion trains could reach the spot.

IN THE BATH.

ALL over the country to-day we meet authors and journalists who admit, smiling modestly, that occasionally for a change they write an article or so in the bath. I am convinced they do nothing of the sort.

I assume that the baths in the houses of authors and journalists follow the same broad and sweeping streamlines as those that are sat in by lesser men. I assume that, battered as they may be and in need of a coat of paint (as are many of the possessions of large numbers of literary men), they present no radical differences in construction from the average middle-class bath. I assume (in short) that they are neither Roman nor Turkish, and that no labour-saving devices, bookshelves, reservoirs of ink or cushioned seats protrude from their interior surfaces. If I am allowed to assume all this it seems to me that my case is irrefutable. I have, moreover, made the experiment of trying to write an article in my bath, with highly instructive results.

Rather than draw up a list of all the obstacles which lie strewn in the way of the man who wishes to write while he is in his bath, I will cast my argument in narrative form. I invite you to consider the case of a writer, A, who has a queer whim to be seated in a quantity of hot water while he writes eight hundred words in his happiest manner setting forth his opinions on the National Debt.

A is a man of foresight. Not only has he previously spent a good deal of time sitting in the bath (empty) in order to discover the best position to take up while writing his article; he has also remembered to fill his fountain-pen and to place on a chair beside the bath a drawing-board, a store of writing-paper and the volume of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* to which he will infallibly have to refer. At the moment when I offer him for your consideration, the bath is full of hot water and A is about to step into it. He steps into it.

At this stage there dawns upon him the fact that a bath full of hot water is designed primarily for the purpose of washing, and that if he does not wash as well as write his article he will be guilty of waste; unless indeed the bath's stimulating influence improves his literary style out of all knowledge, a thing he is so pessimistic (or so conceited) as to consider improbable. He therefore determines that the process of washing shall precede that of literary composition. He washes. He replaces the soap; he replaces the sponge; he replaces the loofah. He thoroughly dries those portions of himself which project from the water. He replaces the towel. He reaches painfully sideways and gets hold of the drawing-board; but he cannot lift it with one hand because he foolishly placed the volume of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* on top of it. He stands up in the bath, bends over, lifts and lowers the volume on to the floor and takes the drawing-board. Numerous drops of water fall from his elbows on to the pile of clean paper. He sits down again in the bath and is about to rest the board on his knees when he remembers that he did not dry them; he holds the board up with one hand, grabs the towel, and with great difficulty dries them with it. He replaces the towel.

He finds that the board is too wide to go between the two sides of the bath; and when he turns it the other way round he finds it projects too far beyond his knees to rest safely against them without being firmly gripped at one end. He grips it firmly with his right hand and reaches out for a piece of paper with his left. He places the sheet on the board and reaches out again for his pen; and as he does so the board tilts slightly and the paper slides off into the water. He removes it from the water and drops it out on to *The Encyclopædia Britannica*. With infinite pains he at last contrives to get some fresh paper on his board, his pen in his hand and everything ready to write. He leans back to look at the ceiling and catch from it an inspiration for his opening sentence; and in a flash he slides swiftly down in the bath and everything goes under water. Later he has another bath, not as a stimulus to the imagination, but to wash off the ink.

It seems to me—I stand open to correction—that such a prelude to the writing of an article does not make for that peace of mind, that ordered activity of the reason, which are essential for good composition. I will hazard a guess that Mr. BERNARD SHAW, Professor EINSTEIN and Miss WILHELMINA STITCH do not produce their best work under such conditions. I will go further: I will say that any writer who composes an article of any length in an ordinary bath lays himself open to the risk of death, either from apoplexy or exposure. His epitaph of course would be, "Here lies one whose final article was writ in hot-water."



A COAT-OF-ARMS FOR THE BEAVERBROOK PRESS.

[Armorial bearings having recently been granted to *The Times* by the College of Arms, it is anticipated that the BEAVERBROOK Press will shortly apply for a similar privilege.]

ARMS: *Quarterly; 1st and 4th, issuant from a brook wavy a beaver rampant; 2nd, a cornucopia proper fructed; 3rd, a feld blumen, vert.*

DEVICE: *A hand dexter wielding a brush of paint gules imposed on a map of globe terrestrial.*

SUPPORTERS: *Two Crusaders free-trade imperial armed the one with a quill of anser and the other with a pencil azure.*

"Another less usual drug found was of such a nature that by a simple process it could be transformed into hasheesh, one of the terrible drugs of the Orient, which has the effect of unhinging the winds of its victims."
Hants Paper.

We find it difficult to recall the name of any great long-distance runner who was a really heavy hasheesh-smoker.



THE PURIST.

A DELEGATE WHO HAS BEEN BIDDEN TO A ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE REFUSES TO TAKE PART IN THE MEETING WHEN HE DISCOVERS THAT THE TABLE IS OBLONG.

TO JANUARY.

THE months from OVID's day, and earlier still,
Have been a theme for the poetic quill,
And HOOD, as those who love him will
remember,
Wrote a philippic ode against November,
Pronouncing it for various cogent reasons
The worst of all the months in the four seasons.
Now, though I 'm loth to differ from a bard
Whose fame is held by *Punch* in high regard,
I venture as a Nineteen-Thirty man
To claim the "ignoble prize" for cruel "Jan."

For, first of all, this month commits the crime
Of being quite intractable in rhyme,
Since in its syllables in vain you seek
An accent or a stress that is not weak,
Unless you perpetrate the vile vagary
Of mispronouncing it as Januáry.
Then take its early record, which is radically and historically bad.
The Saxons (I have culled this useful bit
Of information from the *Ency. Brit.*)
Named it the "Wolf-month," fitly to describe
The annual visits of the vulpine tribe;
And, though we 're luckier than our ancestors
In keeping these intruders from our doors,
Still January earns an ill repute
For making human misery acute.
It brings too often bodily disquiet
Due to indulgence in rich Christmas diet;
It brings the harvest of outstanding bills
And many other monetary ills,
So that the constant signature of cheques
Exhausts our balance and our credit wrecks.

It is the month of furious storms and gales
And of the equal fury of the sales;
For, though the ravages of wintry blasts
Tear sails to rags and shatter spars and masts,
Uprooting with reiterated strokes
Whole rows of immemorial elms and oaks—
Fiercer than winds that batter at the casement
Are the wild women in a bargain-basement,
While harassed bankers need their utmost craft
To cope with January's overdraft.

O miserable month, in name derived
From twi-faced Janus, and like him contrived
A double face at every turn to show,
Now wreathed in smiles, now stark with ice and snow,
More mutable than Proteus in your range
Of swift and sudden barometric change;
With keen relief I watch you wane and ebb
In the faint hope of better days in Feb.

Dots which we Deplore.

"RELIEF FOR U.S. TAXPAYERS."—*Scots Paper.*

Gallic Self-Control which Mr. Punch Commends.

"The French steamer dropped her anchors as a precautionary measure, and with her head moorings holding was safe until the gals subsided. There was no damage."—*Sunderland Paper.*

Few gals are really dangerous so long as you can keep your head.

"By the courtesy of the Collector of Customs we are enabled to give the following particulars of the stocks in the bonded warehouses in Sydney on September 2nd, 1929:—
Hope 1772 lbs."—*Australian Paper.*

In view of our holiday deficit we should personally prefer this weight of Charity.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

"For the first time in history New York police reserves were called to the American Museum of Natural History last night to quell disturbances caused by three thousand five hundred people fighting to hear a lecture on EINSTEIN'S *Theory of Relativity."*

So ran a statement in the Morning Press.

I was surprised about this thing, for I too was once eager to listen to the theory of relativity as expounded by EINSTEIN, though never so passionately eager as to riot or draw blood. What I did was to buy a book called *Three Men Discuss Relativity.*

It was a fine book. Of that I am sure. I expect Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT noted it as the most remarkable piece of literature of the century. But it proved a disappointment to me.

The Three Men who conspired to discuss Relativity were stated to be a MATHEMATICAL PHYSICIST, a PHILOSOPHER and an ORDINARY INTELLIGENT PERSON. From the very beginning I distrusted *Ord. Int. Per.* When I read a symposium on a subject like Relativity I am happier if one of the guests is called PERFECT NINCOMPOOP, or *Perf. Ninc.*, a fellow of the Watson calibre, of the honest bull-dog breed.

My fears were only too well founded.

I do not know where these three men met. The book does not say. It cannot have been at an ordinary West-end club, because *Math. Phys.* was provided with a blackboard, on which he occasionally wrote down very simple mathematical expressions. (That is what he called them.) Very possibly it was at a night-club or oyster-bar. But, wherever it was, the conversation after a fairly easy beginning, which lured me on, very soon took a deeper and much more sinister turn.

I find that there are many persons like myself who have been led to attach an unjustifiable importance to Relativity, because they supposed it to have something to do with railway-trains. Let me say once and for all that this is a mere blind. It is well known that you can always excite the sympathy and goodwill of any ordinary Englishman by talking about railway-trains, or still more by showing models of a railway-train. Thus you might recently have seen a section of the new District Station at Charing Cross congested by masses of Englishmen and Englishwomen busily engaged in examining a working toy-model of the block system of railway signalling. I suggest that, if the whole railway system was a toy-system and there was no real system at all, the traffic problem would be immediately solved, for everybody would be willing to walk to their work, watching the toy-system as they went along. This, however, is for the future to unfold.



"WHY DO YOU KEEP PUTTING YOUR ORANGE UNDER THE TAP, JOHN?"

"'COS MY HANDS KEEP ON MAKING IT BLACK."

What happened in the conversation between these three mysterious characters, *Phil*, *M. Phiz* and *Ordintper*, was that after a few simple and apparently harmless observations about NEWTON and clocks, *Matt. Phiz*, in order to prevent *Ordintper* from going to sleep, startled him by hissing between his clenched teeth, "A man standing on a railway platform, for example, may see an aeroplane flying in a straight line with a uniform velocity. A passenger in a train which is itself travelling in a straight line with uniform velocity with respect to the man on the platform will find that the motion of the aeroplane with respect to the train is in a straight line with uniform velocity."

This made *Ordintper* quite keen. It would. But it did more than that. It completely undermined his honesty. Instead of saying, as *Perf. Ninc.* would have said, "I am entirely with you in this matter of the train and the aeroplane, but as soon as you leave that and get on to something darker I take my hat and out of the club I go," he weakly stayed on.

Not many minutes elapsed before he was let in for hearing and agreeing to some of the most abominable propositions that have ever fallen from the lips of man. Thus on page 28 we find *Phiz* asserting, with the insolent coolness of his kind: "After the collision let their velocities be u_1 and u_2 respectively. v_1 will not in general be equal to u_1, or v_2 to u_2. Nor will $v_1 + v_2$ be equal to $u_1 + u_2$. But I find that I can choose two coefficients, m_1 and m_2 such that $m_1v_1 + m_2v_2 = m_1u_1 + m_2u_2$."

There must have been a moment of shocked silence. Men have been hounded from society for remarks no worse than this, and I will say for *Ordintper* that on recovering from his amazement he did put up a fight.

"Can you make your point clear," he exclaimed hotly, "without using equations?"

To which *Matthew Phiz* had the audacity to reply: "If you look at the equations again you will find them perfectly easy to understand."

The rebuke was not entirely lost, for *Phiz* did actually make a promise to behave more decently, and kept it to some extent for nearly twenty-five pages. After that, however (and I can only infer that alcoholic liquor, probably gin, was being supplied on the premises after licence hours), the cloven foot reasserted itself and all pretence of common morality was thrown to the winds.

"Then we have the following relations," says *Matt. Phiz* quietly:—

"$x' = \beta(x - vt)$; $y' = y$; $z' = z$; $t' = \beta\left(t - \frac{vx}{c^2}\right)$

where $\beta = \frac{1}{\sqrt{\left(1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}\right)}}$."

and so on, but, if anything, worse, for

a matter of three hundred words or so. Finally, after a few ineffectual mutters of discontent from his fellow-conspirators, he blurts out: "The spatio-temporal relation represented by *s* is the same for all observers who are in uniform translatory motion with respect to one another. This invariant quantity is called the interval."

And what, you will ask, was *Phil.* doing all the while? Not much. A kindly equable person, he seems on the whole to have exercised a restraining influence on the man *Matt. Phiz* and I should imagine that if *Ordintper* had backed him up he would have taken the blackboard away or broken up the chalk. But it was too late now. *Matthew Phiz* had got well into his stride, and a few paragraphs later I closed the book for good. I did not even turn over the pages to see what happened at the end. But there can be little doubt that the building was raided by the police. *Ordintper* had in any case only himself to thank for whatever may have occurred. He was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and I have no sympathy with him whatsoever.

That is why I feel surprised that in New York, where of all places I should have imagined that the *Phils.* and *Ordintpers* were men of a nobler and better breed, there should have been this disorderly scrimmage to wallow in the orgies of Relativity.

"Seekers after knowledge," the account continues, "rioted among cases of specimens and panic-stricken attendants fled for police help."

I could have warned them, and I wish I had. I have seen enough of Relativity to know too well whither it leads.

EVOE.

BIRTH OF A SUBURB.

[Lines composed by a Cockney poet on the appearance in a rural area not far from London of a hoarding announcing the site of a forthcoming suburban development scheme.]

APPROACH and view with proud delight
Our newest suburb's chosen site,
Its earliest stone as yet unlaid
And nothing but its name displayed.
Right now—it is your final chance—
Observe this pastoral expanse.
No merry urban din obtrudes
Upon its rustic solitudes;
No buses honk nor taxis hoot;
The paper-vendor's voice is mute
When in the sunset's tranquil glow
The curlew calls—for all I know.

Soon men will load with bricks and drain-pipes
These meadows where the lonely crane pipes,
Or makes such noise as cranes see fit
When unmolested to emit.

Next, mushroom-like before our eyes
"Attractive properties" will rise,
Which folk will choose as their abodes,
Paying the charges due for roads.
And when the 6.15 from Town
Has set its nightly burden down
The watchful wife will mark afar
The homing City man's cigar
Piercing the twilight like a star.

Regard this field, how wet and green it is,
How lacking cultural amenities,
And ponder with a grateful smile
The fact that in a little while
Its soil will yield us richer crops
Of petrol-pumps and pubs and shops.

Dustmen with hygienic drays
Will tread these unfrequented ways
Where now the bittern's mournful boom
Sounds sadly in the gathering gloom.
(Do bitterns haunt this favoured spot?
I think they do, as like as not.)

C. L. M.



The Waiter (in answer to Visitor's protest). "IF WE DIDN'T MAKE NO CHARGE FOR BATHS, SIR, WE SHOULD 'AVE EVERYBODY 'AVIN' 'EM."

A Hearty Apology Which Impends.

"It is time that London had its dose of Berlioz, and Sir Hamilton Hasty is the best man to administer it."—*Sunday Paper.*

"One of the most beautiful pictures in the world, Botticelli's 'Birth of Venice.' . . ."
Daily Paper.

We greatly prefer it to Motorboti's "Death of Venice."

AT THE PICTURES.

"CONDEMNED" (LONDON PAVILION).

"DID you or did you not give my wife a monkey?" roared the infuriated *Vidal*, warden of the convict station of Devil's Island, addressing the attractive convict, *Michel*, and scenting a token of illicit love. Yet, if there was any sinister significance in such a gift, he should have known, being a fellow-countryman of DAUDET, that it symbolises the waning of passion. It was when he grew bored with a mistress that the *King of Illyria* in *Les Rois en Exil* had the bizarre fancy of presenting her with a little Brazilian monkey (*ouistiti*) by way of a p.p.c. card. It became a popular figure of speech. "*Au grand club on ne dit plus lâcher une maîtresse, mais lui envoyer son ouistiti.*"

However, it is possible that *Vidal*, who lacked the elements of culture, did not know his DAUDET. For the purposes of contrast, which has to be underlined in a film, he was represented as a gross fat-jowled brute. His table manners were vile, and the immediate effect of food upon his limited faculties of digestion was audibly indicated with a dreadful fidelity. No wonder that his pretty young wife, who in the glamour of courting days had regarded him as the living double of the statue of JOHN THE BAPTIST in her village square, no longer traced in him any resemblance to that saint. No wonder that she preferred the grace and refinement of *Michel*, who after all



LOVE'S TOKEN.

Vidal (*Mr.* DUDLEY DIGGES) *to Michel.* "DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT GIVE MY WIFE A MONKEY?"

was only serving sentence for the comparatively venial crime of theft.

To do him justice, in spite of his compromising gift of a monkey, he had at first only looked upon her as a distraction (I imagine that one welcomes distractions in a convict-station), whereas she had taken their friendship more seriously to heart. The husband, however, makes no such distinction in his favour and, while packing his wife off to France, condemns *Michel* to solitary



ELYSIUM ON DEVIL'S ISLAND;
OR, THE DISTRACTIONS OF A CONVICT.

Madame Vidal . . MISS ANN HARDING.
Michel . . . . . MR. RONALD COLMAN.

confinement. Not such a terrible punishment as it sounds, for the single cells had an airy grating that gave on the blue sky, permitted easy communication with the next-door neighbour and offered facilities for commerce with corruptible sentries.

By now *Michel* is as thoroughly in love as his nature allowed, and plans are laid for him to escape and join the lady at a port where her steamer will call on the other side of the island. After an exciting chase by river and deadly jungle he gets there and is successfully established in her cabin, only to find that the husband has been concealed on board all the time. At this juncture, *Jacques*, a loyal fellow-convict who had shared his flight (he was doing a life sentence for murder and so could afford to take risks) attacks *Vidal*. The struggle, begun on the ship, continues in the sea after they have gone overboard. He succeeds in drowning his man before being himself shot dead.

And so we leave the lovers looking forward to ultimate reunion as soon as *Michel's* term of years (extended on account of his defiance of the rules) is worked off. That at least, as I understand, was the final position on the first night. But your film-fan wants something more solid than a vague hope to get his teeth into; and when I assisted at a subsequent exhibition there was a supplementary spasm of reel in which we saw them, purgatory over, reunited in the paradise of a platform at the Gare d'Orléans.

A rather good show. There was very little dwelling on irrelevant details for purely spectacular effects. Almost every scene, action and word contributed something to the main issue. It had the merit too of varying the more or less static virtues of the talkie with the dynamic qualities of the silent film. And the difficulty of reproducing dialogue during swift movement seemed to have been solved. But I wish that directors would improve on the primitive method, here constantly exploited, of suggesting figures in motion by mobilising the scenery—houses, walls and things that make you feel uncomfortable and dizzy when they cease to be stationary. This device should be confined to occasions when you are supposed to be on a train or other mobile object and the optical illusion of moving scenery is natural.

As *Michel*, Mr. RONALD COLMAN, with his sensitive face and his gift (so rare in American films) of an English voice, was always a most delightful personality. Curiously a certain detachment of manner which distinguishes him



RECOGNITION;
OR, THE EYES OF LOVE.

from the common run of screen-lovers adds (so I am told), in the estimation of the adoring flapper, to the poignancy of his sex appeal. With pretty Miss ANN HARDING, who played *Madame Vidal*, one falls in love at sight. Then she speaks and one is put off by her American



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"JOURNEY'S END."

accent. But soon one forgets this earsore and is conquered by the simple charm of her sweetness and sincerity. Mr. DUDLEY DIGGES, terribly nasal, was an effective *Vidal*; and Mr. LOUIS WOLHEIM, as *Jacques* of the brutalised nose and loyal heart, was as nice a murderer as I ever want to meet.

O. S.

THE SING-SONG.

In days when *Tom Tiddler*
Dropped gold in the way
There came an old fiddler
To candlelight gay,
And he slaked his old clay;
And he didn't ask whether,
But stood in the middle,
And the boys altogether
They sang to the fiddle,
Like birds of a feather
They all sang together;
Oh, hey diddle diddle,
What tunes he could play!

For it 's worth a King's ransom
(Says he) to sing handsome
Old ditties and dancesome
As loved by men's dads,
"Old songs fit to toast, boys,
From seed-time to clover!"
Like "Three Jolly Postboys"
And "Fox He Jumped Over,"
And "Little Red Rover,"
And "Lassies and Lads";
Ah, who 's not a lover
Of "Lassies and Lads"?

His elbows up-prancing
In flow and in fling,
The minutes flew dancing
Like birds on the wing
To bow and to string;
While with fingers unflagging
He stood in the middle
And, elbows a-wagging,
He played the brown fiddle;
And the lads, as unlagging
As elbows a-wagging,
Oh, hey diddle diddle,
What songs they *did* sing!

For he said he 'd be sorry
While life 's transitory
Not to know "Annie Laurie"
And "High Germanie,"
And that ways would be lonely
A-wanting them, very,
And "Drink to me Only,"
And "Twickenham Ferry,"
And "Holly Bears Berry"
And "Bonny Dundee";
Sing derry down derry
For "Bonny Dundee"!

And oh! the old fiddler
The tunes that he played
That they 'd put *Tommy Tiddler*
For gold in the shade
Could not be gainsaid;
And the boys stood together
And him in the middle,
And shuffled shoe-leather
And sang with the fiddle;
Like birds of a feather
They all sang together,
And, hey diddle diddle,
What music they made!

P. R. C.

"WOMEN IN FACTORIES
THE TWO-SHIFT SYSTEM."
Daily Paper.

Dailies and nighties, we suppose.

"SMUTS AT WHITE HOUSE."
Headline in Daily Paper.

A few minutes with the Hoover should put that right.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

WE were talking of heroic boys; boys of the bull-pup breed. The WASHINGTON lad, young TELL, *Casabianca*.

"I found one for myself the other day," I said.

"Where?" I was asked.

"In London," I said. "To be exact, in a bus. I'll tell you all about it, suppressing nothing except his name, which I never learned. You shall not be let off one syllable."

In spite of a total absence of elation I began:—

"I was due at lunch at a Strand hotel at one-fifteen and was proposing to walk, but, having been delayed, I jumped into a bus at the Temple Gate. It was one-four, and I ought just to be on time.

"At Norfolk Street a messenger-boy got in and sat by me. In his hand he had a letter. Without realising what I was doing I glanced at the address. It was marked 'Urgent,' and directed to me at my private abode. I had no notion whose handwriting it was.

"'It's lucky you got into this bus,' I said to the boy, 'because that letter's for me.' And I reached for it.

"He gave me a suspicious look and tightened his hold on the envelope.

"'It's addressed to me,' I said. 'That's my name and that's where I live,' and I pointed to the superscription. 'What an extraordinary chance!'

"He edged away from me and put the letter in his pocket.

"'I can save you a journey,' I said.

"He edged further away.

"'But really,' I said, 'you don't want to go all the way to Sloane Square, do you?'

"'I must take it to where it says,' he replied.

"'But not if I'm here,' I urged. 'It's addressed to me. Well, I'm me.'

"'How do I know?' he asked.

"'I can show you,' I said. 'Here are other letters addressed to me,' and I felt in my pockets. 'Well,' I added, 'as a matter of fact I haven't got any.'

"An expression which on any other face would have been a smile faintly disfigured his.

"'But I've got my A.A. card,' I said.

"'What's that?' he asked.

"'For the motor-car association,' I said.

"His face became even more painfully distorted.

"'Motor-car!' he echoed. 'Then what are you doing in a bus?'

"This, of course, was unanswerable—to him. Moreover, having searched through my pocket-book, I found that the card had been left behind for the first time since I became a member.

"Meanwhile we had long since passed my lunching-place.

"'I suppose,' I said, 'it's no use showing you a cigar-case with my initials on it?'

"His whole attitude answered that question.

"Could anything be more absurd? And I was losing my lunch too, rather an important one. Of course, if the envelope hadn't got 'Urgent' on it, I shouldn't have minded; I should just have let it go and picked it up in the evening. But 'Urgent'—that's a rather serious word. There might be possibilities; money even. . . .

"I tried bribery. 'When you get to the house,' I said, 'and give me the letter you will receive a tip of sixpence. If you hand it to me now, having my word of honour that it is really I to whom it is addressed, I will give you half-a-crown.'

"'Couldn't do it,' he replied firmly. 'We've got to deliver them where it says.'

"'Then I must go all the way with you?'

"'Yes,' he said.

"'Ridiculous, isn't it?'

"'Yes,' he said.

"'And then will you give it me?'

"'If you really live there,' he said.

"'How will you know?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said, 'you'll either let yourself in or be let in, and all I have to do is to say, "Does this gent live here?" and if the answer is "Yes" I hand the letter over and the thing's done.'

"'And you wouldn't give it to me anywhere else but on my doorstep, not if I provided a witness—two, three, four witnesses—to say I was the gent intended?'

"'I couldn't,' he said; 'we're not allowed to. We've got to deliver them where they say.'

"Well, that's most of the story. I had to accompany that wretched little despot to Sloane Square and then walk to my flat and unlock the door. This done, I entered the hall, turned round and extended my hand for the letter, which he gave me without a word. I tipped him heavily and went to the telephone to apologise to my host.

"Then I opened the letter. It was from an author I hardly knew asking me to use my influence to get his new book reviewed in *Punch*." E. V. L.

Duleepsinhji's Match.

"NEW ZEALAND.

First innings (K. S. Duleepsinhji 49) . .	181
Second innings (Duleepsinhji, not out, 33)	66

ENGLAND.

First innings (K. S. Duleepsinhji 49) . .	49
Second innings (Duleepsinhji, not out, 33)	68"

Evening Paper.

THE MAKING OF A MASTERPIECE.

A FABLE.

THERE was once a Literary Genius named Jones who happened to Fall Out with his Publisher over a question of Finnish Translation Rights; and such was his Choler that it was anticipated in Knowledgeable Circles that the wretched Publisher would Vanish in Smoke. Time passed, however, and nothing Occurred, except that the Genius became suddenly Silent. Literary Weeklies hazarded the Opinion that the Magic Spring had run Dry.

Meanwhile Jones went about in great Gloom and Eyed all men Murderously, for the Unfortunate man had unwisely Signed a Document giving the Publisher the Option of the next two Works from his Pen. One day, however, he called a Trusted Friend to his Residence and told him with great Glee that, although there were no bounds to the Scurviness of the Publisher, he, Jones, had succeeded in Doing him in the Eye.

Whereupon he produced from a Sealed Drawer a Manuscript, which he made haste to Read aloud; and after a short time the Trusted Friend, who had an Austere Intellect, went out and sought the Garden, because he wanted to be Sick.

Anon he returned, and Jones asked him for his Views; to which he replied that it was Tripe of a Nauseatingly Sentimental sort, and no man would so Demean himself as to Publish it.

Therefore, said Jones, I have Done him in the Eye.

* * * * *

Two months afterwards Jones grew very ill and retired to his Bed with a Nervous Breakdown, for the Publisher had written announcing his Willing Acceptance of the New Masterpiece. But when the book appeared it was Acclaimed throughout the Whole World, and went into Forty-Eight large Editions, so that Jones recovered Rapidly and was enabled to Pay most of his Debts.

The Publisher and he are now Excellent Friends, and frequently Dine together in Mayfair, when they drink solemnly in Expensive Champagne to the Unerring Taste of the Great Reading Public and to the Damnation of all Stinking Highbrows.

Butchers who will not get our Custom.

". . . and those who desire to obtain fresh sausages wing and other scarf pins and slides and mince meat will also find them here daily."—*Advt. in West-Country Paper.*

An S.O.S. for Bloomsbury.

"Large furnished Studio, Kensington, to Let from February one year; suit two lady musicians; serious people needed, full of precious art."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

HOW TO COPE WITH THE BAG-SNATCHING EPIDEMIC.



WHAT ABOUT—



A PADLOCK ATTACHMENT—



OR A PORCUPINE MOTIF—



OR POCKETS, LIKE MEN'S—



OR GARTER-PURSES—



OR HEFTY RETICULE-CARRIERS?



Artistic Plumber (shown into flooded room of historic mansion). "AH! A VERY PLEASANT INTERIOR THIS, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE hangs about Mrs. EDITH WHARTON's new novel an air of greatness frustrated, an air not only indigenous to its theme—the career of a born poet shipwrecked on a "bright" American environment—but to a certain extent due to structural defects. I wholeheartedly admire Mrs. WHARTON's refusal to be bound by precedents, her own or other people's, and she has some apt and pungent things to say in the course of her story about the publisher's proclivity for stock sizes; but she is an exquisite rather than a comprehensive writer, and the unwonted length of her new venture overtaxes its imaginative appeal. *Hudson River Bracketed* (APPLETON) takes its name from the only native American style of landscape-gardening. This throve about 1840 and ingeniously combined the Chinese and the Tuscan. "The Willows," an old house of the period, not far from New York, becomes the spiritual home of a young middle-Western poet, whose Egeria is a direct descendant of the house, his wife a collateral. Mrs. WHARTON has wisely refrained from making the involuntary rivalry of *Halo Tarrant* and *Laura-Lou Weston* the pivot of the story, and concentrated on the thwarting of *Vance Weston's* destiny by democracy's characteristic brutality towards the rare and disinterested. You watch the lad struggle clear of paternal real-estate engrossments. His genius kindles and is kindled by New York. He is on the staff of a promising review. Then, presto, he finds himself back in a world of competitive ugliness beside which the push and pep of Euphoria, Ill., were magnanimous. "If that 's the way literature is produced," says *Halo*, "it had better cease altogether." Her creator's account of the contest for the "Pulsifer" Prize, and other highbrow activities not without their English parallels, makes the imprecation an unpleasantly just one.

Miss CONSTANCE SAVERY calls her *Forbidden Doors* a novel, and her publishers (Messrs. HARRAP), confirming, add that it is an unusual one. Personally I do not think that *novel* is the name, since it has neither love-interest nor other qualifications usually required by the novel-reader. I would describe it as a curiously Victorian and unusual (Messrs. HARRAP are adjectivally correct) story of a present-day little boy, *Patric Tenthragon*. *Paddy* is eight and we are encouraged to suppose him an orphan. His "austerely tender" *Uncle Brendon*, young, squireen and bachelor, is *Paddy's* guardian. *Brendon* lives in a portmanteau house called "Thragoness" and "Other Thragoness." "Other Thragoness" has its own front-door, but it has also three indoor doors which connect it with "Thragoness." Through these doors *Paddy* must on no pretence pass and natural curiosity is sternly discountenanced. So *Paddy*, vividly imaginative, makes of "Other Thragoness" a dragon's den. The denizen however is his wicked but not quite unlovable *Uncle Hugh*, a young man deformed and suffering in body, and in brain unbalanced and fantastic. *Hugh* makes *Paddy's* chance acquaintance, terrifies him into disobedience about

the doors and for months amuses himself with the child's terror of discovery by *Brendon* (but surely *Brendon* would have discovered him at once?) and —for *Hugh* is the accomplished blood-curdler—with his fears of other and eerier possibilities. I wonder if this is Miss SAVERY's first book; if so, it has a promise, though her characters are as provokingly unreal as her plot. Nevertheless they are live things of their own particular world—the no man's land that lies between Fiction and Fairy Tale. *Forbidden Doors* interested me and nearly made my flesh creep.

I am quite sure that meditative essays on large moral principles find it harder to secure a hearing now than they did in their Jacobean heyday, and this not because the bulk of us are less thoughtful but because we are more so. When, for instance, I find the pensive and scholarly author of *The King's English* holding forth in Baconian fashion on "Toleration and Proselytism," "Solidarity and Individualism," "Opportunism and Counsels of Perfection" and so on, I find two obstacles incompatible with appreciation. The first is that, unlike Lord VERULAM's potential audience, I have a wide choice of counsellors to take counsel with on these topics—experts, not spiritual odd-job men. The second, that even were I disposed to sit under Mr. H. W. FOWLER he refuses with disconcerting modesty to allow me to respect his credentials. He is, he says, a "tractable" moralist, "no precisian on either code, the Christian's or the gentleman's"; and his thirteen essays were written twenty-five years ago and have their age's lack of urgency. They are decorative rather than structural and remind me of those Renascence wall-paintings in *grisaille* where heroes and heroic exploits, nicely adapted to the dimensions of a frieze or the turn of a cornice, undoubtedly gain as furniture what they lose in humanity. Looked at in this light there is much pleasure to be derived from *Some Comparative Values* (BLACKWELL). Mr. FOWLER is less pliant where art is concerned than ethics, and breaks a gallant spear for the stylist in "Matter and Manner." His own style, lacking as it is in rhythm, is a rich quarry of aphorisms, and an "honest man's the noblest work of God and much more to be relied upon than any work of man," strikes me as one of the best of them.

A mother light-hearted enough to realise that her adorable little *Peggy's* offer to exhibit her toys before a distinguished visitor implied the immediate production of a hairless Humpty-Dumpty doll exactly like the guest himself, seems a little out of place in a poison-and-police-court mystery, if indeed it is still the function of an assassination to make one's hard-worked blood run cold. In *The Metal Flask* (METHUEN) BASIL THOMSON shows in incidental touches that he knows too much about the grim realities of crimes of violence to care to take his ostensible theme very seriously, and his putting away of crabbed *Miss Marjoribanks* is as mild-mannered a murder as a publisher of refinement could desire, while I defy anyone to be seriously alarmed for the hero nobly refusing to say a word in his own defence. The story is as neatly fitted together as a first-rate cross-word puzzle, one of the kind that may be solved in the train without undue exertion or hope of reward, and the comic relief developed, just a little woodenly, below-stairs is on strictly Shakespearean lines. Really, with the exception of the veritable murderer and the speedily



Wife. "AND WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE ME THAT FROCK?"
Husband. "WE CAN'T AFFORD IT."
Wife. "DON'T BE SO *TIRESOME*, AMBROSE, AND *DO* LISTEN. I SAID *WHY* CAN'T YOU GIVE ME THAT FROCK?"

defunct old lady herself, the writer's people are much too jolly a crowd to be mixed up in a tragedy which, though one makes their acquaintance with pleasure and regrets the impossibility of forwarding their none too nimble deliberations, leaves one wondering whether the loss of a thimble, say, might not have made a more congruous mystery than a murder for their solution.

In reading *Nile Gold* (HEINEMANN), by JOHN KNITTEL, it is well to pay particular attention to the pit-prop which breaks on an early page, otherwise you may be as bewildered as was *Walter Beam* himself by his subsequent adventures. *Walter* was a young Egyptologist employed by a famous university in explorations of which *Mr. Alexander Isidore Bernheim*, of race too obvious to mention, was the financier. But he was as much dreamer as student, and his imagination was in thrall to NITOCRIS the Rosy-cheeked, queen of the sixth dynasty. It was incredible luck, therefore, that his diggings should have brought him almost immediately to that very lady's tomb. But, at the very moment of discovery, the aforementioned pit-prop broke, and *Walter* suddenly and surprisingly found himself the husband of an Egyptian lady of transcendent loveliness. Being naturally careful of his wife's property he proceeded to abscond not only with the lady but with the treasures which had surrounded her, and a hectic flight and pursuit, varied by some disturbingly uncanny experiences for *Walter*, were enacted along Afric's northern shore. Moreover *Bernheim* cast an acquisitive eye on ISIS, as NITOCRIS was called in her new avatar, and a red-headed and quite modern princess appeared on the scene to vamp the distraught Egyptologist. In the end *Walter* awakes; but the pit-prop had much to answer for. Its exciting consequences would, however, have been easier to follow had Mr. KNITTEL transferred less of *Walter's* delirium to his own literary style.



THE AGE-OLD EXCUSE.

Cave-dweller. "I WON'T BE LONG, DEAR. I 'VE JUST GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A BRONTOSAURUS."

The Small Dark Man of Mr. MAURICE WALSH'S novel of that name (CHAMBERS) is one *Hugh Forbes*, a young Irish schoolmaster and distinctly a dominie with a difference, who visits a Highland laird, once his comrade-in-arms in Mesopotamia and elsewhere, and falls in love with the *Laird's* sister. There is also a blond Saxon in love with her, and to make matters worse the *Laird* believes that his friend's affections are set upon the red-haired damsel who has captured his own heart. Hence a very pretty comedy of cross-purposes, in the course of which all or most of the parties concerned do their best, after the manner of romance, to make quixotic hay of their own and other people's happiness; and the *Laird's* blind and second-sighted mother plays the part of *dea ex machinâ*, the whole against a quite marvellous backcloth of Highland scenery. Mr. WALSH has performed a remarkable feat in making his gasconading hero thoroughly likeable, and the girls are charming. The one lonely Sassenach in the book cuts, it must be owned, rather a sorry figure; but I can't help feeling a sneaking sympathy for the poor fellow, all alone among so many and so alarmingly articulate Celts.

Inundated as we are by a deluge of war-novels it would be a vast pity if *The Retreat* (METHUEN) were lost in the flood; for here Mr. C. R. BENSTEAD gives us the story of the heroic Fifth Army when, hopelessly out-numbered, the burden of stemming the German massed attack of March, 1918, fell upon them. On the very night on which this attack was launched *Elliot Warne*, a parson who had done excellent service in his country parish, but at the best of times would have been out of his element in France, joined his unit, and from the moment of his arrival was a hopeless and forlorn figure. In the retreat that followed, poor *Warne* was mere baggage, an encumbrance to those who had to look after him. But if he must be regarded as an exceptionally unsuitable man in entirely exceptional conditions Mr. BENSTEAD has also drawn several portraits that I shall neither be able nor want to forget. *Cheyne*, the one man who really sympathised with *Warne's* sufferings; *Dalgith*, a boy in some respects, although three years of war had made him a veteran in others; and *Colonel Metcalfe*, are drawn with a skill that never falters. It is at once a tragic and an ennobling story.

In *Tales out of School* (ANGUS AND ROBERTSON, of Sydney), Miss HELEN SINCLAIR, herself a teacher of courage and vision, gives an illuminating account of an Australian State school. At times she is perhaps a little sententious, and she certainly treats the teacher, to whom she refers as "the oldest inhabitant," as an Aunt Sally, but of her keenness to make the education of her girls both interesting at the moment and helpful in the future there is no doubt whatsoever. To Miss SINCLAIR teaching is not a dull routine but a vital pursuit, and her book deserves attention from all who are connected with primary education. Of the many stories which add humour to these pages I like especially that of a child who had been taught something concerning "protective colouring," and, in answer to a question about great jungles, wrote, "In jungles there are many wild animals. They are fierce and they are coloured like their surroundings, which is very dangerous, because a man might go into a forest and sit down on a lion and be dead in no time."

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW type of dance floor can be rolled up and put away when not required. Care should be taken to see that all dancers have been removed before this is done.

* * *

The Times has yielded to its readers' demands for cross-word puzzles, but confidence is felt that our revered contemporary will remain obdurate to entreaties for a comic strip.

* * *

The frequency with which trees in London streets are knocked down by motorists is attributed to the increase of jay-growing.

* * *

According to the latest Fascist Party Order Sheet, those who still venture to criticise the economic position of Italy are to be quelled by a box on the ear if necessary. No zealous Blackshirt will hesitate to invite friends, Romans and countrymen to lend him their ears for this purpose.

* * *

A new road to the sea is to cost Southend forty-seven thousand pounds. It seems remarkably cheap for the distance.

* * *

Performers for the "talkies" are now said to be liable to an affection of the throat. Hitherto it has been supposed that any suffering involved was confined to members of the audience.

* * *

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT declares emphatically that he would not read *Westward Ho!* again for a hundred pounds. We doubt, however, whether a higher offer would be forthcoming.

* * *

Experiments on sprinters conducted by the Pharmacological Institute of Hamburg University have shown that caffeine helps the runner if taken two or three minutes before a race. Coffee would seem to be the ideal breakfast beverage for those who have trains to catch.

* * *

The discovery that the thermal springs of Iceland were utilised for central heating and other domestic purposes in the houses of seven hundred years ago revives interest in the tradition that the skalds were originally so-called from their practice of singing in hot baths.

* * *

We read of artificial daffodils in London window-boxes. Our feeling is that this is daring the swallow to attempt impossibilities.

* * *

Nine criminals out of ten, in the opinion of an ex-detective-inspector, are too lazy to live honestly. Yet we fail to visualise the cat-burglar purring beside the fire.

* * *

Reference is made to Mr. SICKERT'S habit of altering the titles of his pictures. He is evidently one of those artists who are always finding a fresh meaning in their creations.

* * *

We read of a Balham man who in the early hours of the morning dressed himself and walked in his sleep for nearly two miles without being stopped. This is said to be due to the fact that everybody thought he was a mail-bag snatcher going off duty.

* * *

A Leicestershire sportsman fired at a rabbit and hit a golfer. He may have hit a rabbit after all.

* * *

A well-known North of England draughts-champion is said to be a lifelong vegetarian. So much for the theory that all the best draughts-players train on raw meat.

* * *

"Girls are now buying dresses that beggar description," says a critic. They often do the same for father too.

* * *

A "No Accidents Week" is to be held from the 19th to the 24th of May. This is the first time there has ever been a close season for pedestrians.

* * *

French husbands are now observed to be holding their own with their wives in domestic shooting affrays. They are growing less disposed to recognise the woman's traditional right to the last shot.

* * *

According to an evening paper women rule a certain tribe of Indians in Peru. And that is what newspapers call "news."

* * *

A retired plumber won a chess tournament in Manchester recently. It would be interesting to know how long on an average he had to wait for his mate.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* reader declares that he has a pair of robins nesting in his garden. We now await the announcement that a reader of *The Daily Express* has a pair of robins *and* a ledger doing the same thing.

* * *

It is believed that the history of America which is to be written by Mr. COOLIDGE and carved in granite letters high enough to be read for miles around will be the tallest story on record.

* * *

The Eastbourne Council having decided to tolerate bathers who walk through the streets in mackintoshes, it is anticipated that next summer things will be all quiet on the Eastbourne front.

* * *

"The cocktail is the way in which modern people greet each other," says a writer. "Shake!" in fact.

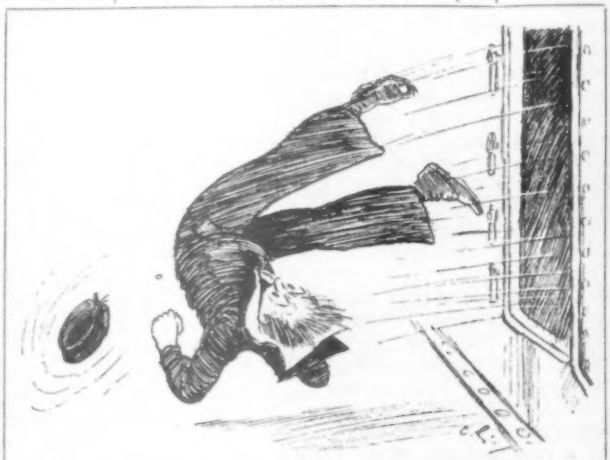
A BRAILLE EDITION OF "PUNCH."

Mr. Punch is pleased to announce that with the approval of its Proprietors, Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Company, Ltd., an Edition of *Punch* in Braille is about to be issued.

Each number will contain selections from the text of the previous month's issues of *Punch*, and indications will be given of the way in which the legends of pictures have been illustrated.

The Braille Edition of *Punch* will be published on the 5th of each month, beginning in February, by the National Institute for the Blind. The price will be 6½*d.* per copy, post free, or 6*s.* 6*d.* per annum, post free. It is hoped by Mr. Punch that it will give pleasure to the English-speaking Blind all over the world.

Communications respecting the Braille Edition of "Punch" must not be sent to the "Punch" Office; they should be addressed to the National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.



THE BLUEJACKET WHO ASKED A HOT-TEMPERED PETTY OFFICER IF A FIVE YEARS' BATTLESHIP HOLIDAY MEANT FIVE YEARS' LEAVE FOR THE CREW.

THOMPSON AND BROWN.

NOT for the first time am I driven to point out an amiable but entirely misleading superstition which prevails in the minds of our big business men.

"The need," says one of them, "for first-class men in commerce and industry who are capable of earning five thousand pounds and ten thousand pounds in industry has never been greater than at the present time. . . . The ordinary school curriculum should be supplemented by a specialised training for a business career."

With all due respect to this wise and wealthy man I say that he is wrong. What is needed in commerce and industry, now as ever, is not men who are capable of earning five thousand pounds and ten thousand pounds a year, but men who are capable of spending it. Whenever I see big business men gathered together they are always spending money, not earning it. They are standing about in the lounges of large hotels and smoking expensive cigars. No amount of scientific or specialised training at school would have succeeded in giving them that opulent and self-confident air. On the other hand, you will find scientific experts, organising experts, men of the highest intellectual qualifications, sprinkled about all over the country who are entirely incapable of spending money with the right kind of nonchalance. Pay them a high salary and they would not know what to do with it. They would travel and improve their minds, or put it in a savings-bank, or entrust it to a business man and lose it all. The notion that any kind of specialised training at a public school qualifies a boy to be a good business man is entirely erroneous. He may disappoint all the early hopes of his parents by becoming a philosopher or an aviator or a divine.

Even the big business men themselves frankly admit that personality counts for as much as training in the business world. What they mean by personality is the power of spending money, combined with geniality and a *flair* for talking about golf and bridge. If they ask a young man out to lunch they don't judge him by his appreciation of technical ideas. That is merely a misty impression which they take away at the end. The thing that has really stamped itself on their minds is his behaviour when confronted with the various boxes of cigars. If he takes one from the most expensive box as a matter of course, they know that they have got their man.

Economically, this is very sound. The man who likes spending money drifts into being a big business man almost *malgré lui*. If he does not happen to have a lot of money at any particular time he goes and borrows it from someone who has, explains how he means to spend it, and what a lot of trade will be created thereby, and the more he asks for the more he gets.

But they don't teach you that at the public schools. They haven't got anyone there to teach it. The staff is almost entirely composed of persons pointing out that money is the root of all evil or denouncing the accursed lust for gold, and getting very little cash for doing so. If any master attempted to teach the boys the proper qualifications for a business career the boys would probably wonder, not unnaturally, why on earth he was there.

The fault is largely due to speech-days. Then it is that the big business man comes down and says that he owes his fortune entirely to the valuable lessons that he learnt at school. No thunder-bolt falls. The platform does not collapse. But if there were any justice in this world these things would certainly occur. There is no training so much neglected at public schools as training in the method of spending a salary of ten or twenty thousand pounds a year. And when he has got home again and the mists of sentiment grow thinner the big business man begins to realise it. Then he asks himself, "Why is there no technical and specialised training at the public schools? Why is there nobody training these boys how to give expensive lunches to each other?"

And the answer is, of course, that no training is needed. Only personality counts. Nothing you can do to Thompson is going to make him an expensive luncher. He is far too keen on football or Greek iambics or chemistry to do any real good in the world. But Brown has the halo of the big lunches already about his head. He may happen to take the other things in his stride, but he is the kind of boy who when he gets older must have money to spend. And money he is certain to have. He gets it by saying he wants it. If a millionaire suggests a decent salary to him he asks for twice as much, and that stuns the millionaire. The quality in Brown that causes him to make this demand was called, when Brown was at school, "neck," or some such word. When he grows up it is called personality. It spreads from the neck downwards. And, since all the future is dark, how is the millionaire to know that if he does not pay Brown ten thousand pounds or fifty thousand pounds a year he is not letting go of something good?

Remember also that Brown is right. He knows how to spend his salary, and by spending it he helps industry a lot. He also knows Thompson. He knows that he can employ Thompson at quite a small salary to do all the work for him. Thompson is the kind of fellow who, if you give him an expensive cigar, lets it all come unrolled at the end because, instead of thinking about expensive cigars, he is thinking about algebra or about technical ideas for revolutionising industry.

But the supply of Browns cannot be increased by technical training, nor, happily for commerce and the island of Cuba, can it be caused to dwindle, even by the curriculum of a great public school.

I said all this to Brown the other day when he was giving me lunch at his club. He made no answer. He merely offered me a cigarette. EVOE.

TO BOTTICELLI'S VENUS

AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

Anadyomene,
I came to worship thee,
To lay my humble tribute at thy shrine
Just after half-past nine.
Thou art (in confidence between us)
No ordinary kind of Venus,
And long ago to thee my vows I made
Beneath thy native sun,
Before Time's heavy hand was on me laid,
O timeless one!

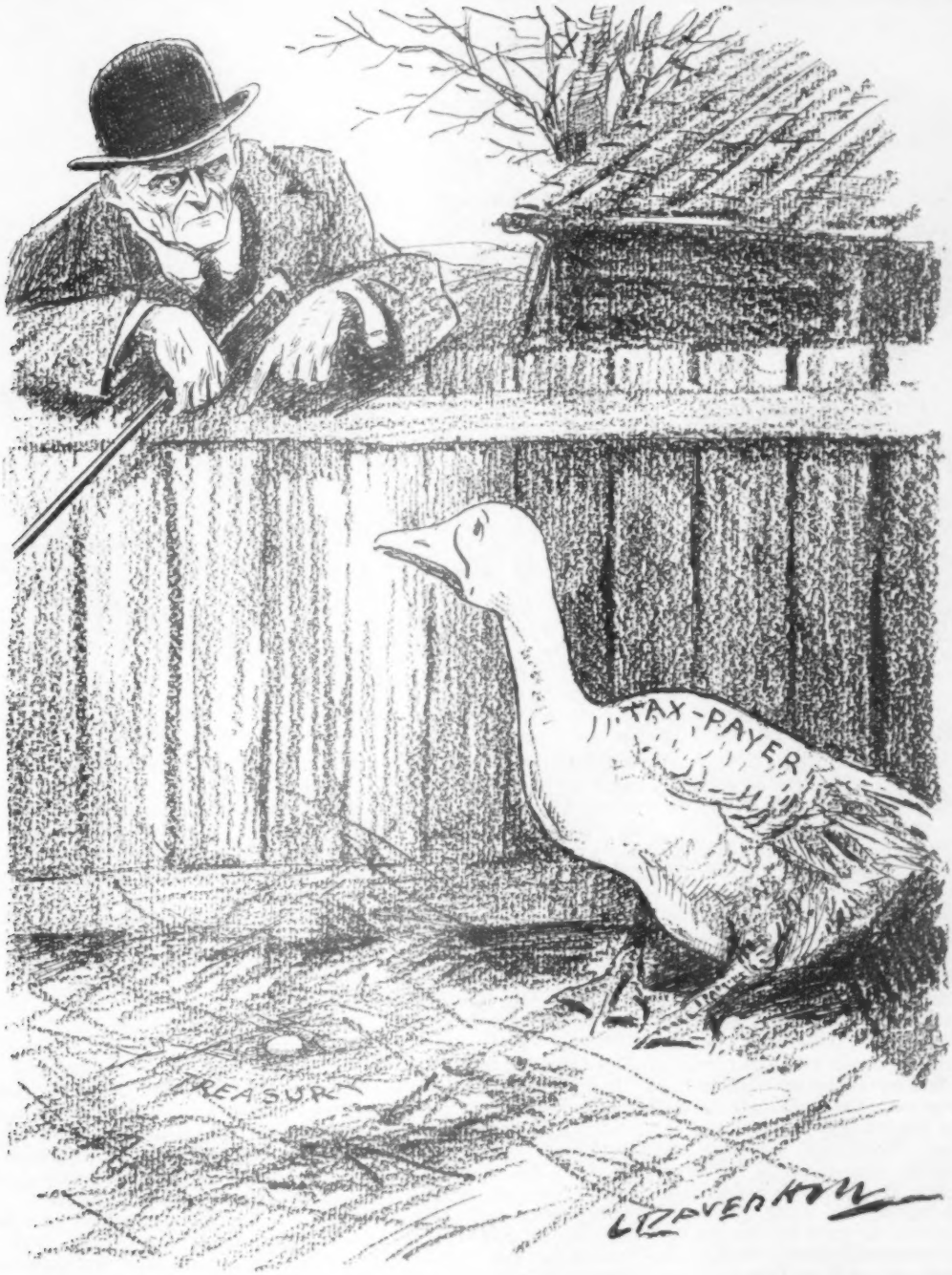
Anadyomene,
I caught one glimpse of thee!
I saw thee rising calm and fair
Above a troubled sea of hats and hair;
And then the insurgent throng
Pushed me along,
Squeezed me and almost shoved me willynilly
Out into Piccadilly.

I shall not come again;
Thy human train
Is here so large, so ugly, so intent,
So dreadfully intelligent,
So satisfied, so lacking in repose,
So crushing to the toes
(Yea, goddess, it is just as well
That thy fair feet can never leave their shell);
And, though I love to think
Of thee for ever wafted to the brink
Of that peculiar shore,
Yet shall mine eyes behold thee nevermore.
Therefore farewell to thee,
Anadyomene!

"ST. OSYTH.

One of the most picturesque buildings in this Essex village, which is some five miles from Calcutta-on-Sea, is the tidal mills. . . ."
Indian Paper.

And Clacton-on-the-Hooghly is so bracing!



THE BIRD THAT DIDN'T KNOW WHERE IT WAS.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER *(to the goose that lays the golden eggs)*. "YOU 'RE NOT AS PROLIFIC AS I HOPED. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? ARE YOU AFRAID THAT I'M FOOL ENOUGH TO KILL YOU?"

THE GOOSE. "NO, I DON'T REALLY THINK YOU 'RE SUCH A FOOL AS THAT; BUT THE GENERAL ATMOSPHERE OF UNCERTAINTY IS INIMICAL TO FECUNDITY."



Small Girl (at an At Home). "OH, MUMMY, *DO* TAKE ME AWAY! THIS SEEMS TO ME SUCH A *DREADFULLY* UNHAPPY PARTY."

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

IV.—PROHIBITION.

THE principal export of Great Britain to America is inquiring Englishmen; and it is the inalienable right of those inquiring Englishmen to inquire into the question of Prohibition as soon as they land. The sooner the better, in fact. Later on they realise what a break it is to mention the subject, and can't speak easily about it at all.

Now it is not often Percival has original ideas; they generally seem to get frightened at finding themselves all alone in a strange place. But I will say this for him: he has worked out a real cracker-jack about Prohibition. It began the other night, when we found ourselves talking to a New Yorker at a clam-juice cocktail party. On being questioned the man told us quite frankly that he ascribed the introduction of Prohibition to the influence of New York air.

"Over in England," he explained, "your air is damp, wet and enervating. You *need* drink."

"By Heaven, we do!" cried Percival, all patriotic and thirsty.

"Here in New York our air is very dry and bracing and full of electricity."

"It is," I said. I had noticed this only that morning when, after shuffling about my bedroom carpet in slippers for some while, I had put out a hand to the bathroom door-handle. The result had been a crack like a whip and a brilliant blue spark, followed, on my part, by a minute's silent prayer.

"So you see we don't need stimulants in the same way."

We both nodded and took more cocktails. I had a cherry-stone cocktail and Percival had an olive-stone cocktail.

"The air here," concluded the New Yorker, as I politely ejected my cherry-stone behind my hand, "is like wine."

It was at this point that Percival had his idea. He almost yelped with excitement. He started in to tell our friend right away, but the fellow was too quick for him. He detected in Percival's eye the enthusiastic look of the Englishman who is going to tell an American exactly what he thinks of Prohibition, and at once dropped his cigarette-lighter and bent down to pick it up. We never saw him again. I think he crawled away under the sofa and went down the service lift.

With the wild light of the reformer in his eye Percival rounded on the next man he saw. It was an eminent "Dry and Pure," Vice-President of one of the Societies for Discovering New Forms of Vice, or something.

"I can tell you," began Percival to this Vice President, "exactly where your Prohibition is wrong."

The man blenched a bit but came up to it bravely. After all it was in his line.

"Tell me," he said, as simply as a child.

"The Prohibitionists are not attacking the right thing," boomed Percival. "The intoxicating New York air is at fault, not the liquor. You must stop trying to make the country dry and concentrate on making the air wet. Or, better still, let liquor alone altogether and control the consumption of air. See what I mean?"

The fellow looked nervously about, perceived no avenue of escape and said he guessed he understood.

Percival, eyes ablaze with the crusading spirit, hitched his finger through his victim's lapel and pointed out that what America needed was perhaps more drink but certainly less *air*. With proper control, he explained, the country might be made quite airless by 1940. Breathing to excess would at once be listed as a criminal offence. No one would be allowed to carry around in his chest more air than was necessary to maintain existence. Transporting air with a high percentage of exhilara-

tion from a city like New York with the view of selling it elsewhere would also have to be stopped, though it would be difficult to check up on motor-tyres and other innocent-looking receptacles. Obviously a large force of Federal Agents would have to be employed to enforce the Revised Eighteenth Amendment, but it couldn't be much bigger than the present army engaged in enforcing Prohibition, or there 'd be no one left to enforce it upon.

Of course, continued Percival, while I stared vaguely at the ceiling in what I hoped was a loyally interested manner, the usual crop of law-breakers would at once arise. Air-running would become very profitable; an air-fleet would hang about the territorial limit; the shares of the Compressed Air Cylinder Manufacturing Company Inc. would boom under great buying pressure from all the "Suppression of Air" societies; "breathe-easies" would spring up at the tops of all sky-scrapers; hi-jackers would take your breath away. . . .

At this point I discovered that Percival was talking directly to me. This Vice-President, with more cunning than a man in his position ought to have, had got away. He had skilfully disengaged his lapel from Percival's finger and substituted mine instead. Probably he had a business engagement or something, to go off and Discover a New Form of Vice. As there was a little empty space round us by then I decided I had better take Percival home. I advised him to write his idea out and submit it to HOOVER.

Mind you, I don't think anything will come of it. A. A.

THE RAIN-SHOWER.

THE cloud, an Argo sailing,
Came plunging Argowise,
Deep-loaded to the railing
With silver merchandise,
Till, blown in bright caprices,
A Song-of-Sixpence band,
In singing silver pieces
Her cargo came to land.

Away the leaping Argo
Went riding high and free,
And oh! her silver cargo
Was freight for you and me—
The silver she delivers,
The silver that excels,
On shields of shining rivers
And snowdrops' silver bells.

P. R. C.

"WHY NOT SANDWICH BROADCASTING?"
Headline in Daily Paper.

Mr. Punch looks forward to the day when at lunch-time he will be able to tune in to a Large Brown Farmer's Relish.



Enthusiast. "NOTHIN' LIKE A CLOSE-UP FOR MAKIN' YOU APPRECIATE GOOD ACTIN'. FOR INSTANCE, LOOK AT THAT FOR EXPRESSION—ANGUISH IN EVERY PORE."

Half-Truths in Meteorology.

"The weather is steadily becoming cooler and warmer."—*Irish Paper.*

"Many of the older hands deplored the fact that a great many of the old faces that they used to shake hands with were absent."
Australian Magazine.

When the old hands shook themselves with the old faces, those were the good old days.

"Every inch of him was stamped on my brain. Even to the litt'e twitching muscle at the corner of his left lip."
From Magazine story.

It is to be hoped that at least he kept a stiff right lip.

Fractional Cricket.

"M.C.C. WIN FIRST NEW ZEALAND TEST. Scores—New Zealand 112 and 131. M.C.C., 1E81 and ⅓⅓ for 2."
Dublin Paper.

Trajani Eclipsed.

"In the course of the ski jumping competitions at Davos, yesterday, a record jump of two kilometres (nearly a mile and a quarter) was made, says the Central News."
Bristol Paper.

This sounds to us more like balloon-jumping.

"Acid Mr. Shaw's tongue may be, but it conceals a heart that is both warm and kindly."
Weekly Paper.

Rather an unsightly *lapsus linguæ*.

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S POLICE-STATION."

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It will be remembered that in the years 1938–39 considerable scandal was caused by certain criminal cases arising out of the behaviour of citizens in private houses. Four or five revolting murders had shocked the conscience of the public and indignation was expressed at the failure of the police (in three cases) to apprehend the criminals. The police authorities, in their defence, pointed out that all these murders, and indeed most murders, took place in private houses and that they were hampered by the antiquated regulations which forbade them to enter a private house without a search-warrant. Until they had the same right of entry to a private house as they had to a public-house, it was urged, they could not guarantee that there would not be more murders. The Chief Commissioner argued strongly that wider powers should be granted to the police, though he assured the public that these powers would in no case be employed to the annoyance or inconvenience of law-abiding members of the community.

The Licensing Commission was requested by the Home Office to inquire into the matter and heard the evidence of several important witnesses, including Mr. Egbert Wodge, of the Office of Works, the Chief Constable of Bootle, the Secretary to the White Life League, the Controller of Public Records, and Mr. Macmurrain, of the Scottish Office. The private citizen was not represented, since it was pointed out that all the gentlemen named, though representing public bodies or societies, had homes of their own and might be assumed to express the opinion of the average citizen.

We print the main sections of the Report below:—

"We record with regret the death of two of our members who were prominent during the first seven years of our investigation. . . .

"We have been impressed by the weight of evidence revealing a highly unsatisfactory state of affairs in the private homes of England and Wales and suggesting that the law relating to them stands in need of amendment. . . . In many of these establishments, no doubt, the inhabitants conduct themselves lawfully and decently; but, as one or two of the witnesses pointed out, a person in a private house, so long as he does not attract the attention of the police by an open breach of the law, is able to act as he thinks fit, to eat and drink what he chooses and at his own time, to gamble, play cards, bet upon horse-races and swear, to read undesirable books and indulge in amorous conversation. This might be expected to beget an unwholesome and dangerous state of affairs; and in fact, as the witnesses have told us, the liberties of the home have in recent years been increasingly abused. There seems to have grown up a popular impression that a man in his own home is entitled to do what he likes. We have heard, for example, of children's card-parties, games of chance ('Ludo' and a game called 'Snakes and Ladders' were mentioned by several witnesses), unlicensed and uncensored dramatic performances, the singing of subversive songs and the organisation of promiscuous embraces under a plant possessing aphrodisiac properties and known, we understand, by the name of 'mistletoe.' These abuses might not by themselves have demanded an alteration in the law; but one thing leads to another, and it is regrettably the fact that, concurrent with the growth of these practices, there has been an increase in the number of murders and crimes of violence in private houses.

"For these reasons it is powerfully urged that police-officers in uniform should be granted an unconditional right of entry into such establishments. It will be remembered that in the year 1930 the same request was made by the police in respect of clubs; in our Second Interim Report (1930) we recommended that that request should be granted, and by the Suppression of Clubs Act (1931) the law was altered accordingly. At that time it was argued in certain irresponsible quarters that the liability to police visitation would be an unwarrantable violation of the privacy and dignity of respectable clubs, which one witness went so far as to describe as 'a second edition of his home.' These fears proved groundless; at most of the well-known West-End clubs the appearance of a constable in uniform in the smoking-room or library has become so normal an event that it passes without comment; while we were told by the witness Macmurrain that even the occasional visits of detectives in plain-clothes cause neither annoyance nor inconvenience, except to some of the older members. On the other hand there is no doubt that the law is much more strictly enforced in these institutions than it used to be.

"The principle therefore is established, and the only question which remains is: How far should it be extended? If the police ought to have access to the second edition of the home for the prevention or prosecution of offences against the law, by what argument can they rightly be excluded from the first edition? We can discover no such argument. Logically, indeed, it may be said that their powers should be greater in the case of the home than in the case of the club. In the former, and not in the latter, are found the children and young persons of the nation, whose minds and bodies are particularly endangered by undesirable characters. Further, we have been impressed by the evidence of the Licensed Victuallers and the proprietors of clubs, who pointed to the injustice of a system by which they are forbidden to serve liquor except



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"We therefore recommend that the lawful hours for the consumption of alcohol should be uniform for licensed premises, clubs and private houses; and for the proper enforcement of these provisions it is necessary that the police should have the same unconditional right of entry into each.

"We recommend that wherever possible the police should enter the private house secretly and without warning. In many suburban homes (where, we understand, the worst excesses are rife) it will be found that the back-door is left unlocked or the kitchen-window unlatched; and, having effected a secret entry, the officer should at once make his way to the principal living-room or, if the hour is late, the bedroom of the inhabitant. The possibility of a sudden visit from the police at any hour of the twenty-four must have a beneficial influence on the home in many ways, over and above the mere enforcement of the Licensing Laws.

"The citizen will be more careful about his language, his treatment of wife and child, his choice of reading and recreation. One of the witnesses hostile to our proposals went so far as to quote to us what he described as an old proverb or principle: 'An Englishman's home is his castle.' These words did not impress us; in so far as they have a meaning it is one quite alien to modern ideas and to the principles of this Commission. The word castle suggests a feudal habit of licence, an autocratic standard of conduct and a lawless immunity from external restraint which this Commission does not wish to see restored to the homes of England. It would be more in tune with the ideals and practice of the present time to say, 'An Englishman's home is his police-station'; for there can be no good citizen who would not wish his every thought, word and deed in the home to be as carefully chosen as if he were in the presence of the officers of the law, and the recommendations we have made should have that effect. To have 'a man in the house' lends a sense of security to every female; how much greater her content when she knows that there is, or may be, a policeman in the house! . . . ." etc., etc. A. P. H.

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[The newest kind of dress material is called "featherbash."]

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I sing her praise and win renown:
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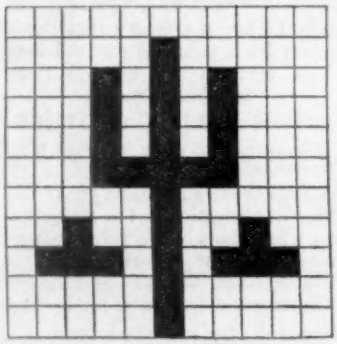
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THE WORLD'S BEST CROSS-WORD.

The Times has staggered humanity by deciding to publish a cross-word puzzle every day. The moment therefore seems opportune for saying a few more words about these pleasant little conundrums.

Many of my readers (already hardened solutors) may like to know something about the methods of manufacture. Let me say at once that there is no simpler way of qualifying for admission to a lunatic asylum than to attempt to compose a cross-word puzzle. The beginning is easy, but before the end life will be seen, stripped of its pretences, for the stark and ugly thing it is. Thought will begin to flounder in a bog of alphabetical perplexities. The weary soul will cry out to be delivered from its chains. That is why some of the words in the south-west and south-east corners of a cross-word puzzle are so queer.

Not long ago I proposed to benefit civilisation and the cause of peace by mapping out a cross-word puzzle on the Naval Disarmament Conference in London. For this purpose I took a fine white sheet of foolscap paper and cast upon it a net, or grid, of squares, eleven this way and eleven that way, blocking out a certain number with a symbolical and apposite design, after the following manner :—



The thing in the middle, as will be at once perceived, is a blunted trident, and the two things at the sides are battleships —modern battleships, not so beautiful in line as the old-fashioned trireme, the long-ship of the Norsemen, or the Fighting *Téméraire*, but very grim and purposeful none the less. After that I selected a number of nautical terms germane to my general theme and strewed them in a generous manner about the map or chart in front of me, so as to work up the reader's excitement about disarmament and naval affairs.

This was not difficult for a clever man like me. The English language—so it seemed for a time—might have been equipped by Providence solely for the purpose of making cross-word puzzles about the sea, and in a very few minutes I had upon my paper a pithy *résumé* of the whole situation as between the five principal Naval Powers :—

D	I	S	A	R	M	A	M	E	N	T
R	A	T	I	O	■	V	E	N	U	E
E			■	V		A	■	M	I	R
A			■	E		S	■	I	S	M
D			■	R		T	■	T	A	I
N			■	■	■	■	■	I	N	N
O				E		N	A	E	C	O
U		■		R		A		■	E	L
G	■	■	■	R		V	■	■	■	O
H				O		A				G
T				R		L				Y

This was good—very good. A pedant might have cavilled at "ENMITIE," but his objections would be brilliantly met by the clue, "*Hostility (obs.)*" which I proposed to give. And as for spelling "OCEAN" wrong way round, all cross-word puzzle-solutors will know that this was a trifling incident in the game, catered for in the list of definitions by some airy couplet like :—

"Over the Brigh on front reversed
The waters of the sea-god burst."

Cross-word puzzle-solutors take a little thing like that in their stride.

It was only after this that my troubles began. It became clear to me that the English language does not, as I had fondly hoped, automatically fit itself into cross-word puzzles without deviation from a projected line of argument. Crises arose and had to be met resolutely and turned with a statesmanlike skill. They became graver. They all but overwhelmed me. A weaker man than I am might never have finished the puzzle at all. As it was, after seven hours of solid thinking, it came out in its completed form like this :—

D	I	S	A	R	M	A	M	E	N	T
R	A	T	I	O	■	V	E	N	U	E
E	M	U	■	V		A	■	M	I	R
A	P	D	■	E		S	■	I	S	M
D	R	Y	■	R		T	■	T	A	I
N	O	I	■	■	■	■	■	I	N	N
O	U	N	C	E		N	A	E	C	O
U	D	■	O	R		A	I	■	E	L
G	■	■	■	R		V	■	■	■	O
H	A	L	L	O		A	L	M	U	G
T	I	G	E	R		L	A	S	K	Y

Finished, I said it was, but problems were presented here that I had never foreseen. "EMU" was a difficulty. I could overcome it by saying—

"On England's shores the mighty leaders land,
Swift as the feathered bird that scours the sand."

"APD," however, was harder still. Who ap'd what, I did not know. "DRY" of course was elementary. America was taking part in the Conference. But "NOI" (*an electrical unit reversed*) demanded a deal of explanation. Frankly, "NOI" baffled me. I was not disconcerted, as a mere neophyte might have been, by "STUDYIN," or even by "UD."

"To bring about the nation's peace, my friend,
Demands continuous labour without end,"

and

"How shall the opening bloom of Peace
Without an insect find increase?"

would do for them.

I pass over "HALLO." I pass over "OUNCE." I pass over "TIGER," crossed by "LG." Any clue faker could tackle these. I pass over "TAI (*an amputated appanage*)." But what were those things doing down at the bottom right-hand corner? In none of the newspaper accounts of the opening formalities of the Naval Conference could I find any reference to almug-trees, and to suggest that any of the representatives were Famous Players seemed equally out of place. An allusion to HIRAM's Navy and Tarshish might cover one, but not the other. And it was while I was thinking of suitable verses to meet these awkward contingencies that there swam into my notice a still more formidable argosy of doubt. I found the word "AI" four times over in my puzzle.

It is well known to the English-reading public—in fact nothing is better known—that an ai is a three-toed sloth. But does one want four ais in one puzzle? They do not have as many at the Zoo. The whole puzzle was to be about the Disarmament Conference, and what would four ais with forty-eight toes be doing at the Disarmament Conference? They would spoil it all. It was not as if we were talking about the unemployment problem. I might circumvent him by saying—

"This famous three-toed herbivore must ne'er
By evil influence our task impair,"

but even that, coming four times over, would grow monotonous. . . .

* * * * *

It was in contemplation of the difficulties presented by the life, character



Hotel Attendant (to Guest at Wedding Reception of Film-Star, who has just been married for the fifth time). "HAVE YOU A TICKET, SIR?"

Guest. "SEASON."

and habits of the ai that my whole project of presenting a really new and helpful cross-word puzzle to the English-speaking world eventually broke down.

EVOE.

Phrases which Strike us as Unfortunate.

"Mr. —— will play Macbeth. The Society hopes to make an interesting announcement concerning Lady Macbeth at an early date."
Statement by the O.U.D.S.

"Recalling more of Scott's works Mr. Baldwin said: . . . I do not forget 'Sir Nigel.'"
Daily Paper.

Nor, we hope, the *Lay of the Last Baskerville.*

"THE NURSERY TIMES."

PARENT PSYCHOLOGY.

(By a Doctor's Daughter.)

How often when a parent is cross or obstinate or unreasonable do you find children either flying into a temper and kicking or else meekly, if reluctantly, giving in to the parent's whim? Now both these attitudes are fundamentally wrong. If we are faced with the obstinate refusal of a perfectly reasonable request we should not stamp our feet or speak crossly. This is simply meeting the parent on his own battleground and can do no possible good to either party. On the other hand it is far from my intention to advocate giving way to a grown-up on every occasion. The Victorian doctrine of implicit obedience is rightly discredited to-day; it made for neither the happiness of the child nor the welfare of the parent.

The key to the situation is sympathetic understanding. What we have to realise both for our own sake and the sake of our parents is that *psychological processes* are at work in every grown-up just as they are, of course, in children. It is not only we who have



Bishop's Wife (to Bishop, who has slipped on pavement). "MY *DEAR*, YOU REALLY CAN'T DO THIS SORT OF THING IN YOUR OWN DIOCESE."

whims and moods and complexes; our parents, our governesses, our nurses *have them too.* The way in which the adult mind works is indeed a most fascinating subject, the study of which repays an intelligent child in many ways.

For instance, it is not sufficiently realised, I think, that mental attitudes are often modified by *physical factors*, such as indigestion, sluggishness of the liver and corns. The understanding child will make allowances for the effects of these phenomena and avoid attempting to get his or her own way when the conditions are unpropitious.

Again it should be generally recognised that quite normal and healthy-minded grown-ups are often temporarily unbalanced by circumstances which would not affect a child. Often the whole outlook of a person can be radically altered by such apparently trifling incidents as the disappearance of a cook, the arrival of a bill or the loss of a collar-stud. At such times grown-ups will often display inconsistency and impatience quite foreign to their natures, and generally the only thing to do is to wait until the temporary disturbance of mental or emotional equilibrium has subsided. Now and again, however, a shrewd diagnosis of the trouble may enable you to do something to bring about a better frame of mind in parent or guardian. Ever since an unfortunate experience of my own, when I lost a visit to the Zoo through a freakish change of mind on my father's part one morning, I have kept in a drawer in the nursery a supply of spare collar-studs.

Parents with very strongly-marked complexes should in general be humoured. Nothing is to be gained, for example, by trying to resist a vigorous bed-time complex. The best thing is discreetly to seek your own room, leaving the parent to his or her own devices.

The extreme nervous and emotional type of parent requires careful study. You should always as far as possible in such cases try to avoid bringing about a crisis, as, for example, by the unsolicited confession of having broken a favourite ornament.

The abnormally reticent parent is very often misunderstood. Such reticence must be recognised as a *psychological peculiarity* — not necessarily connoting inherent unsociability—and treated accordingly. Never in any circumstances hector such a parent, but try to draw, to suggest, *to lead*, until the information you desire is forthcoming.

In conclusion, avoid arguing with your mother just after a domestic has given notice. And avoid arguing with your father on most occasions, but particularly (*a*) on his return from the golf-links, (*b*) just after he has received a letter marked "O.H.M.S.," (*c*) when his pipe is not drawing freely. The states of mind induced by (*a*) and (*b*) are, I am afraid, beyond your control, but as regards (*c*) you might try keeping a few pipe-cleaners in the drawer with the collar-studs.

Notes for the Naval Conference.

"The Ramillies, a battleship of 29,150 tons, was built in 1016-7 at Dalmuir at a cost of £3,295,800."—*Newcastle Paper.*

There is some talk of this veteran being classed as obsolete.

"It is clear that the Liberal Council are as resolute now as they were then. . . . In many ways we greatly regret the continuance of the spit."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Not a very nice expression to use about this controversy.

MY NEW DIMENSION.

LIKE Professor EINSTEIN I have long felt the need for some new dimensions. Those we have are absurdly few in number; everybody uses them, and naturally they are getting worn and becoming ill adapted to this wonderful modern age of abstract scientific discovery.

To avoid any possibility of arousing jealous passions I pursued my investigations at right angles to EINSTEIN's favourite line of research, and I am glad to say I found a brand-new dimension in a place where I feel sure the great scientist never thought of looking.

My dimension is the dimension of the relatively-subconscious-subconscious. I shall call him the @th dimension for short, because @ is a part of my typewriter which does not do nearly enough work for its living. I will give you a clear idea of him by means of a very simple illustration.

I am at this moment visualising a delightful meadow in which are a man fishing, a hippopotamus, and a Baptist minister milking a cow. This meadow, apparently so rich in varied forms of life, is in no other than my @th dimension. Actually neither the hippopotamus nor the clerical gentleman are present in the vulgar sense of being there, but the angler is dreaming they are, and the cow is not a cow at all but an old horse. In other words, by rather cleverly incorporating, in a relative sense, the subconscious state of an imaginary angler with my own reflex subconsciousness, I enter without conscious effort the sphere of relatively-subconscious-subconsciousness which I have named the @th dimension.

What exactly does it mean? Is a licence necessary? Will this marvellous discovery confer any practical benefit upon the human race? Such are among the many exciting questions which I can hear bursting from your eagerly-parted lips. I will try to show you how my discovery takes us further than anything has ever taken us.

It should be obvious to everyone that we have only to relegate anything to a site in the @th dimension to perceive that we cannot possibly be other than relatively-subconsciously-subconscious of it. In plain words, to be relatively-subconsciously-subconscious is to be asleep and yet not asleep. Once you have grasped the extraordinary significance of that you will have got hold of it.

Take, for example, that thing which it pleases, or displeases, us to call our daily "work." Now my investigations have satisfied me that the proper scientific and mathematical place for work is in the @th dimension, which means that, if only we knew it, we need really be no more than relatively subconsciously-subconscious of work. In other words we can quite well attend to it in bed. In fact, a better place than bed for those who are subconsciously-subconscious has yet to be discovered.

Let us suppose, then, that we are in bed. All that remains to be done is to react towards our day's work, or towards anything else for that matter, *as directed by our relatively-subconscious-subconscious reflexes.* (The italics are mine; whose did you think they were?)

A world in bed! That in effect is what life in my beautiful rarefied @th dimension would mean. People just lying about with their subconscious-subconscious reflexes reacting towards other people's subconscious-subconscious reflexes. So calm, so gracious.

For centuries man has been satisfied with the dreadfully wasteful process of going to bed and getting up again. How foolish to go on like that when by taking a good grip of the best abstract science he can just as well go to bed and stay there.

D. C.



"REALLY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU COULDN'T BUY AN *ORDINARY* CHAIR AT THAT PRICE."

"NEW PARKING SYSTEM IN PARIS.

. . . . The only serious mischance of the day was at the Bourse, where the stockbrokers on their arrival at mid-day found their customary parking places already taken up by the cars of the general public."—*Daily Paper.*

They were probably left there to pick up some market tips.

CORINTHIANS *v.* MILLWALL.

THE other day I was a stranger to the game of Association football. To-day I am not quite, but very nearly.

"You back the C'rinthians, I s'pose?" inquired my neighbour in the crowd that stood massed upon the sloping terrace awaiting the start of the game.

To the best of my knowledge I had never seen the man before, nor he me.

"Why do you suppose that?" I asked him.

"Because you 're a gent and them 's amateurs," he replied rather shortly, removing his cap and mopping his brow with a red kerchief.

Now I had set out to learn what I could of the game, and here was valuable information at first-hand. I gathered that I should support the Corinthians because I was a gent, or more accurately because I wore a collar and a bowler; and that he, being a wearer of a cap and a neckcloth, favoured Millwall.

"You 're alright," he said. "The reff 's on the side of the amateurs. 'E'll see 'em win alright."

"The reff?" I asked dubiously.

"That 's what I said," he replied.

"I thought it was," I said rather nervously.

"The C'rinthians can't do nothing wrong," he volunteered after a pause; "they 're amateurs."

To question him further was impossible, owing to the shouting of the crowd, for the players and a man who, I learnt later, was no other than the reff himself, were coming on to the ground. I quickly went over in my mind the facts I had so far elicited and prepared to apply them to the game. They were as follows:—

(1) That the Corinthians were amateurs.

(2) That those who had a preference for wearing collars and bowlers were on the side of the Corinthians.

(3) That those who favoured neckcloths and caps were not.

(4) That the reff was.

(5) That the Corinthians could do nothing wrong.

What first puzzled me was that, whenever a player of the name of HEGAN got possession of the ball, three lusty onlookers on my right, all dressed in caps and neckcloths, shouted loudly, "Good old 'EGAN boy!" and other observations similarly encouraging to the player addressed, in spite of the fact that he was on the side of the Corinthians. And, when that team after some twenty minutes scored a goal, not only did these three register in very certain tones their pleasure at the occurrence, but many other caps and neckcloths in the immediate vicinity did the same. My faith in my friend's knowledge of the game began to be shaken.

Before the interval I came to the conclusion that he had been wrong on another point: that he had been most unfair to the Corinthians in saying they could do nothing wrong. They could and they did. Twice the reff gave a free kick to Millwall. On one occasion a Corinthian had stopped a hard kick from an opponent at about two yards' range with his hands, and on another one of them had apparently been too near the Millwall goal when he received the ball to give the goalkeeper a sporting chance. The first offence is known as "Hands," or more simply "'Ands," and the second as "Horfside," or just "'Orfside." I learnt this from the crowd, who always did their best to assist the reff by drawing his attention to these offences. But he seldom availed himself of their advice.

Now there were four collared and bowlered spectators not far from me whom I watched closely to discover whether my friend was right on point Number 2. Did these gents back the Corinthians? I found the sympathies of collars and bowlers far more difficult to distinguish than those of caps and neckcloths. They do not throw their voices into the game like the others; but I think on the whole they were on the side of Millwall, because I distinctly saw two of them, on Millwall's scoring a goal, lift their hands from their pockets into the open air above their heads—a manœuvre for which they must have had urgent reasons, for it was obviously very difficult to accomplish—and clap.

Whose side the reff was on I cannot say. My friend may have been right when he said that he supported the Corinthians. But I observed that he made no attempt to applaud when they scored, and that he ran up and down the field with apparently equal pleasure in both directions. Anyway he did not see them win, as my friend had said he would. No one did. The match was a draw.

It 's all very difficult. I can't help thinking that the man who spoke to me knew a lot about the game; some of the trenchant remarks he made during the play about the contestants, both those that played and those that shouted, must have been the fruit of years of close application to the game. And yet he appears to have been wrong in most of the things he told me. I say most, for he was right in one; I was almost forgetting it. I say here and now in his favour that I personally have no doubt, from certain inquiries I have made, that the Corinthians are amateurs.

I hear on good authority that the match has been replayed and that Millwall won. In that case, according to my informant, the caps and neckcloths will be pleased. But I doubt if they are.

It 's all very difficult. C. B.



The Plumber. "'E SAYS TER ME 'I WANTS THE SINK IN THE CORNER,' 'E SAYS, AND I SAYS, ''OO D' YER FINK YOU ARE?' AND 'E SAYS, 'WELL, I 'M THE BLOKE WOT 'S PAYIN' FER THE JOB,' 'E SAYS, AND I SAYS, 'THEN KEEP YER PLACE,' I SAYS."

Mussolini the Francophil.

". . . . when I got out there they were doing it much as the Mafia did in Corsica before Mussolini cleared up the island."
Story in Magazine.

"'GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN,'
Every Sunday Afternoon.
Children under 12 not admitted."
Chapel Notice at Brighton.

It sounds like Licensed Premises.

"A PONY'S REPUTATION.

. . . Miss ——, giving evidence, said that on another occasion when she took it a bucket of water it showed its teeth and kicked the bucket."—*Sussex Paper.*

It 's a horrible thing to die snarling.

A BUTYRIC ODE.

(*Dedicated with great respect to Captain* BUTTERS, *the racing expert of "The Evening News."*)

I 'VE been always sensitive by nature
To the magic charms of nomenclature,
But of all the names at different times
I have woven into doggerel rhymes
None has caused my heart more fruitful flutters
Than the name of gallant Captain BUTTERS.

Some extol the virtues of pomatum
Or the relish of *Peperium patum*;
Others write whole centuries of sonnets
To fair ladies' eyebrows or their bonnets;
But my pen with rapture fairly splutters
At the very name of Captain BUTTERS.

Some again succumb to strange enslavements,
Cross-word puzzles, Pekes or crazy pavements;
Stain their fingers or their hair with henna,
Or repair to Rye or Rosapenna,
Waxing lyrical on cleeks and putters;
I am moved to song by Captain BUTTERS.

But, to guard against misapprehension
Of the purity of my intention,
Let me state at once, and state it clearly,
Very positively and sincerely,
That my tongue in perfect reverence utters,
Not in ribaldry, the name of BUTTERS.

For he makes me dream of lordly dishes;
Sauces for asparagus or fishes;
Cows called homeward by the hapless Mary;
Breezy milkmaids churning in the dairy;
Patient oil-extracting coco-nutters—
All these dreams I owe to Captain BUTTERS.

Major Margarine and Colonel Oleo
Stand emblazoned on Fame's golden folio
With the great inventors of machinery
Used to-day in every stearinery;
But till death puts up my humble shutters
I shall chant the praise of Captain BUTTERS.

For, though far too old to run with beagles
Or to join the revels at Gleneagles,
Far too slow to cope with glib O'GORMAN
Or discuss finance with MONTY NORMAN,
Though my vital lamp burns low and sputters
Still I've strength to bless the name of BUTTERS.

THE PETER PAN LEAGUE.

AFTER the final matinée of *Peter Pan*, of which the author's rights have been given in perpetuity by Sir JAMES BARRIE to the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, Sir GERALD DU MAURIER inaugurated a League of the child-lovers of *Peter Pan*. Those who join it are asked to pledge themselves to some service on behalf of the children who come to the hospital from all over the country to be cared for and made well.

To this end the hospital directorate has authorised the issue of an appeal specially addressed to children by A. A. MILNE and illustrated by his constant collaborator, ERNEST SHEPARD.

Mr. Punch, who as long as he can remember has cherished the closest affection for the Hospital for Sick Children, and delights to see it supported by two such old friends of his, would urge the young folk among his readers to join this most attractive League of *Peter Pan*. Their names should be sent in to THE SECRETARY of the Hospital in Great Ormond Street.



Wife. "I 'M SO GLAD YOU DIDN'T KEEP ON WITH THAT DIET, JIM."



First Guest (enraptured with the performance). "DELIGHTFUL! DELIGHTFUL!"
Second Guest (also enraptured). "YES, INDEED. WHAT ANKLES!"

IS THIS THE FACE . . . ?

PUBLISHERS notoriously have queer ways of recommending their wares. In addition to a pathetic belief in the drawing-power of "blurb" and the magic of certain stock adjectives, such as "intimate," "daring," "powerful" or "idyllic," they cherish a still more pathetic delusion that prospective readers may be allured by the presentment of an author's features. Apart from the obvious objections to such a practice on æsthetic grounds, it is mistaken for other reasons. Even where a writer's countenance is in itself inoffensive or even comely, it deplorably seldom suits his work or conforms to the picture which his readers (if any) have formed of him in their minds (also if any).

I have before me as I write the Spring List, illustrated exclusively by photographs of the authors, of the famous house of Blague and Boodle, from which I will select a few examples at random.

The Solar Myth In Minoan Folk-Lore. By Anastasia Pottle. (An ultra-fashionably dressed young thing whose essential plainness is emphasised rather than concealed by an Eton crop, lavish make-up and a monocle.)

Muck-Rakes and Myrtle. Ethelred Edelweiss's latest volume of powerfully realistic verse. (Mr. Edelweiss is presented to our eager gaze immaculately got up for a day with the Quorn.)

Among the Gonds in a Gondola. A hair-raising record of travel and adventure. By Lady Sapphira Sangazur. (A willowy and appealing figure in full evening dress of the fluffiest type.)

In the Swim: A Chronicle of Fifty Years among the Upper Ten. By Sir William Smith-Smythe. (A rather dowdy old gentleman, whose goatee, turn-down collar and faintly clerical hat irresistibly suggest a pillar of Welsh Nonconformity.)

Down a Steep Place. An intimate exposure of modern youth by the Hon. Uralia Billingsgate, the well-known Bright Young Person. (An eminently respectable matron, who could command a position as cook-housekeeper at sight.)

Early Iberian Pottery. By Professor Wilbraham Tunk. (The Professor appears as a ferociously dapper little man, whom one would expect to be more at home in the Cavalry Club than among the early Iberians.)

Dew-Drops and Rose-Petals. Another posy of Miss Pomander's fragrant songlets. (Miss Pomander has a jaw like a battleship's ram, a high linen collar and a general air of truculent masculinity.)

Beanfeasts and Butterflies. A collection of Peter Pendragon's inimitably tender and whimsical essays—a fascinating blend of LAMB and LYND. (A portly and prosperous City merchant, sumptuously upholstered from coruscating tie-pin to snow-white spats.)

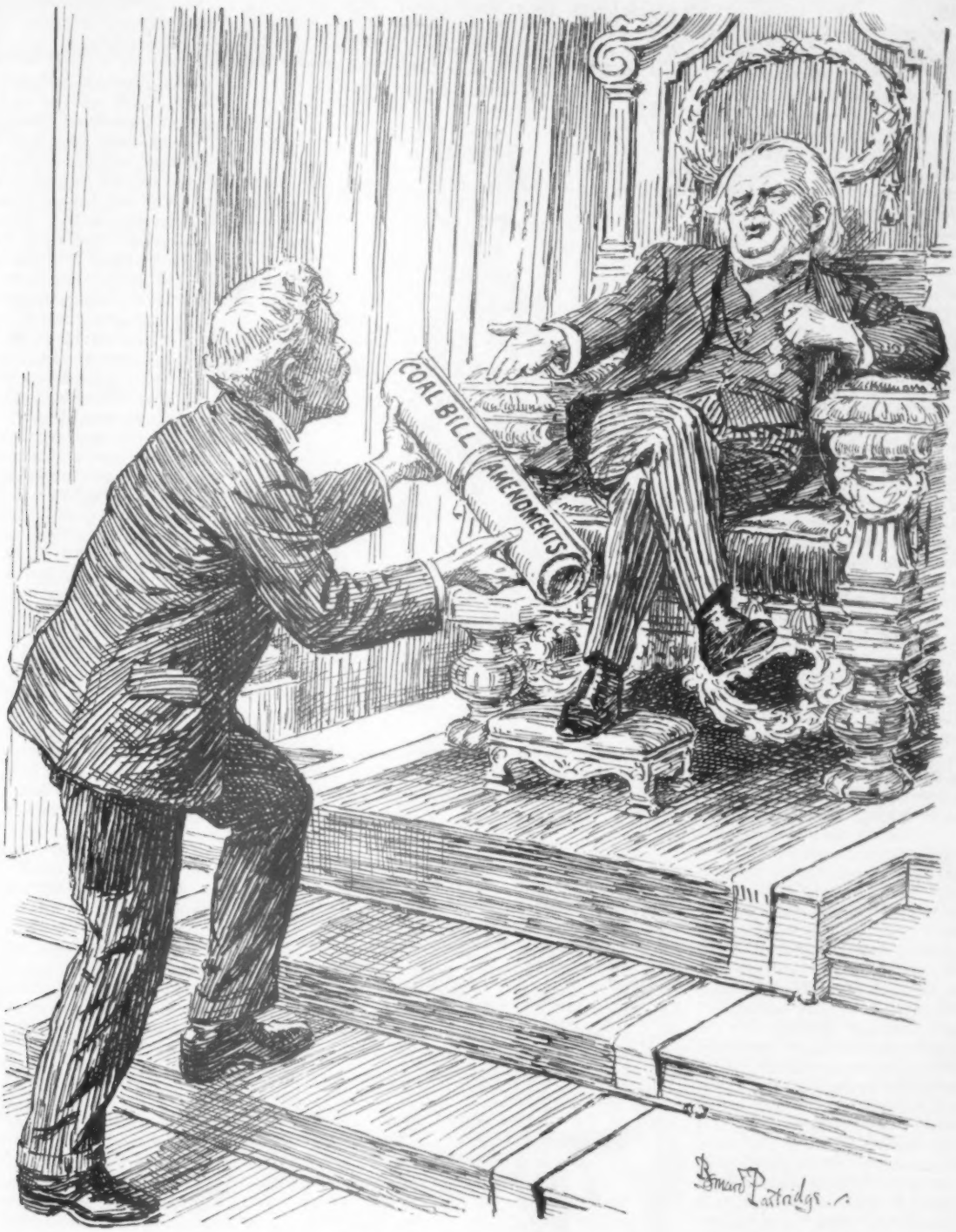
And then publishers complain that they hardly know where their next bite of *caviare* or sup of champagne is coming from.

"When we went into the vestibule of the new Streatham Theatre people usually to be seen at first-nights in the West-end were saying 'How d'ye do?' just as if they had come in from Shaftesbury-avenue."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

We cannot help thinking that Streatham people would do better than that in Shaftesbury Avenue.

"Everything has been done to ensure that the foreign delegates to the Naval Conference will not feel at sea during their stay in London."—*Birmingham Paper.*

Yet we have an intuition that some well-meaning idiot is almost certain to allude to the ocean.



THE SUPPLIANT.

MR. MACDONALD. "I TRUST THAT THESE HUMBLE CORRECTIONS MAY SECURE THE APPROVAL OF YOUR SERENE POTENCY."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "WE WILL GIVE THEM OUR GRACIOUS CONSIDERATION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, January 21st.—The high doings in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords this morning were not without their effect on the two Houses of Parliament that resumed their legislative labours in the afternoon. The effect was not the same in each case, however. The NELSON spirit, discouraged elsewhere, stole into the Lords and inspired Lord SALISBURY and his fellow-Conservatives to fire a couple of devastating salvoes into the Unemployment Insurance Bill.

The Commons seemed to lack entirely the combative exuberance that customarily marks their reunions. The Five Power Conference had put their nose out of joint, less by the importance of its deliberations than by the size of its audience. When the world's congregated statesmen have been breathing high-minded generalities into one hundred million ears it seems hardly worth while arguing about deer fences in Scotland, or the appointment of a joint industrial council to sit on the glove-making industry, for the benefit of a handful of unappreciative sketch-writers.

The Lords' assault on the Unemployment Insurance Bill was brief but destructive. By 107 votes to 18 they limited the operation of the Bill to March 31, 1931, and by nearly as large a majority they deleted from the Bill the "genuinely seeking work" clause. Well satisfied with their exhibition of genuinely seeking trouble the House completed the Committee stage of the Bill.

In the Commons Sir KINGSLEY WOOD asked the LORD PRIVY SEAL if he had any new schemes for relieving unemployment to reveal, and Mr. A. M. SAMUEL asked what exactly he meant by "the City" in his "authoritative announcement that it would come to the help of industry." Mr. THOMAS promised to reveal all at "a convenient date." Lady ASTOR wanted him to undertake more relief to female unemployment than the late Government had given. The MINISTER "gladly acceded to so modest a request."

The PRIME MINISTER, having intimated that for want of general agreement the Coast Protection Bill was unlikely to be proceeded with—even the ocean's prerogative of entering this country free has its ardent champions—the House went into Committee to debate a Supplementary Estimate of the Ministry of Labour. Members allowed themselves a liberal latitude of discussion and ranged from a clarion call by Mr. BUCHANAN for a thirty-shillings-a-week pension for everybody over sixty to an appeal by Mr. BUCHAN to "broaden our executive basis and bring into administrative work the right kind of private citizen."



HORATIO LORD SALISBURY (after pouring a broadside into the Unemployment Insurance Bill). "THEY MAY ABOLISH BATTLESHIPS, BUT THEY CANNOT DESTROY THE NELSON SPIRIT."

It was really the CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER who made the hit of the evening. Bowing his crested head and taming his heart of fire, like the warrior in the poem, he modestly declared that it was too soon to regard the Government's unemployment schemes either as a success or a failure. It was rather intimated by Miss BONDFIELD, at a later stage, that the expensive training of men for immigration to Canada has been a failure because Canada has no jobs to offer them.

The Collecting Charities Bill came in for a second instalment of its Second reading. The House, nowadays thoroughly alive to bureaucracy's insidious incursions, showed no great liking for the arbitrary powers with which it invests the Home Office, and the UNDER-SECRETARY gracefully offered to make "drastic amendments" in Committee. In fairness to the Government it should be added that the Bill was drafted by a Departmental Committee under the Conservative Government—a relic of what the Germans would call Jixismus.

Wednesday, January 22nd.—The Road Traffic Bill made further progress—well within the speed limit—through the Lords. Important amendments were accepted—notably one providing imprisonment "without the op" for disqualified persons who persist in driving, and another giving persons charged with reckless driving the right to be tried by a jury; but Earl RUSSELL bravely held out against efficiency tests and speed limits.

In the Commons Mr. HENDERSON stated that since the resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia British travellers could now have their passports endorsed for that country. He declined to reply to Sir KINGSLEY WOOD's question as to whether they would be able to visit Russia "without any apprehension of harm coming to them." Mr. HENDERSON also told the House that he had intimated to the Russian Ambassador that the Third International's manifesto in *The Daily Worker* was likely to impede the improvement of relations between the two countries, but denied that this amounted to a "stern reprimand." His manner was rather that of the showman who intimates that, when a bear bites the hand that feeds it, the fault must be attributed to clumsiness and not to vice.

Mr. MCELWEE's private Member's motion for a Select Committee to consider the



BEARS WILL BE BEARS.

UNCLE ARTHUR HENDERSON. "THIS ANIMAL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS VERY AMIABLE AND MEANS NO HARM. THE SLIGHT INJURY TO MY HAND OCCURRED AT FEEDING-TIME, DUE TO HIS MOUTH SLIPPING."

possibility of the House meeting and rising earlier produced a lively discussion. He and Mr. HARDIE put the whole-time politicians' case, Captain BOURNE and Mr. GRIFFITH championing the cause of the part-timers. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL for the Government accepted the motion in the strong belief that no Select Committee would advocate the changes suggested, and Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN pointed out that under them Ministers would be even more conspicuously absent from the House than they are now.

All manner of useful alternatives were propounded, but the one frank and fearless offering came from Mr. JACK JONES. It mattered little to him, he said, what the hours of the House were since he "enjoyed himself most after hours" (whatever that might mean). After this there was nothing for it but to accept the motion.

Sir BERTRAM FALLE'S plea for separation allowances for Naval officers fell on no dissentient ears. Unfortunately at eight o'clock it was found to be falling on something less than the requisite eighty ears, and that was the end of it. Not for nothing had Sir BERTRAM'S number on the balloting list been 13.

Thursday, January 23rd.—In vain Lord PARMOOR declared in harsh and minatory accents that the Government had pinned its policy to Clause 4 of the Unemployment Insurance Bill which their Lordships had so valiantly bombarded on Monday. Their Lordships went blithely ahead and substituted for it an amended Clause 4, moved by Lord DARLING.

Possibly in their zeal to smite they failed to give a close examination of the weapon, otherwise they would have observed that Lord DARLING'S clause provides that a claimant shall be disqualified from benefit "if it be proved that he is not endeavouring to obtain employment." As the philosophers have repeatedly told us, it is impossible to prove a negative, so, if the clause is to be strictly construed, the dole-drawing idler will be better off under it than under the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S original clause.

Lord BANBURY apparently took that view, for he proposed an amendment to the amendment, thereby leaving the wording of the clause to correspond exactly with that in the benefit provisions of the National Union of Railwaymen; but this sub-amendment was for some reason negatived.

In the Commons, Mr. GREENWOOD told Captain EDEN that the outbreak of psittacosis in Warwickshire had been called to his Department's notice. No mention was made of the recent case of cuculosis in Nottingham.

The shadow of Mr. REMER (not to be confused with that other victim of all-red paint mania, *Miss Rima*) and his Empire Free Trade debate may be troubling the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, otherwise he might not have polished off so cavalierly the request of Mr. MCSHANE, Labour Member for Walsall, for a Select Committee on Rationalization. Possibly, said Mr. SNOWDEN, the Economic Council might consider the matter, his manner clearly indicating that what Economic Councils think is of no great importance anyway.

A lively interchange of hostilities occurred between Mr. SNOWDEN, who was deputising for the PRIME MINISTER, and some Front Bench Conservatives on the subject of the debate set down for Monday next on Britain's proposed signature to the Optional Clause. Mr. BALDWIN thought some of the questions to be considered "extraordinarily delicate," considering that the Five Power Conference would be sitting just round the corner. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN pointed out in equally temperate language that the Government's White Paper on the subject of the Optional Clause had been widely criticised in America, *inter alios* by the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, the Secretary of State and the President.

Mr. SNOWDEN acidly "welcomed" this "new delicacy" of the Opposition, a phrase which Sir AUSTEN found "most offensive." Mr. SNOWDEN said it was all a mistake about Mr. STIMSON disapproving of the White Paper, but eventually offered to discuss the matter "through the usual channels" between then and Monday.

Public business found Mr. BUXTON droning a request for a supplementary estimate of a million-and-a-quarter for the sugar-beet industry. Sir G. COURTHOPE made the heartening revelation that he grew sugar-beet in Sussex and shipped it to Ipswich and did very nicely out of it; and Mr. MACLAREN raised one small voice against the subsidy, which, he said, all found its way into the land-owners' pockets as rent.



Mr. REMER (*Empire Free Trade Crusader*). "I DON'T OBJECT TO A COAT OR TWO OF PAINT—SO LONG AS IT'S ALL RED."
After Mr. EPSTEIN'S "Rima."

ROGER FRANCIS.

Roger Francis
Isn't quick
At History dates
Or Arithmetic;
But Roger Francis
Is awfully fond
Of catching tiddlers
In the pond.

The only date
That ever I've
Known him recall
Is November five;
The only Queen
Quite clear in his head
Is GOOD QUEEN ANNE
(And he knows she's dead).

The only table
He can recite
Is the *one* times one
(And not always right);
He knows that pennies
His pocket filling
Must count to twelve
To be worth a shilling.

Roger Francis
Never looks,
If he can help it,
Inside of books;
Roger Francis
Is happier far
With a rod, a net
And a pickle-jar.

Pancm et Religiones.

"The religious observances at St. Hilary Feast were, as usual, commenced at Halamanning Wesleyan Church on Saturday afternoon when a public tea was well patronised."
Cornish Paper.



THE SPREAD OF ART CULTURE.

REGRETTABLE AFFAIR AT AN EAST END DARTS CLUB, CAUSED BY A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ON THE RELATIVE MERITS OF THE UMBRIAN AND VENETIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

TO A VEGETARIAN.

Oh, keen partisan of the four-footed clan,
Disdainer of veal and of venison,
The friend who can speak with a grunt or a squeak
May lift up his voice in a benison;
But where are the missions to ease the conditions
Of those who are harmless and gentle,
Whose dumb resignation escapes observation—
The lettuce, the leek and the lentil?

The lamb in his youth is aware of the truth,
As he gambols and frisks in the daisies,
That without your support he will soon be cut short
And arrive in the soup, as the phrase is;
But where are the questions, the sober suggestions,
Oh! where are the warnings parental
To keep from their fate on an epicure's plate
The lettuce, the leek and the lentil?

The veg. from his mien may appear to be green
(So politely concealed his disgust is),
But know that at length he will rise in his strength
And appeal to the heavens for justice;
If friend after friend meets a terrible end
Which the coroner terms "accidental,"
It cannot but start a faint qualm in the heart
Of the lettuce, the leek and the lentil.

A meatless régime is an excellent scheme,
As they tell you on packet and poster,
But think of the state o' the little potato
Who finds himself next on the roster;
The peas and the sprouts have their hopes and their doubts
(Though a carrot 's more temperamental),
Then is it humane that they all should be slain
With the lettuce, the leek and the lentil?

"THE MOTOR" AND MR. PUNCH.

FROM the reply made by the Editor of *The Motor* to the note published in the issue of *Punch* for January 8th it would appear that he has allowed its intention, not too subtle, to escape him. In that note Mr. Punch made no pretence of apologising for his own disinterested prejudice in favour of the rights of pedestrians; nor did he touch upon *The Motor's* prejudice (very natural, if not proper, in a motor-trade paper) in favour of the rights of motorists. His note was merely an answer to a charge of bad taste brought against him by that journal for having complained of the prejudice of *magistrates*. And he found it inconsistent that *The Motor* should itself, on the same page, complain of the prejudice of magistrates, and so commit the very impropriety for which it rebuked Mr. Punch; the only difference being that Mr. Punch objected to their prejudice against pedestrians and *The Motor* to their prejudice against motorists. This charge of inconsistency remains unanswered, and Mr. Punch has to console himself with some fatherly advice, offered by *The Motor*, on the perils that attend the humorous treatment of serious subjects.

In concluding herewith his share of a friendly controversy, in whose conduct he gladly acknowledges the courtesy and good nature of the Editor of *The Motor*, Mr. Punch leaves the matter to the impartial judgment of the readers of both journals.

O. S.

MR. MAFFERTY HAS WORDS.

"It 's a quare hard world," said Mr. Mafferty, "an' it 's sorry I am you missed the fine cantankerous interview I 'm after havin' with the Inspector of Taxes this day, Mr. Heather.

"'Good mornin', Mr. Inspector,' says I. 'Good mornin',' says he. 'What name is it at all?' 'It 's well you know what name it is,' says I. 'Isn't it yourself has sent me an insultin' letter this mornin'?' 'What 's the reference number?' says he. 'There 's no call for references an' numbers,' says I, 'for it 's not possible anny man could send out *two* letters of that like in one day, an' he hopin' for kindly treatment in the life to come. It 's Mafferty I am, Mr. Inspector, an' may the angels be about your bed this night, tormentin' you with harp-music, the way you 'd not sleep at all!'

"'I remember now,' says he. 'The Collector tells me you 've not paid in full for the year that 's past, nor you 've not returned your income for the year to come.'

"'An' how the divil would I do that?' says I. 'It 's little income there 'll be in the year to come, I 'm thinkin', an' I passin' the days signin' cheques with one hand an' fillin' forms with the other. There 's no man livin' has the time an' energy to earn an income an' pay the income-tax in the same year, I 'm tellin' you. Didn't I give you the whole history of me private life only two months back?'

"'You did so,' says he. 'But that was for the year endin' April the year before last.'

"'It 's not meself,' says I, 'will have annythin' to do with years endin' in April, for it 's not natural or dacent. Either the year ends in December, Mr. Inspector, or I take meself off out of this place.'

"'Well,' says he, 'you can have the year endin' in December, if you like it better.'

"'Well, then,' says I, 'in that case, I 'm tellin' you, me private life 's the same to-day as it was two months back, only I 've less money than I had before, an' that 's the truth.'

"'I wouldn't say you 'd be tellin' me a lie, Mr. Mafferty,' says he.

"'You would so,' says I; 'I can see it in the nasty look you have on you.'

"'There 's no lie surely,' says he, 'but a discrepancy only, between your letter of the 9th of December an' the information I 'm gettin' from your employer.'

"'Discrepancy, is it?' says I, 'an' isn't that a long word for a lie?'

"'It is not,' says he.

"'It is so,' says I.

"''Tis neither here nor there,' says he.

"'Then where the divil is it?' says I.

"'In the year endin' the 5th of April, nineteen hundred an' twenty-seven,' says he, 'I see your earnin's was a hundred pounds only——'

"'Me profits,' says I. 'That 's all was left after meetin' the cruel expenses of me trade, Mr. Inspector. You wouldn't tax a greengrocer on what went into the till, Mr. Inspector, an' why would you treat a poor kind of a writin'-feller worse than a greengrocer?'

"'Let you look at the instructions,' says he.

"'Let you look in me eye,' says I. 'Do you trust me, Mr. Inspector?'

"'I do so,' says he. 'Why would I not?'

"'Yet it 's yourself,' says I, 'would be goin' behind me back and puttin' mean questions to me employers an' seekin' discrepancies an' the like of that! Trust, is it? Think shame of yourself, Mr. Inspector. You 've destroyed me faith in the goodness of man.'

"'Under Schedule D—,' says he.

"'Away with your schedules and discrepancies!' says I. 'It 's not schedules I 'm needin' but a little charity an' lovin'-kindness. It 's the wonder of the world there 's not more discrepancies instead of less, for it 's distracted I am between one year an' another, an' some endin' in April an' others at Christmas, the way no man can tell is it next year he 's talkin' about or the day before yesterday. Begob, I couldn't tell you how much money I have in me pocket this day, an' how would I know what I had the year before last?'

"'Anny assistance I can give you—,' says he.

"'It 's not yourself I 'd be askin' for assistance,' says I, 'an' you after poisonin' me mind with your low suspicions. Is it a burglar I 'd be askin' for his kind advice, an' he stealin' the clothes off me back?'

"'It would not,' says he.

"'Let me take your hand, Mr. Inspector,' says I, 'for it 's a true word you 've spoken at last.'

"'What was your earnin's,' says he, 'in the Schedule endin' the 14th of August?'—or the like of that.

"'Eighty-seven pounds,' says I, 'an' me old aunt left me a canary-bird.'

"'It 's not serious you are,' says he. 'Can you prove your statement?'

"'Why would I prove me statement?' says I. 'Let me tell you this, now—is it meself is payin' the dole or not?'

"'It is so, God help you,' says he. 'An' meself also.'

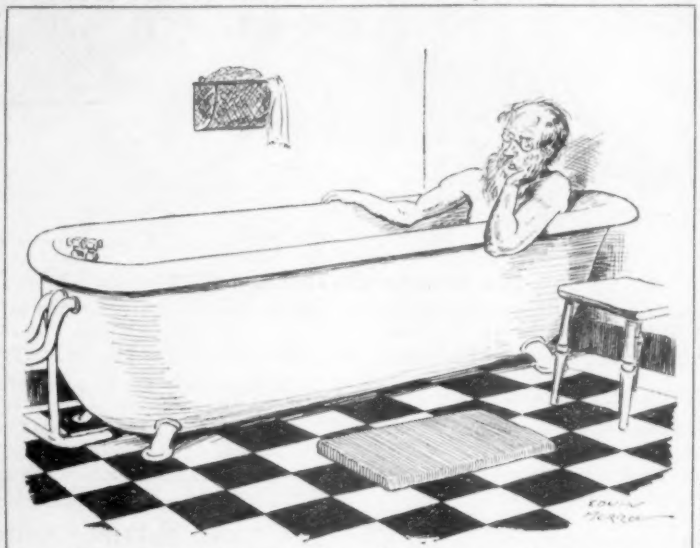
"'An' hasn't the Government made a great Act to say there 's no call for anny man to prove he 's genuinely seekin' employment, an' he seekin' the do'e?'

"'It has so surely,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'if there 's no questions asked of a man receivin' the money it 's a quare hard thing there 'd be all them questions asked of the man is providin' the money. Will you tell that to the Government the next time you 'd meet them, an' you lunchin' at the club?'

"'I will that,' says he.

"'An' will you tell the Government there 's no call for dacent hard-workin' men to be payin' four shillin's in the pound an' more on the poor small earnin's they have, while them that wins great money on the horse-races pays nothin' at all, an' they workin'



Professor. "LET ME THINK NOW. WHAT EXACTLY DID I GET IN HERE FOR?"



Little Girl. "WHAT'S THAT?"
Girl. "ARE THEY ALL LIKE THAT?"
Girl. "OH, I ALWAYS THOUGHT TIGERS HAD STOMACHS."
Small Host (Anglo-Indian). "TIGER, SILLY. WE'VE GOT LOTS OF 'EM IN INDIA."
Host. "YES, OF COURSE."

three days in the week only, or maybe four?'

"'I will not,' says he, 'for it 's irrelevant.'

"'It is not,' says I; 'it 's a discrepancy itself. I know a man won fifty thousand pounds this livin' year in a sweepstake, an' it free of the taxes; but if meself earns eightpence by the sweat of me brow, it 's four shillin's in the pound you 'll be wantin' out of it, not countin' the great tax I pay on the whisky. Isn't it a hard thing now the whisky would be cheaper in Jamaica than it is in this town, by reason of the taxes, an' it the same whisky, sent out from Scotland, four thousand miles away, no less?'

"'It 's a hard thing, truly,' says he; 'but what was your earnin's on the 4th of January?'

"'Let you tell your Government,' says I, 'they 're turning England into a kind of Ireland, settin' dacent people agin the Government with their dirty taxes an' pryin' behaviour, the way in a short time, I 'm thinkin', there 's no man will think shame to be deceivin' the Government or not payin' at all. It 's a quare difficult thing to make an Englishman dishonest or stir up the sufferin' middle classes, but, begob, the taxes have nearly done it. In a short while, I wouldn't wonder, you 'll have them standin' up together an' saying "I 'll pay no more, Mr. Government, bad luck to you!"'

"'Will you send the Collector another small instalment?' says he, very meek an' mild.

"'I will not,' says I, 'for I 'd have to borrow from the Bank to do it, an' there 's no sense in that, surely.'

"'You 'll go to prison,' says he.

"'Maybe I will,' says I, 'but I 'll bring down the Government with me great speeches an' letters to the papers.'

"'Will you fill up your new form?' says he.

"'How would I do that,' says I, 'an' me poor brain burstin' with indignation an' schedules an' the like? But I met a big feller yesterday, is one of them agents for understandin' the income-tax an' protectin' the rights of the people agin the greed of the Government. It 's a quare strange thing, I 'm thinkin', a man would have to pay money to another man to help him pay his taxes no more; but that 's the way of it. I 'll give your forms an' schedules to him, for they cumber me small house an' spoil the beauty of the mornin' like the waste-paper you 'll see in the parks the mornin' after a public holiday. It 's a big feller he is, the like of a boxer; indeed, it 's a champion boxer he was in the time past. Good mornin', Mr. Inspector.'

"'You 've wasted me time,' says he.

"'That 's fine,' says I." A. P. H.

Lowering the School Age.

"They are taking their eldest son, who has been at Eton and will be 1 this summer."
Daily Paper.

Awards of which Mr. Punch Approves.

"Mrs. ZZ. Y. ——, well-known artistic photographer, has had amongst her patrons many statemens and celebrities of the world, and in 1911 she was awarded a good meal for her excellent work."—*Shanghai Paper.*

After nineteen years she must long for further recognition of this kind.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WHITE ASSEGAI" (PLAYHOUSE).

OUTPOSTS-OF-EMPIRE plays, which are always cropping up, don't generally raise high expectations in the experienced. The heroes are usually so bold and strong; the heroines so cretinous; the military, political or prospecting chatter so elementary. *The White Assegai*, by ALLAN KING, is of a different and better brand altogether. Some very unreasonable things happen, and the heroine is certainly profoundly unsatisfactory, but the author retains our respect through it all and achieves a really moving effect. In a house full of heroic invalids the cough, that worst menace to the players and the play, was entirely subdued as the action drew to its climax. It must be said at once that Mr. GODFREY TEARLE's rendering of the character of *Hardress Mackenzie*, the Native Commissioner of the M'soi Territory (Africa), is one of the very best things that admirable but often scurvily-served actor has done. You could believe in this high-minded, sympathetic and shrewd protector of the natives; believe in their awed belief in him as father, counsellor, judge, almost tribal god; believe or almost believe in the struggle going on between his supreme sense of duty and the claims of his bored, exigent and self-dramatising wife—though on reflection I think that may be going too far. The temptation to persuade a devoted M'soi spearsman to drive a white assegai into this tiresome lady's breast would, I think, in all the circumstances have been overwhelming.

Hardress Mackenzie was the third of his line to administer this territory; he was also shaping his young son to succeed him. There could be no other possible career for a *Mackenzie* so long as the faith of the M'soi (and, perhaps we may add, the complaisance of the Colonial Office in regard to hereditary administratorships) continued. But *Mrs. Hardress Mackenzie* had other views. She had had eleven years of M'soi life (you pronounce it Msoy, not Macsoy, as you might suppose) and she was determined to prevail upon her husband by every artifice known to the conscienceless female fighting for her own hand to resign and go and play golf and potter about and cultivate his garden in comfortable Surbiton. The natives, in that peculiar way natives on, and sometimes, I believe, off, the stage have, knew all about this. A white assegai hurtles through the air and sticks quivering in the stoep of the Residency. Being interpreted, this means "The King grows old." An exceeding voluble M'soi, *Inyega*, lion-hunter and modernist without belief in the *Mackenzie* legend, embroiders this text in a conversation with *M'Buru*, the *Mackenzie's* loyal boy, and gets nearly throttled for his pains.

Meanwhile *Hardress* gives in to his wife, honest men in family council being no match for dishonest women. (Oh, yes, and *vice versâ*, no doubt!) He will follow her to England as soon as this little trouble—some queer activities of the M'suto over the border—is settled, and send in his resignation. And their boy shall go at once from his school in Capetown. That is the end of the *Mackenzie* saga, unless young *Nicholas* of the clan, a cousin, brave, honourable but distressingly simple, can be palmed off on wise old *Machado*, the Chief Paramount, and the already unhappy and disgruntled M'soi, as his successor.

And then happens a tragedy, introduced rather arbitrarily by the author and therefore rather failing of its effect. *Mrs. Hardress*, having persistently neglected all the duties of a Commissioner's lady, has successfully avoided calling on that good fellow *Giles* the station-master's young Cockney wife, who comes down to breakfast in déshabille, as she was wont to do in Clapham. You can't do this kind of thing in M'soi-land, as old *Tante Anna*, the Boer, told her—but too late; and the telling should have been done by the great lady at the Residency. So that when *Giles* is away the M'suto boy *Charlie* attempts violence upon her and is shot out of hand by *Giles*, suddenly returning, and old *Van den Bergh*, *Tante Anna's* husband.

This is the spark that lights the gunpowder. Another assegai quivers in the stoep. There is war play on the border. The M'sutoi demand a thousand head of cattle by way of compensation. Young *Nicholas* brings up his guns. *Hardress*—*Mrs. Hardress* has flounced off to Europe—goes to a palaver and knocks the heads of the two armies together—but gets a poisoned assegai in the calf from the lion-hunter.



"WHERE DID THAT ONE COME FROM?"

Machado . . . . . MR. WILLIAM HEILBRONN.
Hardress Mackenzie . . . . MR. GODFREY TEARLE.

Machado, the old chief, has the antidote. He will give it if the great white chief, his father and friend, chooses to throw away his woman and remain to complete the work of his great forbears. But *Hardress*, in the cleft stick of love-and-duty, chooses the simpler way out. He will let the poison do its work and leave the succession to young *Nick*, who has done good work these last few hours. The great man dies. *Machado* stabs himself and dies at his master's feet. *Nicholas* is acclaimed. A little unusual and histrionic all this, perhaps. But we took it breathlessly and coughlessly; and that's what the author wanted—and for that deserves the highest credit.

A credit shared, of course, with Mr. GODFREY TEARLE—*Hardress* died plausibly and movingly, as he had lived; with Mr. WILLIAM HEILBRONN, who gave us finely the noble savage, *Machado*, his dignity and sagacity unspoilt by his childlike faith and devotion; with Miss MARIANNE CALDWELL, whose delightful study of old *Tante Anna* was a brilliant piece of work; with Miss PHYLLIS SHAND, whose portrait of a lady of Clapham in pathetically inappropriate surroundings pleased the house mightily. Miss DAPHNE HEARD's quietly effective *Jenny*, and Mr. ERNEST THESIGER's old tippling Scottish doctor, her uncle, were both sound studies—Mr. THESIGER's better, because subtler, in retrospect than it seemed at the time, which I hope is a compliment, the back-hander flicking the critic, not the player. Miss MINNIE

BLAGDEN couldn't do much with the elaborately tiresome *Mrs. Hardress*—a failure, I think, chiefly of the author.

The White Assegai is by far the best effort in this kind that I remember to have seen. T.

"DARLING, I LOVE YOU"
(GAIETY).

Mr. LADDIE CLIFF's presentation may be commended to godly and ungodly, superior and standard, alike. The plot is even more imbecile than most of its sort; but it is not a penny the worse for it. It depends for its success not mainly upon the book by Messrs. STANLEY BRIGHTMAN and ARTHUR RIGBY, though that will serve; or on the music by Messrs. H. B. HEDLEY and HARRY ACRES, though that, if more than a little reminiscent, is cheery and tuneful: but on the personality and method of Mr. GEORGE CLARKE, who not so long ago was brightening the halls with the vagaries of a hire-purchased mustard coloured exceedingly-temperamental motor-car. He has brought his car into this show—wisely, I think; and equally wisely hasn't brought it in too far. But he has done much more than that, and as the happy imbecile he will make Mr. LESLIE HENSON look to his long-worn laurels. One turn, the Rhapsody dance—a whole ballet in miniature—was a genuine invention, an excellent idea brilliantly carried out, and the house, which always knows when there is a really first-class piece of work going, acclaimed it lustily. We may often greet second-class turns with excess of zeal, but we don't make mistakes about the very best.

Bertie Bundy (Mr. GEORGE CLARKE) was drummer in *Hugo Baritz's* dance-band, and in spare moments, of which we had no glimpse (he was too busy being an ass for our delight), was a composer of rhapsodies. He had a wife (Miss WYN RICHMOND) with a complex (alleged). She was apt to throw her arms round any personable stranger, and only returned to her senses and her husband if the stranger uttered the incantation, "Darling, I love you!" It was a phrase and gesture liable to misinterpretation, and little *Peggy Sylvester* (Miss VERA LENNOX), engaged to the *Honourable Bobby Darrell* (Mr. HAROLD FRENCH), promptly misunderstood it near the end of Act I. and learnt its true interpretation towards the end of Act II. in the traditional manner.

Bertie was also induced to impersonate the *Earl of Faucett*, but there was not much liveliness to be extracted from this unnecessary invention.

The fun came, as I have indicated, from the antics of the fatuous *Bertie*, aided and abetted by the saxophonist, *Dougal* (Mr. NEIL MCKAY). Mr. MCKAY is a step-dancer of unusually brilliant technique and agility and has also invented several quite unlikely and exceedingly diverting ways of progressing across the floor of the stage; and some incredible handsprings. To see the wrangle between these two and the *Sylvesters'* butler converting itself into a triangular kicking-match brought pain to the diaphragm. Mr. CLARKE has also a sufficiently tuneful voice of eccentric quality and a clear intonation which makes his songs carry. His song of Beards, on the theme that what made the Victorians what they were in peace and war and sport was the character of their facial trimmings, and the lecture which followed it, were both good fooling.



A DANCE WITH PLENTY OF KICK IN IT.
Bertie Bundy . . . . MR. GEORGE CLARKE.
Jennings . . . . . MR. CHARLES PATON.
Dougal McHaig . . . MR. NEIL MCKAY.



Mr. GEORGE CLARKE (illustrating a discourse with sample from the chorus). "ONE OF THE BEARDS THAT MADE ENGLAND WHAT SHE WAS THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY."

Miss WYN RICHMOND, singing with spirit and dancing with verve and grace, has a personality which helps this kind of show greatly. Miss ELLA LOGAN, perhaps unwisely, confined herself to doing what her countrywomen have so often done as energetically and as competently. Everybody liked Mr. TOM SHALE's nonsense as *Bill Barnacle*, an old salt.

The young ladies of the Chorus were masked with long formless screens of chiffon, ninon or what-not, and, if women are going to put up with this sort of thing without a fight, then what on earth's the meaning of political emancipation or the value of the vote? I should like to praise by name the entirely graceful young lady who did her slow rocking cart-wheel almost too embarrassingly (possibly by way of protest), but the programme gives her no credit for the affair.

"Can't You See I'm in Love, Lovely Lady"—sung by Miss VERA LENNOX and Mr. HAROLD FRENCH—was perhaps the most effective of the sentimental, and "Faster," with its swift pattering dance accompaniment, the best of the spirited, numbers. But Mr. GEORGE CLARKE's dance of the Rhapsody was not only good nonsense and excellent invention but superb artistry. And I again reverently raise my hat to him. The appearance of a new comedian of parts in musical comedy is not a thing to be passed over lightly. T.

Fleeting Glimpses of the Obvious.

"The moment is approaching when Mr. MacDonald's work for disarmament either will or else will not reach the stage of fruition . . ."
Evening Paper Leader.

"Breweries are again showing signs of considerable absorption."—*Financial Paper.*
It must be the mild weather.

A BALLADE OF CONSOLATION.

I SOUGHT a joke that never yet
Had seen the light; I groaned and swore;
I rolled my eyes; my locks of jet
In handfuls from my scalp I tore;
Till Phœbus whispered, "Seek no more,
No more the hopeless quest pursue"
(And tweaked my tingling ear full sore);
"To someone every joke is new."

What boots the brow besprent with sweat,
The frenzied pacing of the floor,
The fume, the fever and the fret?
Let this reflection peace restore:
That, though with age your jests are hoar
And round the edges slightly blue,
There 's someone whom they will not bore—
To someone every joke is new.

The venerable quirks that set
Sumerian tables in a roar;
The quips that soothed old NOAH'S regret
At failing to descry the shore;
The puns so popular of yore;
The tales of Scotsman and of Jew;
"There ain't agoing to be no core"—
To someone every joke is new.

L'ENVOI
(*Au Relacteur-en-chef*).

Sire, do not show the bard the door
Or greet his proffered jests with "Pooh!"
Though you have heard them all before,
To someone every joke is new.

THE HAT-RACE.

Margery stood gazing raptly into the hat-shop window. I stood by looking alternately at Margery and at my watch.

"We haven't too much time, you know," I expostulated mildly.

Margery made no reply. I pinched her arm. She turned abstractedly.

"Tell me," I said firmly—"are you merely shop-window-gazing or is it your intention to penetrate within and buy a hat? Because, if you mean to buy one, then we 'd better ring up your aunt and ask her whether she 'd mind very much if we came to dinner instead of lunch."

Margery looked down her nose at me.

"I can buy a hat," said she stiffly, "as quickly as you can."

"My dear girl," I said with a smile of masculine superiority, "it doesn't take me more than three minutes to buy a hat."

Margery gave me a chilly look, and then a sudden purposeful gleam came to her eyes.

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said she. "You badly need a new hat yourself. That atrocity you are wearing now is impossibly old. There 's a hatter's across the road. You go there and buy yourself a hat and I 'll go in here and get myself one. We 'll meet here. And the one who takes most time pays both bills. I 'll wait till you get across the road before I go in."

"It 's a bet," I said rashly.

We shook hands solemnly. Then I lifted my old hat to her and crossed the road. Arrived at the hatter's door, I turned and waved my hand. Margery waved back. I dashed inside.

Within the gloomy interior of the shop stood a languid-looking man doing nothing. I bore down upon him.

"I want a hat," I panted.

The languid-looking man surveyed me coolly, his glance finally coming to rest upon my hat.

"You do," he agreed with unnecessary emphasis. "And I 'm sure you 'll get quite a decent one here. Personally, I never go anywhere else."

I stammered an apology and turned away, glowing hotly about the ears. And then a small man appeared and stood inquiringly before me.

"Are you a hatter?" I asked cautiously.

"Yes, Sir," said the small man, smiling indulgently.

"Good," I said. "Please get me a hat. Size seven."

"What sort, Sir?"

"Any sort," I said. "I 'm in a hurry."

He brought a bowler. I tried it on hurriedly and took it off again.

"How much?" I asked.

"Twenty-five shillings, Sir," said the hatter.

I produced the money and thrust it upon him.

"Thanks," I said, and darted to the door.

"Sir," called the hatter urgently.

I halted and looked back.

"Your hat, Sir!" he cried, holding up my new bowler.

I dashed back again.

"I 'll wear it," I said.

Giving him my old hat and my address, I put on the new one and rushed out.

Skipping neatly round a taxi and skilfully eluding three oncoming buses, I gained the opposite pavement and sprinted to Margery's hat-shop. She was not in the entrance. I breathed a sigh of relief and lit a cigarette.

Two minutes passed, and then the doors of the hat-shop swung open and Margery appeared. I moved towards her cheerfully.

"You lose," announced Margery before I could speak.

"L-lose!" I gasped. "But I got here first."

"I know," said Margery sweetly; "I saw you through the window. You 've been here about two minutes. You took five minutes and I took seven."

"Exactly," I cried. "Then how d' you——"

"You see," explained Margery triumphantly, "I bought *two* hats in seven minutes and you took five to buy *one*." She calculated swiftly. "So each of my hats took a minute and a half less than yours. Here are the bills," she went on composedly, pressing two crumpled balls of paper into my hand. "I *knew* I could beat you."

THE NEW PARENT.

[A schoolmaster has revealed the surprising fact that modern parents no longer boast about their children's achievements. "In fact they go to the other extreme," he declares, "and are rather inclined to disparage their youngsters' abilities."]

SCENE: *An At Home.* TIME: *The Present.*

First Modern Mother. Of course we never allow the children to come into the drawing-room when visitors are here. We realise how they would bore people. You 've no idea how dull they are. Bobbie has adenoids, you know—I think that is the reason he has such a vacant expression. But Peggy's appearance is even worse since she lost her two front teeth. Until she cuts the new ones I intend to keep her out of sight, for she is plain enough under the best of circumstances.

Second M. M. My little Doreen is also *very* plain and talks through her nose. She 's positively no brains, too, for I understand she has been at the bottom of her class for nearly half a term.

Third M. M. (*eagerly*). My youngest boy, Harold, was at the bottom of his class for the *whole* of last term.

Second M. M. (*stiffly*). He must be exceptionally stupid.

Third M. M. (*triumphantly*). He is.

First M. M. Bobbie's last Report was quite the worst he has ever had. I am thinking of having it framed. (*To Fourth Modern Mother*) And how is John getting on at school, dearest?

Fourth M. M. (*embarrassed*). Oh—er—I 'm really not sure. (*Awkward pause.*) Do you mind if I run away now? I 've another call to make. . . . So sorry to hurry off. . . . (*Makes farewells and hasty exit.*)

Third M. M. My *dear!* How could you have made such a tactless remark? No wonder she hurried away. Don't you know that her eldest boy, John, has just won a scholarship? . . . And they do say, though of course I must ask you not to repeat this, that he is quite a genius.

Chorus of M. M.s. *How perfectly appalling for her!* F. A. K.



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

WILLIAM-ON-THE-HIGH-HORSE.

(*WILLIAM THE THIRD, in St. James's Square, S.W.*)

WILLIAM was a Dutchman, WILLIAM was a prince,
WILLIAM came to London Town and stayed there ever since;
And someone with but small regard for nicety of names
Has put his statue in the square recalling Uncle JAMES.

All among the plane-trees, thrice as large as life,
WILLIAM rides complacently without his lady wife:
But, though your charger rolls an eye that 's like a cannon-ball,
Remember, WILLIAM, there 's a pride that goes before a fall.

WILLIAM rides a high horse, gazing at the roofs,
But, WILLIAM, there 's a molehill beneath your horse's hoofs;
And, though your charger waves a tail that 's like a feather brush,
Beware "the little gentleman" in sombre-coloured plush.











"WHO 'S THAT ON THE PIANO UPSTAIRS?"
"THAT 'S DEAR MARGUERITE; SHE 'S PROGRESSING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS."
"UM! I THOUGHT SHE COULDN'T BE DOING IT WITH HER HANDS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is something at once piquant and irritating about Mr. DAVID EMERSON'S fashion of regarding the period of his (I think) first novel. He has selected, as he says, a time of "post-war madness," the "chaotic, amorphous days" of the Regency. And he seems on the whole to regard their bewilderment and muddle with the slightly perturbed curiosity of a Belgian housewife whose casement mirror, rigged up to catch a glimpse of the chance passer-by, happens to include a sustained tragedy. Yet *Regency Windows* (SAMPSON LOW) is not an unsympathetic book. It is, as is only natural, most feeling where it is most creative, most aloof where it relies on document; and it strikes me as relying too much on document and too little on a propitious talent for invention. It was, I feel, a mistake to import so much of BYRON and Lady CAROLINE LAMB into the relations of *Faulconbridge* and *Katharine Langley*; but *Richard Langley*, though his conjugal experiences were no happier than those of WILLIAM LAMB, had an extremely interesting adolescence. This I should urge on the reader alert to probe new talent as an example of Mr. EMERSON'S quality. *Richard* was the second and merely putative son of *Lord Mauldeth*, an ineffectual Whig peer, his father being the dilettante *Lord Domfort*, his mother the brilliant *Lady Mauldeth*. These three are fascinating figures, the dilettante happily reminiscent of the delightful *Glenalmond* of *Weir of Hermiston*; and every encounter between *Richard* and his elders is a revelation of character and heightens dramatic tension. Had the book made more play with cross-currents of paternity and difficult filial adjustments, somewhat in the manner of *Hermiston*, it would have been, I think, a finer performance. Of its promise there can be no question.

In spite of the sternest resolutions to think of his fellow-subjects in terms of roller-skating rinks and penny seed-packets, Mr. R. H. GRETTON, in *A Modern History of the English People: 1910-1922* (MARTIN SECKER), finds it almost impossible, in so exciting a period, not to concentrate mainly on politics and war. In a sense this, his third volume, is badly broken between these two topics, for, just as the Irish trouble is working up in 1914 to a crisis which many historians apparently are going to believe must have resulted in actual civil war, along comes the cloud of the great European struggle and all the rest is blotted out in battle haze. Mr. GRETTON has tackled bravely the problems of the shifting war mentality, though even here he fails, perhaps, to interpret that quiet, dull, sombre, uninteresting mass of simple humanity that carries on its shoulders all the too visible politicians, war-lords, murder-mongers, headline writers and film-stars that are found so easily in the news-sheets. The best of a book like this is that it restates in compact and completed form sequences of incidents that

one remembers as having straggled along from day to day without ever getting themselves tidily finished. Here they are neatly parcelled up and pleasantly presented—not quite history, but a readable, if impersonal, form of reminiscence.

It is one of the odd results of married give and take that the wife of a man of genius may prove, when it comes to letter-writing, more informative on the subject of her husband than he is himself. For in the perfect marriage there is a certain strife of generosities, a mutual effort at interchange of outlook; and this may operate rather disastrously for posterity in the case of a man of letters in love with a domesticated woman. Prince MIRSKY, introducing—and admirably introducing—*Dostoyevsky's Letters to His Wife* (CONSTABLE), maintains that these reveal more of their writer's personality than do the already published letters and diaries of the wife. But I am inclined to think that, for the reasons given above, they reveal less. And I doubt if they will increase DOSTOYEVSKY'S literary reputation directly, though they add to our respect for the man and for the work produced in the harassing straits he describes. DOSTOYEVSKY had an unchaste wife and an exacting mistress behind him when he married his nineteen-year-old typist, ANNA GREGORIEVNA, in 1867. He was up to his eyes in debt and encumbered with his brother's family and a half-witted stepson. How he set about their support and that of his wife and young family, the letters reveal. At first he tried gambling at small Swiss and German casinos. Then, under the influence of his adored ANNA, he pulled himself together; and work, the ill-health that hinders work and the children for whom the work must provide, engrossed him almost exclusively. Appreciation of his novels arrived late; and, when it does enter his correspondence, is described in less eloquent detail than his maladies, his boredom during "cures," the unscrupulousness of German landladies and his insatiable home-sickness.



Old Salt. "BAH! DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT SEAMANSHIP AN' IM'. WHY, IF 'E SAW A TUG IN DRY-DOCK 'E 'D THINK IT WAS A BLINKIN' SHARRYBANG WI' THE WHEELS MISSIN'."

If you are interested in Burma there is no doubt that Mr. CECIL CHAMPAIN LOWIS is your man. I remember reviewing a novel of his dealing with the Silken East some years ago, but in that case I think the local knowledge was more evident than the art of constructing a story. *The Huntress* (CAPE) is a very different matter. It is very well done indeed, and the two protagonists capture our attention from their first meeting (at a prize-giving function at that well-known girls' school, St. Rhadegund's) until they part finally on the last page in a well-contrived scene at Kutyao, on the Burmese frontier. *Hester Mullion*, daughter of an English adventurer and descended on the mother's side from the royal founder of Mandalay, is a real creation. *Guy Sibthorpe*, who has contrived to secure a provisional Government appointment and finds himself detailed to watch her very shady brother and his more than suspicious actions among the hill tribes, secures our ready sympathy in the many difficulties that follow his gallant attempt to be loyal at once to love and the Administration. And all the other characters, British and Burmese, seem to me excellently touched in. I know no writer who can handle British officials going about their daily life in the East more faithfully than Mr. LOWIS; and, though I cannot pretend to any real acquaintance with the hill tribes on the frontier, I am quite prepared to believe that his picture of Tairaw and Kutyao and other such far-off stations is substantially

correct. He has the sober manner of narrative that carries conviction, and on this occasion he uses it to tell a story that is well worth telling.

The title of Miss NETTA SYRETT'S novel, *Portrait of a Rebel* (GEOFFREY BLES), is a little misleading, since the book is so very like a family album whose first pages were filled, some eighty years ago, with pictures of prim little girls and tightly-trousered dandies, and whose last ones are still sticky with paste applied to the backs of recent snapshots. Certainly, as we turn from cover to cover, we see a great deal of *Pamela Thistlewaite*, the rebel; but the portraits of her friends and relations are distracting and too numerous. We see her first as a crinolined child setting out for a wretched walk with her governess, then as a girl in her first ball-dress, then as a bridesmaid, then as a mother, and finally as an attractive and very modern old lady. The first pictures in Miss SYRETT'S crowded album tell a story that we know by heart already—that of a girl living in an age when emotions were regarded as indecent and knowledge of life immodest. The result of all this repression and ignorance is no surprise to us either. *Pamela*, after a swift love affair, discovers that she is going to have a baby. So far, so hackneyed; but the later pages are very much more interesting. An amazing coincidence saves *Pamela's* Victorian reputation, and she becomes a pioneer business woman. Miss SYRETT shows us some very amusing pictures of the moderns of half-a-century ago, whose brows were as high and minds as broad as any of to-day. She proves again the truth of the platitude that history repeats itself, in fact she almost makes it stutter. The book is packed with incidents and coincidences, and, though there are far too many of the latter, the whole thing is very readable, and *Pamela* is a most delightful character.



Local Grocer. "'AVE YOU DROPPED THAT CASE OF NOO-LAID EGGS DOWN THERE?"
Voice from below. "NO."
Local Grocer. "WELL, WHAT IS IT I CAN SMELL, THEN?"

Those who enjoyed the anonymous reminiscences of "AN IRISHMAN" in *Blackwood* will welcome them in their revised and expanded form. Two-thirds of the contents of *My Countrymen* (BLACKWOOD) are new and are fully equal in quality to the chapters which have already appeared in print. Humour, if not extinct in the young Irish writers of to-day, is a dwindling force. But it survives unquenched in this middle-aged chronicler, who never drags in anecdotes however good, but invariably justifies their choice and adds to their illumination by his felicitous commentary. The picture which he gives of the Irish Civil Service in pre-War days, with its virtues, charities and laxities, has never been more faithfully drawn. But he always prefers to laugh with rather than at his countrymen. A Loyalist who has suffered much for his loyalty, he still clings to Ireland, though a land of regrets, and has never been tempted to translate into practice the saying that it is "a grand country to live out of." A Protestant, he is so free from sectarian bias as to single out a Roman Catholic as the best man he ever knew. The twenty-five years he spent as an official in Dublin have not blinded him to the virtues of Belfast. In conclusion I can give no higher praise to this penetrating survey of Irish character than by saying that in its mingled vivacity and seriousness it recalls the style and outlook of WALTER BAGEHOT.

I welcome Mr. FRANK SMYTHE'S *Climbs and Ski Runs* (BLACKWOOD) as a book which should secure many recruits to the brotherhood of precipice and rope; for he is one of the leaders of the post-war generation of climbers who has still, I hope, many notable ascents to make, and whose recent work, particularly on the south face of Mont Blanc, is regarded by the experts as quite first-class. The one small quarrel which I have to make with this excellent volume of reminiscences is that its title led me to expect that it would deal partly with ski-ing in its "winter sports" sense, whereas that is only included as an accessory to winter climbing. But this is a small point; and, although only climbers will be capable of realising to the full the risks and difficulties which the author and his companions have overcome in their bigger expeditions, anyone who has a genuine love for the solitude of mountains will be absorbed by this fascinating account of Mr. SMYTHE'S experiences. He writes well and with great modesty, and I like the way in which he stresses the fact that, however man may disport himself on their territories, it is the peaks themselves which must claim our ultimate respect.

There are eight stories to be found in *Pagett Calling* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) and I regret to say that the voice of Lt.-Col. W. P. DRURY'S "Ex-Private of the Royal Marines" is heard in only three of them. With his unbridled imagination and cool impertinence *Pagett* is a really droll figure, and when he is given his chances in this collection he certainly seizes them with both hands. The longest of these tales, "The Man in the Strong Room," finishes with the kind of surprise to which readers of sensational fiction are growing accustomed, and I got more pleasure from "The Yew Hedge," which rebukes vandals of the present day and conjures up a delightful picture of Elizabethan times. But, charming as this story is, my vote still goes to the tales in which *Pagett's* tongue is allowed to wag.

A Grammatical Note.

When the Conference opened "Our Navy is US,"
Said the PREMIER. Ye pedants, why kick up a fuss?
Ere the Conference closes, no doubt we shall see
His words thus amended, "Our Navy is WEE."

CHARIVARIA.

MAIL-BAG bandits broke into Berners Street post-office the other night, but didn't take anything away. We are asked to deny that all the mail-bags had already been pinched.

Flying displays are to be given at the Crystal Palace this summer in connection with the World Poultry Congress, and it is rumoured that these will include some stunts by the Peace dove.

"Electric Totalisator gets a move on at Folkestone," says a headline. Have these machines started welshing already?

It is understood that publishers are making every effort to secure the completion before the spring campaign begins of the first hundred-thousand war-novelists.

A writer says that he recently dreamed he was in the House of Commons. There is nothing unusual in this. Many men have dreamed they were in the House of Commons and when they woke up they were.

Some of the Rugby-playing schools, we read, are trying their hands at Association. They should try their feet.

The price of tin jumped over four pounds a ton the other day. That's the sort of news that makes a sardine reckless.

The announcement that Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog film-star, has retired, disposes of the expectation that he would perform for the barkies.

Prematurely-born babies, according to Dr. H. A. HARRIS, are almost certainly of far greater brain development than normally-born children. Some of our brightest intellectuals are thought to have been born years before their time.

With reference to criticism of the B.B.C., Sir JOHN REITH observes that one cannot play trumps every round. It is confidently anticipated, however, that arrangements will be made to broadcast the Last Trump.

In accordance with President HOOVER'S proclamation prohibiting the importation of parrots into the United States, it is understood that a sharp look-out is kept for parrot-runners.

Chicago is now in such desperate financial straits that it is believed that no reasonable offer would be refused for "BIG BILL" THOMPSON as a pet.

The inhabitants of the Hungarian locality where wholesale poisonings have taken place are described as an isolated community with little from outside to sharpen their wits. But, even if they haven't yet heard about the Treaty of Trianon, that's no excuse for poisoning.

A psychist writing in a weekly paper tells of a haunted boarding-house. We should not be easily convinced, however, that there are such things as paying-ghosts.

A former champion woman rat-catcher attributes the decline of her business to the fact that motor-cars don't eat corn. Another possible reason is that rats don't drink petrol.



THE CANAL BOATS BILL.
A BARGEE GIVES HIS VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

The revival of Erse is officially estimated to have cost the Free State a quarter of a million pounds in eight years. We understand, too, that it is not yet in general use as the language of taxpayers.

The butcher, we read, still uses everything about the pig except its squeal. This is used by the customer when he hears the price of pork.

A listener-in complains that broadcast speeches from America are always indistinct. Speakers should not park their chewing-gum in the microphone.

"The Shortest Month Arrives," we read. It sounds as if the writer doesn't pay his income-tax in January.

Spain's Dreadnoughts are said to be still in the air. The other Powers will no doubt raise the question of parity in the empyrean.

On reading of a Labrador which retrieves trout from the water we are reminded of the confirmed angler who went out shooting and afterwards described the whopping birds that had got away from him.

An agricultural writer is making investigations to find out which birds lay the most eggs. We fancy the answer will be Hens.

A London hostess protests against the growing use of artificial flowers. It is said that one grower is now trying to produce a rose so real that nobody will be able to tell it from an artificial one.

"Beckenham's first taxi has arrived," says an *Evening News* item. We look for another thrilling instalment of Beckenham news to tell us what time the taxi was ordered for.

A defendant in a County Court case said he was a comic strip artist. It is good to note, however, that this admission was not used as evidence against him.

"What can we do when the winter has been so mild that vegetation is much before its time?" asks a farmer, writing to the Press. Surely they can always grumble!

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING.

A HINT TO EMPIRE FREE TRADERS.

WHEN BEAVERBROOK, that Heart of Lion,
Hoisting his *Standard* up the sky,
Calls a crusade to rescue Zion
From heathen hordes that sell and buy,
"Tut, tut! our food will cost us more," the nervous ones reply.

If he would have their fears abated
Who boggle at this extra sum,
Gross appetites must be deflated
And that tradition rendered dumb
Which says an Army marches, like a snake, upon its tum.

Let him arouse with sharp revelly
Our slumbering souls and purge them clean,
Showing that Man, who's more than belly,
From lust of food his heart should wean
(By help of contributions from the Very Reverend DEAN).

Plain living makes for higher thinking.
This pure incentive let him stress
When, like electric sky-signs winking,
The slogan flashes through his Press:—
"Your food may cost a little more; well, *eat a little less.*"

O. S.

PARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

THIS parity business is becoming a nuisance. I am all in favour of the new electorate taking an interest in national—and international—affairs, but they ought to keep things in their places. And the home is not one of them. I mean, the thing is not one of them. I mean—well, you see what I mean.

Eleanor does not agree. She says, rather rashly, that if a thing is good it is good anywhere, and there would not be so much enthusiasm about parity if it was not good. Therefore——

Anyway, she proposed to introduce it into the home. Our home.

"What in?" I asked.

"Everything. It's no good doing these things by halves."

"But that's what you want to do, isn't it? By halves. Parity."

I thought for the moment that I had side-tracked her, but she swept the diversion on one side.

"That's silly," she said. "It isn't what I mean. What we've got to do is to establish a ratio."

"But we've got one. We may want a new loud-speaker, but the instrument's all right."

"A ratio," she repeated with a look of pity. "One of those things with figures, and dots in between. You know. Five dot five dot three. That kind of thing."

"It sounds like a new dance," I said, "but I daresay we might manage it. What would you like in between the dots?"

Eleanor frowned into space and looked very serious. She is rather nice when she does that, but I steeled my heart.

"It depends," she said at last. "There are so many things."

"Well there are lots of figures," I encouraged her. "We can take our choice. And there are square roots and things if we don't like the simple ones. I don't see that that need bother us."

"It doesn't," she said. "It's something else. What's a category?"

I explained.

"You mean battleships are one kind of category and submarines another?" she asked when I had finished. "That doesn't seem to help *us* much."

I explained again, and her face brightened. "You mean books are one kind and—er, boots another?"

"Decidedly."

She thought for a moment. "We shall want rather a lot of categories, shan't we? And a separate ratio for each?"

"Rather. Cigarettes and tea and writing-paper and taxis and matches and railway-tickets and cinemas and gas and coal and light and chocolates and telephone calls and rent and food and——" I stopped short of the word which I guessed Eleanor was looking out for.

"I was wondering when you'd come to it," she said.

"I haven't," I answered hastily. "There's newspapers and petrol and stamps and books and theatres and soap and the water-rate and wages and insurance and good-will and the sinking fund and income-tax and solicitors' fees and subscriptions and a lot of other things I haven't got time to mention at the moment. We should have to have a separate ratio for each of them. Let's start at the beginning. Cigarettes, wasn't it?"

"We shall never get anywhere at that rate," she said. "I think we ought to lump all those things together."

"Good heavens! What as?"

"Sundries. That's what I always do in my accounts when things are a nuisance."

"And then?" I said weakly.

"Then we can get down to it. There ought to be a separate category for clothes."

"There is; there always has been. And a pretty big one, taking one thing with another. You remember——"

"No," said Eleanor firmly, "I don't. I never do that kind of thing. When a thing's finished with I forget it."

"And when it isn't, sometimes," I murmured.

But she overlooked that. "All we've got to do is to establish a ratio."

"Yes," I said faintly. "What would you suggest?" As I waited for the answer I guessed it at anything between twenty and a hundred dot one. That covered the normal variations.

"I think," she said slowly, "five dot five would be about fair."

"Say it again," I entreated.

"Five dot five," she repeated without flinching.

I recovered myself as quickly as possible. "What they call absolute parity? Equality? Half and half?"

"That's what five dot five means, doesn't it?" she said with a touch of superiority. "Do you agree?"

I spent some time in telling her how warmly I agreed, and then went off to my work. As I was going Eleanor reminded me about the new overcoat I wanted. "Get a good warm one," she encouraged me. "It may be cold yet."

I promised, and came back with it that evening. It was one of those coats that go with a chassis price of about two thousand pounds—coach-work extra. The new situation justified it, I thought.

Eleanor helped me off with it delightedly. "Lovely," she said. "So heavy and good. Mind how you come into the sitting-room."

It was a fair warning, for the place was a litter of cardboard boxes and tissue-paper and what had been their contents. There seemed to be several of everything, from a fur coat inwards.

"But, parity," I gasped; "equality and all that. That coat of mine only cost fifteen guineas. And all these——"

"Cost?" said Eleanor. "Parity isn't a matter of cost. It's a matter of tonnage. I've been reading about it." She took up the fur coat. "Feel how light it is. And these." She handed me an armful of silken foam. "I've got a margin yet, I should think, from the feel of that coat of yours."

Somehow I feel we shall have to consider this parity business again. Some of the details want definition.



THE ECONOMICS OF REVOLUTION.

FIRST BABU (*speaking from left to right*). "THIS GHANDI MAKING THREE PER CENTUMS TOO LOW WITH HIS SHOUTINGS."

SECOND BABU. "I AM SAYING THIS: WE HAVE BUTTERED OUR BUN AND WE MUST LIE ON IT."

FIRST BABU. "BUT I AM POOR MAN. HOW SHALL I KEEP THE CAT FROM THE BAG?"



Advanced Artist (to Model). "THIS IS GREAT. YOU 'RE JUST THE TYPE I 'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR FOR YEARS."

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

V.—WE INTERVIEW.

ENGLISHMEN in America have to interview somebody during their visit. Then they can write a book on their return called *Presidents I Have Met*, or *GROVER WHALEN—the Man*, or even *What it Feels Like to be CLARA BOW*. But the title doesn't really matter, because the book is ninety per cent autobiography anyway.

Our own book, Percival and I have decided, is to be called *The Low-down on Taxi-drivers*. Not exactly an inspiring title, but you must consider the work we shall have to put into it. Think how much harder a New York taxi-driver is to interview than, for instance, CLARA BOW.

So we set out yesterday to collect material from suitable specimens. We were armed with a list of the usual questions on current topics, but we were not bothering particularly about the answers; their *rôle* was rather that of mental tin-openers; and I 'll say some of them got blunted too. Here is our day's work. I can see now that the business will take longer than we thought.

Case A.—Was by the kerb of West 52nd Street with his engine running and his eye on a half-open basement-door. Percival sidled up to him and read his name upon the licence fixed inside the cab and whispered it to me. I nipped round to the front and said "Good morning, Mr. Lichnowitz." He jumped about twelve inches in his seat, and as I continued politely, "And what do you think about the Prohibition Laws?" he slammed the clutch in and was off with a single word, which I wasn't certain how to spell. The basement door also banged shut.

Note.—Taxi-drivers are of a nervous disposition, but are evidently *not* Dry.

Case B.—He drove up while we were still standing on the kerb and said, "Taxi, Sir?" We were both so overcome at being called "Sir" by a New York taxi-driver that it was some time before I could get my breath and ask him what he thought of the Modern Girl. Apparently he didn't think much of the Modern Girl because he tapped his forehead meaningly, murmured "Bughouse" and slid off.

Note.—Taxi-drivers consider the Modern Girl lacking in intellect, if not actually insane.

Case C.—Percival had intimated that we were perhaps being a little too abrupt. He suggested that it would be better to begin with small-talk and work up slowly to topics of motoring interest as set forth in the newspaper headlines, such as "HIT-RUN AUTOIST HELD AND GRILLED," or even "WHALEN ASKS QUIZ ON GEAR HOOK-UP." But Case C was not a communicative man. By the end of ten minutes we had both got sore throats and he had said "Yup" twice and "Nup" once.

But when, struggling on, we at last got around to the question of Hit-run drivers, he looked straight at us and said as simply as a child, "I killed a guy oncet." He chewed a bit more and then added, "There ain't nothing to it, and mebbe it was his fault." After that, talk flagged and we moved slowly away.

Case D.—We attempted the same approach with him. He listened, as far as we could see, very attentively for seven minutes and then he stopped us in mid-sentence by holding up a hand and saying, "Say, big boy, do we ride or is this Congress?" He snapped the flag down as he spoke and we had to get in. We didn't mind talking to

him in his time, but we weren't going to do it in ours at five cents per two minutes.

I tried to detain him at the end by paying him with a dollar bill and being slow about taking my change. That, I admit now, was where I made a mistake. I was *too* slow, and he drove off with it.

Note.—Taxi-drivers are men of action rather than words. Their daily takings are probably high.

Case E.—Not a successful interview. We tackled him during a traffic block and gathered a moment later that he already had a fare.

Note.—Taxi-drivers can express their inmost thoughts fluently and comprehensively.

Case F.—He drove us back to our hotel. Before we could pay him he said, "Are you two guys English?" Blushing vividly we confessed, whereupon, instead of our interviewing him, he interviewed us. He asked us where we came from, what we did, what we got for it and were we married? He then told us about his wife and seven (Percival thinks he said eleven) children. He confessed he 'd been longing to talk to an Englishman, and from the way he did I guessed he hadn't been able to get at it for about sixteen years. He asked us when we were going back, what we thought of New York, and told us things about cops that Percival would blush to repeat. He didn't ask us about the Modern Girl, or we might have told *him* something, but he did offer to come around and drive us down to the dock for nothing whenever we thought of going. And he didn't mean anything insulting by that either. He then began to tell Percival some more about his eleven (but *I* think he said seven) children. . . .

We were feeling quite faint when another fare saved us by jumping in and saying, "Grand Central Terminus, and make it snappy."

We are resting up for the remainder of to-day, as there seems to be more to this interviewing business than one would think. In fact the only thing we got out of it was that we never paid that last chap. The man for Grand Central was in such a hurry that he carried away our dollar forty on the clock with him.

Note.—Perhaps it is impossible to interview a New York taxi-driver?

A. A.

"Colonel Westbury stated in conclusion that Glasgow would not let other towns go ahead faster in the brighter Post Office movement if he could help it.

'We have had a start,' he said, 'and we shall hold the lead.' "—*Scots Paper.*

It 's more than most P.O. pencils do.



SLOW GOING.

The Man. "HOPE I SHALL BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU A GAME. DO YOU KNOW I 'VE ONLY PLAYED ELEVEN HOLES IN THREE WEEKS?"

The Girl. "REALLY! DID ANYONE ASK TO GO THROUGH?"

GOOD-BYE TO THE PARROT.

POLLY, you hitherto have met
Deserved approval as a pet,
Both for the qualities assigned
To dumber friends of humankind
And one that wins for you apart
A private passage to the heart.
Others, like dogs and cats, possess
The arts of mere obsequiousness,
But you by histrionic patter
Can imitate as well as flatter.
Your place in letters rests secure,
Subscribed by OVID'S signature,
Confirmed by those who put in print
Lone *Crusoe's* bird and *Captain Flint*;
And, well established in the list
Of subjects for the humorist,
You keep the man who never wrote
In funds of oral anecdote—
A harmless bird, a comic theme,
Whom no one in his wildest dream
Accused of more insidious dangers
Than springing sailors' oaths on strangers.

But ruthless science disenchants
The classic pet of maiden aunts,
And with the weapon of research
Has knocked the parrot off his perch;
For specialists in diagnosis
Arraign you now of psittacosis,
And, though their findings disagree,
The general verdict 's P.M.G.

And so, farewell—at least until
They 've given you a cleaner bill.

"MR BALDWIN'S LOVE OF SCOTT. BOOKS HE WOULD CHOOSE FOR DESERT ISLAND."
Headlines in Provincial Paper.

But surely Lord ROTHERMERE would never insist on his going as far as that?

EQUUS REDIVIVUS.

HORSES are returning. The Master of the Loriners' Company says so. The Master of the Farriers' Company agrees. The Institute of the Horse is forming a riding-club which is to have branches all over this motor-ridden realm.

It is not, of course, clear how far, even at their period of greatest decline, even in the Metropolis, horses really went. My milk has never ceased to have a piebald pony to pull it from door to door. My bread never explodes angrily nor changes gear. The dreadful avalanche which is called "taking in coal" is still engineered by two strangely-dressed travellers in a horse-drawn vehicle shaped like a Viking ship. Travelling on a motor-bus from south-west to north-west I once counted a hundred horses in three miles, and that, too, without meeting cavalry. I am told that for short house-to-house journeys the horse is still found more convenient than the motor-car. And how much more friendly in spirit and pleasing to the eye!

This brings me to my great project for the solution of the London traffic problem.

Only horses should be allowed within the four-mile radius. Motor-cars shou'd be totally forbidden. The advantages will be comfort, safety and speed.

The motor-car, which in the country has become a necessity, in London is a weariness to the flesh. It is unruly and dangerous. It neighs noisily. It congests the arteries of travel with its unmanageable herds. More than anything else it causes those chasms in the street which makes London look like a city under artillery-fire. The life of those who drive public motor-cars is shortened by anxiety and strain, whereas the drivers of the horse-bus hardly ever died at all. The taxi-cab has never been called the gondola of the London streets; it is more like a hen-coop in a flood. The motor-lorry is a cross between the Great Plague of 1665 and the Last Trump. As for private motor-cars, I admit that when they are driven by a chauffeur they give no trouble to their owners, yet for the sake of the public good they must pass away with the rest. The unemployed chauffeurs can easily find positions as dictators of foreign countries or as strong silent men on the movietone stage.

We come, then, to the owner-driven car, as seen and experienced in the Metropolitan streets. It is a burden like the grasshopper. Unpopular with the pedestrian, it is far more painful to the man who has to feed it, groom it, propel it and put it into its stall. There has grown up a race of motor-car users during the past ten years or so who have inured themselves by degrees to a greater amount of privation, hardship, toil and shame than have ever previously fallen to the lot of man. They try to conceal the truth from themselves and from each other, but in the end it is bound to emerge. These sentimentalists, as soon as they can bring themselves to look the facts in the face, will be only too willing to relinquish, in London, the upkeep and nourishment of their obsolete and insanitary pets. They will decline any longer to be slaves.

The common or garden motor-car—by which I mean the motor-car which lives where the garden ought to be—is a creature, to begin with, which has to be swaddled and coddled in rugs and blankets hour by hour to prevent its nose from growing cold, while the hardy horse defies the rigours of the arctic air. The common motor-car perpetually refuses to budge until you have taken off its head-stall, stroked it somewhere under the chin and allowed it to spit oil over your hands. The common motor-car is perpetually getting nails or other sharp objects into one of its four shoes, and the hard-worked owner acts as his own farrier, surrounded by a swarm of delighted boys.

But these are the merest trifles. They would easily be outweighed, thought the sanguine motorist ten years ago, by the convenience of being able to leave your little playmate where you liked, and find it, when you had done your business or taken your pleasure, faithfully waiting for you at the kerb.

It was a brief if happy dream. One of the principal duties of the multitudinous and expensive London police at the present time is that of rounding up, corralling and re-corralling, our poor little four-wheeled wastrels and shoving them about from parking-ground to parking-ground. Persons who in other days would have considered themselves almost the equal of a police constable on traffic duty, now fawn upon him with silver in their hand for the mildest favour he may bestow.

The alternative, of course, is to stable the modern friend of man in some central and conveniently-situated garage.

"But oh! what labour;
O prince! what pain!"

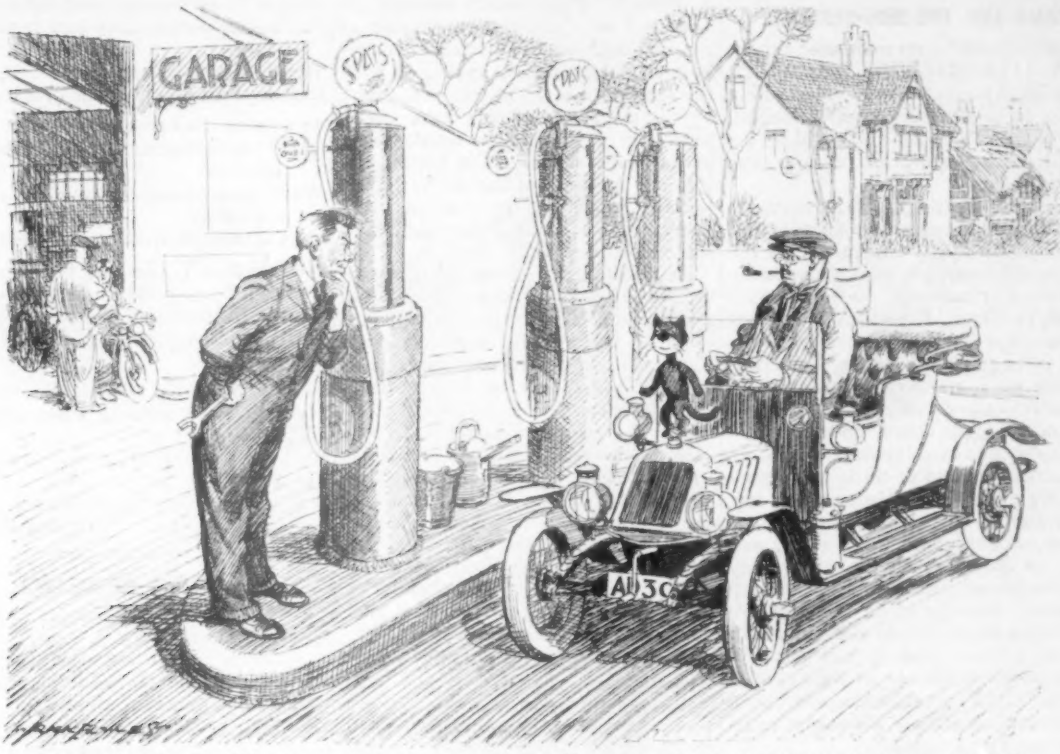
"I have a car with me," you say to an acquaintance when you have wined and dined with him, "and I will drive you home."

He sighs. He knows the worst. But he too is an Englishman.

A brisk twenty minutes' trudge through the crowded streets brings you to a vast subterranean or elevated store-house, controlled by a central office having a counter, a desk and a telephone-clerk. Here you fall silently into a queue, as if about to pass a Customs barrier or travel by excursion train, and, slowly pressing forward, give up your papers at last for inspection. Money passes. The documents are clipped, punched and endorsed, the counterfoil is taken. You are now free to enter the elevator or lift. This bears you upward or downward to a palm lounge with a small restaurant annexed, where one or two victims, like yourselves cursed with the



Customer. "WAITRESS, THIS EGG IS HALF OFF THE TOAST."
Waitress. "IF YOU 'LL JUST WAIT A MOMENT, I 'LL HELP YOU TO LIFT IT BACK AGAIN."



Owner of ancient Lus. "I SAY, WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE? MY CAR WON'T GO ON MODERN BRANDS OF PETROL."
Garage-man. "YOU MIGHT TRY SOME CAT'S-MEAT, GUV'NOR."

modern craze for speed, are comforting themselves with ham-sandwiches and coffee while their plugs are being cleaned. Passing through this pomp and circumstance you enter the huge low-roofed *barathrum*, where, sure enough, after ten minutes' anxious inquiry, you discover your mechanical associate, a little lame perhaps in the near forewheel. All that remains now is to inflate him, water and oil him, subsidise an attendant to remove from around him the mass of inferior cars into which, true to the herd instinct, he has nosed his way, and then hey! for the asphalt road (if it does not happen to be up) and home.

Home, did I say? I spoke too early. Back (I should have said) to the little, less palatial garage that houses your own and a dozen other mile-devouring miracles, the proprietor of which has just locked it and gone to bed with the key. But what of that? A few stentorian hails ringing through the night will bring him down in his pyjamas. The modern Bucephalus is shunted with infinite care and a host of minute instructions into his final roosting-place. And ten minutes later you find yourself at your own door.

That is all, if you are a man. If you are a woman you have left your handbag on the floor by the driving-seat and your latchkey was somewhere concealed inside it.

Not so long afterwards the piebald pony comes walking round the misty streets with his bottles of sterilised cream. The plague of motor-flies is silent. For a brief few hours London is herself again.

I repeat that the horse is a civilised animal. The motor-car in London is an anachronism. It was intended for the highway and the rough uncultured hills. EVOE.

A RESERVED COMPARTMENT.

We travelled in a main-line train
Bound for the distant North,
Three decorous and well-bred men
Within a little padded pen,
Myself composed the fourth.

No casual greeting passed our lips,
No comment on the weather,
That might have caused us to deplore
The presence of a tiresome bore
As we rode on together.

The morning waxed towards its noon
And each of us by turn
Perused *The Times* with austere mien
Then gazed upon the passing scene
With studied unconcern.

And not a man of us betrayed
By single sign or token
That he was in the least aware
Of any other person there;
No syllable was spoken.

Our perfect manners, poise and tact
Required no further proof;
Reserved, impassive and discreet,
Each in his chosen corner-seat,
We held ourselves aloof.

Wrapped in our simple native pride,
Heroically dumb,
We journeyed gravely side by side
Throughout that long and tedious ride,
Indomitably dignified,
Magnificently mum. G. L. M.

Commercial Candour.

"DRESSING GOWNS.
LUXURY that will go like lightning."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

"GALE HEADACHES.
HOW THEY ARE CAUSED."
Daily Paper Headlines.

At a guess, by gales.

"LIFE IN OLD CHINA.
TU FE."—*Weekly Paper.*

Life in New China seems to hinge on the question of Tu Many.

ARMS AND THE MAN-SERVANT.

THE little buff form numbered simply (1) Wt.11320/3397 600m. 9/28 W.J.H. (E 51-89) is one of the most entertaining things in the literature of Whitehall. This is the celebrated "Declaration for Armorial Bearings, Male Servants and Dog Licences."

Armorial Bearings, Male Servants and Dogs—a strange trinity of taxes! Armorial Bearings: one guinea on the spoons and notepaper, two guineas on the motor-car or carriage. Male Servants: fifteen shillings. Dogs: seven-and-sixpence. For the price of one male servant you can keep two dogs. Who is it, I often wonder, who works out these intricate scales of value?

Strange again that a fine crest on a carriage costs two guineas and a possibly foul advertisement or trade-mark costs nothing. Strange again that the dog, the friend of man, is a taxable luxury, and the cat, the enemy of the dog, goes free. (A small tax on the cats in my neighbourhood would build a battleship or two.) Strange again that for five shillings a short-sighted man subject to fits can buy a licence to drive a sixty-horse-power motor-car at eighty miles an hour, but if he would decorate it with the illustrious arms of his ancestors he must pay two guineas.

Strange, yet again, that in this time of unemployment one should pay a tax for taking a man off the dole, as the patriotic Poker has just tried to do. Poker complains that he cannot persuade our British girls to undertake the degrading duties of domestic service in his suburban home. They prefer to prance about offices in the City. Poker complains that nobody pays a tax for employing a woman to do men's jobs, but when he employs a man to do a job that the women won't do he has to fill up form (1) Wt.11320/3397 600m. 9/28 W.J.H. (E 51-89) and pay fifteen shillings.

Poker secured through the Labour Exchange an old soldier called Prout to clean the boots, chop the wood and help miscellaneously about the house. Evidently, as the form has it, a "Male Servant employed in a personal, domestic or menial capacity, *viz.*, as Maitre d'Hôtel, House Steward, Master of the Horse, Groom of the Chambers, Valet de Chambre, Butler, Under-Butler, Clerk of the Kitchen, Confectioner, Cook, House-Porter, Footman, Page, Waiter, Coachman, Groom, Postilion, Stableboy or Helper in the Stables, Motor-car Driver, Gardener, Under-Gardener, Park-Keeper, Gamekeeper, Under-Gamekeeper, Huntsman and Whipper-in."

The only thing is, said Poker, which is Prout? Prout could scarcely be described as Confectioner, Master of the Horse (Poker has no horse), Gamekeeper (Poker has no game), or even Gardener (Poker has no garden). Here, by the way, is another puzzle. Why must one pay a tax for employing a man to cultivate the soil of Britain and increase the fruits of the earth? Why tax the "licensee" of a second gardener, but not the "licensee" of a second housemaid?

And, talking of gardeners, do the politicians pay duty on their male personal private secretaries? And if not, why not? If the private secretary is not "employed in a personal, domestic or menial capacity" how can the gardener and the gamekeeper be logically included? I suspect that half the House of Commons are defrauding the revenue.

One does not expect much sense from the State in these affairs. And the State must not expect much sense from the subject. "All this is too difficult," said Poker; and poor Prout went back to the dole. A pity—but there it is. Poker has bought a cat. A. P. H.

THE TEST OF COLOUR.

[Professor WILLIAM M. MARSTON, of the Department of Psychology at Columbia University, has proved, by means of tests conducted with the sphygmometer, that the brunette is of a more excitable disposition than the blonde. The instrument recorded heart-beats and sighs.]

I KNOW two girls, a most engaging pair,
And one of them is dark, and one is fair;
The first is Violet, brunette in tone,
And there's the light one; she was christened Joan.

There is no girl more taking to the eye
Than my deep-hued and admirable Vi,
Nor could the most experienced claim to know
One more attractive than my flaxen Jo.

Stir up the one, you'll never find a trace
Of her emotions on that poker-face;
So different from the other, who reveals,
And makes no bones about it, what she feels.

I've often thought how good it is to see
A girl so calm, so self-controlled as V.;
I've often held that one would gladly pay
Money to watch so frank a thing as J.

Alike with grave and gay, with cool and quick,
It was their naturalness that did the trick,
And made one, but for poverty of purse,
Think that, upon the whole, one might do worse.

But lately a Professor's come along
Who tells one straight that both these gir's are wrong,
And, by a system he's been working out,
Should be, in fact, the other way about.

He has an instrument that never lies
For noting heart-beats and recording sighs,
Which he attaches to his victims, and
Excites them with a talkie or a band.

As a result, he never fails to get
Rapid, spontaneous thrills from the brunette,
While not a blonde on whom he's tried the game
Gave a reaction worthy of the name.

It seems that Vi, the cool, the dignified,
Nurses a heap of hidden fires inside,
That Jo, th' impulsive, Jo, the vital spark,
Is merely stodgy, though she keeps it dark.

Perfidious girls! With such a sex as that,
How can one fathom what they're getting at?
And, mind you, but for that inquiring Prof.,
One of them might, with luck, have brought it off. DUM-DUM.

A QUESTION OF BALANCE.

THE romance of commerce has just received a nasty blow.

Somebody has invented an automatic banker; and worse, the thing may be expected to function almost any time now.

The apparatus, as far as I can gather, has a top deck rather like one of those cash-registers that perform so fascinatingly at our local stores, giving a ring and running up the red flag—"No Sale"—every time I go in to ask for sixpennyworth of coppers for a gamble on the automatic telephone. But most of the works—as in a battleship, iceberg, coal-mine or newly-floated city company — are hidden from view. There are, as our Vicar says, wheels within wheels.

I will not say I have exactly what you might call a mental blue-print of the working parts, but I rather glean that, on those happy occasions when I pay something in, the cashier dials (in the manner at which we are becoming so adept) JONes B.StC. and presses lightly on the £5 stop, and the thing is done. Somewhere down below the joyful news is typed out on the wide open spaces of the credit side of my account, while in the daily-balance column on the right a pointer indicates that the shallow depression is now passed over and we are in for a brief spell of sunshine. Further outlook unsettled. When, on the other hand, I draw a cheque, the process is, so to speak, reversed, until that dread moment when, the £5 stop having been pressed just once too often, the machine emits, not its normal joyful note, but an intermittent buzz.



Mother. "PETER HAS TO BE TREATED FIRMLY. WHEN HE'S NAUGHTY HE GOES TO BED WITHOUT HIS SUPPER."
Friend. "BUT ISN'T THAT A LITTLE SEVERE?"
Mother. "OH, WELL, OF COURSE ONE TAKES IT UP TO HIM AFTERWARDS."

I don't mind that part so much. No machine, I feel, can be more soulless than the human automaton who can bring himself to write "R. D." across a fellow-creature's cheque. I have long suspected that banks keep special people whose job it is to write "R. D." on cheques in red ink (or is it blood?). My kindly cashier would never bring himself to do it. Such men have to be specially trained. They are fed from their youth, I believe, on specially indigestible diets like oysters-and-whisky. So that no sounds of human anguish may stir their adamantine vitals they are subjected to a long course of suburban talkies. Any decently-assembled machine, fed with a quart or so of lubricating oil per thousand pounds, ought to develop as much of the milk of human kindness, once it gets really run in, as that sort of man.

What I shall miss is the personal touch: the sort of thing I get when (not too often) I step round to the local bank and call the cashier to the remotest corner of the counter and say, "Could I—er—glance at my—ahem!—balance?"

He *knows* my balance. He knows it is—shall we say?—a trifle delicate. In fact the sportsman in the circus, whom I always admire so much, who sits eating an omelette on the back rail of a kitchen chair poised on a champagne bottle, which rests on the top of a billiard cue held aloft on the tip of his confederate's nose—well, I mean, he is on comparatively firm ground if it comes to a question of delicate balance.

The cashier is so nice about it. "Your—er—balance?" he says, looking at me over the top of his spectacles in his old-fashioned way. "Oh, certainly," and he lifts—very tenderly; you mustn't disturb these balances too much—a fat volume from the desk at the back, and wets his thumb on the bit of bath-sponge he keeps in a saucer, and skips over the pages until he comes to JONes; and then he turns the ledger round so that I can have a peep at it and goes away into the other corner of his bank, because he is a kindly sort of man and has boys and girls of his own and doesn't like intruding on another man's grief.

But this machine! It has a special apparatus for balance, I am told. You come in and there it is stuck in the middle of the counter, and when you say, "My—er—balance," the cashier just dials round to JONes, and a red lamp lights up at the side and a mournful sort of little bell on top begins to toll and a few fireworks go off, and your obedient servant is carried off the premises in a dead faint, amid the derisive cheers of the assembled multitude.

In fact I am not sure there isn't a special apparatus, when the dial indicates below, say, ten shillings, to register a loud and hearty sniff.

Things that don't often Happen.

"STOP PRESS NEWS.
LEICESTER.
3.30 Race.—The Plumber also ran."
Yorkshire Paper.

"CHINESE PIRATES.
PREMIER ASKED TO RECEIVE A DEPUTATION."
Headlines in Morning Paper.

But isn't this exposing Mr. MACDONALD to a grave risk?

"The —— golf ball has been officially chosen as that to be used in the challenge round of the Davis Cup."—*Trade Paper.*

We wonder what BOROTRA thinks of the steel shaft.



THE DUMMY'S PROGRESS.

YESTERDAY: THE RIDICULOUS. TO-DAY: THE SUBLIME.

"JEMIMA KNOW-ALL."

(A Memory of Navy Week.)

"THIS 'ere," announced the sailor who had been detailed to take our party round the ship, "is termed the quarter-deck."

He paused for a moment to allow the solemn fact to sink into our intelligences and was just turning to lead us further when he received a poke in the ribs from the end of an umbrella.

"Sailor," said its owner, a lady of uncertain age and obviously spinster habits, "what was that you said? I wasn't listening."

The man swung round sharply and glared at his assailant.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," she went on hastily, "I didn't see that you were a petty officer. You see," she said, addressing the rest of the party, "you can tell he's a petty officer by the crossed anchors on his left arm." She pointed to the badge with her umbrella. "On his right arm you will find the badge of his gunnery or torpedo rating;" she gave him a slight prod with the umbrella so as to bring his right arm into view. "Ah! there you see, he is a gunlayer—gunpointer, as the Americans call them—but then we're not Americans, are we? No; so we call them gunlayers—and that is what this petty officer is."

She paused, presumably for want of breath. Considering that she was treating him like a magic-lantern slide, our guide kept remarkably calm.

"Now what was it you said?" she went on; "I didn't hear because I wasn't listening."

It seemed an adequate reason.

"I just passed the remark that this 'ere deck what we're standin' on is termed the quarter-deck."

"Ah! yes, the deck you always salute."

"That 's right, Miss."

"Do you *always* salute it?"

"That 's right, Miss."

"Every time you come onto it?"

"That 's right, Miss."

"Yes, I knew that." She turned to the rest of us. "Did everybody hear that? This is the quarter-deck. The deck they always salute. Quaint custom, isn't it? But then the Navy is full of customs; that 's what makes it so fascinating."

A slight tendency to murder passed over the party.

"Well now, what are you going to show us next?" she asked, ignorant of the peril in which she stood.

The petty officer looked at her in a dazed sort of way and then, pulling himself together, imparted his next piece of information in a voice calculated to reach the ears of every member of the party whether they were listening or not.

"That thing what you see the two guns sticking out of is called a turret."

"Why?" asked his tormentor, or so we all understood her to say. The poor man removed his cap, displaying a packet of cigarettes neatly balanced on the crown of his head, and scratched his ear.

"I don't rightly know why, Miss; that 's its tally—name, as you might say, same as yours might be——"

"Yes, yes, my good man," she snapped, "I know quite well what a turret is. What I meant was that it is 'Y' Turret—the letter 'Y'; that is its

denomination. That one up there"—she waved her umbrella at a similar structure on the deck above—"is 'X' Turret, and the ones at the other end of the ship are 'A' and 'B.'" She turned fiercely to our guide. "Am I right?"

"You 've got it, Miss," he said.

We moved on miserably and came in sight of a small boat hanging from some davits.

"Is that the Captain's boat?" asked our colleague.

"That 's right, Miss," droned our guide.

"It is called his galley, isn't it? And in a ship a kitchen is called a galley too; so, as the Captain has a kitchen of his own, he has two galleys—I always think that is so funny." She dissolved into girlish laughter.

But the rest of the party had lost their sense of humour.

"What," asked another member of the party of our guide in as subdued a voice as possible, "is that?" He pointed to what looked like a little house built on top of the tripod mast.

But he had not spoken softly enough.

"Oh, I can tell you that!" said our pest promptly. "That is called the Spotting Top. Now I can see you want to know why. Because they spot from it. Spot what? The fall of shot."

"Poetic, ain't it?" remarked the petty officer to me behind his hand. "But we must pay attention or we shall miss something we ought to learn."

"You see," our instructress was saying, "the way they find the range of the target——"

"Excuse me, Miss," interposed our official guide, "I don't think you better tell 'em that; it 's confidential."

"So it is," she said; "I was forgetting."

We processed a little further in beautiful silence; then, just when I felt in my bones that she was going to start again, the ship's bell struck.

"Was that six-bells?" she asked.

"More like seven, Miss," said the petty officer.

"Gracious! and I promised to meet my niece at the gangway of the *Victory* at three o'clock. Poor child!"

"Poor child!" we echoed in chorus.

"I must fly. Thank you so much; I *have* enjoyed myself."

"You seems, if I may say so, to know a lot about the Service, Miss," said our guide in a much happier voice.

"Oh, yes," she giggled; "my nephew, who is a lieutenant, often laughs and says that I know more about it than he does."

"I expect," said the petty officer wistfully as he watched her retreating figure, "that laugh of 'er neffew's 'as a 'ollow sound about it."



Old Lady (at Burlington House). "MY DEAR, I *always* ADMIRE PICTURES THAT ARE PAINTED IN DUTCH OR ITALIAN."

Precautions which we Find Impertinent.

"Alcoholic Refreshments may only be purchased by Full Members of the —— Theatre Club."—*Programme.*

"A factory site is offered free by Sandy (Beds.) Urban Council."—*Daily Paper.*

A chance for Sandy (Scots).

"OXFORD BLUE FOR POLITICS."
Headline in Evening Paper.

We don't think it 's worth more than a half-blue.

Truth in a Printer's Error.

"The speaker went on to refer to Prohibition enfarcement in the United States.
Sunday Paper.

"Young Man, 21, seeks progressive Sit."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Has he tried the Cresta run?

"BISCUITS TO BE CHEAPER.
GOOD PROFITS FROM RUBBER SOLES."
Consecutive headlines in Daily Paper.

Who 's giving away trade secrets now?

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE BLOTTING-BOOK.

ONE day Mrs. Seedling was going round the spare rooms in her house to see if anybody had left something behind, because she had had several friends staying with her for the week-end, and people sometimes did leave things behind and then she would send them on to them with a polite note. But she didn't find anything this time except a diamond ring that somebody had dropped in the bathroom, and she thought she might as well keep that until it was inquired for because it just fitted her third finger. But when she came to the room that Miss Willibond had slept in she went and looked at the blotting-pad, and there were some marks there of a letter that Miss Willibond must have written because there hadn't been any marks there before, and she thought she would like to know what the letter had been about.

So she held the blotting-pad up to the looking-glass, and what do you think she read in it? Of course she couldn't read it quite all, but at the end was written Mrs. Seedling cheats at bridge no time for more she is a thief love from Polly.

Well it made Mrs. Seedling simply furious that people should come and stay in her house and be just as comfortable as if they were staying in an expensive hotel and not have to pay anything for it and then write about her like that, and she sat down then and there and wrote a letter to Miss Willibond to tell her what she really thought of her, which wasn't much. And she felt better after it, but when she had finished the letter she said to herself well of course I did cheat at bridge because I think it is such a dull game if you don't, and I always do at patience so as to make it come out, but I didn't know that anybody had noticed it, perhaps I had better say nothing about it. So she tore up the letter, and then she said to herself perhaps I had better not keep the diamond ring because people might misunderstand that, I know it belongs to Mrs. Brimtop, I saw her wearing it, and if I send it back to her at once with a polite note nobody can say I stole it.

So she did that, and Mrs. Brimtop wrote her a nice letter back, and she said she was very glad to have the ring again because it had been given her by somebody she had been very fond of, but he had married somebody else soon after and she didn't think the marriage had been at all a happy one. And she ended up by saying how honest Mrs. Seedling was and she wished everybody was like her, especially Miss Willibond.

Well that made Mrs. Seedling think, and she wrote another letter to Mrs. Brimtop and said what do you mean about Polly Willibond, if I thought she wasn't honest she should never come to my house again, because I hate that more than anything and should never think of being dishonest myself.

Well the next morning Mrs. Seedling had a letter from Miss Willibond, and she said in it please excuse me for not writing before to say how much I enjoyed myself, I didn't write because I didn't enjoy myself at all, you could just eat the food without being sick and the wine wasn't bad because of course you drink such a lot of it yourself, but the bed was so uncomfortable that I should think you must have moved it out of one of the servants' bedrooms because no servant would stay in a house with beds like that, and I know the bath salts were the cheapest you could buy anywhere and made the water smell of carbolic, I suppose you like that sort of thing yourself, but I don't because I can keep nice without it.



"WELL IT MADE MRS. SEEDLING SIMPLY FURIOUS."

Well nobody could have written a much ruder letter than that, and Mrs. Seedling was so angry about it that she wrote back to Miss Willibond without waiting for Mrs. Brimtop's letter, and she said to her I know you cheat at bridge because I have received a complaint about it, and you had better be careful or you will find yourself in prison.

Well the very next morning there came another letter from Mrs. Brimtop and in it she said I didn't mean that Miss Willibond was a cheat or anything like that, but while we were staying with you she said you were a thief and I was angry with her and said you were an old friend of mine and if you had been a thief I was sure I should have heard of it before. So then she said very well I will write something about her being a cheat and a thief and blot it on the blotting-pad in my bedroom, she is sure to go nosing round directly we have gone away, and of course she will read what I have written in a looking-glass, and we shall see what she does about it. And I said I would drop a diamond ring in the bathroom and see what you did about that, and I knew it was rather risky but if you didn't send it back I could always write for it, and besides the diamonds weren't real ones.

So then Mrs. Seedling was glad she had been so honest over the ring, and she thought if she sent Miss Willibond a postal-order for one shilling-and-threepence, which she had cheated her out of at bridge, and say that it had been a mistake it would all blow over. But before she could do that a policeman came to take her up for calling Miss Willibond a cheat and for stealing one-and-threepence from her.

Well there had to be a trial, and the judge was rather against Mrs. Seedling at first because he said he didn't like the gambling that went on at her house, and he thought she ought to be ashamed of herself for reading people's private letters by holding up blotting-pads in front of looking-glasses. And he said he was afraid he should have to send her to prison for a short time just to teach her a lesson, but he shouldn't put her on bread and water because he was sure she had yielded to a sudden temptation over the one-and-threepence.

But when Miss Willibond's letter was read out he quite changed over, and when it was proved that Mrs. Seedling had once lent Miss Willibond several

pounds to buy a typewriter with and hadn't asked for it back he said he had never known a worse case in all his experience. And when Mrs. Brimtop got up and told about the diamond ring he turned to the jury and said I wonder how many of you would send back diamond rings that people had dropped in your bathrooms.

So he sentenced Miss Willibond to several years' hard labour, but Mrs. Seedling broke down and cried at that, and she said she had been at school with Miss Willibond and couldn't bear to think of her doing hard labour, and she would freely forgive her for the typewriter and pay her back the one-and-threepence besides. So then the judge broke down and the jury too, and even the people who wrote about trials for the newspapers, and the end of it was that everybody left the court without a stain on their characters.

And Mrs. Seedling invited the judge and Miss Willibond and Mrs. Brimtop to stay with her over the week-end, and they played bridge for love, and Mrs. Seedling won all the rubbers, because she could cheat now without having anything on her conscience. A. M.

THE HONEY-SNATCHERS.

Uncle Henry came in from his garden and glared at me.

"What right," he demanded, "what legal right have another man's bees to gather honey from my roses?"

Uncle Henry is like that. His mind traces everything back to a general principle, from which it refuses to budge.

"It 's a matter of custom," I suggested.

"Custom!" he exploded. "It 's larceny. It 's downright robbery. I pay for rose-trees, plant them, feed them, pay Jakes to water them, and as soon as they produce something in return a tribe of thieving bees trespass on my land for the purpose of pillage under my very nose."

"If my dog," he went on, "trespasses on my neighbour's property and steals his—er—dog-biscuits, he can very properly sue me. Yet when his rascally bees——"

"You can't keep a bee on a leash," I interrupted.

Uncle Henry stamped his foot. "The law," he said pompously, "provides that anyone who keeps a dangerous animal is responsible for its good behaviour. If an unprincipled bee——"

"They 're useful, you know," I said. "Seeds and all that. They do a lot of fertilizing."

"I require no seeds," he spluttered. "And in any case that can be no defence. If my horse enters another man's garden and eats his grass, will it help me to point out that the lawn needed cutting? It will not. If my dog intrudes into his poultry-run and kills his fowl, is it sufficient to prove that it was high time the bird was killed? Of course not. If I break into his cowshed and milk his cow, is it a good defence to maintain that the cow needed milking? It is not. Yet when his plundering bees come into *my* garden and extract honey from *my* roses you say that it 's good for the garden. Bah!"

Uncle Henry is very difficult. He was still fuming when he sat down at the tea-table, so I passed him the honey, and he took a large helping.

Descriptions Which Bouleverse Us.

"ROME ABLAZE WITH ROYALTIES. ILLUMINATIONS TURN DAY INTO NIGHT."
Headlines in South African Paper.



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"MAN AND SUPERMAN."



"DOROTHEA ROBINSON, I HAVE TO ASK YOU A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION. DID I OVERHEAR YOU SAY THAT I WAS AN OLD IDIOT?"

"Y—YES, MISS PRINGLE."

"WELL, I'M GLAD YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH, ANYHOW."

ALARUMS THROUGH THE AGES.

[According to an informative paragraph alarm-clocks were invented about three thousand years ago. The present writer claims no historical authority for the deductions he draws from this fact.]

THIS morning when my loudest of alarm-clocks
Dispelled a dream that I was loth to lose
And, though too frugal normally to harm clocks,
I bowled it over with a brace of shoes,
It solaced me, when later I lamented
The cheque that for a new one I must sign,
To tell myself that History presented
Many a case like mine.

Such clocks as this (I thought) throughout the ages
Had placed a ban on sleep at morning-tide,
Angered the brave and even made the sages
Put some of their sagacity aside;
Aspiring to philosophy's sublime peace,
They fell from their ideals as they dealt
Some clamorous contemporary time-piece
A most intemperate welt.

Great ALEXANDER, used to rising early
To conquer worlds (his favourite pursuit),
Was, when aroused, occasionally surly
And violently bade his clock be mute;
POMPEY attacked one too, and CÆSAR whilom
Gave to his wrath a military vent
By vigorously prodding with a pilum
The tocsin in his tent.

Craving the rest that all too often men lack
Who undertake a conquering campaign,
Our WILLIAM, on the morning after Senlac,
Used a resentful mace and snored again;
RICHARD THE CŒUR DE LION (one supposes)
Took frequently his clock's alarms amiss;
JOHN acted likewise, and the rival Roses
Were quite at one in this.

Seeing this horror which is sent to try us
Dates from the days of Troy and Paris' sin
(Even ÆNEAS cannot have been pious
When fronted by its devastating din),
I feel convinced that, when I cling to bed in
An irritable and destructive state,
I take an immemorial course and tread in
The footsteps of the great.

Frankness which makes us Feel Uncomfortable.

"I am, indeed, sitting at the moment in the Cabinet Room on the chair where many British Prime Ministers have sat. Surely we are living in times of great miracles."—*Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD.*

We should never have dared to say that.

Glimpses of the Higher Mathematics.

"It was the same boy whom we could not convince that eight times eight did not total fifty-six. Only after writing eight separate eights and adding them up did he realise that the correct total was seventy-two!"—*Manchester Paper.*

A Heavy Responsibility.

"A CLEVER FORWARD.—H. W. —— turned out yesterday (Thursday) for the Blue side in the Welsh Amateur Trial match at Tufnell Park, London. As a result the Red side won by 3 goals to 1."—*Local Paper.*

"Drafts for the Oxf. and Bucks Regt. and of the Loyal Regiments, in charge of St. Theobold and St. Weinhalt respectively, arrived yesterday from Bombay."—*Calcutta Paper.*

These officers must look very imposing in their service halos.



HOW THE BAD NEWS CAME TO ROME.

KING OF ITALY. "THIS OUGHT TO AMUSE YOUR EXCELLENCY."
SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (*confidently*). "IT DOES, SIR. HA, HA! GOOD ENOUGH FOR 'PULCINELLO.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, January 27th.—The Lords passed the Unemployment Insurance Bill, complete with Lord DARLING's little load of mischief, the new Clause 4. Muttered threats by imperious Liberals that (as Lord SUMNER put it on Thursday last) "if they were not careful the events of 1911 might be repeated," left their lordships nobly unmoved:—

"*Si fractus illabatur orbis*
Impavidos ferient ruinæ."

Further amendments to the Traffic Bill were agreed to, including the new schedule of speed-limits. This includes a speed-limit of three miles an hour for heavy locomotives "within any city, town or village." Even Lord BANBURY looked a trifle surprised that Lord RUSSELL should want anything to go as slowly as that.

A report recently appearing in a daily paper intimated that its "Special Political Correspondent" had managed to become aware of the main purport of the SIMON Commission's forthcoming Report and of differences among the members of the Commission. Sir JOHN SIMON asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL if he had been able to "take steps" to prevent a repetition of these mischievous statements.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL had. He proceeded to read an affidavit by an Indian journalist resident in London—the Special Political Correspondent in question—confessing that flights of exotic fancy, coupled with an acute lack of ready cash, were the sole inspiration of the article complained of and not the "inside information" for which our organs of enlightenment are so persistently eager.

Public anxiety is thus allayed—if indeed the public attaches a tenth of the importance to the breathings of "Special Political Correspondents" that our statesmen seem to imagine.

The Optional Clause—*alias* the Declaration under Article 36 of the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice—is better known than understood. Its intent, briefly, is that any signatory can "have the law on" any other signatory before the Permanent Court, provided the dispute is a "justiciable" one.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY explained at great length the advantages of getting as many nations as possible to sign the Clause. He did not attempt to explain what might or might not constitute a "justiciable" dispute, but examined at length the reservations with which the British signature of the Clause had been qualified. Here, as Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN later pointed out, uncertainty again reigned, for example, as to whether "disputes relating to past events" or merely "past disputes" were reserved.

Sir AUSTEN's long speech, mainly supporting an Amendment adding another reservation that dealt with the Laws of War at Sea, was directed to emphasizing the lack of definition involving the whole Clause. Sir H. SAMUEL's declaration that "no action the Government had taken had met with a larger measure of public approval throughout the country" than the signature of the Optional Clause seemed either to underrate the Government's other labours or overrate public interest in an international arrangement of which ninety-nine Britons out of a hundred have only a vague understanding, however "League-minded" they may be. Perhaps the speech of the evening was that of Mr. NORMAN ANGELL, who shortly before the War, it will be recalled, wrote a book proving that another war was impossible. Unfortunately the War broke out before the KAISER and others had had time to come to the same way of thinking as its author. Mr. ANGELL, a sadder and wiser man, seemed to agree that a certain amount of risk would be involved in signing the Optional Clause without additional reservations, but argued reasonably enough that only by now being willing to make the reservations less water-tight than we wished them to be in 1924 could we show that the world was really moving towards peace. The Amendment was defeated and the Motion agreed to without a division.



"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."
(*After* CIMA DA CORREGLIANO *at Milan.*)
MR NORMAN ANGELL.



DOUBTING THOMAS.
THE LORD PRIVY SEAL ADDRESSES A NOT TOO SANGUINE SUPPLICATION TO THE STONY CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Tuesday, January 28th.—"I have made the necessary representations on the matter," said Mr. THOMAS, when asked by Mr. HANNON if he was doing anything to dissipate the uncertainty about Safeguarding that overhangs the motor-industry's head. His tone somewhat belied the finality of his words. Making representations about protective duties to Mr. SNOWDEN must be a chilly business; getting a satisfactory answer may well be a task too formidable even for a man of the LORD PRIVY SEAL's well-known ingenuity and resource. As he omitted to say what the result of the representations was the House drew its own conclusions.

The Money Resolution of the Coal Mines Bill contained nothing of a very explosive character, but Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER pointed out that it was perhaps drafted too narrowly to cover all the amendments to the Bill that might be introduced and which the Government, for its part, was anxious to have discussed. It was a point well taken and understanded of the meanest intelligence present, but Sir PHILIP ran on, like the little *Revenge*, for an hour-and-a-half until the most patient Members present were making motions of intolerable boredom.

In vain Mr. MACLEAN rose to put one of his well-known pointless points of order. Sir PHILIP still ran on. Finally he ran down, and, after Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had more or less seconded the motion, Mr. GRAHAM amiably suggested that they should discuss but not pass the Money Resolution, which he would amend for passage without further discussion, if in the meanwhile amendments cropped up which it seemed too narrow to include.

Second Reading, after a brief debate, of the Charities Collecting Bill was followed by Mr. MANDER, on motion for adjournment, raising the question of canals; but the House, its interest momentarily confined to the alimentary canal, counted itself out and went home to dinner.

Wednesday, January 29th.—When is Parliament not Parliament? When it is the House of Commons. This riddle (with answer) was propounded by Lord MIDLETON, who complained that, while in its White Paper on the subject the Government had stated that the Optional Clause was subject to ratification by Parliament, they had in fact only submitted it to the House of Commons, having been advised by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that "Parliament" meant the House of Commons.

Lord CARSON said that by no possible legal interpretation could "Parliament" mean anything but both Houses. Lord PARMOOR insisted that, as the treaty-ratifying power was vested in the Crown and relegated to the Commons, but not to the Lords, by custom, there was no occasion to submit the Optional Clause to the Upper Chamber.

Lord BEAUCHAMP with Rhadamanthine impartiality supported Lord PARMOOR's contention that treaty-ratification was not a prerogative of the Lords and agreed with Lord CARSON and Lord SALISBURY that to use the word "Parliament" as meaning the House of Commons only was "liable to lead to very grave misunderstandings."

The FOREIGN SECRETARY'S reply to various questions about our Extradition Treaty with Italy unhappily confirmed the growing suspicion that he who forges and runs away to his native country may live to forge another day.

The Dead Sea concession came to life again to-day, Dr. SHIELS informing Colonel HOWARD-BURY that Palestine Potash, Ltd., had received a deed on January 1st. What investors make of Palestine potash remains to be seen. Our musical-comedy librettists will be slow on the uptake if they cannot do something with it.

In spite of Mr. HARRIS, who scented another secret assault on his beloved Free Trade, Mr. WILFRID WHITELEY was given leave to introduce the Fancy Jewellery (Standard Trade Descriptions) Bill, pursuant to which a good deal that is now gold will have to glitter under some other name.

It needed no Liberal smell-dog to scent the menace to Free Trade in Mr. REMER'S Empire Free Trade motion. Here was a view-halloo that, like JOHN PEEL'S, not only roused Mr. SNOWDEN from his Treasury bed but drew Mr. LLOYD GEORGE from his lair in the morning.

Strangely enough it was not loud enough to waken the dead—if Mr. BALDWIN'S enemies are right in so describing him. Only one minor Conservative ex-Minister, Major TRYON, participated in the debate, and he made no pretence of stating a Conservative policy. Mr. REMER said in his speech that in the Socialist house there were many mansions, to which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE retorted by suggesting that in the Conservative house there are many flats. But the truth is that at the moment the Conservative Party has no fiscal house. Having failed to secure Drury Lane, sacred to pantomime, Mr. BALDWIN will shortly go into possession of



THE CONSERVATIVE SANDWICHMAN.

Major TRYON. "NOT MUCH OF A TURN FOR ME. BUT THERE MAY BE A BETTER ONE AT THE COLISEUM ON THE 5TH."

the Coliseum, famous for its revolving platform.

Mr. REMER'S and Mr. MARJORIBANKS' speeches were crammed full of statistics and the high courage of youth. They made admirable Crusaders. On the other hand it must be admitted that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the *rôle* of the wily SALADIN did more than hold them at bay—not at the point of the Blue Book but with penetrating persiflage. The test, he said, was not what we were going to gain by getting all the trade of the Empire, but what we were going to give in return. Nobody so far had mentioned that.

The wise Mr. WISE suggested that the LORD PRIVY SEAL should have gone to Canada with his samples in his hand saying, "in return for a guaranteed market in this country for your products give us some of those big orders you are sending to the United States." He did not explain how Canada was to be given a guaranteed market for wheat at fifty shillings, when the Argentine sells it at thirty-five shillings, without in effect taxing imported food.

Major TRYON said he "did not agree with all the newspapers"—which under the circumstances is not surprising—and declined to pin the Conservative Party to any one man's fiscal policy—a hesitation which the whole Party seems unanimously to share.

Mr. SNOWDEN kept his lacerated Free Trade feelings well in check, austerely observing that the Government would not support a policy of taxing food or raw materials or manufactures. Otherwise it was all for more Empire trade.

The Motion was talked out—to the great relief, it must be believed, of the Opposition Front Bench.

Thursday, January 30th.—The Lords, on the motion of the Duke of MONTROSE, asked themselves why (in the words of Lord NOVAR), "those unique and priceless possessions of national interest, the ancestral homes of England, whose beautiful parks were so often the favourite haunt of the people," should not be exempt from death duties, like works of art and national interest? Lord PONSONBY declared that the Government was in sympathy with the DUKE'S proposal that the Exchequer should accept land in lieu of death duties, but declined to consider it as a substantial contribution to the problem of land nationalization.

The Government proceeded, as was expected, to out the two clauses that the Other Place had contumaciously inserted in the Unemployment Insurance Bill. No real effort was made to attack the Lords' amendments on their merits. They were rejected as the collective wisdom of "ninety-four members of a House inexperienced in the vital affairs of life" (Mr. DEVLIN), which had been substituted for "the collective wisdom of the Commons" (Mr. H. G. WHITE), which had been substituted as an afterthought for the collective wisdom of the MINISTER OF LABOUR.

It was a debate in which the Conservatives made a notably better show in argument than they did in the Lobby, and the matter ended with a graceful word of congratulation from Major ELLIOT to the MINISTER OF LABOUR for the "patience, energy and at times almost brutal vigour" with which she had conducted the debates.

WANTS.

"Users for slightly affected margarine."
Evening Paper.

We prefer butter without any airs.



FIRST-AID IN THE EOCENE PERIOD.

Ape (to Uintatherium). "THAT POOR EOHIPPUS HAS GOT A STONE IN HIS HOOF AND WE CAN'T GET IT OUT. *Do* PLEASE COME AND TRY ONE OF YOUR GADGETS!"

THE "PARASITE."

["The race-courses of England are frequented solely by parasites and their victims."
Speech by a Canon.]

You must have seen the little man
Whose hat was born when Time began
And once was black—a greenish shocking
Bowler, yet so gaily cocking
Over his little ferret's face;
He's always fighting for a place
Among the throng against the rails,
And yet he nearly always fails,
For he's so pitifully small,
The crowd so terrible and tall.

And thus you'll find him when the great
Thundering field comes down the
Straight;
And when the thrilling colours flash
Past us—the green and scarlet splash,
The sky-blue silk, the brown, the yellow—
You'll see him there, the little fellow,
Standing on tip-toe, peering through
A gap to glimpse the green, the blue
Of jockeys' caps, the gold, the rose,
A horse's tail or ears or nose.

Sometimes I pause and gaze and wonder
To watch him when the swift hoofs
thunder
Down the course at lightning pace;
And I forget his ferret's face
And stare and stare in mute surprise
At something shining in his eyes.

A gambler, did you say? And yet
I think he's never had a bet
For fear that he should lose his place
And miss his fragment of the race—
The little caps that bob and dance.
If I'd a mount I'd find a chance
To let him pat it. Well I know
In what rapt ecstasy he'd go
Among the crowd, aloof, apart,
Hugging within his secret heart
This vast and unimagined thing;
The little man become a king.

"HAPPY THOUGHTS."

FRANK BURNAND was in some respects so essentially the child of his own generation, so dependent on the inspiration of the passing hour that a great deal of his work was necessarily ephemeral. Yet even in his burlesques and parodies of forgotten plays and half-forgotten novels he had shining moments, and to this day I recall one stanza from a song (sung to the tune of "The March of the Men of Harlech") which is typical of his exuberant gaiety:—

"I was once a hansom cabby;
Couldn't drive no more than a babby;
Drove right into Westminster Abbey
One night in the dark."

His was not an elemental type of humour, for he relied too much on verbal contortions and above all on puns, which have gone out of fashion. But these mannerisms were discarded in the little masterpiece which has now been reprinted by METHUEN, with a charmingly appreciative preface by Mr. ROBERT LYND—*Happy Thoughts*. It is a study, carried out with perfect consistency and an entire absence of any effort to coruscate, of a type of mind which may be summed up as one of blameless asininity. The surroundings and status of the nameless central figure are several pegs higher in the social scale than those of the narrator in *The Diary of a Nobody*, but the book belongs to the same category. It is not great, but, as CATALANI said of her contemporary, SONTAG, "it is great in its *genre*." In spite of continual rebuffs and failures the subject of this diary remains blandly unconscious of his ineffectuality and leaves us at the end in a mood of sympathy with and even affection for one who never did an unkind thing, though he never said a wise one. *Happy Thoughts*, in fine, is a triumph of characterisation, a valuable supplement to TROLLOPE'S novels as a picture of English life in the 60's and 70's. Above all the type is a further proof of the truth which SHAKESPEARE so convincingly exemplified, that stupidity has its graces, and that a man who writes himself down an ass may yet deserve our sympathy and even admiration.

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Lord BEAUCHAMP with Rhadamanthine impartiality supported Lord PARMOOR's contention that treaty-ratification was not a prerogative of the Lords and agreed with Lord CARSON and Lord SALISBURY that to use the word "Parliament" as meaning the House of Commons only was "liable to lead to very grave misunderstandings."

The FOREIGN SECRETARY'S reply to various questions about our Extradition Treaty with Italy unhappily confirmed the growing suspicion that he who forges and runs away to his native country may live to forge another day.

The Dead Sea concession came to life again to-day, Dr. SHIELS informing Colonel HOWARD-BURY that Palestine Potash, Ltd., had received a deed on January 1st. What investors make of Palestine potash remains to be seen. Our musical-comedy librettists will be slow on the uptake if they cannot do something with it.

In spite of Mr. HARRIS, who scented another secret assault on his beloved Free Trade, Mr. WILFRID WHITELEY was given leave to introduce the Fancy Jewellery (Standard Trade Descriptions) Bill, pursuant to which a good deal that is now gold will have to glitter under some other name.

It needed no Liberal smell-dog to scent the menace to Free Trade in Mr. REMER's Empire Free Trade motion. Here was a view-halloo that, like JOHN PEEL's, not only roused Mr. SNOWDEN from his Treasury bed but drew Mr. LLOYD GEORGE from his lair in the morning.

Strangely enough it was not loud enough to waken the dead—if Mr. BALDWIN's enemies are right in so describing him. Only one minor Conservative ex-Minister, Major TRYON, participated in the debate, and he made no pretence of stating a Conservative policy. Mr. REMER said in his speech that in the Socialist house there were many mansions, to which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE retorted by suggesting that in the Conservative house there are many flats. But the truth is that at the moment the Conservative Party has no fiscal house. Having failed to secure Drury Lane, sacred to pantomime, Mr. BALDWIN will shortly go into possession of



THE CONSERVATIVE SANDWICHMAN.

Major TRYON. "NOT MUCH OF A TURN FOR ME. BUT THERE MAY BE A BETTER ONE AT THE COLISEUM ON THE 5TH."

the Coliseum, famous for its revolving platform.

Mr. REMER's and Mr. MARJORIBANKS' speeches were crammed full of statistics and the high courage of youth. They made admirable Crusaders. On the other hand it must be admitted that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the *rôle* of the wily SALADIN did more than hold them at bay—not at the point of the Blue Book but with penetrating persiflage. The test, he said, was not what we were going to gain by getting all the trade of the Empire, but what we were going to give in return. Nobody so far had mentioned that.

The wise Mr. WISE suggested that the LORD PRIVY SEAL should have gone to Canada with his samples in his hand saying, "in return for a guaranteed market in this country for your products give us some of those big orders you are sending to the United States." He did not explain how Canada was to be given a guaranteed market for wheat at fifty shillings, when the Argentine sells it at thirty-five shillings, without in effect taxing imported food.

Major TRYON said he "did not agree with all the newspapers"—which under the circumstances is not surprising—and declined to pin the Conservative Party to any one man's fiscal policy—a hesitation which the whole Party seems unanimously to share.

Mr. SNOWDEN kept his lacerated Free Trade feelings well in check, austerely observing that the Government would not support a policy of taxing food or raw materials or manufactures. Otherwise it was all for more Empire trade.

The Motion was talked out—to the great relief, it must be believed, of the Opposition Front Bench.

Thursday, January 30th.—The Lords, on the motion of the Duke of MONTROSE, asked themselves why (in the words of Lord NOVAR), "those unique and priceless possessions of national interest, the ancestral homes of England, whose beautiful parks were so often the favourite haunt of the people," should not be exempt from death duties, like works of art and national interest? Lord PONSONBY declared that the Government was in sympathy with the DUKE's proposal that the Exchequer should accept land in lieu of death duties, but declined to consider it as a substantial contribution to the problem of land nationalization.

The Government proceeded, as was expected, to out the two clauses that the Other Place had contumaciously inserted in the Unemployment Insurance Bill. No real effort was made to attack the Lords' amendments on their merits. They were rejected as the collective wisdom of "ninety-four members of a House inexperienced in the vital affairs of life" (Mr. DEVLIN), which had been substituted for "the collective wisdom of the Commons" (Mr. H. G. WHITE), which had been substituted as an afterthought for the collective wisdom of the MINISTER OF LABOUR.

It was a debate in which the Conservatives made a notably better show in argument than they did in the Lobby, and the matter ended with a graceful word of congratulation from Major ELLIOT to the MINISTER OF LABOUR for the "patience, energy and at times almost brutal vigour" with which she had conducted the debates.

WANTS.

"Users for slightly affected margarine."
Evening Paper.

We prefer butter without any airs.



FIRST-AID IN THE EOCENE PERIOD.

Ape (to Uinatherium). "THAT POOR EOHIPPUS HAS GOT A STONE IN HIS HOOF AND WE CAN'T GET IT OUT. *Do* PLEASE COME AND TRY ONE OF YOUR GADGETS!"

THE "PARASITE."

["The race-courses of England are frequented solely by parasites and their victims."
Speech by a Canon.]

You must have seen the little man
Whose hat was born when Time began
And once was black—a greenish shocking
Bowler, yet so gaily cocking
Over his little ferret's face;
He's always fighting for a place
Among the throng against the rails,
And yet he nearly always fails,
For he's so pitifully small,
The crowd so terrible and tall.

And thus you'll find him when the great
Thundering field comes down the
Straight;
And when the thrilling colours flash
Past us—the green and scarlet splash,
The sky-blue silk, the brown, the yellow—
You'll see him there, the little fellow,
Standing on tip-toe, peering through
A gap to glimpse the green, the blue
Of jockeys' caps, the gold, the rose,
A horse's tail or ears or nose.

Sometimes I pause and gaze and wonder
To watch him when the swift hoofs
thunder
Down the course at lightning pace;
And I forget his ferret's face
And stare and stare in mute surprise
At something shining in his eyes.

A gambler, did you say? And yet
I think he's never had a bet
For fear that he should lose his place
And miss his fragment of the race—
The little caps that bob and dance.
If I'd a mount I'd find a chance
To let him pat it. Well I know
In what rapt ecstasy he'd go
Among the crowd, aloof, apart,
Hugging within his secret heart
This vast and unimagined thing;
The little man become a king.

"HAPPY THOUGHTS."

FRANK BURNAND was in some respects so essentially the child of his own generation, so dependent on the inspiration of the passing hour that a great deal of his work was necessarily ephemeral. Yet even in his burlesques and parodies of forgotten plays and half-forgotten novels he had shining moments, and to this day I recall one stanza from a song (sung to the tune of "The March of the Men of Harlech") which is typical of his exuberant gaiety:—

"I was once a hansom cabby;
Couldn't drive no more than a babby;
Drove right into Westminster Abbey
One night in the dark."

His was not an elemental type of humour, for he relied too much on verbal contortions and above all on puns, which have gone out of fashion. But these mannerisms were discarded in the little masterpiece which has now been reprinted by METHUEN, with a charmingly appreciative preface by Mr. ROBERT LYND—*Happy Thoughts*. It is a study, carried out with perfect consistency and an entire absence of any effort to coruscate, of a type of mind which may be summed up as one of blameless asininity. The surroundings and status of the nameless central figure are several pegs higher in the social scale than those of the narrator in *The Diary of a Nobody*, but the book belongs to the same category. It is not great, but, as CATALANI said of her contemporary, SONTAG, "it is great in its *genre*." In spite of continual rebuffs and failures the subject of this diary remains blandly unconscious of his ineffectuality and leaves us at the end in a mood of sympathy with and even affection for one who never did an unkind thing, though he never said a wise one. *Happy Thoughts*, in fine, is a triumph of characterisation, a valuable supplement to TROLLOPE'S novels as a picture of English life in the 60's and 70's. Above all the type is a further proof of the truth which SHAKESPEARE so convincingly exemplified, that stupidity has its graces, and that a man who writes himself down an ass may yet deserve our sympathy and even admiration.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION" AND "IN THE ZONE" (AMBASSADORS).

WHETHER the curtain-raiser is to be restored as a device to mask the entry of the dilatory eupeptic or by way of providing the longer entertainment which many playgoers have shown signs of demanding, it is welcome, especially when of so sound a quality as Mr. EUGENE O'NEILL'S *In the Zone*. Mr. O'NEILL takes a little time to get going, repeating one or two points three or four times, which I have found to be a tendency in his countrymen. But perhaps he has had a bitter experience of noisy stragglers and has determined that no one shall misunderstand his little play, which depends upon a well-prepared surprise for its point and effect.

The crew of the British tramp steamer, *Glencairn*, don't find to their taste the personality, manners and poor seamanship of one of their number, *Smith* (*Smitty* for short—Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY), and as the *Glencairn* approaches the danger zone—this is the autumn of 1915—their vague dislike turns to suspicion, aggravated by the fact that *Smitty* is observed to be much concerned with a certain metal box. What happens at the rough fo'c'sle trial of *Smitty*, and how well Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY (*Smitty*), Mr. PAUL GILL, Mr. ROBERT MAWDESLEY, Mr. TOM REYNOLDS, Mr. PHILIP CARLTON, Mr. CHARLES FARRELL and Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD present this adroit little affair I must leave you to find out. It is well worth not being late for, let me tell you.

Mr. H. M. HARWOOD'S conscienceless *The Man in Possession* was of just the kind to restore our spirits, lowered not a little by the sufferings of *Smitty*.

The *Dabneys*—*Paul*, the father, *Claude*, the elder son, makers of Dabney's Underwear, and nervous jaded *Mrs. Dabney*—are at breakfast and obviously ill at ease. *Paul* and *Claude* are sufficient to explain *Mrs. Dabney*; but there is more immediate reason for her tremors. Her younger boy, *Raymond*, is expected from Wormwood Scrubs. He had sold a car, obtained on the principle of payment out of (non-existent) income, for less than the car was supposed to be worth. The original vendors took an unsympathetic view of the matter, and *Mr. Dabney* thought it better to let the boy learn his lesson. I am not so sure that this was quite plausible, for the subsequent behaviour of the *Dabneys* seemed to indicate that they would have gone a long way before suffering this terrible disgrace to fall upon them. It had already meant their banishment from friendly Dulwich to indifferent Highgate, and now meant their living in perpetual apprehension as to who should next discover their secret.

Raymond arrives, slightly chastened but essentially unrepentant. No, he will not go to Australia for his passage-money and five hundred pounds. His gifts are such as to be useless in dominions or colonies. He has good manners; he can mix a good cocktail and handle a saxophone with address; he has made many fast friends at Cambridge, whither his father had sent him, not for his son's sake but in order to put on airs about "my boy at Cambridge." Looking at *Dabney père* you know that *Raymond* has analysed the situation fairly. Finding that his excessively



A HANDY MAN IN POSSESSION.
THE BAILIFF WHO SHOOK A GOOD COCKTAIL.
Crystal Wetherby . . MISS ISABEL JEANS.
Raymond Dabney . . MR. RAYMOND MASSEY.

bourgeois brother is engaged to be married to a widow of substance and fashion and is on tenterhooks lest the lady hear of her undesirable prospective brother-in-law and break off their marriage, *Raymond* feels that he really has the whip-hand. No, he will not be bought off; he will go and pick up a living one way or another in the city of all cities where he feels he has the best chance—which is London.

Three weeks later, having known the pinch of hunger, he is taken on as bailiff's or sheriff's officer's assistant, installed by happy accident, not by nefarious design, of course (we can give Mr. HARWOOD that), in the house of *Claude's* intended. Liking the look of the widow, who has obviously a very free technique, and having received from his colleague instructions to make himself agreeable and win approval by rendering any little services which may suggest themselves to him, he offers to don the uniform of the departed footman. Naturally the people coming to dinner that evening are the *Dabneys*.

Out of this beguiling situation Mr. HARWOOD extracts a good deal of fun, subtle and less subtle: subtle because neither *Mrs. Wetherby* the widow (Miss ISABEL JEANS) nor *Raymond Dabney* (Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY) are mere figures of farce: less subtle because the complete surrender of the experienced widow to the cynically casual wooing of the agreeable bailiff with his Cambridge airs, who is helping her in her last extremity to keep up appearances is a little too swift and uncalculating even for a *Mrs. Wetherby*, to say nothing of the final agreement to marry him and go off to some far dominion on the thousand pounds to be extracted from the makers of underwear.

Raymond in fact deals with the lovers to whom his mistress was looking for help—*Lord Bellairs*, whom he knew at Cambridge as Jimmy, and *Sir Charles Cartwright*, who is the complete cad-about-Mayfair—and with the fortune-hunting *Claude* (which was easy, seeing there was no fortune). Also, in the manner but not exactly the spirit of the old romances, he prevails upon the harassed lady to begin with him a new life in a new country and say good-bye to all that.

It was all exceedingly flippant and disedifying, with a spicing of witty lines and sound characterisation too; void of real offence, except that there was one serious lapse from taste in detail which one need not be a prude to resent and which frankly we had not expected of Mr. HARWOOD.

Miss ISABEL JEANS played with real insight into a complex character and made the strange vagaries of *Mrs. Wetherby* almost credible; and Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY persuaded us of the plausibility of the precocious cynic and libertine, *Raymond*, with his genuine love of his mother and respect and affection for the elderly maid, *Esther*. I liked Miss ANN CODRINGTON'S cold detachment as the lady's-maid who was surprised at nothing; and Miss ALEX FRIZELL gave us one of those quiet well-studied portraits for which she is justly famous. And there were no weak spots in a clever and well-drilled cast. T.

"THE WAY OUT" (COMEDY).

One must suppose, for lack of explicit information, that *The Way Out* is an adaptation from a freer medium. The large proportion of preparation and explanation to incident slows down the

action; and that slowing down is fatal to plausibility in this sort of affair. Here is no place for elaborate psychology and characterisation; for when "SAPPER'S" people get going they do the most incredible things in the least likely ways. Responsible soldiers come into afternoon tea and babble (in confidence) of plots that are to damage the Empire, engineered by sinister Chinese—these sinister Chinese meanwhile lurking in every nook and peering through every cranny; secret service agents of incredible astuteness disguised as pedlars heave off their wigs and rags and unfold the desperateness of their situation without the faintest pretence at concealment, giving away everything except what would enable them to be helped by anybody in an emergency; heathen Chinees of unfathomable depths of cunning put their prisoners in cupboards and go out leaving them so completely unguarded that they can signal their whereabouts by loud knocks without causing any suspicion in their villainous jailer's servants, and be released by charming young ladies of such scintillating intelligence that they can read from a rough drawing of an eye made with a burning cigarette by their tightly-bound heroes that all you have got to do is to put your finger in the eye of a mask upon the wall when the secret door will fly open.

And much more to the same highly improbable effect.

And all this villainy and heroism, marching and counter-marching, plotting and conjuring, were mixed up with the love-story of a nice young thing who was married to a dissipated subaltern and loved the mysterious hero (you have to take the author's word for the mystery; never was there so transparent a fellow as *Jim Strickland*, the white-headed boy of the secret service).

This young woman (*Billie Cartwright*) puts off running away with *Jim*, over-persuaded by the Colonel's lady that her tippling husband needs her. Two years later, in the East, he was not only drinking more whisky but selling "plans" and "papers" in exchange for "dope" to the obviously crooked *Choo Lung*, who was in the particular confidence of the Governor—a thing you understood better when you had seen and heard the Governor. The drunken subaltern naturally supposed that when *Jim Strickland* came to his house it was because of *Billie*, so he gave him what he thought was a dose of poisoned whisky, at the suggestion of *Choo Lung* (we are to gather that British officers who take bang, cocaine, heroin, and hashish do this kind of thing in the East), and in an access of remorse was going to give *Choo Lung* away, when that gentleman up and shot him, so that *Jim* and *Billie* might live happily ever after. Finally, those precious papers (proving the guilt of *Choo Lung*, who had just poisoned himself), which might have been given to the Governor any time these last two Acts, were handed over and we were at last allowed to go home.

I am afraid that only to the really unsophisticated will this artless rigmarole make appeal.

T.



"FOR WAYS THAT ARE DARK . . ."

Ching . . . . . MR. HENRY FIELDING.
Choo Lung . . . . . MR. C. V. FRANCE.



A LITTLE DOMESTIC ARGUMENT.

Billie Cartwright . . . . MISS BEATRIX THOMSON.
Tony Cartwright . . . . MR. EDGAR NORFOLK.

THE Surgical Supply Depôt, to whose good work Mr. Punch has often invited attention, will hold its Annual Bridge Party at Claridge's Hotel on Wednesday, February 12th, from 3 to 6.30 P.M. The many attractive prizes will be presented by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. Tickets (10/6, including tea) may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Surgical Supply Depôt, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W.8 (Tel.: Western 3475).

MARY JOANNA.

THOUGH I am her mother, I flattered myself that I could regard her with impartiality. She was perfect, right down from her slightly bald head to her very pink toes, and yet there was a haunting doubt, a secret fear. I lay in bed and wondered and wondered. Would they suspect Mary Joanna of moral turpitude? Would my little beauty be placed on Ellis Island? I say "placed" because Joanna, being only three weeks old, only weighs seven-and-a-half pounds and she can be lifted, carried and placed anywhere with the greatest facility. She is in fact about to be placed in her home town, Chicago, and plans to embark upon the Atlantic in a few weeks.

She does not go without proper preparation and due regard for international usages. Indeed there is something so international and dubious about her entire status that I am inclined to think she realises it herself. At any rate, in her photograph, stuck upon her father's passport, she is blinking most pathetically, and there is that look upon her face which has reference to milk and milk only, and promises no danger to the Volstead Act. She has also declared by proxy of Silas, her American father, and me, her English mother, that she is neither an anarchist nor a polygamist, and does not desire to overthrow the American Government. Did she but know it, kingdoms have been overthrown and kings brought to dust for something far less beautiful than she. I have yet to learn that HELEN of Troy had dimples on every knuckle.

There is something remarkable about Joanna's social aplomb and *savoir faire*. Upon the day that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD landed in America she arrived in England. Pledge of Anglo-American amity, herald of the



Motorist. "I'M AFRAID WE'VE KNOCKED HIM SILLY."
Wife. "DON'T GO GIVING HIM A LOT OF MONEY, DEAR. PERHAPS HE'S THE VILLAGE IDIOT."

new diplomacy, artless little creature, she came chewing her fists in lieu of gum, and only a little hiccough to show that she did not want MacDonald as her middle name. I almost wept at the beautiful symbolism of it all.

Everything, I thought, that is best in two nations will be her birthright. Nursling of Liberty, she will yet retain that quiet culture attributed to the English upper classes. In the winter she will live in Chicago, during the summer in Surbiton. Every winter Silas will educate her in true democracy. With charming American courtesy she will lisp "Pleased to meet you" to the minister and the elevator man alike. How her little spirit will soar as she lies in her skyscraper and gazes over the waters of Michigan!

"Silas," I said, "will she fall out of the window?"

"I'll say not," said Silas.

"Oh!" I cried, "I hope she won't be sick up there."

"Snow and I'll catch your drift," said Silas.

"Sick up in the skyscraper."

"Ah, I get you; the altitude might make her bilious? Well, she couldn't vomit more than she's done the past three weeks."

"Hush, Silas," I said. "I used the word 'sick.'"

That of course will be the difficulty in her education. Silas will use one word, I shall use another, and Mary Joanna won't know what we mean at all. Did Mr. MACDONALD in his conversations with Mr. HOOVER realise the fact that Americans sometimes talk picturesquely, like Canterbury Pilgrims, and that divergences in idiom may obscure understanding.

No matter, I mused; all that is immaterial so long as we think alike, and truly I believe in democracy, and Silas in refinement, though he does use that word. How beautiful if all the nations loved one another and understood one another just like Silas and me! And that reminded me of Mary Joanna's christening. She would look too ravishing in her white organdie frock, her hair brushed up and Lord Topplesham her godfather.

"Silas, isn't it kind of Lord Topplesham to be her godfather?"

"Now see here," said Silas, speaking fiercely and furiously—"what you can see in that smart Alec I can't imagine, but I tell you I won't stand for him being godfather, not to our Joanna."

"Your Joanna," I replied coldly. "The child is yours; do what you like with her."

"Sure," answered Silas; "I'm thinking of Bud Hopkins of Kansas City. He's just a fine bright fellow."

I shuddered; Joanna started to wail.

"Simple, of course," said Silas, "but a real man."

At this point there was worse than a wail from Joanna, she simply could not bear it.

"Hi!" shouted Silas, "she's vomit——"

"Hush, Silas," I said; "being sick."

HIGH WORDS IN HELLAS

[Uproar and violence are reported to have broken out in Athens following the election of Mlle. ALICE DIPLARACO to represent her country as "Miss Hellas" in the International Beauty Contest."—*Daily Paper.*]

In calmer lands they do not lose
Their tempers when they have to choose
A candidate for beauty's prize;
And when she's chosen
They do not seem to hand her out the frozen
Mitt; but in Greece, we read, 'tis otherwise.

What would you? History once more
Repeats itself: on Hellas' shore
Discord her golden apple hurled
As prize for beauty,
And (Paris having done his thankless duty)
Strife was let loose upon a peaceful world.

Close-up of the Obvious.

"Charlie Chaplin is thinking of taking the name rôle in a talking version of 'Jew Süss.' If he decides to make the picture, he will temporarily abandon his familiar bowler-hat, tooth-brush moustache and big boots."
Daily Paper.

"FATHER OF 80 ROBBED."
Daily Paper.

"Mother of Nine" must look to her laurels.

AT THE PICTURES.

"DISRAELI."

LORD BEACONSFIELD, when he made his dramatic coup for Empire in 1875 and '76, had the advantage over Lord BEAVERBROOK in that he was already Prime Minister for the second time of asking; and it is quite possible that the quest of Imperial Free Trade will never form the subject of a Superb Talking Triumph on the silver screen. A pity, perhaps, for, when I consider how the film I saw at the Marble Arch Pavilion last week embellished mid-Victorian history—I have not seen Mr. LOUIS PARKER's original play on which *Disraeli* was founded—I could imagine a glorious drama for posterity of tariffs and treachery, of tenderness and tears. Posterity might some day listen to a newspaper baron quoting GRAY's *Elegy* as he dropped down the river to scale the tariff heights of Quebec.

I am led to this reflection by the fact that the purchase of the Suez Canal from the KHEDIVE actually was a newspaper stunt. It was thrust on the notice of Lord DERBY by the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal with very small net sales, and the first official action taken in the matter was undoubtedly taken by the Foreign Office.

Not so, of course, in the movietone. The world of British politics there portrayed is a very curious world. "DIZZY" is shown as conceiving and carrying out the whole plan on his own. He has imagination. He has vision. He is fond of female society, yet devoted to his faithful spouse, who was constantly in the picture, despite the fact that in 1875 she was dead. But the great leader lacks common horse-sense almost to the point of insanity. He only has two secretaries, one a very tall but very stupid young man, variously described, so far as I can remember, as *Charles, Lord Deeford*, as a viscount and as the son of a duke. Probably he was too stupid to remember which he was, but anyhow he actually managed to purchase the Canal shares from the KHEDIVE. The other secretary is a Russian spy, whose wife moves stealthily with bustle and parasol about the garden at Hughenden and peers in at the windows whenever *Disraeli* is having a private conversation with the *Governor of the Bank of England* or *Meyers*, the wealthy Jew. For it was Russia, you comprehend, and not France, who was trying to outbid us with the KHEDIVE, and doing so with a pertinacity that proved her Government even then to be no better than Bolsheviks at heart.

The *Prime Minister's* method of keeping important correspondence private was invariably to let a secret agent get hold of it first, and then remove it with ingratiating smiles from the secret agent's hand whilst he was showing him to the door. Constantly my instincts as a taxpayer were in revolt against the careless way in which State documents of immense importance were dashed off with a quill pen and left lying about for anybody to read. I might even have asked myself the question, "What did GLADSTONE say in 1875?" if it had not been that the film opened with a representation of GLADSTONE talkie-phoning in 1875 to a fairly attentive House. The *Governor of the Bank of England* pleased me a good deal too, especially when *Disraeli* compelled him to sign a paper supporting the purchase of the shares because *Meyers* the Jew had suddenly gone bankrupt through the sinking of a shipload of gold from the Argentine.



Disraeli (*Mr. GEORGE ARLISS*). "WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME AS YOUR MODEL?"
Charles (*Mr. ANTHONY BUSHELL*). "BUT I COULDN'T PRODUCE A FORELOCK LIKE YOURS WITH MY BEASTLY HAIR."

"I order you to do it," said *Disraeli*, "because I am Prime Minister."

It was suggested to him afterwards by *Lady Beaconsfield* that he had no power to compel the Governor of the Bank of England to sign.

"I know that," said the great statesman, "but he doesn't know it."

Disraeli then confronted the lady-spy with his *fait accompli*. She stood nearer to the paper than he did, and I thought for a moment that she would snatch it up and tear it to pieces. But she didn't. Probably she didn't know that paper would tear.

All which having been said, let it be freely admitted that GEORGE ARLISS acts very well in what of course is a very theatrical part, and psychologically, if not historically, presents as good a *Disraeli* as could be expected or desired, transmitting his voice in most cases with a delectable absence of boom. FLORENCE ARLISS as *Lady Beaconsfield* is also successful, but of the other characters there is not much to be said. At the very end, and at the very end of the room in which to a brilliant social gathering *Lord Beaconsfield* has announced that a peerage is to be conferred both on the *Governor of the Bank of England* and on *Hugh Meyers*, there appears, dim and faint, the figure of *Queen Victoria*, played by MARGARET MANN. Upon which apparition we rose to the strains of the National Anthem and the whole film faded away. It is probably the smallest and largest part that has ever been given to any movie-actress in any play.

The peacocks at Hughenden were present in large numbers, but made no sound.

Disraeli was preceded by *Micky the Mouse*, who suffered various maritime adventures, and was very funny indeed. EVOE.



Shade of DISRAELI. "THESE PEOPLE DIDN'T COME INTO MY STORY, SO WHY DRAG ME IN?"

Fat Stock.

"BIRMINGHAM PIG MARKET. Arrivals showed some expansion."—*Provincial Paper.*

GOD BLESS THEM!

"I WANT you to dine with us next Thursday," said Theobald. "I've got Heriot coming; he's just back from Tierra del Fuego with the most extraordinary tales of adventures. It will be a real treat."

"I should think so," I said. "Of course I'll come."

"We'll dine early," said Theobald, "and that will mean a long evening. No cards or music or any nonsense. Just listening. He's a fascinating talker; makes everything live. You'll meet my wife too. I don't think you know her, do you?"

Theobald had recently married again.

"No," I said.

"Good," he replied. "Very well, then, Thursday next at 7.45. No ceremony."

This was a very interesting invitation, for I had long wanted to meet Heriot. I had read one or two of his travel books and found him an absorbing writer.

Although I was punctual, Heriot was already there, but Mrs. Theobald was not yet down.

Just as Heriot and I were beginning to exchange a few words she entered the room. Not exactly entered: one moment she was absent and the next the room was full of her. A big woman with an aura—composed of importance, self-esteem and condescending affability—which doubled her size and made everything and everybody smaller. I was conscious of a perceptible shrinking, and even the hero of the evening diminished suddenly. As for poor Theobald, he ceased to exist. The first Mrs. Theobald, I remember, had always made him look larger.

"Delighted to see you," said the second, shaking hands with the traveller. "We are so looking forward to hearing about your latest discoveries;" and we went in to dinner.

"Let me see," Mrs. Theobald began, "isn't Tierra del Fuego at the bottom of South America? Like Cape Town in Africa and Reggio in Italy? I remember, when I went to Buenos Ayres a few winters ago, how I wanted to go on and see it. But instead I did just the usual things—stayed in B. A. a week and got off at Rio on the way back. I suppose you know Rio? Isn't it charming? That exciting ride in a car suspended from a cable to the top of the Sugar Loaf. I suppose you did that? No? Oh, Mr. Heriot, how very unenterprising. I thought everyone did that. It's really thrilling, so high up and swinging in the wind, and all the great harbour and the city below you. The right time to go is just before dusk, and then you see the whole place suddenly lighted up. It's marvellous. Like fairy-land."

"Heriot's adventures have been rather less sophisticated," said Theobald gently—"haven't they, Heriot? Did you run into any bad storms?"

"Talking of storms," said Mrs. Theobald, "I don't think anyone could have been in such a gale as I was, coming back from New York once. The waves broke right over the bridge. We were battened down for days, and lots of passengers had their arms broken being flung about. Have you ever been in a typhoon, Mr. Heriot? My brother was in one once, between Shanghai and Kobe. He said it was the most terrifying experience of his life, and he's seen a good deal, being a ship's doctor. Ship's doctors have a very interesting time, don't you think? I wish my brother were here, he would keep you amused for hours with his traveller's tales. Fred hasn't met him yet, have you, dear?"

"No," said Theobald. "Anyway, I doubt if he ever went to Tierra del Fuego."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Theobald. "He's knocked about a lot. He took me to Ceylon anyway. Do you know Ceylon, Mr. Heriot? I was there a few winters ago. Those dead cities, aren't they wonderful? You have seen them, I daresay. Very long names that everyone pronounces differently, but so romantic and so incredibly old. I love Ceylon. The elephants bathing at Kandy."

And so dinner went on, every topic providing Mrs. Theobald with a new theme for monologue and reminiscence.

"And now, Mr. Heriot," she said as the coffee and cigars were brought, "I want you to consider that we're all men here. No silly withdrawing for me when it's such a small party. We'll just have our coffee and then a nice rubber or two. I wonder if you play contract? It's much more fascinating than auction, I think. Makes you careful in bidding too. Do you like our coffee? I get it from a very special shop in Soho. I always say that, whatever else one economises in, one should pay the top price for coffee."

Several hours later, or so it seemed—and much poorer—I left with Heriot in a taxi.

"I suppose you're going to write about Tierra del Fuego?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I was; but I've changed my mind during the evening. I'm going to spend the rest of my life in missionary work for the Trappist nunneries."

E. V. L.

"When Henry VII. came to Bristol in 1490 he found the wives of the burglars sumptuously arrayed, while their menfolk dressed in threadbare habits."—*Bristol Paper.*

Nowadays burglars' habits usually strike us as being a bit thick.

LONDON GATES.

I.—ALDGATE.

THE fields were grey and frozen
When the leaguèd Barons swore
Upon the shrine of ST. EDMUND at Bury
That KING JOHN should sin no more;
And the fields were gay with daisies
And buttercups brave of hue
When the Barons busked them upon a May morning
To make their vows come true.

Some Barons hied to Bedford,
Some to Northampton hied,
To lay siege to the KING his castles
And harass his men inside;
Then to the folk of London
The tidings swiftly flew,
And they said to the Barons, "Come, Sirs, to Aldgate,
And we will unbar to you."

KING JOHN lay hard by London,
In his moated Tower lay he;
When he heard of the deeds of the leaguèd Barons
His wrath was ill to see;
He pulled his beard with one hand,
He pulled it then with two,
And he said, "If the Barons come to London,
What will the Londoners do?"

The Barons came a-riding
At the peep of summer dawn,
And when they came to the gate called Aldgate
The bolts within were drawn;
For the KING'S foes they were many,
And the KING'S friends they were few;
And the Barons went spurring through London City
Like huntsmen who hear "Halloo!"

KING JOHN fled fast to Windsor
Upon his good roan steed,
But he was constrained to meet his Barons
At the place called Runneymede—
FITZWARREN, DE ROS, DE VESCI,
FITZWALTER and FORTESCUE,
And all the Barons who rode through Aldgate
When the sky of May was blue.

Now in the mighty Charter
Whereto they set their hands
The Barons remembered London City,
And their remembrance stands;
They made sure to her for ever
Her ancient right and due;
So wise in their day were the wardens of Aldgate
Who let those Barons through.

D. M. S.

Discipline for the Clientèle.

"Please note that any reports of incivility on the part of any member of our staff will be severely dealt with."—*Provincial Paper.*

THE PRINCIPAL BOY—WHAT WILL SHE BECOME?



SINCE PANTOMIME HEROES—



ARE INVARIABLY—



PLAYED BY GIRLS—



WHY NOT EXTEND THE CONVENTION TO CLASSIC DRAMA—



OR THE GRIM WAR-PLAY—



OR THE CRIME-THRILLER—



OR SOMETHING STARK FROM THE RUSSIAN SCHOOL?



Lady (*referring to parrot*). "IS HE A GOOD TALKER?"
Vendor. "WONDERFUL, MUM! HE CAN RECITE THE 'OLE OF 'THE ANCIENT MARINER,' BUT GENERALLY 'E ONLY SEZ ''OW'S YER LIVER?'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is obvious that the reading public of to-day would rather inhale gossip than banquet on criticism, and to this fact we owe, I suppose, the innumerable literary biographies whose last concern is literature. It is flattering, no doubt, to suppose that we are dealing with letters in concerning ourselves with the aberrations of literary men, though we should still think it odd if a similar method were applied to scientists. None of us has at our finger-ends the mistresses (if any) of COPERNICUS and JAMES WATT, though we continue to take an intelligent interest in stars and steam-engines; and, if you object that mistresses, while the bane of science, are the very stuff of literature, I ask you to cast an eye over Mr. HERBERT GORMAN'S Life of DUMAS *père*. This is a vast enthusiastic American compilation, in which the creator of *Monte Cristo* figures most largely as the overtaxed supporter of the *demi-monde* of his day. Undoubtedly this is one aspect of *The Incredible Marquis* (GOLLANCZ), but to lovers of his work—work magnificently removed from the limitations of his life—it is not at all an important one. What is important—and most fruitfully handled by Mr. GORMAN—is the DUMAS heredity, that union of French noble and San Domingo negress which produced the Napoleonic general who in the course of a dramatic career produced a dramatist. For the rest there is a comprehensive picture of the Paris of DUMAS' day, but little or nothing of the *vie intime* of a worker who "loved solitude." And a volume so portly should have found space for DUMAS' animals; "Jugurtha," the eagle, we indeed recapture; but where are "Potich," the monkey, "Papa Everard," the cat, and "Pritchard," the yellow dog whose real name was "Iscariot"?

A faint gleam of mellow Egyptian sunlight seems to gild the pages of Mlle. TABOUIS' charming account of *The Private Life of Tutankhamen* (ROUTLEDGE). As I read her colourful narrative, in which scenes of Egyptian Court life of three thousand and more years ago succeed one another in rapid succession, I felt as though I were being borne on a dahabeeyah along the placid waters of Father Nile, upon whose banks the stately temples and palaces stood restored in some miraculous manner to their pristine beauty. Before my very eyes TUTANKHAMEN and his courtiers lived and loved and had their being; the streets of cities—long since heaps of ruins—were once more thronged with their lithe handsome citizens; and the whole glamorous spectacle of that silver age in Egyptian history was raised up for me by the quickening touch of Mlle. TABOUIS' pen. Her learning is no less worthy of admiration than her style and her sense of proportion in handling her material. That material came to her hand largely through the labours of Mr. HOWARD CARTER and the late Lord CARNARVON, and to-day the world knows every detail of the splendid funerary pomp with which his child-Queen enshrined the body of her nineteen-year-

old husband. Perhaps the most touching relic of TUTANKHAMEN'S vanished glory that has come down to us is the little chaplet of flowers which the Queen laid upon his brow when the embalmers had finished their work. I hope that, having succeeded where so many fail, Mlle. TABOUIS will now be encouraged to reverse the usual progression from sire to son by writing a life of TUTANKHAMEN'S great father, AMENOPHIS IV.—the first visionary and thinker to sit upon a royal throne. When she has done so I also hope she may be once more fortunate in having M. R. DOBIE as her translator.

Gentles, hush; my Muse enlarges
On a tragedy of joy—
Mr. OLIVER LA FARGE'S
Redskin novel, *Laughing Boy;*
CONSTABLE has made the issue,
Happy-starred, I think, because
It 's as excellent a tissue
Of Romance as ever was.

Laughing Boy, a brave, gets mated
To the dearest little squaw
(Missionary-educated
Slim Girl) that you ever saw;
But the lady, you 'll discover
(Liking her no less, say I),
Has a secret pale-face lover
In the township handy by.

Slim Girl takes the white man's dollars
(Snake is she, but dear as doves),
Saving every cent she collars
For the *Laughing Boy* she loves;
And their story, for the rest, is
All a movement sure and slow,
Like a Navaho *Alcestis*,
To inevitable woe.

Here 's a book with flying banners,
Here 's a story, quite the best,
Of the red man and his manners
In the regions of the West;
And, although no fortune-teller,
I am more than half inclined
To predict that here 's a *seller*
Of a not uncertain kind.



REPERCUSSIONS OF THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE.

Football Enthusiast. "SHOOT!"

Extreme Pacifist. "SH! YOU MUSN'T USE THAT WORD NOW."

In her preface to *The Lacquer Lady* (HEINEMANN) Miss TENNYSON JESSE gives thanks to a number of people who have helped her to write a true history of the causes leading to the annexation of Upper Burmah, and tells how the Indian Government was driven into action as a direct result of "*Fanny*" *Moroni's* love affair. "A preface is a portentous thing," she writes, "and coming from the author of a novel may seem to imply over-valuation." It is difficult for a reviewer to over-value either the beauty or the interest of this happy marriage between romance and history, or to give more than a suggestion of that blend of ecstasy and restraint which characterises Miss TENNYSON JESSE'S style. The Prologue is staged at Brighton, where we see *Agatha Lumsden* and her friend "*Fanny*" (daughter of an Italian father and half-English half-Burman mother) forming two of the vertebræ of a school crocodile. "*Fanny*" dreams of the Golden Palace of Mandalay, and *Agatha* of Anglo-Catholicism. Eventually the two of them go to Burmah, the scene of their great tragi-comedy, *Agatha* to the Mission House, and "*Fanny*" to the Golden Palace, where she is appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen. She becomes intoxicated by the spirit of intrigue, is married, widowed, falls in love again, and finally turns her jealousy into a weapon too big for the wielding of any but political powers. There is a quality about Miss TENNYSON JESSE'S work which I can only describe as kaleidoscopic: the scenes shift incessantly; massacre follows pageantry and play is the sequel to death in the City of Gems where gold and tinsel gleam side by side. Side by side, too, are presented to us the flimsy little character of "*Fanny*" and the rather pathetic worthiness of *Agatha* with her vague ideals and home-made clothes.

It is impossible to do more than hint at the beauty and significance of this heady romance, but I think all readers will regret the turning of the last page and the finding of themselves on the road *from* Mandalay.

Mr. ERIC GILL looks at art under two aspects, either as "the well-making of what needs making" or as "collaboration with God in creating." *Art Nonsense and Other Essays* (CASSELL) embodies both views, and on the first Mr. GILL is helpful. The worker, he maintains, needs freedom for his work if he is to bear the responsibility for it; and if he does not bear the responsibility for it he is a slave. This is his present condition—the product of greed and need. It grows worse and worse, and is likely to go on doing so, for "in the long run bad work will not sell and unhappy men will not work." Mr. GILL would have every work give the worker a chance to excel himself. He would eliminate our fatuous distinction between "fine" and other art, do away with art schools and contractors, restore apprenticeship and mastermen. So far so good; and, though MORRIS has said as much and more attractively, the matter cries for restatement. For the rest, that art needs relating, like everything else, to God I make no doubt, and that Mr. GILL might as well effect the union as anyone else I concede. But the Thomistic foundation of his æsthetics, excellent in itself, needs re-thinking in idiomatic English. Its presentment here strikes me as half-baked, unappetising, indigestible. Interpretation is not in any case his strongest suit, and his theme demands a small expository primer rather than two-dozen articles and lectures in haphazard formation. The volume itself—the first printed in the author's "Perpetua" type—is both serviceable and pleasing, but I found its underlining of salient words an offence to the eye, and their effect on the ear reminiscent of the more shrewish letters of QUEEN VICTORIA.



Father (to Suitor). "AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO SUPPORT MY DAUGHTER IN THE WAY IN WHICH SHE HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO LIVE?"

Suitor. "WELL, SIR, IT ISN'T SO MUCH THAT. THE THING IS, ARE *YOU* PREPARED TO SUPPORT *ME* IN THE WAY IN WHICH YOUR DAUGHTER HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO LIVE?"

A two ass-power chariot with a beautifully designed mascot, an ivory trinket-box, riveted to repair it because it was imported and valuable, and a silver model of a boat identical in type with those still in use in this rather conservative country, are among the treasures of Ur described by Mr. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, head of the Anglo-American expedition that has been digging up, in lower Mesopotamia, material evidences of civilisations that flourished three, four and five thousand years ago. His very fascinating though all too short account—*Ur of the Chaldees* (BENN)—of the uncovering of buildings, where sometimes the whitewash on the walls is still white, and exploration of tombs too often emptied by "explorers" some millenniums ahead of him, lacks nothing to excite one's admiration for a race which, though its development was hindered by a Flood—evidenced in an eight-foot layer of water-deposited clay—was sufficiently modern to keep accounts and file its receipts, to set its children writing "copies" and even to maintain museums of antiques. Income-tax forms are not mentioned, but one cannot feel quite sure. Visitors to the Italian Exhibition who have wanted to walk away with the *lapis lazuli* gaming-board will note that more of this same beautiful material is lying buried in Ur, where it was freely used. Probably SARAI, travelling westward with ABRAM her husband to found new colonies far from the homeland, carried some of it with her on her combs and brushes.

Ten Years' Life of the League of Nations (MAYFAIR PRESS), which has been compiled by Mr. JOHN EPPSTEIN, comes to us as a happy reminder that the tenth anniversary of the League has recently been reached. Many distinguished people have contributed to this book, and all of them have in one way or another helped to make it a success. Space prevents me from mentioning their names and from quoting from their contributions, but Professor GILBERT MURRAY in an epilogue sums up so aptly the difficulties that the League has to face that I must make an exception. "The League," he says, "gives a chance to international justice; but only the deliberate organised goodwill and informed judgment of thoughtful people in every country can keep the public opinion of that country sane and wholesome, independent of party. That is why the nations still need great voluntary societies for supporting the League of Nations." The object of this excellently written and illustrated volume is to increase such support in this country, and those who have helped in the making of it will indeed be unfortunate if they fail in achieving so admirable an aim.

In his stories of crime and detection Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON has a happy knack of avoiding the beaten track. *Murder in Monk's Wood* was remarkable for its original situation, and now again, in *The Twins Murder Case* (MURRAY), a way both fair and extraordinary is found to baffle those engaged on solving the problem set before them. Twins, it is true, have been used so often in fiction that they may be said to have been overworked, but Mr. HUTCHINSON employs the *Speed* brothers to such good purpose that no one can reasonably complain. This is a sound and absorbing mystery, told without flurry or haste. In fact Mr. HUTCHINSON gets his effects without any sign of pressing.

CHARIVARIA.

WE read of an M.P. who keeps a pet eagle. On the other hand the idea of keeping an M.P. as a pet has never really caught on in aquiline circles.

* * *

"Why is it that shopkeepers charge what they can get for fruit?" asks a daily paper writer. The answer is because they cannot get any more.

* * *

Newspaper cricket experts are already giving their views as to the composition of the England team for the forthcoming Test matches, but our fear is that, as usual, the M.C.C. will neglect to file them for the guidance of the Selection Committee.

* * *

A scientist predicts that motor-cars will travel faster than the sounds they make. Experts in acoustics are baffled by the problem of accelerating the hoot.

* * *

It is claimed that sound-reproduction in talking pictures is now almost perfect. We understand that in restaurant scenes it is now possible to distinguish whether a man is taking thick or clear soup.

* * *

In view of Hull's distinction of being the sole municipality in the United Kingdom to own and operate a telephone system, it should be credited with having put the "Hull" into "Hullo!"

* * *

The male waist-line, we learn from a fashion note, is to be higher in the morning and lower in the evening. Ours will be in a normal position at lunch-time.

* * *

In one Somerset village no marriage has taken place for twelve years. Hollywood is of the opinion that the villagers can't really be trying.

* * *

A poultry-farmer who went bankrupt attributed his failure to racing. He seems to have "cut the cackle and come to the hosses."

* * *

When Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S car was stuck in the mud in the wilds of Kenya Colony a rhinoceros approached, but was easily driven off. The ex-Minister of Health must have been thankful that this pachyderm hadn't the nerve of Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE.

* * *

Owing to a confusion of names a rumour spread that Lord BRENTFORD (JIX) was in Palestine, but the mistake was discovered in time to avert a panic.

* * *

The growing popularity of ice-skating is said to be making itself felt in the cinemas. In the case of beginners it makes itself felt in quite another region.



"I WANT AN ABSORBING BOOK—ONE I CAN LOSE MYSELF IN."

Butchers are considered to have exercised commendable restraint in allowing the jubilee of the frozen-meat industry to pass without indulging in unseemly saturnalia.

* * *

At Hounslow Horse Show, according to a news item, special precautions are to be taken against gate-crashers. Yet they add much to the gaiety of jumping competitions.

* * *

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU'S confession in a morning paper that he has read nothing of SHAKESPEARE except *Othello* which was set him as a holiday task at school, has cast a gloom over Stratford-on-Avon.

A marriage that took place near London the other day was partly conducted in the Welsh language. The idea is believed to have been to break it more gently to the bridegroom.

* * *

A woman-writer asks, "What are we chickens going to do who have hatched swans or cuckoos, or in some cases eagles?" We can only suggest that they should attend the World Poultry Congress at the Crystal Palace.

* * *

According to a news item a Kilburn woman aged one hundred approves of short skirts and is fond of jazz. It is feared this will be the death-blow of the centenarian business.

* * *

"This country," we are told, "is becoming wedded to repressions." It is time somebody forbade the bans.

* * *

A keeper at the Zoo Aquarium says that if you take fish out of the water when they are ill and try to cure them they never look grateful when put back again. This probably explains the waning popularity of goldfish in the home.

* * *

A teacher of elocution states that there is a great increase in the number of men who are taking lessons in public speaking. This, of course, has no connection with the other outbreak of parrot disease.

* * *

In political circles the view taken of the attitude of the Peers with regard to their amendments to the Unemployment Insurance Bill is that they were not "genuinely seeking" trouble.

* * *

We fear it will be some time before the Pleomorphic Streptococcus, the newly-discovered influenza germ, will become a household name.

* * *

A seventeen-year-old film-actress has eloped for the second time with the same man. By the Hollywood rule if she elopes with him once more he becomes her own property.

"COLD? TRY OUR COCKNEY LAUGHTER."
Newspaper Poster.

One would have thought that such candour would lower the circulation.

THE NEW HEREDITARY BADGE FOR BARONETS.

[To a wearer of one of them, being the descendant of somebody who bought the title.

Note.—In addressing this gentl man, the author of the following lines has no actual person in mind.]

SOME time ago, when JAMES (the KING)
Had an idea for planting Ulster,
And loyal folk financed the thing,
Their merits made the Monarch's pulse stir;
He thanked them from a swelling heart,
Inviting every one to be a bart.

They and their heirs (if any) male,
In a bee-line, sustained, unbroken,
Should hold the title, as in tail,
And to their arms attach for token,
All proper by heraldic rules,
The Hand of Ulster, dexter, sanguine, gules.

That same device you wear to-day
Under your collar stud suspended,
Sprung from the loins (or shall I say
The sirloins?) of a sire descended
From him who got your family started
When, for his "public service," he was barted.

A cynic said that there is no
Damned merit needed for a Garter,
And some have even less to show
Who pick their titles up by barter;
But he, your forbear, had at least
A pretty gift for handling hops and yeast.

You 've none. By labour stern and rude,
Redounding greatly to his credit, he
Amassed a pile from stuff he brewed;
Your only claim is just heredity;
His was the beer from which descends
Your birthright, with the bulging dividends.

Yet, when on some official night
Honours and Orders decorate us,
Though you 're a stranger, I at sight
Recognise your superior status;
The plaque upon your shining shirt
Shows me that I am relatively dirt.

On all these high occasions when
This badge about your neck you tie on,
We others—knights and lesser men—
Must sit below the beer-bart's scion,
Who wears, by strict heraldic rules,
The Hand of Ulster, dexter, bloody, gules. O. S.

AS REPORTED.

THE annual dinner of the Incorporated Society of Reported Speakers appears to have escaped notice. As is customary, many members of the Press were present as guests, and it is probably from a feeling of modesty on their part that no report has appeared. An account of the two chief speeches, however, will show the importance of the occasion.

The Chairman, proposing the toast of the Press, said that he felt assured that the numerous Members of Parliament who were with them that evening would be among the first to acknowledge their indebtedness. (*Loud applause.*) They had only to read their speeches in any paper to see how ably they had been reported. Various little omissions—due doubtless to the haste of the speaker—had been rectified, and in many cases the reporter had shown remarkable ingenuity in expressing what beyond any reasonable doubt had been in the speaker's mind. (*Renewed but less general applause.*)

But their Society, he was proud to say, was not concerned only with those who were already, and deservedly, famous. It stood for the same high standard of expression among all classes and all ages, and he wished to draw particular attention to the way in which that standard was maintained, without any regard of persons, at the same level.

An example, perhaps, would make clear what he had in mind. They would all remember the case of Miss Fanny Gwendoline Chimp, whose duties unfortunately prevented her being among them to-night, and they would recall the very plucky way in which she had dealt with a burglar who had entered her mistress's house. To the reporters—as the private records of the Society showed—she had said, "Oh, chuck it! When I 'eard the blighter I bunged a saucepan at 'im, and 'e done a bunk. Fair put the wind up me, 'e did." In the Press account which he, the Chairman, had read, the episode was described as follows:—

"'I should prefer to say nothing about it,' said Miss Chimp. 'I did no more than my duty.' When pressed for details, however, Miss Chimp added, 'I was working in the kitchen on the night when the attempted burglary took place, preparing dinner for my employers. Hearing a suspicious noise in the adjoining scullery, I peered round the edge of the door. To my horror I saw the figure of a man in the act of crawling through the open window. For the moment I was as though paralysed, all power of motion having left me. Pulling myself together, however, I realised that something must be done, and at that moment my eyes fell on the saucepan containing the potatoes which I had prepared for dinner. Without hesitating further, I seized it by the handle and flung it with all my force at the intruder. Unfortunately,' continued Miss Chimp with a smile, 'my missile missed its objective, though one or two of the potatoes rebounded from the floor and struck him smartly on the head. He at once turned, gave a ferocious scowl, and disappeared into the darkness whence he had come. I was too distressed by the incident to give chase. I do not deny that the sight of the miscreant upset me considerably.'"

In replying for the Press, Sir Optimus Bunk said he was proud to be a member of the profession which had been referred to in such flattering terms that evening. Perhaps he might contribute one incident which had come to his notice.

It was the case of Mr. Henry Bunn. Mr. Bunn had been sitting in the basement of his house when a lorry had crashed into the area. When interviewed he had said, "Surprised? Lumme! Oo wouldn't be with a blinkin' great thing like that coming in to tea?" The reporter concerned had represented him with a characteristic increase of lucidity:—

"'I must confess that I had not anticipated anything of the kind,' admitted Mr. Bunn. 'I was seated in my front room with my wife and family, about to partake of the evening meal, when the accident occurred. The noise emanating from the traffic in the road above is almost continuous, and we had no warning of the catastrophe. There was a sudden rending sound as the lorry struck the railings, and before I could do more than snatch our youngest child away from the impending danger the massive vehicle had fallen into the area. It was a most unexpected guest. The force of the impact shattered the window, and it was some time before order was restored. Fortunately no lives were lost, as might well have been the case. I am of opinion that some steps should be taken to prevent a recurrence of such accidents.'"

While reporting was maintained on that level, Sir Optimus said, they need have no fear for their national heritage. (*Prolonged applause.*)



THE CHALLENGE.

MR. MACDONALD (*walking off*). "WELL, NOBODY CAN SAY I'M RUNNING AWAY."



Cook (to housemaid who has been reading account of Society wedding). "AH, WELL, WHAT I ALWAYS SAYS IS—GIVE 'EM A GOOD WEDDING, AND THEN, IF THINGS TURNS OUT BAD, THEY'LL ALWAYS HAVE *SOMETHIN'* TO LOOK BACK ON."

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

VI.—THE TRAGEDY OF AUGUSTUS JUPP.

BEFORE we had been introduced to any "speak-easy," that is, before we had been a couple of hours in New York, Percival and I were solemnly told, by way of warning, the sad story of Augustus Jupp. Our informant looked at Percival's innocent face and thought it worth while adding that it was perfectly true.

It appeared that as young Augustus Jupp stepped one evening off the gang-plank at New York he was met by an exuberant friend who had known his father and had promised to befriend Augustus should he ever cross the Atlantic.

Now Americans have a way with them when it comes to befriending. Augustus, who merely wanted to let his lower jaw hang loose and gaze at the skyscrapers and the rolled stockings and the Eighth Avenue road-surface and other wonders of New York, found his hand seized in a kindly grip and his grip seized in a kindly hand. His luggage was promptly despatched to his hotel and he himself was plunged into a taxi.

Sitting by his side the American then started to do the honours after his fashion. He pulled out a pocket-book and gave Augustus half-a-dozen assorted visiting-cards.

"I got around to some of the better places yesterday," he said genially, "and got cards for you. Thought may-be that, coming from Europe, you'd be wanting them right away. . . ." He bent over the astonished Augustus's handful and explained further: "That's a swell place. . . . That one's not bad, but you've gotta look out for the whisky. . . . The beer at that place is only seventy-five cents a bottle; some of 'em set you back a whole buck. . . . That's—oh, pardon! that's a private card—girl I know. . . . That's the Bombay Bicycle Club, best place between Madison Square and Central Park. . . . That's——"

"Er—what *are* all these places?" timidly interrupted Augustus at last. He was young and had been carefully brought up.

The American stared at him. "Speak-easies!" he said.

"Yes?" said Augustus vaguely.

"Where you get a drink."

"But I don't drink very much——"

"Neither do I—not really. I just like to get a snootful once in a while. Other times I—— Say! I've just remembered. There's a swell place right here on this block. Let's go in and have a high-ball, and I'll show you how the——"

"Have a what?"

"Have a drink."

"Er—I'm not thirsty——"

Next moment, however, the taxi-driver who, since it was New York, had been following the conversation through the communicating-window and moreover knew the place, stopped at the door without being told to.

Augustus was led down some steps with instructions to look both innocent, which he did well, and assured and confident, which he did not. His companion rang a bell twice, and after a while a grille opened suddenly and an unpleasant face surveyed them.

"Friend of mine. O.K.?" asked the American, displaying a card.

The only answer to this was the hurried slamming of the grille and, looking round, Augustus saw a large policeman regarding them lovingly.

"No one home, brother?" he inquired sarcastically.

"Must have got the wrong house," rejoined the American, and began to walk up the steps again.

"You betcha life," agreed the officer genially. "There's another doc on Thirtieth—or was it a minister you were wanting?"

They wisely forebore to be funny in return and walked thoughtfully off, outdistancing the patrolman at the second block. Then, the American being on his mettle over the business, they returned deviously.

This time they were regarded with frank suspicion by the face at the window.

"Hey, big boy, what's de fine idea? Don't you know a cop when you see um? You chase yourself away outer dis. Ain't youse got——?"

They pacified him with fifty cents, and he at last agreed to refer the matter to the boss.

"Trouble is they don't really know me at this joint," explained Augustus's friend. "I came late one night and I guess I was looking sort of different."

The boss, a Greek Jew, who through the bars of the grille looked like one of the less attractive forms of anthropoid life, was finally persuaded to allow them in, and they triumphantly entered. After these heated parleys they were the centre of observation by all the clients, waiters and bouncers in the room.

"Bit of trouble, but it's worth it," said the American, leading the way to the zinc bar. "Now, what will you have?"

There was a silence, and then Augustus, who had been well-brought-up, moistened his lips and asked for a dry ginger-ale. . . .

They buried him next day in a convenient chasm in Eighth Avenue.

* * * * *

Percival pondered this story for some time and then said he doesn't think he runs any risk. A. A.

Locations which appear Ideal.

"The King has offered St. James Palace to the Government Conference. . . ."
Chinese Paper.

Red-Hot Enthusiasm.

". . . . the crowd swelled until by two o'clock a record cricket gathering of twelve thousand spectators singed the playing field."
New Zealand Paper.

Things which might have been More Prettily Expressed.

"We want to teach you to raise better hogs than your fathers."
Speaker at Young Farmers' Conference.

"In evidence before the Licensing Commission yesterday Mr. R. Y. —— said that . . . in Wales, where the Sunday traveller was destroyed through Act of Parliament . . ."
Daily Paper.

The poor devil must have died of thirst.



"AH, JANE, IF *ONLY* I 'D MARRIED A PLUMBER!"

RIN-TIN-TIN.

[The celebrated canine film-star, of whom a portrait has been published with his wife and small son as a "charming picture of domestic bliss," is about to retire from work at Hollywood and pay a visit to England for a rest and change.]

Soon, soon will your labours be ended;
And I hear, when you're free from their thrall,
That you're hoping (how perfectly splendid!)
To pay us the usual call;
I'd rejoice too, since family bliss is
A state that attracts me for one,
If you managed to bring with you *Mrs. R. Tin-Tin* and son.

Few welcomes, I'm sure, could be warmer
Than what you might easily get,
For, apart from your fame as performer,
You should prove a particular pet;
Yet I feel you'd prefer your seclusion,
With a pat now and then and a hug,
To the sob-stuff we poured in profusion
On MARY and DOUG.

Accept then this genial *Ave!*
When forth on your travels you fare
May your passage be peaceful (not wavy),
Nor cause you to turn half a hair;
O'er your coming I grow not delirious,
But, holding you chief of your breed,
Proffer homage to Hollywood's Sirius,
A Dog-Star indeed. A. K.

YET ONE MORE MARVELLOUS WAR-BOOK!

(Being extracts from the diary of a young Italian who served in the Macedonian campaign of 42 B.C.)

THERE was great excitement in the lecture-room this morning. The proprætor is coming to Athens with his staff. Apparently he needs undergraduates to officer his new army. I don't know whether I shall join up. I am not very warlike and not very strong. I must remember to keep a level head in these difficult circumstances. The proprætor will hold an interview with some of us to-morrow. I shall do exactly what the others do.

I liked Brutus on the whole. He said that affairs were very unsettled in Italy, in spite of the parliamentary revival two years ago. The Senate was very weak, and no one could quite say what would happen, but there was some danger of the republic being entirely destroyed. The things he told me about Antony made my blood boil. It seems an honour to have talked to someone who not only knew poor Cicero well but has also, so they say, helped him out of financial difficulties. He asked me about my studies, and I told him I was doing Epicurus and practising Greek metres hard. Then we talked about my home. He said that the best Latin stock came from Apulia, and the most renowned in war. Apparently he remembers my father, and he laughed when I told him about my early days at school. In the end he offered me a commission. It seems that young Octavian is likely to form a Coalition Government with Antony, and that will make the position of the Conservatives out here very dangerous. They are almost certain to be attacked on the eastern front.

I asked what would happen if they were beaten. Brutus said, "Another dictatorship, I suppose." I told him I was willing to try to keep the world safe for aristocracy and would mug up my cohort drill as soon as possible. I don't really like the prospect, but I suppose it is a sweet and noble thing to die for the sake of one's fatherland.

A legion appears to be a most complicated thing. There are despatch-carriers and engineers and clerks, as well as trumpeters and drill-sergeants and doctors and scouts. When and what is a triarius? I am trying to understand the line of battle, and where to throw the spearmen in if the front rank are defeated. They have made me a military tribune, which means that I shall have to ride a horse. May Castor come to my aid!

I said good-bye to Lalage last night. She smiled and spoke very sweetly, and hoped that I would come through without any harm.

We have taken up our battle position after a lot of tedious marching through woods. They made me think regretfully of the pleasant shades of Venusia. The food is disgusting, chiefly goats, and the wine very bad. If I ever get back to Italy I shall try to settle in some small farm there, probably in the Sabine Hills. I find it is nearly impossible to get a decent shave, and I have not anointed my head with perfumes nor worn myrtle for a week. We are to stand near Philippi, so as to hold the pass between Europe and Asia for the republican cause. Brutus will be on the right and Cassius on the left. Thank Heaven our flanks are more or less protected by the marsh and the hills. Rations come up from Thasos, a hundred stadia away, which means a lot of work for the men, who have to provide vallum and agger parties as well as doing sentry-go. I seem to get on fairly well with my cohort, though it is difficult to preserve the golden mean in dealing with some of the N.C.O.'s. There is one who always addresses me as "'Ullo, 'Orace!' and wears a broad smile as he lifts his right arm in salute. But I daresay he has a heart of oak and a copper-lined inside.

Cassius came into the Mess yesterday. There are tales that he is not getting on very well with Brutus just now. Our first little scrap with Octavian on the right was successful, while our left wing was badly strafed by Antony, who drove a number of them to the realms of dusky Proserpine, as Lycus puts it; and this seems to have annoyed Cassius, who has had more war-service than Brutus and thinks we have too many troops to hold our part of the line. He talked about this a little. I don't care for a man who bites an absent friend, and I don't think I am very fond of Cassius in any case. He has a lean and hungry appearance. I told him I thought the great thing was to be master of oneself and make the most of the present, which was alone within our power. After all, I pointed out to him, life is short. We shall all die eventually, as Æneas and Tullus and Ancus did, and be nothing but dust and a shade. We diced afterwards for a little, and I sang a few anacreontics. Then Brutus came in, and said we had played and drunk long enough and it was time to go home. The big push is expected the day after to-morrow at dawn.



Angry Breadwinner (*clinching the argument*). ". . . AND WOT 'S MORE, IT AIN'T YOU THAT *EARNS* THE DOLE."

They have sent a haruspex up the line from Neapolis, which is our naval base. He came to me this morning and said he wanted to take the omens, and had brought a coop of sacred chickens with him for the purpose. I said he could carry on if he liked, but I don't think I really believe in having augurs with an army in the field. They are only too likely to lose their own faith, and this undermines the *moral* of the men, which is bad enough anyhow, especially in my part of the line. The fact is that neither Licinius nor Lycus know very much about the discipline of a legion. Nor do I. And I very much doubt whether Brutus does either. None of the maniples has received any stipendium for weeks. Cassius sent a message from his H.Q. saying that it was very simple. One merely had to decimate the troops. But Brutus won't have this done.

I have had the sweetest letter from Lydia which came up to the trenches by a special nuncius, and with it a flower which she said was the last lingering rose of summer. Dear thing! When I remember—but never mind that now. I have been reading Pindar and Lucilius



Sleepy City Merchant (to laden passenger entering carriage). "I CAN'T DO WITH ANY MORE TRAVELLERS TO-DAY."

under a tree and practising the trochaic tetrameter acatalectic for fun.

The haruspex has returned to say that the chickens refuse to take any food whatever. He also says that he has seen a crow on the right and a raven on the left. I suggested pouring a libation to the *genius loci* with a jar of Chian, but he said that was no earthly use. I have got leave from H.Q. to send him back to the base.

* * * * *

Well, well, it is all over now. I am writing this in the shelter of a wine-vault, where Pyrrha, the daughter of the proprietor, has been very kind to me. She is a charmingly simple creature. I expect I shall make my submission to-morrow to the powers that be. Of the details of the actual fighting I remember almost nothing but the dark grinning face of a Spanish hastatus thrusting at me. The rest was confusion, noise and sweat. All my cohort seemed to have melted away like wax in the sun. I had a momentary impulse to behave like Paulus and throw away my life, but the philosophy of moderation prevailed. How I got out of it I do not know. Perhaps the god Mercury threw a mist about my head.

After all, things might be worse, especially if Octavian has the better in the long run of Antony, and I may even get back to Italy again, though of course I can never feel reconciled to the new *régime*.

I left my little cavalry shield in the pass. Anyone can have it who cares.

EVOE.

THE CONQUEST OF THE COLISEUM.

[Sir HENRY WOOD, with a full symphony orchestra of eighty performers, has just completed a most successful engagement at the Coliseum.]

As last week on foot I wended
Up St. Martin's Lane my way,
And observed the rules commended
By O'GORMAN to the jay,

I beheld a vast procession
For a quarter of a mile
Moving with sedate progression
Like a fourfold "crocodile."

Though it checked pedestrian traffic
And required police control,
It was not disposed to maffick,
To curvet or caracole.

So, while loyally and duly
Heeding Robert's "Pass along,"
I besought him: "Tell me truly
What's the meaning of this throng?"

And good Robert, mild and massive,
As becomes a brotherhood
Imperturbably impassive,
Briefly answered, "HENRY WOOD."

Then all in a moment tumbling
To the truth, with rapture keen
Straight I blessed my luck in stumbling
On a great historic scene.

Blessed, likewise, the brave non-stopping
Chief conductor of the "Proms"
(Carried on amid the dropping
Of the German raiders' bombs)

For his service in redeeming
Patient folk who stand in queues
From the tyranny and the screaming
Of the epileptic Muse;

Growing ever richer, riper
In his art and yet akin
In his magic to the Piper
Of the Town of Hamelin.

A Shock for the Groom.

The bride . . . was given away by her Clydesdale."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

LITTLE VEXATIONS AT THE G.P.O.

(*Extracts from the Diary of a Higher Official at St. Martin's-le-Grand.*)

Monday.—Much irritated by poisonous article in *The Live Wire*, making most monstrous reflections on efficiency of Department. Simply intolerable all this criticism which we are getting at present, just because of a few little misfortunes which might happen to anyone.

At the same time latest incident of the kind reported this morning certainly annoying, especially so soon after the unfortunate episode of theft of considerable amount of Department property from sub-office in Bow Common Lane, Poplar, in early hours of morning during excusable absence of postmaster in bed. Appears that two men called at a postal office in the Metropolitan District, stating that they had come to remove the safe. Sub-postmaster in charge explained the inconvenience which would result, but they insisted that their orders were imperative, and sub-postmaster handed over safe accordingly.

Subsequently discovered that men were impostors, who had resorted to the disgraceful device of masquerading in official uniforms, which it is suspected they had either borrowed or stolen. Hope however to trace them, since sub-postmaster had wisely insisted on their giving him a receipt for the safe. Amount involved unfortunately considerable. Have ordered full investigation.

Tuesday.—Further particulars of safe affair go to show that it was nothing less than carefully organized plot, designed with deliberate intention to rob the Department. Thus, while safe itself has been recovered, contents, including large stock of stamps and Treasury Notes, had all been carefully removed, obviously with criminal intent. Fear little value can be attached to rascals' receipt, which is however being submitted to closest examination by experts of Detective Branch. Of course the real mistake was sub-postmaster's error of judgment in parting with the safe so readily.

Wednesday.—Another vexing episode reported to-day. Driver of motor-van conveying evening mails to Paddington, having left van outside a tobacconist's shop while he went in to purchase a packet of cigarettes, found to his amazement on returning that the van had disappeared or, as Wagstaffe puts it, vanished. Attaching no serious importance however to the matter and suspecting nothing more than a practical joke on the part of one of his mates, he unfortunately said nothing whatever about the occurrence until the following morning. By this time the van had been discovered by a policeman, less its contents, and *without any driver*, on Hampstead Heath, whither, it is presumed, it must have been driven. While the recovery of the van is satisfactory the serious part of the business is of course the loss of all its contents, though luckily the Department cannot be held responsible under this head. In the meantime, to add a touch of humour to the situation, the police are threatening proceedings against the P.M.G. for having left the van "unattended"!

Thursday.—As was of course to be expected, *The Live Wire* has got hold of affair of safe and is not failing to make the most of it in characteristically vulgar and unscrupulous way. Thus it entirely slurs over the circumstances that the sub-postmaster *obtained a receipt* for the safe and that the thieves were *wearing official uniforms*, and gives not the slightest credit for fact that this is absolutely first time that Department has ever lost one of its safes in this particular manner. Typically vulgar, too, is its gibe at the P.M.G.—"Postmaster-General Must Go"—while in equally execrable taste is its foolish play upon the initials G.P.O., viz., General Paralysis Office.

Friday.—Van affair as great a mystery as ever, but further investigation goes to show that scoundrels had evidently laid their plans most carefully beforehand and had deliberately waited their opportunity until driver was temporarily absent. Otherwise theft could never have been perpetrated. But of course it is quite useless to expect public to grasp facts in such cases and we shall doubtless have *The Live Wire* in full cry again when the thing comes out.

Appears that Chief has got the wind up and decided to make special arrangements for dealing with such incidents as have recently occurred. We are to have what Wagstaffe has dubbed a "Lost, Stolen or Strayed Department" to look after all our missing property, and I am to take charge. Fortunately, things seem to be improving already; apart from a few odd mail-bags and registered packets, we have lost nothing of any note since the mail-van incident; so we are not doing so badly.

Saturday.—No more losses reported so far.

Engaged greater part of morning in considering difficult case of young man who recently picked up a couple of mail-bags in the Mile End Road and, carried away by the impulse of the moment, conveyed them to the nearest police-station. Needless to say, his proper course was not to have touched the bags, which are the property of the Crown, but to have proceeded to the nearest District Office and there reported the matter. Decided accordingly that, as this was the second or third case of the kind and it was necessary to make an example, the Department had no alternative but to institute proceedings against him for unlawful possession.

SALUTE TO A YOUNG COMPATRIOT.

[As a result of the National Marking scheme there has been an enormous increase in the consumption of the home as against the foreign egg.]

BRIGHT as the morning, debonair,
Guiltless and free from wrong,
The British Egg, sublimely fair
As some loved head devoid of hair,
Inspires my wayward song.

Not as the breeds that cringe and beg
And walk without the pale,
The mother of the English Egg
Eats from a kind of patent keg
Food that shall never fail.

The deep desire that fills her breast
With every rising sun
Is this: to see within the nest
An Egg more noble and more blest
Than yestermorning's one!

On all her ways she goes about
With eyes of dreamy pride,
Feeding on bits of Brussels-sprout,
Doing her country's work devout
And half beatified.

Our modern turmoil she escapes,
She flaps a selfless wing,
She does not suffer from the gapes
But indefatigably shapes
Her ovoid offering,

That, like an orbéd star of heaven
White and serenely rayed,
Plucked from the hay at half-past seven
Is on the railway by eleven
And stamped as *English Made*.

Vain are the protests, vain the ire,
The shouts, the persiflage
Of foreign hens whose products dire
Appeal less often to the buyer,
Vexed by their fearful age!

Vainly they prick an anxious comb,
Vainly they sweat and toil,
While on the gas-rings of our home,
Fresher than Venus from the foam,
The Eggs of England boil.

The British Egg beloved of yore,
The Egg of ancient song,
Still shall it wage triumphant war
With every vile competitor,
And oust the Alien Egg, but more
By being good than strong! EVOE.

Gala Days on the Stock Exchange.

"Guinness spurted . . . ."
Evening Paper.



Master of Geology Class. "ANYBODY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ALABASTER?"
Smith. "YES, SIR; HE WAS THE CHAP WHO DID IN THE FORTY THIEVES."

STARBOARD, PORT AND SHERRY.

(It is hoped that the following may bring light into many British homes. If the word "port" is used anywhere where the word should be "starboard," or vice versâ, the fault is entirely the printer's.)

IN the merry time of sherry when the vermouth's on the wing, and one titters o'er the bitters or is grave across the gin(g)—in other words, just before dinner, I was standing in the ward-room explaining to the officers of *H.M.S. Curious* how moorings should be picked up, anchors catted and naval operations in general be conducted. And during my second sherry it occurred to me that the time was ripe to explain to the Navigating Officer the only solution of the Port and Starboard controversy.

He took it very well. As you have probably gathered from letters in *The Times* there are loathly fellows about who wish to substitute for the historic expressions "Port" and "Starboard" the land-lubberly words "Left" and "Right." The people who write to *The Times* always assume that all the people who read *The Times* know as much about what they are writing about as they do. This is erroneous. I am probably the only lay-reader of *The Times* who really understands this particular subject, and even I may have a hiatus or two. I will therefore assume, reader, that you know nothing. (I made the same assumption, by the way, about the Navigating Officer, but in the merry hour of sherry a man will suffer much.)

Very well, then. "Starboard" is the right side of the ship as you look towards the sharp end, and "Port" is the left as you come out of the smoking-room. (The fishermen of Ceylon have boats with a rudder each end, and what words they use I cannot tell you.)

Now if the officer navigating a steam-

ship sees the *port* light of another steamship about to cross his course and on his *starboard* hand he has to keep out of her way, and the chances are that he will go to *starboard* himself.

What happens then is this. Hold tight. He wants to go to *starboard*; he says to the helmsman, "*Port 10*"; the helmsman turns the top of the wheel to *starboard*, the helm or tiller goes to *port*, the rudder goes to *starboard* and the ship goes to *starboard*. Got it? No? Well, you will understand the difficulties of discussing this subject with an expert at the merry time of sherry when the vermouth 's on the wing.

Let us take it in tabloid form:—

TABLOID A.

You want to go to . .	*starboard* →
Officer says	"*Port*" . ←
Helmsman puts wheel to	*starboard* →
Helm goes to	*port* . . ←
Rudder goes to . . .	*starboard* →

Well, can you wonder at an occasional collision at sea?

In addition there are many nations who do something quite different. Some say "Starboard" when they want to go to starboard, meaning "Starboard the ship" and not "Starboard the helm"; some, I believe, say "Port your helm" and put the wheel to port; some say "Right" or "Left" (which is disgusting and can be equally ambiguous); while the sailors of some South American countries spit twice and hope for the best. And you may at any moment have on the bridge a pilot or a helmsman who was reared in some filthy foreign clime and not in the noble traditions of the British Mercantile Marine; so that when you hiss "Port!" as you approach a large rock he may think you mean "Go to port" instead of "Port your helm," and, instead of putting the wheel to starboard, he puts the wheel to port, the tiller goes to starboard, the rudder goes to port and the vessel goes to blazes. (Got that?)

"And *that*," said I to the Navigating Officer, "is where you make your mistake. I am all for keeping starboard and port——"

"Have another sherry," said the Navigating Officer.

"I am all for keeping sherry and starboard," I continued, "but the thing should be logical."

"It is based on the helm or tiller," said he.

"And where is the helm or tiller?" said I.

"In this ship," said he, "right at the back."

"And where is the man who steers the vessel?"

"In this vessel," he said, "towards the front."

"About a hundred-and-fifty yards away?"

"Yes."

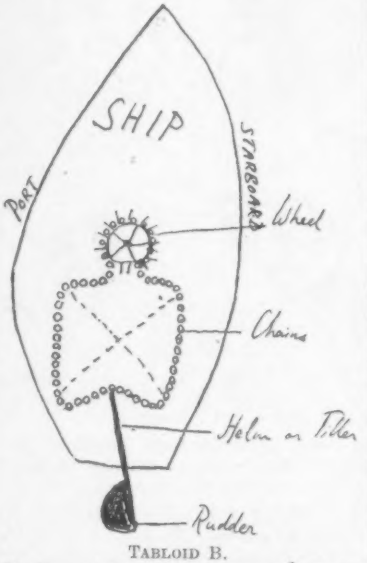
"Has he ever *seen* the tiller? Have *you* seen the tiller? Has anybody seen the tiller? *Is* there as a matter of fact a tiller?"

"Now you come to mention it," he said agreeably, "I'm not sure there is—not what *you*'d call a tiller."

"Nevertheless," said I, "the young recruit to the Navy is told that all this starboard-stuff is based on the helm or tiller. When he is steering a small boat he is taught on the order 'Port your helm' to put the tiller to *port*, for he wants to go starboard. Now when he comes on the bridge of a big ship he sees not a tiller to steer with, but a wheel; and when he gets the order, 'Port your helm,' the simple youth would naturally put the top of the wheel to port, *n'est-ce pas*? But he doesn't; he is told to put it to *starboard*. The boy says 'Golly!' and the boy is right!"

"True," the Navigating Officer murmured, and he began to draw a most extraordinary plan (Tabloid B).

Beginners, please study.



TABLOID B.

(The diagonal dotted lines represent Haddock's first brilliant suggestion.)

"This is what happened," he said, "when the wheel took the place of the tiller. Imagine that you have put chains on the tiller and wrapped them round the wheel. And you will see, by this arrangement, if you turn the top of the wheel to starboard, the chain pulls the tiller to port, so, on the order 'Port your helm,' you turn the wheel to starboard."

"It would have been more sensible," said I brightly, "more in keeping with the honourable traditions of the British Fleet, to *cross* the chains—*so*—so that on the order 'Port your helm' you could turn the top of the wheel to port." (See d tted lines in plan.)

"True," said he; "but they didn't think of that. It 's a pity you weren't there."

"Or, perhaps," I said, "they had very *large* wheels and very *sma l* helmsmen who could only reach to the *bottom* of the wheel, in which case of course they really did turn it to port."

"Perhaps," he said. "Two sherries, steward."

"But the best thing now," I said, rather gratified, "now that nobody sees the tiller (if there *is* a tiller) is to forget all about the mouldy old tiller. That is to say, leave the chains as they are (I don't want you to remodel the ship, old boy), but when you want to *go* to starboard, give the *order* 'Starboard'; the helmsman puts the *wheel* to starboard, the *rudder* goes to starboard, the *ship* goes to starboard—in fact the only thing which doe-n't go to starboard is the jolly old tiller which isn't there. That 's logical and easy to learn. Simple alteration of one word. The present arrangement, if I may say so with great respect, old boy, is absolutely neither one thing nor the other."

"There 's a lot of reason in what you say," said the Navigator. "There is also a good deal of sherry. You forget that the present generation of British sailors have been brought up on the pre-ent system and would be all at sea if it was altered."

"You underestimate the intelligence of the British sailor," said I. "Is he incapable of learning a new thing? Does he navigate on the left side of the road in France? You can't impose the British system, as it is, on the world, because it doesn't make sense. But the Haddock system—*Say 'starboard'—wheel 'starboard'—ship 'starboard'*—is simple, logical and easily to be understood by the raw recruit and the benighted alien. You might make *that* the standard system of the world. But, if you stand there talking a lot of vermouth about the present generation being unable to change, you'll have the League of Nations or somebody putting this ghastly 'Right' and 'Left' stuff over. You mark my words."

"That," said the Navigator, "is becoming increasingly difficult. Sherry your helm and come in to dinner."

A. P. H.

"The bust portrait of a gentleman by Titian was sold for 1,350 guineas at Sotheby's yesterday."—*Manchester Paper.*

Who wouldn't part with their damaged Old Masters at this price?

LONDON'S LATEST EPIDEMIC.

SOME SKATING-RINK STYLES AND STYLISTS.



THE CHARLESTON.



THE BIRD OF PREY.



THE SUPER-DREADNOUGHT.



THE OLDEST INHABITANT.



THE WINDMILL.



THE DROWNING MAN.



THE TAILOR'S DUMMY.



THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER.



GRAND GUIGNOL.

A ROMANCE OF THE TALKIES.

ONCE upon a time there was a very nice old American millionaire named Theodore Lincoln. He had failing sight, and he simply loved the talkies.

But that is the wrong beginning.

Once upon a time there was a very beautiful film-star named Dolores Madison. She lived in an imitation Moorish palace called "The Cabin," in the neighbourhood of Hollywood, and had three marble bathing-pools with artificial waves, a marble skating-rink with artificial ice and (being one of the intelligentsia) a literary salon, every Thursday, with artificial poets. She had also a private chapel, where she liked to be photographed, a library full of the most beautifully-bound first-editions, and a camel. She had met the camel while on a tour in Egypt, and the poor thing had looked so dreadfully tired that she could not bear to think of its going back to Mecca, or wherever it was, through all that awful sand, and had taken it back with her first-class to Hollywood.

Dolores was as popular as she was beautiful. She always had breakfast in bed, and lunch, tea and dinner with whatever celebrity was within the range of her attraction. She had been married three times, each time unhappily—for she had the artistic temper as well as the artistic temperament—and she had grown to look on marriage (so she wittily expressed it) as "a hollow mockery." Her camel, however, was devoted to her.

One day her manager, Mr. Ephraim Izzlestein, the eldest son of one of the oldest families in Hollywood, rang up to ask if he could come and see her.

Dolores said he could, and changed into a new scarlet bathing-suit—or "ripple-gown," as she called it.

When he arrived he looked so worried that Dolores tipped him into the deep end of the pool to freshen him up.

Then Mr. Izzlestein said, "You can stretch your face now, Dolly" (which of course was short for Dolores), "but your grin" (he had been her first husband and was allowed to talk to her in this way) "will fade right out when you hear me."

And Dolores said, "Toot away, Gabriel; Ah guess Ahm steady."

So Mr. Izzlestein gave a little groan and explained that Terrestrial Pictures (1930) Ltd., of which he was president, were about to produce nothing but talkies.

And Dolores said in pure Middle-West, "Say, Izzie, woan't that be jaast too sweet?"

And Mr. Izzlestein said he hoped it would.

But when Dolores recorded her first sentence, Professor Wilbur van Wuille, of Grand Canyon University, who was Acoustic Adviser to the Corporation, said that her accent was simply dreadful. At that Dolores lost her artistic temper and was very pleased to find (when he had recovered consciousness) that Professor van Wuille had resigned from the Corporation. But all the other Acoustic Advisers still said the same thing when they came to again and at last a small advertisement appeared in *The Los Angeles Examiner*:—

> WANTED: ENGLISH TAILOR-MADE WHO HAS NOT MIXED ANY. MUST HAVE PURE OLD-WORLD ACCENT. OTHERS NEED NOT WORRY US. APPEARANCE NO CUT IN. APPLY, ETC.

Now, in Hollywood at this time was a poor English schoolmistress, Miss Mary Smith, who had gone to the United States to teach shorthand (speeds 80–100) and music. But as everyone in Hollywood could already write a hundred-and-twenty words a minute, and everyone had a wireless-set and a cabinet-gramophone, she got poorer and poorer. So when she saw the advertisement she smoothed down her blouse, set her pince-nez more firmly on her nose and went along.



"I CONSIDER YOUR CHARGES EXTORTIONATE, AND I'M GLAD TO SHAKE THE DUST OF YOUR VILLAGE OFF MY FEET."

"THEN LET ME TELL YOU, SIR, YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT SORT OF CAR FOR DOING IT."

The young man in the office looked at her suspiciously and said, "I guess you're the new girl for a black-out in a silent." And everyone laughed, except Miss Smith, who said politely, "I'm afraid there's some mistake. Would you please take my card to Mr. Izzlestein?"

A moment later the young man came back with a surprised look on his face and said that Mr. Izzlestein would like to see her. Then everybody stopped laughing, because Mr. Izzlestein never saw anybody—not even Dolores—and the young man asked for her autograph. So Miss Smith wrote her favourite verse from WORDSWORTH in his album and went in.

Mr. Izzlestein was ready for her and said, "Well, sister, let's hear your squeaker."

And Miss Smith said, "How do you do?"

When he heard that, Mr. Izzlestein knew that Miss Smith was very refined, and sent for Dolores.

Now Miss Smith and Dolores liked each other at once; and in less time than usual, because Miss Smith was very punctual and businesslike, Mr. Izzlestein's super-talkie, *Honeymoon Husbands*, was filling The Austerity on Broadway.

And one day, old Mr. Theodore Lincoln, who was a very nice old gentleman, was wheeled into his private box to hear it. All the other voices were dreadful, as though the actors were speaking into empty milk-jugs, but when Dolores moved her beautiful lips (and Miss Smith said the words) the voice came through so sweetly that tears gathered in Mr. Lincoln's eyes and he had to go home.

Next day he wrote a long letter to Dolores and proposed marriage to her. Being old-fashioned, he finished the letter ". . . my age is 87, and I remain, Yours Respectfully and Devotedly, (Signed) THEODORE LINCOLN."

When Dolores got the letter she was very pleased, because by the same post she had received offers of marriage from a Russian Prince, a Polish Count and the Secretary of the International Pea-Nut Development Trust. But she liked the age of Mr. Lincoln best, and asked him to come and see her.

When he arrived she greeted him charmingly. "Waal, if you ain't the

sweetest red-hot dada in California I jaast don't know you!"

On hearing her real voice Mr. Lincoln got very frightened and explained to his solicitor, who was with him, how things were, and the solicitor explained to Dolores how things couldn't be.

At that Dolores gave a shrill Chicago giggle and said, "I guess it 's our little home-spun you want," and called in Miss Smith.

When she came in, Mr. Lincoln said, "Pleased to meet you," very cordially.

"How do you do?" she replied.

"Vurry glad to know you, Miss Smith," he said gallantly.

"Miss Smythe," replied Miss Smith coldly but politely.

Then Mr. Lincoln knew that she was very refined and well-bred, because he had been over to England before the mast in a windjammer in his youth and understood that kind of thing. But he was very cautious.

"Do you like EMERSON?" he asked, putting her to the stiffest test he knew.

"I prefer RUSKIN," replied Miss Smith simply.

"Which one?" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln excitedly, because RUSKIN had been a school-prize of his for singing.

"*Sesame and Lilies*," answered Miss Smith.

So Mr. Lincoln knew at once that everything really was all right. Because every girl in his part of the great United States pronounced it "*Seesame*" (in two syllables) and Miss Smith pronounced it "*Sessamee*" (in three), which showed how well-brought-up she was.

"I have come to ask you to marry me," Mr. Lincoln blurted out.

At that, poor Miss Smith (pronounced Smythe) gave a little gasp and said "Oh, but I 'm afraid I don't know you. You see Hollywood is so different from West Kensington."

Then, remembering his English days when he had worked as a newsboy in Shepherd's Bush, Mr. Lincoln said, "Then I guess you 're one of the old Hammersmith Smythes."

When Miss Smith heard the word "Hammersmith" she blushed, because, although her mother always said their road was in West Kensington, the Post-Office always called it Hammersmith.

So Mr. Lincoln, who already loved her very much on account of her voice—he was too blind to see what she looked like—had her cornered. And he said, "Then for the sake of the old family would you be willing to share my yacht, my aeroplane, my town-house, my country-house, my other country-house, my golf-course, my Riviera palace, my Scottish shooting-lodge? . . ."

But Miss Smith (pronounced Smythe) stopped him and said, "Quaite."

TO A LANDLORD, AFTER A RISE IN THE RATES.

SIR, blame me not that here you find
Scarce half the rent I owe;
Our Urban Council has a mind
To Progress, as you know.

The rising costs of Housing, Light,
Roads, Poor-Relief and Drains
Devolve on me—which may be right,
But little cash remains.

And this insolvency is such
As you too shall deplore;
I cannot pay you, Sir, so much
Now that the rates are more.

How Our Old Headmasters Really Feel About Us.

"Any old boys who have not received the circular please communicate with the Rev. —— ——. Information with regard to deceased old boys or masters will be particularly welcomed."—*Notice in Manchester Paper.*



Girl (coming to after the toss). "WHERE AM I?"
Conscientious Young Man. "I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE MAP."



"AND WHAT DOES YOUR HUSBAND SAY TO ALL YOUR GAIETY?"
"OH, HE'S QUITE EASY. IF HE COMPLAINS I JUST TURN MY BACK ON HIM."

I STUDY THE MARKET.

[Mr. EDGAR WALLACE says that an author must study his market, like any tradesman; and that he has sent a card to many notable people in Oxford asking whether they prefer *The Calendar*—which has just been played there—to his usual type of thriller.]

As an author I am much obliged to Mr. WALLACE. I shall take his advice and study my market in future. I have now drafted a letter which, circulated widely, might be the means of bringing me nearer the heart of the novel-reading public:—

DEAR SIR (or MADAM),—Before embarking on the writing of my next novel I should greatly esteem a personal statement of your requirements in this direction, as it is my earnest desire to meet your wishes. Perhaps you will be good enough to strike out those items which do not appeal to you in the following list:—

HERO.

Eyes.	Blue, black, grey, green, fawn, puce, heather mixture.
Type.	Brawny (strong and silent). / Brainy (delicate, loquacious).
Appearance	Handsome. / Ugly (yet oddly attractive).
Appeal	Women unable to resist. / " able " "
Position	Poor (rising to affluence). / Rich (descending to poverty).

HEROINE.

Eyes.	*See* HERO. Lashes sweeping or curling.
Type.	Leaning, clinging. / Strong-minded, independent.
Appearance	Beautiful. / Interesting.
Shape	Rounded, short. / Angular, tall.
Aims	A mission in life. / Prefers to stay at home.

THEME.

Mystery	Bloodless, bloody. / Soluble, defies solution. / With or without love interest.
Love.	Unrequited, requited. / Orthodox, irregular.
Sacrifice	On part of hero, heroine, parents, children, other parties.
Ending	Happy. / Tragic. / Left to reader's imagination.

With reference to settings and backgrounds, may I respectfully point out that I can supply a large and varied number, including all parts of Africa (exclusive of the Gold Coast), and have a good descriptive knowledge of Brazil, which is at the moment the last note in fiction settings. (N.B. All native vernacular and names of exotic plants and tropical birds which occur in my stories are guaranteed genuine.)

For lighter work I am very familiar with Mediterranean settings and well-known European resorts. I have made a speciality of observing life and love on board the larger and more luxurious liners.

The admittedly popular South Sea Islands, though not included in my repertoire, could be readily undertaken if the demand for this setting is heavy. Distance no object.

Assuring you of my best attention at all times and hoping for a further continuance of your esteemed custom,

Yours respectfully, etc.

I think I shall add a note that my fiction is absolutely pure; that my ideas are fresh daily; that families can be waited on. After all, I don't see why the tradesmen should have all the good slogans.

F. A. K.



THE "TARIFF TRUCE."

MR. SNOWDEN. "LET US AGREE NOT TO ADD TO OUR RESPECTIVE WEAPONS. INDEED, TO PROVE MY GOOD FAITH, I HAVE EVEN CONTEMPLATED THROWING MINE AWAY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 3rd.—A single glance at the serried ranks of the noble backwoodsmen was enough to satisfy all present that the House of Lords intended to see it through. Had a second glance been necessary the "Invictus" look on Lord SUMNER'S face made all clear. Their Lordships' amendments to the Unemployment Insurance Bill were to be adhered to, come what might.

For the moment only Lord PARMOOR came. He considerately offered his opponents an opportunity of surrendering gracefully by suggesting that the Amendments in question raised a serious question of privilege. Whether this appeal might have been effective in other circumstances one cannot say. It was doomed to fall on deaf ears after the LORD PRESIDENT had haughtily informed their Lordships that in his view their functions were confined to offering suggestions.

Lord SALISBURY very promptly repudiated that notion as well as the question of privilege. That House, he proclaimed, shared the Commons' legislative powers and proposed to legislate or perish. It seemed, however, that they only intended to see through one Amendment, that putting a time limit to the Bill, Lord DARLING'S "genuinely seeking work" clause being sacrificed because, as your scribe pointed out last week, it had inherent defects.

Lord BUCKMASTER, ever the exponent of eloquent reasonableness, said that he too would rather go down to defeat than down to decay, but urged the unwisdom of locking horns with the Government on an issue that found the Liberals in the Commons siding with the Socialists.

Lord GAINFORD approved the Conservative cause, but declined to perish for it, and it was left to Lord SUMNER to sound "the long stern swell that bids the Romans close." And close they did to the tune of 146 votes to 42.

The Third Reading in the Commons of the Consolidated Fund (No. 2) Bill gave the LORD PRIVY SEAL another opportunity to—

> ". . . . talk of many things,
> Of tubes and ships and granaries
> And joint-stock banks and things,
> Why Manchester has gone to pot
> And motors soar on wings."

The debate, however, found Mr. THOMAS in no mood of riotous self-confidence. Metaphorically he lifted his hands in despair at the growing unemployment figures, at the same time rather ingenuously declaring that the country has no conception of the depressed state of the cotton industry, by which he presumably meant that Mr. SNOWDEN has no idea of it. Sir H. SAMUEL wondered if the Government's commitments to relieve unemployment might not in the end increase it, and Mr. GRENFELL declared baldly that confidence would be restored in the City (claimed by Mr. THOMAS as a staunch ally) when and not before taxation starts to come down. Mr. AMERY said that Protection was the only remedy, and Sir OSWALD MOSLEY wound up by wondering rather pathetically if they had not made a mistake in taking the House too much into their confidence.



Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON. "JUST LOOK AT THE VALENTINE I'VE HAD FROM CAIRO!"

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON. "YES, BUT SEE WHAT I'M SENDING TO MOSCOW!"

Tuesday, February 4th.—An Opposition's business is to oppose, and that, no doubt, is why the Conservatives for more than three hours opposed the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE'S motion that Parts II. and III. of the Coal Mines Bill should be taken before Part I. Thereby of course hung a tale. Mr. GRAHAM in fact had hung a tail, in the shape of Part III.—dealing with mines reorganisation—on to the Bill under pressure from the Liberals, and was now trying to make the animal move tail first—also at Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S dictation, although, as Conservative speakers acidly pointed out, the Liberal leader was in no way pledged to look favourably on Part I. of the Bill when its turn came to be considered.

A reported visit of the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was likened by Mr. BALDWIN to the Emperor HENRY THE FOURTH'S journey of penance to Canossa; and Mr. CHURCHILL, less historical, recalled an occasion on which the FOREIGN MINISTER had been kept "waiting on the mat." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE admitted the visit but described it as a solitary tribute to age and infirmity.

> "At my age, Master William," the old man said,
> "Infirmity holds one in fee,
> So, although I am standing your Bill on its head,
> Don't you think you should call upon me?"

The Government Benches, knowing that things were going their way, kept studiously silent until Commodore KING suggested that a few days' delay in reaching Part II. of the Bill—dealing with hours of work—would be all to the good, as the miners were coming round to the idea of having a forty-five hour week instead of a seven-and-a-half-hour day. Miner Members, who bitterly resent the suggestion that anybody should profess to speak for the miners but themselves, began to shout excitedly and put imaginary points of order to Mr. DUNNICO. Mr. KENNEDY, the Labour Whip, suspecting perhaps that his cohorts were wanting their tea, moved the closure.

After disposing of a single Amendment to Part II. of the Bill the House turned to the obstinate Peers' time-limit Amendment to the Unemployment Insurance Bill. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD hurled a few intemperate accusations against the Upper Chamber, accusing it, among other things, of regarding itself as "a sub-committee of the Tory Party." He admitted however that he was in a fix and resentfully intimated that the Government proposed to compromise on a limit of three years instead of one. It only remained for Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in a vein of gentle raillery, to commend the "pampered darlings" of Parliament for coming to terms with the Lords instead of trying to ignore them, as the FOREIGN SECRETARY and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL together had done.

Wednesday, February 5th.—The acceptance by the Peers of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S compromise, claimed by

Lord SALISBURY as a substantial victory, though Lord HALSBURY denied this, cleared the way for a debate on parrot disease, as to which Lord MARLEY innocently observed that "where there were no parrots in a house the people in that house appeared to be safe"—a prediction that may not hold good of an Upper House. Lord DAWSON OF PENN suggested that a quarantine of parrots would meet the case. If they were put in close association with some of His Majesty's Forces they would emerge with their saleable value appreciably enhanced.

So many more brickbats than bouquets reach the FOREIGN MINISTER that he was quite entitled to give the House the full text of a little valentine just received from the Egyptian Prime Minister. Certainly he was justified in describing as extremely friendly the speech in which the latter had presented the British treaty proposals to the consideration of the Egyptian Chamber.

Mr. MACDONALD having assured Mr. BALDWIN that if the Opposition officially asked for a day to discuss Soviet propaganda a day would be given, the House turned to the subject of the need of trade with Russia as expounded by Miss ELLEN WILKINSON.

Miss WILKINSON's argument was in effect that there was money to be got out of Russia, provided of course Russia got credit facilities first, and that what went on inside the country was no affair of ours. Indeed the bulk of her speech was directed to asserting that most of what went on in Russia went on in the imagination of "Our Riga Correspondent."

Sir E. HILTON YOUNG disposed at a blow Miss WILKINSON's rosy dreams of prosperity flowing to us through revived Russian trade by pointing out that at the most favourable period in history our exports to Russia averaged a little over three per cent of the total. Mr. W. ALLEN, a hard-headed Belfast Unionist, supported Miss WILKINSON to the extent of suggesting that anything in the way of trade with Russia should certainly be got, but declared that it never could amount to much until Russia got loans, which meant that there must be a debt settlement first. Mr. GILLETT, Parliamentary Secretary of the Overseas Trade Department, expressed the Government's sympathy with the Motion but not in very practical or ardent terms. On the contrary he more than hinted that it would be as well to wait till the end of this year and see how the famous five-year programme was getting on.

The House passed on to the depressed heavy industries, growing more and more depressed, in spite of a maiden speech by Mr. PYBUS, until eleven o'clock brought relief.

Thursday, February 6th.—It looks as if the Empire had "left its sugar standing in the rain," as the song has it, and the sugar was melting away. Or so it appeared from the Lords' debate, initiated by Lord ELIBANK, on the crisis in the West India sugar industry, a debate in which Lord OLIVIER, Chairman of the West India Sugar Commission, took the rôle of Pessimist-in-Chief.



Lord DAWSON OF PENN (to parrot suspected of psittacosis). "SAY 'NINETY-NINE!'"
Parrot. "—! —! —!" *(unparliamentary).*



A BIRD OF ILL-OMEN.
LORD OLIVIER.

Putting the truth above mere Party, Lord OLIVIER intimated with considerable vigour that the sugar crisis in the British West Indies was due to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's known determination to have free sugar. Lord PASSFIELD admitted the position was grave but attributed it to the ups and downs of the sugar trade, in which the planters of the lean years were generally purchasers at inflated prices from the planters of the fat years, the consequence being a periodical crisis. By the time he had finished the COLONIAL SECRETARY had quite outpessimised even Lord OLIVIER, but though he declared that something must be done about it he did not say what. The Duke of ATHOLL said it was a pleasure to know that Lord PASSFIELD appreciated the gravity of the situation—a small mercy, in the circumstances, to be thankful for.

Colonel HOWARD-BURY appealed to the PRIME MINISTER to remember, in appointing the new Economic Advisory Council, that the Government already had twenty-one thousand pounds a year's worth of economic advisers on its payroll. Mr. MACDONALD replied that this was a field of investigation in which he had been the first to delve, but they must wait and see how things turned out before trying to economise on economists.

We shall never know whether the coal-miners would prefer a forty-five-hour week or a ninety-hour fortnight to a seven-and-a-half-hour day. Conservatives and Liberals led by Sir ROBERT HORNE and Mr. RUNCIMAN, thought they would prefer one or the other of the former, but the miner Members thought otherwise. Anyway they made it clear that they were not going to have it, and the result was a foregone conclusion. Indeed it seemed rather superfluous that the Opposition should spend so much time endeavouring to speak for those who appeared to have plenty of representatives present to speak—fervently if not very convincingly—for them.

CORRECTION.

Mr. Punch wishes to correct with due apology a misstatement made last week in these columns, where it was said that Mr. NORMAN ANGELL, before the War, "wrote a book proving that another war was impossible." The object of this book was of course to show that war was futile, not impossible. Mr. Punch has Mr. ANGELL's assurance that never at any time has he said or implied or thought for one moment that war was impossible. The currency of this "outrageous myth" has, according to Mr. ANGELL, reduced his market value as an author, during twenty years, by about ninety-per-cent. Mr. Punch sincerely hopes that this too is a misstatement.



A CANDIDATE FOR THE POSITION OF BOROUGH TREASURER BEING EXAMINED BY THE PUBLIC PSYCHO-ANALYST ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS DREAMS.

A BIT OF A DOG'S LIFE.

Vernon calls him Col because he resembles the collie among his forbears as much as any other. That dog and I are friends; I have thrown sticks for him, and he has brought them back all moist with slobber and invited me to throw them again. There is an understanding between us.

The moments when Col and I come most nearly together in thought and feeling are, I think, when his master plays the piano. A shallow thinker hearing Vernon play might argue that for him music must be the food of love, judging by the way he plays on. Were Col and I to reveal our inmost feelings we should confess that we could not share such a view.

Only Col's sterling example strengthens me to endure. There is a prelude or a sonata, I am never sure which, greatly loved by Vernon and included in every programme he plays in our hearing. It plumbs the depths with such persistence that Col and I are united by it in a great bond of sympathy. At the sound of the opening chords he rises from the hearthrug as one stricken and with bowed head comes slowly to me and looks into my face with mournful eyes. Then he sits and rests his chin on my knee. "He's begun that noise again," he whispers; "if you will just rub me behind the ears a little I think I can stand it better; and then I will lick your hand if that will help you." His eyes brim with tears while I rub him, and it eases the strain a little for me to be doing something.

When I stop at last, Col turns his pathetic eyes towards the occupant of the music-stool, then looks back hopelessly into my face. "He will not finish for a long time; couldn't you rub me for a little longer—just a little?" He shoves his nose against my hand.

Presently he gets up and slinks round the back of the piano, where he sighs heavily and lies down with his eyes closed and his head along his outstretched paws. He sighs again. So do I.

Then come the variations on a theme. Col returns to me. He cannot feel sure of himself. If I would rub him behind the ears again, just a little—ah, thank you! By now I am wishing someone would rub me behind my ears or temporarily remove them.

"That dog of yours is a fine character. I believe he'd die for you," I say.

"He's a good dog," says Vernon; "and, unlike some dogs, he doesn't mind music. Notice how quiet he keeps?"

"FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE.
Mr. R. W. G. —— and Miss ——."
Daily Paper.

And apparently she said "Done."

A SAINT FOR SONG-BIRDS.

AMONG the halos hooped and fine
No halo has a friendlier shine
Than that of good SAINT VALENTINE.

Pan pipes the lambs to pagan strains;
Persephone makes daisy chains;
SAINT VAL's for thrushes' nests in lanes.

None's like SAINT VAL, come shower, come sun,
For thrushes' nests begun or done,
And warm new eggs laid one by one.

For up and down the pleasant land
SAINT VALENTINE, from frilled wristband,
Will lay his kind old wrinkled hand

Where little Mrs. Thrush occurs,
Soft brooding in the blackthorn blurs
Above the blue eggs that are hers.

And when he blesses her employ
None shall besiege her small tall Troy—
Nor rat nor rook nor mouching boy.

And only folk like you and me
Her round unruffled eye may see,
A jewel shining in a tree.

So now, when Pan pipes woolly herds
And daisies wait Persephone's words,
SAINT VALENTINE's for singing-birds.

P. R. C.

MR. MAFFERTY INTERVIEWS A PUBLISHER.

"IT 's the wonder of the world," said Mr. Mafferty, "there 's all them books published, an' every publisher penniless, God help them. It 's well I remember the first meetin' I had with a publisher, Mr. Heather. I 'd written a book, the first small blushin' child of me youth. But I thought it a grand book then, Mr. Heather; an' it 's fine things, I 'd heard tell, the Publisher's Reader had said about it. So I walk into the office with a great pride in me heart, to fix the terms an' royalties an' all, for I had no agent. Me fortune 's made, I 'm thinkin', for aren't there forty million ladies an' gintlemen in the British Isles? An' if only one in a hundred of them has anny intelligence that 's four hundred thousand copies of me book is sold already. An' maybe the kind publisher will give me two shillin's a copy, an' that 's forty thousand pounds itself. I 'll be buyin' a steam-yacht before the year is ended.

"An' with them encouragin' thoughts, Mr. Heather, I steps into the room of the Business Manager, Mr. Weeple. A quare hard man, Mr. Heather, in a quare hard room, an' he sittin' at a great table with telephones an' speakin'-tubes, the way you 'd think he was manager of a bank. Well, I thought maybe he 'd rise up an' give a shout of thanksgivin' to see the man that had written the great book that would be bringin' him riches in the years to come. An' I thought maybe he'd be praisin' this passage an' that, an' sayin' small pieces of the book by heart, an' sendin' out for the champagne an' cigars. But he says, 'Ah, Mr. Mafferty,' an' he gives me a quare cold look, the way you 'd have thought I 'd murdered his mother.

"'Sit down,' says he, an' I sits down tremblin', thinkin' maybe I 'd come to the doctor's by mistake.

"'So you 've written a book?' says he.

"'Maybe,' says I cautiously. 'There 's no crime in that, surely?'

"'I can't tell,' says he, 'for I 've not read it at all. It 's not meself has the time to be readin' books. But I have our Reader's report here,' says he, pickin' up a paper, an' he looks at it through his gold glasses a small piece disgusted, like it might be a magistrate is readin' a list of the prisoner's convictions.

"Well, me young heart sinks, an' Mr. Weeple says, 'The Reader says your book 's a readable book,' says he.

"'That 's fine,' says I.

"'An' it 's ready we are to publish your book,' says he. 'But, you know, Mr. Mafferty, there 's no money in your book at all. The Reader says it 's a readable book, but it 's not himself believes it will sell.'

"'That 's bad,' says I, thinking sadly of me steam-yacht.

"'It 's about the Great War,' says he, 'an there 's no man or woman wants to read about that.' ('Twas ten years ago, Mr. Heather, and, begob, at that time the low fella was right.)

"'But it 's ready an' glad we are,' says he, 'to publish your small book, only let you not be expectin' great royalties, Mr. Mafferty, nor no advance at all, for I 'm thinkin' it 's great sorrow an' loss will be comin' to this house at the latter end, printin' two thousand copies of your fine book an' sellin' a hundred or maybe less.'



The Top Boy. "HONEST, YOU 'RE LUCKY TO BE DOWN THERE, BERT. THE ROVERS IS PLAYING SOMETHINK SHOCKING. IT REELLY AIN'T WORTH LOOKING AT."

"'Holy Moses!' says I to meself, 'It 's a mean fella I am, surely.'

"'Sorrow an' wretchedness,' says Mr. Weeple, sighin'. 'Wretchedness an' sorrow. But that 's the way of the world.'

"'I wonder now,' says I, 'you 'd be publishin' books at all, an' you sellin' no more than four dozen or maybe five.'

"'It 's the wonder of the town,' says he. 'But that 's the way of me generous firm. It 's a kind of a charity we are, givin' great books to the people for the love of learnin' an' goodness only.'

"'Well,' says I, 'let me take me poor small book out of this place, for it 's not meself would be draggin' down a noble-hearted firm in sorrow an' ruin to the grave.'

"'Let you sit still, Mr. Mafferty,' says he, 'for there 's no other publisher will waste a cold look or an unkind word on your book, an' it about the War. I was wonderin', Mr. Mafferty,' says he, takin' off his glasses, 'what would you say to a ten-per-cent flat royalty an' no advance, an' the American rights is ours, an' the film rights is ours, an' we publish your next three books on the same terms, no less?'

"'I 'm thinkin',' says I, ''tis a quare small steam-yacht I 'll be buyin' with royalties the like of them, an' you sellin' a hundred only.'

"Well, he gives me a reproachful glance, an' he says, 'What 's money, Mr. Mafferty? Isn't it dross an' disappointment at the latter end?'

"'It may be that,' says I. 'I 've had no experience meself.'

"'I wonder now,' says he, broodin', 'have you anny notion of the great costs an' expenses we have publishin' fine books for the people? Have you anny notion of the price of paper this day?'

"'I have not,' says I, thinkin' shame of meself.

"Well, he puts his mouth to a speakin'-tube, an' he gives a great whistle—'*Phew!*'—an' 'Mr. Watkins,' says he, 'will you tell me now what 's the price of paper this day?' An' he puts his ear to the machine an' listens; an' a kind of a cloud crosses his face, an' he says, 'Ah, me, 'tis risin' again. An' Mr. Mafferty,' says he, 'the price of paper 's five shillin's a pound at the present time, no less.'

"'That 's a terrible price for paper,' says I, 'though it 's not meself would have been surprised to hear that paper was five pounds a pound, or fifty itself.'

"''Tis terrible truly,' says he. 'An' then there 's the printin'. Could you guess at all what we 'd be payin' to the printers in a week of days?'

"'I could not,' says I. 'Why would I at all?'

"'*Phew!*' says he, whistlin' up the tube again. 'Mr. Watkins, now, will you tell me kindly what was the printer's bill this week, God help us?'

"Well, I heard no voice at the other end; it could be Mr. Watkins had a quare small delicate voice. But Mr. Weeple heard him, an' he says, 'Seven hundred pounds, Mr. Mafferty, without the word of a lie.'



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"SORRY YOU 'VE BEEN TROUBLED."

"'Bedad!' says I, 'that 's a great lot of money for the printin', surely.'

"'Tis true,' says he. 'An' then there 's the overhead charges. Have you calculated in your mind, Mr. Mafferty, what would be the overhead charges of a great firm the like of this one?'

"'I have not,' says I truly, for indeed it 's a young fella I was, an' I wonderin' in me mind what was the meanin' an' significance of overhead charges at all, whether it would be the repairs of the roof or the hirin' of balloons or what.

"'I 've no notion,' says I. 'But maybe Mr. Watkins could tell us.'

"'*Phew!*' says he, an' makes a great whistlin'; 'Mr. Watkins, Mr. Watkins, it 's grieved I am to be troublin' you again, but what 's the overhead charges of this poor house? Three thousand pounds, is it?'

"'Begob,' thinks I, 'the price of balloons is risin'.'

"'Three thousand pounds, Mr. Mafferty,' says he. 'Do you believe me or not?'

"'Why would you tell me a lie?' says I. 'An' is that for a month or a year or what?'

"'For a week,' says he. 'An' it risin'.'

"'That 's a cruel price to pay for balloons,' says I.

"'Balloons?' says he.

"'Balloons,' says I, seein' there was some mistake. 'It 's a name I have for the overhead charges.'

"'Away with your jokin', Mr. Mafferty,' says he. 'I 'm thinkin' it 's poor jokin' there 'll be in this house an' we destroyed with trouble to find the money for printin' an' bindin' the long book you have there.'

"'Tis a quare short book,' says I.

"'Short or long,' says he, sighin' again, 'it must have a bindin' an' it must be bound. *Phew!*' says he; 'Mr. Watkins, could you tell me now what we 'd pay for the bindin' of a sad book about the Great War?' An' he tells me the price of bindin' books an packin' books, an' the price of printin'-ink, an' the rent of the buildin', an' the week 's bill for blottin'-paper an' what he paid for his underclothes, the way it 's broken I was with depression and shame. Each time he 'd whistle to Mr. Watkins, an' I thinkin' a dark thought there was maybe no Mr. Watkins at the other end at all. But I put the thought out of me mind, for it 's not meself could harbour a mean suspicion at that time of me life, so I wiped the hot tears from me eyes, an' says I, 'Mr. Weeple, 'tis a good man you are surely, an' it 's a poor thing, I 'm thinkin', for a young fella to be snatchin' the last crust from a good man's hand, an' he destroyed with the overhead charges. It 's little joy or pride I 'd have seein' me poor small book in print an' it the last misfortune an' ruin of Weeple and Wart and Co, God bless them. It 's little sleep I 'd have from this night out, I 'm thinkin', an' yourself maybe playin' a whistle in the streets for bread, beggin' at the doors an' sleepin' lonesome in the ditches by reason of the price of paper an' the bindin' of me long book. Why couldn't I *pay* for the publishin' of the book, Mr. Weeple, the way if no man buys it you 'll have no loss at all, an' if there 's anny profits we could share them between us in the manner of Christian gintlemen, an' me conscience easy in the dark nights?'

"'That 's fine,' says he. 'I have the contract ready.'" A. P. H.

Mixed Rugby at Last.

"BRISTOL LACK THRUST AND MISS SAM TUCKER IN THE PACK AT CAMBRIDGE."

Sporting Paper.

Perhaps they had gone to the pictures together.

AT THE PLAY.

"MICHAEL AND MARY" (ST. JAMES'S).

Michael and *Mary* first met at the British Museum in 1905. *Michael* (Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL) was waiting for *Miss Violet Cunliffe*, a haughty young woman who, when she arrived in a hat as big as a beehive and yards upon yards of flounces, looked like a veritable museum-piece. Was this really the kind of thing which upset our balances twenty-five short years ago? Meanwhile there was poor *Mary* (Miss EDNA BEST) huddled upon the austere seat, a picture of controlled misery which the polite greetings of the cheerful *Michael* definitely aggravated. She has already suffered too much from the baseness of a cheerful gentleman, and is rigidly on guard against the quite obviously inoffensive and warm-hearted *Michael*, who, when with tactful persistence he has disarmed her suspicions, learns that her husband has deserted her, that she cannot get back "into the shop," that there is not a single penny in her purse and that she has just been turned out of her lodgings.

Very well. *Michael* has just two hundred pounds. She must take half. Can she live for a year on that till something turns up? All her misery goes up in flame. Here indeed is a cheerful gentleman who is clean and merciful and who can be dumbly worshipped as long as life lasts. The haughty *Miss Cunliffe* here arrives and with the cold sniffing politeness of the outraged suburban (1905 pattern) sails out of *Michael's* life—lucky man!

This happy prologue shows us the romantic Mr. MILNE at his very best. What might, under a heavier hand, have seemed absurd and forced, the tenderness and humour of the writing make charmingly natural, indeed inevitable, even for those of us who are inclined to forget that young men (in 1905) were distinctly capable of this sort of otherworldliness. The little duet was played by Mr. MARSHALL and Miss BEST without a single false note or hurrying of the tempo. A jolly beginning. Can we keep it up? Yes, I think so.

1906. *Michael*, the young author, in *Mrs. Tullivant's* exceedingly respectable rooms in Islington. On the floor below, *Mary*, now known as *Miss*, not *Mrs.*, *Weston*. Surprise visit of the *Reverend Simon Rowe* (Mr. FISHER WHITE), *Michael's* father. There is no love between this ill-assorted father and son. *Michael's* heckles rise in defence of his *Mary*. The grim old parson is suspicious, pompous and unperceptive. But he softens and makes the boy promise to marry the young person at once, if he is indeed, as he confesses, really in love. Life is difficult; the great life is dangerous, they agree, exchanging apt quotations. *Michael* has an inspiration. Of course this is the solution—he will live dangerously. He will in fact persuade *Mary* into bigamy. That will keep their love secure and their self-respect. A fantastic notion? Perhaps; but the author steers his piece cleverly past this obvious rock. We are prepared to believe that just this *Michael* and this *Mary* would behave like this.



THE ROMANCE ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, A.D. 1905.

Michael . . . . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.
Mary . . . . . MISS EDNA BEST.

1919. A cheerful little flat in Chelsea. A reasonably successful author. A boy at a famous school. A thousand pounds in the bank. Portrait of the famous author's wife in an illustrated paper. Recognition by the villain husband (Mr. D. J. CLARKE-SMITH—of course), just arrived in England. A proposition: a thousand pounds for silence? *Michael* is not that spineless sort. Out you go! But the scoundrel has a weak heart and the struggle kills him. The police must be summoned; the truth will come out at the inquest. But what's the good of being an author if you can't make up a plausible story? Anxious rehearsal of same. Not for their own sake—they have agreed to pay their price and the bill has come in, that's all—but for little *David's* sake they will lie like Trojans. They do, and successfully. Here appears another and rather more threatening rock—especially with a corpse lying behind the couch and these charming people rather giving the impression that that was all in the day's routine—but again, I think, successfully avoided by skill and tact and an excellent curtain, with the imaginative *P.C. Cuff* (Mr. REGINALD BACH), sedulous reader of *The Moonstone*, asked by his inspector, "And what do you think of it all?" "Well, if you ask me I think the corpse was her first husband and he's murdered him." This entirely removes our critical apprehensions.

1929. A really successful and established author. A luxuriously appointed house in Chelsea. The handsome intelligent *David* (Mr. FRANK LAWTON) with something on his mind. "Well, out with it!" says the most perceptive of fathers. "I got married early this morning." Again the shadow of the bigamous marriage moves down stage. Certainly *David*, most certainly the young woman, must be told. How will he face the awful fact of bastardy? For a moment with dismay. Odd, you think. Would a young modern, even a healthy reactionary like *David*, disapproving of cocktails and loose talk, fail to understand so poignant a story, such staunch and admirable parents, and the essential irrelevance of this term? But A. A. M. has an answer for that. "I wasn't worrying on my account. Only on yours, darling," says *David* to his bride. And she (in effect), "I was only agitated lest you should be such a blithering mutt as not to understand."

I have done no disservice in relating the plot of this pleasant affair in such detail. It is the handling, the deft embroideries which give pleasure: the bits of happy nonsense, such as the imaginary conversation between Mr. Chapman, Mr. Hall and the budding author, *Michael*; and the excellent characterisation—*Michael* in youth and middle age; *Mary*, "not quite a lady," but something very much better; the stiff-necked old clergyman; the worthy *Cuff*; the two

pleasant babes, *David* and *Romo*. This is not indeed Mr. HUXLEY's world, or perhaps yours or mine, but it takes all sorts of sets and scenes and sentiments to make this odd and exciting planet, and I was well content (as were my neighbours) to have a peep at this adroit selection. T.

"THIS WAY TO PARADISE" (DALY'S).

It is always a diverting thing to see the blameless bourgeois listening with unruffled spirit and hair to the most appalling sentiments and opinions that slash at the roots of their most cherished convictions and accepted ethics. Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY certainly says (through his puppets) very outrageous things. But he does not appear to be saying them merely for the sake of being shocking. There is a deep vein of sincerity underlying his manifest exaggerations, and a certain grim bitterness—in itself a hall-mark of sincerity. He does offer us genuine comment on life as it presents itself to his rather queer mind, and he has real wit as opposed to mere smartness. Allowing for differences of time and conventions he reminds one of a more sincere WILDE—a WILDE capable of a genuine passion about ideas and a lively interest in the human comedy.

And therefore these excerpts by Mr. CAMPBELL DIXON from conversations in Mr. HUXLEY's vagabond novel, *Point Counter Point*, though obviously not making a satisfactory stage play—they did not in fact, set out at full length, make a quite satisfactory novel—do not fail to hold the interest and to entertain.

Ideas are touched upon that are morbid, even evil, but the author maintains so serene a detachment about them and the general atmosphere is so bizarre and unreal that nobody is likely to take any harm from them.

The decadent *Spandrell*, professed taster of all the vices, takes for the purposes of this intellectual melodrama the centre of the stage. He is introduced to us among the many dramatically irrelevant conversationalists and half-wits who are guests at *Lady Edward Tantamount's*. A man of parts of a sort, evidently; too fond of brandy, not from weakness but from deliberate choice and out of a rather pitiful bravado; insolent by calculation; rather laboriously epigrammatic, not lightly but with a serpent's tongue, an asp's sting. One sensation indeed he has not tasted—that of being a murderer. A chance word puts that fascinating idea into his mind; he toys with it, and you see the adapter a little over-carefully preparing us for the event.



THIS WAY TO LADY EDWARD TANTAMOUNT'S *SOIRÉE MUSICALE*.

General Knoyle	MR. HENRY WEST.
Lucy Tantamount	MISS PRUDENCE VANBRUGH.
Frank Illidge	MR. GEORGE MERRITT.
Lady Edward Tantamount	MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.
Mark Rampion	MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.
John Bidlake	MR. MORRIS HARVEY.
Philip Quarles	MR. ARTHUR WONTNER.

As it happens there is present at *Lady Edward's* the founder and Commandant of the British Freemen, *Everard Webley*, a man of iron—or a lath painted to look like iron—punctual and resolute in war and in love, professing to make the world safe for intelligence. *Spandrell* is a theoretical Communist and theoretically *Everard Webley* is a menace to progress and to freedom. In fact he is a negligible handsome imbecile, a booming and blustering mountebank. The interval between the conception of the idea of making the great experiment on this large vile body and its execution is filled in with the critical monologues of *Rampion* the artist; the quarrels of *Elinor* and *Philip Quarles*—*Elinor* turns to the primitive man in the bluff and bluffing *Webley*, away from her charming spineless husband; with the vagaries of that old satyr and not unamiable humbug, *Sydney Quarles*, *Philip's* father; and the ethical humbug of *Denis Burlap*, the editor who makes a good thing out of ST. FRANCIS. But there is something more in *Spandrell*. As the expansive *Rampion* diagnoses, the real desire of this twisted soul is for truth and the ultimate goodness. He has fled the Hound of Heaven down the nights and down the days. And, as if to prove the diagnosis true, between the time of the murder and the message which he sends to the British Freemen to come and apprehend their chief's murderer, he collects his friends to tell them how he has discovered God in the slow movement of BEETHOVEN's A minor Quartet.



TO PARADISE BY WAY OF MURDER.
MAURICE SPANDRELL (MR. LEON M. LION) SELECTS A PRIMITIVE LETHAL WEAPON.

Of course it won't quite do. But I am bound to say that the last bizarre scene almost took us in. There were some, as it seemed to me, ill-judged and (in intention) humorous prolongations of the suspense. Or did the adapter here lose faith and say to himself, "They won't take all this seriously. I must hedge and pretend to be laughing up my sleeve"? If so I think he showed a poor spirit. The queer comedy ends with *Spandrell*, having fired the first shot, falling to the revolvers of three of *Webley's* egregious and obviously illegal green-coats.

The murder scene had the ill-luck to rouse in the audience not the sense

of impending horror but an innate disposition to giggling. Perhaps Mr. LEON M. LION's too leisurely business of selecting a knobkerry with the air of one choosing a niblick was responsible for this, aided by the general behaviour of the knobkerry-stand, which repeatedly fell with much clatter.

Did this figure of the egregious *Spandrell* convince? Yes, on the whole I think it did. It couldn't well be overplayed; any embroideries of the actor (who evidently enjoyed it all hugely) may be readily allowed to be appropriate to so fantastic a character. The man was at best only half-sane—but so many of us are little more than that! Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH, released for once from the task of playing the villain-bounder, made an excellent thing of the voluble and intelligent *Rampion*. Mr. MALLESON's flabby disgusting old *Quarles*, in a quite irrelevantly interposed scene, amused us and relieved the tension. Miss JOYCE KENNEDY's sincerity as *Elinor Quarles* impressed me. Mr. GEORGE MERRITT's study of the clumsy disgruntled Communist scientist whom *Spandrell* traps into being an unwilling accomplice was well invented. I don't remember having seen a play so ill-made in theory and with such obvious absurdities which proved so interesting in fact. Mr. HUXLEY may be erratic but he is incapable of being a bore. T.

JESSICA IN NEW YORK.

IN New York City
The buildings are so high
The people at the top of them
Are almost in the sky;
You wouldn't think that anything
Could ever be so tall—
I feel a bit afraid of them
Because I am so small.

But, when the day is over
And everywhere is night,
They turn to giant fairylands
Lit with fairy light;
You wouldn't think that anything
Could ever be so pretty
As the strange and starry mountains
Of New York City. R. F.

". . . A shale retort patented in the early 'Nineties, and still stated to be the last word on the subject."—*Daily Paper.*

The Retort Courteous will be found an equally good remedy against slating.

"In the Legislative Assembly yesterday 11 more petitions for the closing of hotel bars on Christmas Day and Good Friday were presented by members. They were ordered to lie on the table."—*Melbourne Paper.*

The Chinese, on the other hand, believe that the upside-down position is the best for restoring sanity.

NEW HOPE FOR DETECTIVE FICTION.

IN present-day detective stories it rather looks as if we were approaching a deadly level of sameness. For plots and characters are becoming mechanical, and "business" and incidents dull and standardised. Is there no way in which we can achieve a little freshness and originality? I think, if we reorganise the character of the detectives, that there is. It is not really much good attempting to change the face or nature of the villain, despite tendencies on the part of some authors towards white-wash. But with a "different" detective, a detective who has got something the matter with him—some mental or physical peculiarity—we ought to be able to break new ground. I append an illustration:—

THE ABORTIVE CONFESSION.

Beverley Brook, the celebrated detective, sat staring into the face of Heston Hounslow. A stream of questions flowed from his mobile mouth. Beverley Brook could talk for hours without any sign of fatigue, and he was never nearer the core of a problem than when he appeared to be still examining the skin of it.

For an hour-and-a-half he sat talking to, at and through Heston Hounslow, and all the while his gimlet eyes bored remorselessly, so it seemed, into the other's very soul. Surely no human being could resist the terrible insistence of this interrogation? And yet the suspected criminal, raked almost to the point of hysteria by those grim unflinching eyes, held his ground, parried and countered, with the sweat pouring off his face and his pulse galloping with nervousness. But he knew that he was near the end of his tether. The torture was becoming unbearable.

Suddenly, with a sigh that sounded to Hounslow's weary ears like a sigh of satisfaction, Beverley Brook rose to his feet and crossed to a cabinet in the corner of the room. What would he produce? Some final damning documentary evidence of guilt? Had he been playing with his victim all this time like a cat with its mouse?

Hounslow could bear no more. Something seemed to snap in his brain . . .

"Yes—I did it," he croaked hoarsely. "Curse you, Mr. Clever—*I did it!*"

He clutched his throat as a frightful spasm of coughing racked him from head to foot. Beverley Brook swung round with—what was this?—a smile on his face and a box of cigars in his hand.

"My dear fellow," he was saying, "you must forgive me my suspicions of you. I thought—but there, I see I was wrong. A guilty man could not, I flatter myself, have survived the cumulative effect of my questions without betraying himself. That seems a nasty cough you've got, but you'll have a cigar, I hope?"

"Th-thank you," said Heston Hounslow.

It was all he *could* say.

But outside that terrible room he shuddered at the narrowness of his escape. He was unable to understand it.

The explanation, however, was a simple one. In the act of moving to the cigar cabinet the detective had taken his eyes off Heston Hounslow and so was not in a position to appreciate the criminal's confession by his customary brilliant lip-reading. Beverley Brook was in fact *stone deaf*. WOON.

BETSINDA DANCES.

ON a carpet red and blue
Sits Betsinda, not-quite-two,
Tracing with baby-starfish hand
The patterns that a Persian planned.
Suddenly she sees me go
Towards the box whence dances flow,
Where embalmed together lie
Symphony and lullaby.
Out of her round and silken head
Fly patterns blue and patterns red;
She hoists her tiny self upright
And, shining-eyed, awaits delight.

Now at full speed the record spins;
The wizard needle-point begins
(Perceptive as a blind man's finger)
To thread the secret paths where linger
The ghosts of poignant violins.
Out of a limbo black as jet
It conjures horn and clarinet;
And spectral harp and phantom flute
And shades of oboes long since mute
It rouses, like the trump of doom,
To glory from their waxen tomb.

Then, as the tide of sound advances,
With grave delight Betsinda dances.
One arm flies up, the other down
To lift her Lilliputian gown,
And round she turns on clumsy, sweet,
Unrhythmical, enraptured feet;
And round and round again she goes
On hopeful, small, precarious toes.

Dance, Betsinda, dance, while I
Weave from this a memory;
Thinking, If I chance to hear
That record in some other year,
The needle-point shall conjure yet
Horn and harp and clarinet;
But oh! it shall not conjure you—
Betsinda, dancing, not-quite-two.

"HENDREN AGAIN BATS IN FORM."
Headline in Evening Paper.

It sounds as though Smith Minor's dab-cricket season is again in full swing.



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

THE LEADEN QUEEN.

(*MARY THE SECOND, in Queen Square, Bloomsbury.*)

THERE is a quiet Square in Bloomsbury,
An oblong garden with a shady green,
Where students may in books, as if in tombs, bury
The cares of life; there stands the Leaden Queen.

Surely not CHARLOTTE this, as some have clept her;
The heavy crown, the curls, the Stuart dress,
The empty cushion and the tilted sceptre,
All indicate a MARY, WILLIAM-less.

She stands here lonely, nameless, unregarded,
As she has stood through many years serene,
And still she stood when London was bombarded
And hostile shells burst round the Leaden Queen.

And do thy thoughts, true wife, unfilial daughter,
Dwell with thy Dutchman, thy triumphant WILL?
Or with that hapless King across the water
Who was thy *Lear*, thou Leaden *Goneril*?

A childless wife crowned with her father's curses,
Perchance she sighs for that which might have been
When in the Square young children with their nurses
Play hide-and-seek around the Leaden Queen.



Mistress (sternly). "ARE YOU AWARE THE MASTER HAD TO GO TO TOWN WITHOUT HIS BREAKFAST?"
Maid. "WE HEARD THE DOOR SLAM. WE THOUGHT YOU 'D LEFT HIM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE Romantic movement, which had so crudely Teutonic a beginning, seems hastening to a crudely Teutonic end, a climax distressing to those who have enjoyed—and would, if possible, go on enjoying—the infinite delicacy and exaltation of which the romantic novel is capable. What moved Herr EMIL LUDWIG ever to train his heavy guns on so ethereal an objective I cannot imagine; nor can I visualize the English public to whom his stuffy, plushy notion of the female picaresque could possibly appeal. *Diana* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is an amalgamation by the author of his *Diana* of 1917 and his *Meeresstille* of 1918. It recounts the casual adventures of an indiscriminate young woman of mixed ancestry whose father, "the impoverished descendant of an old family," has "anglicized" himself as a British subject. We first meet *Diana* at Baveno, where in company with a D'ANNUNZIO-like protector she has "just emerged from a passionate episode" but is "not on the look-out for any one." This, at any rate, is the verdict of her brother *Sidney*, a youth of nineteen, who, like the boy who cut broom—but not so honourably—specializes in ladies "past the prime." Unfortunately *Sidney's* summing-up is only temporarily accurate. Almost the entire book is devoted to the amatory avenues explored by his sister, the longest leading to the subjugation of a German Ambassador in the interests of a Milanese financier. These proceedings are gallantly enlivened by the translators, EDEN and CEDAR PAUL, who have excelled themselves in securing pretty epithets for the "finely-turned legs" of *Diana's* temporary gentlemen, and diversified her creator's frequent inventories of female charms by the occasional substitution of "haunches" for "hips." But even these niceties cannot redeem *Liana*. It is the heaviest piece of impropriety ever penned.

Granted the existence of a well-organised circle of conspirators in Whitehall, the surrender of groups of dazed unhappy Ministers to the demands of their Machiavellian technical advisers for anything up to 2473 Statutory Orders and Regulations per annum, the thrusting aside of those legal champions who assert the right of every Englishman to waste his substance in riotous litigation, and the unheedful acceptance of ingenious over-riding clauses by a Mother of Parliaments dulled into slumber through the attempt to consume thirty or forty Public General Acts yearly, and in the result one sees John Bull, who does not love to be regulated, even for his own good, day by day more shamefully held in the bondage of enactments he has never heard of. That is the moving theory propounded by Lord HEWART in *The New Despotism* (BENN), and even if it is true that instances of individual hardship do not bulk in his indictment so largely as one might have expected, and that really the victim might free himself by a turn of the hand, yet the writer's re-statement of the cardinal principle that the freedom of the Judiciary from Executive control is vital to our national conception of liberty comes in good time. It is clear that at least a case has been made out for putting an end to that form of legislation which enables a Minister or his officials to impose legal interpretations by virtue of departmental decisions, or gives him power to "do any other thing" he may think desirable in pursuance of a vaguely-worded statute. Lord HEWART suggests that a few self-sacrificing Members in each House should really honestly read all proposed enactments, with a view to exposing the snares of the bureaucrat, and asks that leading newspapers should depute "some able member of the

editorial staff" to join his band of patriot martyrs. One foresees lively competition in Fleet Street.

The only fault that I have to find
With HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE'S *The Striding Dales*
Is that he 's ruthlessly undermined
Two of my favourite nursery-tales;
The ride to York of bold TURPIN (DICK)
He brands as fiction and lays it flat,
And he finds in the village of Appletree-wick
WHITTINGTON'S double (without a cat).

Serious faults, as you must agree,
But I 've overlooked them, and so will you
When you get the volume (from WARNE) and see
The people and places he brings to view—
Jammy o' Sarah's and *Riding Will*,
The Desolate Valley that 's shunned o' nights,
Gabriel's hounds at Toller's Ghyll
And Barden Tower with its wooded heights.

He tells of goblin and elf and troll,
Of *Churn-Milk Meg*, of the *Dancing Priest*,
Of None-go-by where the brides pay toll—
Their very names are a lyric feast;
They win my heart (though the victory 's shared
By the gem-like sketches of REGINALD SMITH),
So what does it matter if WHITTINGTON 's paired
And TURPIN'S gallop to York 's a myth?

I am not sure that I do not think Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH a trifle overshy of sustained exposition in his delightful *Studies in Literature—Third Series* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS). He has taken over from HENRY SIDGWICK the notion that lectures are "intended to stimulate interest rather than convey information"; but, after all, information may be itself informed, and the lecture which is both exposition and stimulant is a jewel I would not myself exchange for a wilderness of text-books or a prairie of personal research. Sir ARTHUR is so certain to be stimulating that the necessity of exposition comes, I think, as a boon to him. How much of a boon you can see in his two lectures on "The New Reading Public," lectures originally written as articles for a popular paper. Contrast their orderly marshalling of ideas with the allusive brilliancy of "The English Elegy" lectures delivered at Cambridge, and, while the odds as regards stimulation are, I should say, pretty even, the palm for proportion and symmetry goes to the popular lectures. I find the same memorable union in the second of two addresses, a wholly felicitous speech on "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott." But two enchanting lectures on "The Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth," not content with exploring such apposite side-tracks as the stoking or victualling of genius, allow the well-worn question of literary privacy and its invasion to hold us back to the extent of four pages from the delectable DOROTHY. Throughout the whole book inspiration in one kind or another is unfailing; and if I have stressed what seems to me a false attitude towards the lecture it is not so much because it is false in itself as because it is particularly detrimental to so animated a lecturer as Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.



Diner. "THIS IS VERY HORRIFYING, ANTONIO. WHY DON'T YOU TUCK IN YOUR BIB?"

Waiter. "YES, SARE. I MAKE-A DA MISTAKE TO SAVE-A DA MONEY. I PAY-A DA TUPPENCE FOR DIS PIECE-A OF SHIRT, BUT FOR DA TUPPENCE-'APENNY I COULD 'AVE GETTA DA MORE AN' BIGGA PIECE-A DAT NO MAKE-A DA FLAP."

Just about thirty years ago I chanced to review a book called *Sketches from Memory*, which I am glad to find still upon my shelves. This was by G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., and I now I find myself faced with a volume of much the same size and with quite as many illustrations, *All Sorts of People* (METHUEN), written by his daughter, GLADYS STOREY. This sort of experience makes me feel a trifle more than middle-aged, but I trust not more than ordinarily captious. Clearly Miss STOREY had to write a book about the people she had met. Starting in life as an Academician's daughter, armed with a determinedly acquisitive spirit and an autograph album, what else could be expected? Miss KATE GREENAWAY was one of the first to slip two characteristic little heads, complete with mob-caps, into her satchel as she was on her way back from school. Sir JOHN TENNIEL came next on her list and obliged with a charming sketch. Starting like this, the future composition of a book was assured or, at any rate, immensely simplified. All the writer had to do was to select from her scrap-book a series of drawings by eminent artists, add a few facsimiles of letters to her father or herself from various well-known friends, and fill in with a few pages of gossip about all these celebrities. Her contributors make a representative collection, ranging from FRITH and HERKOMER and SIDNEY COOPER to CHARLES SIMS, ORPEN and AUGUSTUS JOHN. Perhaps the letterpress is hardly so interesting as the illustrations, but it has at least the merit of being always amiable. There are more mistakes in the spelling of proper names than I should have thought possible; but then Miss STOREY has met an immense number of persons, some with strange patronymics, and it is possible that elderly reviewers set an exaggerated value on accuracy.



Police Inspector (taking statement). "WHAT DID YOU DO ON THE AFTERNOON OF DECEMBER 9TH?"

Suspect. "RHINOCEROS TO WIN, SIR. ANY TO COME, ON PINK SHRIMP FOR A PLACE."

In spite of the fact that Mrs. FLORENCE KILPATRICK seemed to assume, but mistakenly, that I had read two earlier novels dealing with her hero's mother before I met with *Hetty's Son* (COLLINS), I found myself by no means hampered in my enjoyment of a well-told tale. Young *John Tredegar*, who is expelled from school because of a quite innocent, if unorthodox, flirtation with a village beauty, resents his reception at home and runs away to take a berth as steward on a liner sailing for South America. His experiences on the *Andalucia* are very well told; they are fresh and amusing with something quite unfamiliar in the way of a setting. *John's* good looks and facility in falling in love lead him into an affair with a tempestuous young lady from Brazil who tricks him into missing his ship and getting left behind in Rio. There he has further adventures and meets and loves yet another girl, *Denise Buchanan*, who puts her duty to her artist-father before a life with *John*, and at the last moment breaks her engagement. We leave him sailing for home, heir to a fortune of forty thousand pounds and declaring that he has done with women; but, knowing his character and Mrs. KILPATRICK's resourcefulness, we are quite sure that we are to hear more of him and find that he has not done with them nor she with him. This is a very pleasantly-written story, with plenty of life and movement and colour in it and without exaggeration, and I for one shall welcome further news of *Hetty's Son*.

The sub-title of *Squadron of Death* (CONSTABLE) is "Stunting for the Movies," and on the cover you will see that its author, Mr. DICK GRACE, is described as "Plane-Crasher and Dare-Devil." It is indeed a story of astounding adventure that Mr. GRACE has to tell, for times and again he has risked his life in providing thrills for the public, and quite rightly he deserves to be described as the most famous of "movie plane-crashers." Intentionally he has crashed over thirty planes, and the miracle is that he has lived to tell the tale. "Why," he asks, "should I give up crashing aeroplanes and automobiles—give up dives and jumps when I take keen satisfaction in accomplishing the unusual? Perhaps I am destructive. I like to hear the crash and bang of an airplane breaking up around me. . . . Criminals who are destructive are small—narrow. They harm others. With us we can hurt no one but ourselves." How often stunt-men hurt themselves mortally you will find in these records of Hollywood, and your sympathies with the "dare-devils" who provide thrills so that "stars" can shine will be profoundly enlisted.

Mr. RONALD GURNER, whose tales of school-life have gained deserved attention, has now, in *Pass Guard in Ypres* (DENT), made a notable addition to the flood of war-novels. Here no attempt is made to conceal the horrors of modern war, but except in one scene Mr. GURNER cannot be accused of dwelling unduly upon them. Indeed he has attempted, and with considerable success, to show that those terrible years were not entirely wasted and that spiritual values were involved. It is a point of view but rarely to be found in the war-fiction of to-day, and it is exceedingly welcome. *Freddy Mann*, the central figure of the story, was human enough both in his youthful vigour and his frailties; he also possessed qualities which distinguish him from the ruck of war-heroes in fiction. In short he is a fine creation and a distinct spoke in the wheel of the ultra-pessimists.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"It was the smile before which lovers counted all things well lost. So Dido must have smiled on Ulysses."—*Serial in Daily Paper.*

Inconstant people, these ancients.

"At Seattle the barometer, which had been rising during the night, began to sing again this morning, but so slowly that no immediate storm danger appeared."—*American Paper.*

We live for the day when our own instrument will pipe "It Ain't A-goin' to Rain No Mo'."

CHARIVARIA.

AN owl is said to haunt a tree in a Bloomsbury back-garden, but we shall not easily be persuaded to believe that it gives two hoots for any member of the local intelligentsia.

* * *

It is pointed out that anyone can telephone a telegram and avoid payment by giving the name of a subscriber. There seems no limit to these Post-Office facilities.

* * *

We understand that there is no truth in the report that, following on the introduction of mixed bathing at the Royal Automobile Club, there will shortly be mixed cross-word-puzzling (limited to readers of *The Times*) at the Athenæum for members and their lady-friends.

* * *

We are told of a dear old lady who removed all the valuables from her room before listening-in to the ex-convict's talk from 2 LO the other day.

* * *

The B.B.C. hopes to broadcast the roar of Niagara Falls. Another natural feature of the American continent to which we would gladly listen-in is the silence of the great open spaces.

* * *

"A well-made-up face makes me quite happy," declares a beauty expert. It is his little ray of artificial sunshine.

* * *

According to the report of the New York State Crime Commission, a murder is committed in the United States every forty minutes. It is widely felt that this interval is inadequate.

* * *

We hear rumours that several Chicago men now in London have decided to return home as the sensation of not being shot at is getting on their nerves.

* * *

Thrift is alleged to have become a vice in America, but little credence is attached to the rumour that many ostensible speak-easies are in reality savings-banks.

* * *

A teacher of lip-reading suggests that the talkies are a boon to the deaf. Difficulty, however, is presented by lack of practice in nose-reading.

The United States authorities are to attempt to revive pedestrianism. It is thought that an Act prohibiting it would be the surest way to cause the country to swarm with boot-footers.

* * *

A dramatic authoress expresses the opinion that women like to see the soul of humanity stripped bare on the stage. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN sees to it, however, that this stripping on the stage is kept within the limits of decency.



Householder. "MIND, I'M ONLY GIVING YOU THIS SHILLING TO GO AWAY."

Itinerant Musician. "THAT'S ORL RIGHT, LADY. IT AIN'T THE THOUGHT BEHIND IT; IT'S THE VALUE OF THE GIFT THAT MATTERS."

At Burlington House a gossip-writer noticed that Lord —— was wearing brown boots with a bowler-hat. Among peers it is considered even worse form to wear brown boots with a coronet.

* * *

Circular debating chambers are condemned by an architectural expert as being acoustically the worst possible. They intensify rather than minimise circumlocution.

* * *

A parrot in a Bayswater house offered a determined resistance to a policeman who had been called to seize it. No doubt the constable cautioned the bird that anything it said might be used against it in evidence.

* * *

A son of "ABDUL the Damned" is said to have been performing in a jazz-band. We can well believe it.

* * *

A woman with a perambulator was looking at a jeweller's shop in Streatham when smash-and-grab raiders hurled a brick through the window, and the baby narrowly escaped being cut by falling glass. Smash-and-grab raiders should be more careful.

* * *

An ancient Danish chess-board dating back to the year 1015 has been unearthed in Surrey. As no trace of any players can be found it is presumed that the game was finished.

* * *

We read that a New Zealander who played the piano for one hundred-and-twelve hours without stopping is coming to England. This country is always very good to refugees.

* * *

Fifty million powder-puffs were sold in this country last year. Some lucky manufacturers are making hay while the nose shines.

* * *

A contemporary is helping readers to find their war acquaintances. Yet we understand that a request from a syndicate of ex-privates to be told the present address of their sergeant-major has been ignored.

* * *

In view of the celebration next spring of the two-thousandth anniversary of the birth of VIRGIL, it is anticipated that precautions will be taken to cope with the invasion of Mantua by hordes of rowdy Latinists.

* * *

Mr. BALDWIN spoke recently of the pleasure that might be derived by a plumber who could read HORACE. We can imagine his delight in going to fetch *Postumus*.

There was *not* a young lady of Frame
Who remarked, "Love me always the same."
One is loth to impugn
So romantic a rune,
But there isn't a place of the name.

MR. LANSBURY'S PARADISE.

[GREEK *PARADEISOS*, A PARK.]

WHEN in this age of fevered nerves
The eye of Solitude remarks
What dear old LANSBURY 's doing with the Parks,
How in these close preserves
Of placid Contemplation
The wanton football-bladder,
With that which makes an æsthete even madder—
The goal-post—now obtrudes
Upon the haunt of meditative moods;
How cinder racing-tracks invade
The once so verdant alleys,
Soon to be followed, if he has his way,
By roundabouts in every glade,
Swings and Aunt Sallies
And other hectic sources of delight
As in the Isle of Coney, U.S.A.;
How he intends to make the Serpentine
Safe for democracy to swim in,
And has already fixed
On his design
For a pavilion to provide
The bathing masses with accommodation—
On top, a clock-tower and, inside,
Two dressing-rooms, unmixed,
One for the men, the other for the women;—

When, as I say, the eye of Solitude
Dwells on the sight
Of these
Public amenities
(Which it regards as rather hellish),
Strange it may seem
That Mr. LANSBURY does not include
In his benignant scheme
Something that might embellish
What he has done to touch the common heart,
Some specimen of decorative art,
Some gem of EPSTEIN'S. Can it be
That in our GEORGE'S memory
No longer lurks
The Labour Government of 1924
(It 's not so very yore),
And how it
Accepted through the medium of Mr. JOWETT,
Just then Commissioner of Works,
And planted on perpetual lease
In this same Park that masterpiece,
The EPSTEIN *Rima*, with her vulture-brood
To lure the local birds to sanctuary?
Surely he can't forget her;
Surely he will depute
Our purest British genius to vary
This lovely theme and give us his idea
Of Cytherea,
With cormorants to flap attendant wings,
And on the clock-tower set her
(Like BOTTICELLI'S Venus, only wetter)
Debouching from the Serpentine *en route*
To where the ladies park
Their towels and things;
Or, subsequently, dry but naked (stark),
Getting her circulation back
By dashing round a dirt-race track.

O. S.

"HITCH AT NAVAL CONFERENCE."

Most appropriate. *Headline in Daily Paper.*

AS THEY LIKE IT.

I KNEW the play would have to be adapted to local conditions when I promised to write it, but I never realised how many conditions there were in such a small locality.

Mrs. West prefers the part of a dowager duchess, Mr. Cheesman specialises in comic curates, while the annual appearance of Miss Meadowsweet as a *jeune ingénue* has become a village tradition. They all told me that good acting in well-cast parts has saved many a poor play from disaster.

The Vicar called to deplore the decadence of the drama and the social evils of the day. At the moment gambling is his favourite social evil. He referred sorrowfully to one popular and industrious dramatist who treats the subject with shocking levity. From me he was expecting a powerful tract against gambling, a play that would fill our workhouses with destitute book-makers and raise the whole tone of the drama. Such a play, he said, however poor it might be in technique, would be saved from disaster by the support of All Right-Thinking People. The Vicar often refers to himself as "All Right-Thinking People."

Our producer, Butterworth, is another local condition. He has a genius for disguising scenery and making properties play dual *rôles*. French-windows in Act I. become fire-screens in Act II.; chests of drawers are transformed into dog-kennels and coal-scuttles into plant-pots. Butterworth met me in the street and told me in confidence that he had thought out a scheme for turning a stage-mangle into a stage-piano, so it wouldn't matter if one scene was in a wash-house and another in a drawing-room. He said that deft manipulation of scenery and properties had saved many a poor play from disaster.

Yesterday I went round to Spool's for a new bulb. Spool is the dramatic society's honorary electrician. His conversation was full of floods, floats, spots, battens and dimmers. He began to tell me that good lighting-effects had often saved a bad . . . . But I hastily produced a piece of paper and made out the rough synopsis of a play which I thought might please him—a real electrician's play. It ran:—

Act I. Sahara at Dawn.
Act II. Mount Etna in Eruption at Sunset.
Act III. Hell on the Fifth of November.

Spool took out his glasses and studied it. "Not bad," he said; "but there isn't much scope for moonlight."

I have just started on the first scene. A dowager duchess, a comic curate, an *ingénue* and other degenerates are playing roulette by moonlight in a washhouse. Everybody will be able to "save" that.

"MR. THOMAS REFUSES TO BE DRAWN IN HOUSE."
Headline in Evening Paper.

Our Parliamentary artist has made a note of this.

"Flight-Lieutenant J. N. —— is the first officer to be chosen and has been posted to Felixstowe."—*Daily Paper.*

He 'll be a shock for some unsuspecting mail-bag robber.

"The Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University, has secured a painting of Botticelli's, which is said to have been lost for centuries and rediscovered only last year."—*Daily Paper.*

Our only fear is that this time it may be enveloped for good.

". . . The commodore's bargee has flown at the Moldavia's mast-head during the seven years she has been on the Australian run."
Melbourne Paper.

A talkie of this gentleman's impressions would make an invaluable ice-cracker for stiff parties.



SAFEGUARDING THE APPLE-CART.

MR. AMERY. "CAN'T WE GO A BIT FASTER?"
MR. BALDWIN. "NO ONE SHALL EVER ACCUSE ME OF RECKLESS DRIVING."



Intense Person (to new acquaintance). "NOW I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOURSELF. NOT JUST IDLE SMALL-TALK; SLAP YOUR SOUL ON THE TABLE."

EXCAVATIONS AND THINGS.

THEY are going to dig up Verulamium. I am glad to hear it. Somewhere there or thereabouts I lost a cigarette case during the early part of 1915, whilst we were doing night operations, and this may come to light with the rest.

But I am glad on other grounds. According to an article in one of the papers, there is a general awakening of interest in the past history of our land, even if there is no very definite excitement about the future of it.

I should like to be an archæologist myself and dig up Roman remains. For I sometimes feel that your archæologist has most of the fun. When he has excavated the things and discussed with a fury not exceeded by fishwives or political economists what exactly they are, and put labels upon them, he can leave them alone. Not so the tourist.

I have to make a confession. I do not really like museums. If there is anything worse than a museum it is a *musée*. Often have I hollowed out with the tears of my bitter distress the aged stone of some *musée lapidaire* until the guide at long last released me and I managed to escape into the sunlight again. And I know exactly what is going to happen to me when I am ushered into a long chilly room entirely filled with excavated Roman remains.

There will be glass-cases longer than the lines of a legion, under which are preserved innumerable little pots and lamps and coins and necklaces, all so damaged, yet all so alike, that they seem to have been purposely damaged in exactly the same way, either by time or by the hands of those now dead. In another spot there will stand about half or perhaps only about a quarter of a Roman centurion, made of terra-cotta or stone. I do not really care about a quarter of a Roman centurion, labelled, and standing at ease in a long Victorian room. It seems to remove him too far from the busy throbbing life of his time. There is not enough of him left to enable me to judge whether he was a work of art or even a good centurion when he was fairly young and new. Sometimes it is only the foot of a Roman centurion that I stand staring at miserably and feeling that in the passage of the years he has lost vigour and character and martial fire.

And then there is Roman pavement and Roman brick. I can tell Roman pavement and Roman brick when I see them. But I could wish that the Saxons had not been so thorough in their Bolshevism and had left me more to see. I doubt whether anyone ever destroyed anything with such conscientious zeal as the Saxons. And this, while it provides more excitement for the archæologist, puts a terrible strain on the humble sightseer going his rounds. He has the dog to hold.

It was the gross habit of our forefathers, especially the forefathers of us reverent antiquarians in this country to-day, to steal little bits of things and use them for their own designs.

"This half-centurion will do very well for one end of the pig-sty," the rough old Jute or Angle would declare.

"A little bit of that there brick is what you want to keep the wind out of your steading," said the Dane.

Unable to detect any possible use for Roman baths and hot-water pipes, they regarded them with a superstitious horror and buried them out of sight. How they got rid of all the Roman pavement I cannot imagine. Probably there are acres of it to be dug up, if we gird ourselves to the task.

And I suggest that we should. I suggest that we should fit up somewhere a complete Roman town, with temples and villas and pavements and baths, and whole unpart-worn centurions standing about in it. Verulamium would do as well as anywhere else, and we could give a lot of work in that way to the unemployed.

I could go and see a town like that quite cheerfully. We could have pageants in it. We could have it filmed. While the Russians are destroying Christianity we could revel in ancient Rome, and we could eliminate such mournful little scenes as this:—

It is a bleak cold day in early spring. All the hearty glad life of the little country town has been left behind. We pass into a kind of garden full of dilapidated masonry and very damp underfoot.

A. What is that thing over there?

B. It is a sarcophagus.

A. And beyond it?

B. That is another sarcophagus.

A. (*beaming boyishly as the plot begins to thicken*). And that other thing beyond?

B. That is a third sarcophagus. When we come to the museum itself, I will show you a little urn with charred bones falling out of it, just as it came out of the ground.

A. (*with a quickened enjoyment of the zest of life*). Not really? Is that so? Do let us press on.

B. You see that part of a leg over there?

A. Yes.

B. It is said to have belonged to a Roman centurion, or possibly a Roman emperor.

[*A. looks earnestly at the part of a leg. It is part of a very stout leg. He says, "Yes, I like that leg."*

B. There is part of an inscription on this block of stone. I wish I could read it for you, but most of the letters are missing, and the others are not very clear. But I think it is to commemorate the death of Fufunnius.

A. (*remembering Fufunnius quite well*). Of course.

B. Or it may have been Rutifilius.

A. (*hopefully*). Couldn't we ask that old centurion—I mean that old keeper, standing over there?

B. I don't think we will disturb him. He is killing worms on the grass.

They press on to the museum, which is built in the Græco-Victorian style, and has nearly three-quarters of a Roman god, or else a Roman Governor, standing in the portico. And here for the first time *A.'s* enthusiasm begins to wane, because, although he has been keyed up by sarcophagi and irradiated by crumbling bits of pedestals, he cannot face the pathos of so many tiny lamps and twisted hairpins, and rusted cloak-clasps and pathetic little necklaces, and broken jars that once held wine. There is something about their long and labelled array, stretching out under glass into shadowy gloom, that saps, somehow, his *joie de vivre*.

I would like therefore a reconstructed English Rome. It might not be built in a day, but we have plenty of time, I suppose, to spend.

Meanwhile I was shown the other day part of a semi-fossilised bit of part of a young Roman lady's hair.

"Who was she?" I asked eagerly, but they did not know.

"She must have been very beautiful," I said. But I wished I could have seen more of the girl.

EVOE.



Experienced Playgoer (as curtain falls at the end of First Act). "HURRY UP, OLD THING; WE'LL HAVE TIME TO SEE A SCENE OR TWO AT THE FRIVOLITY BEFORE THE CURTAIN GOES UP *HERE* AGAIN."

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

VII.—THE HOUSE-AGENT.

Percival and I have been studying Broadway. Broadway, we have decided, is a most useful street to the house-agent. For, since it is often considered convenient to live near Broadway, with its shops and theatres, and since Broadway goes on for miles, away up into the recesses of New York State, well, the most unpromising flats in its neighbourhood can be quite easily let—to other flats. It is as though Piccadilly extended right on to Ealing. "Charming maisonette to let in Acton. Only fifty yards from Piccadilly."

Percival and I had been strolling along the Great White Way, guessing what the different shops sold. In England this game is too simple to play, because they have it in the window. In New York they have anything but. That is to say, they have so much other junk in the way of advertising, ornamentation, local colour, atmosphere, "eye-catchers" and decoration to set off the one solitary selected example of what they want to sell that you don't notice it at all.

A shop that sells flowers, for instance, will set out its window like a period dining-room with a vase of tulips on the table. Hat shops, on the other hand, will fill their windows with flowers and drop a small hat in the middle. Sometimes too I think they get so this way and that way about their window-dressing that they forget to put their ware in at all. Which makes the game all the more fun.

Well, we were getting on very well with our game when we came to a dead empty window. Nothing in it—no indication above it. We pondered for a long time, Percival holding out that it was the booking-office for a crematorium, while I thought it was a particularly brazen boot-legger's city branch.

At last we got so worked up that we went in. Inside was a young man at a desk with a ledger, a telephone, a bunch of flowers and a framed ticket bearing his name—Mr. Gesler. At the other side of the deck sat a stout languid lady, belonging no doubt to an enormous car we had seen parked outside.

She was talking with a strong Yiddish off-break, and the young man was running through the book and answering in a more-than-Oxford English accent.

We paused, listened furtively and made to go out. It was a house-agent's. Then, overhearing a sentence or two and feeling just a bit curious to know what were the points of an "eminently desirable residence" in the States, we stopped again and listened.

It was most instructive. It went, as far as I can remember, something like this:—

". . . a small but fashionable country residence, Madam? Certainly. Now here we have just the thing—a small cottage in the very heart of the American countryside, only fifteen miles from New York. Or say a bare two hours by auto. There are ten rooms, two dining alcoves, twelve baths and——"

"Oh, everyone has those," said the lady petulantly.

"*Not* quite what you want? *Very* good, Madam. Here is a rough shooting-box in the Adirondacks. Just the natural rough logs on the outside, and inside simple rough cedar panelling, linen-fold design and french-polished. Hot and cold running water—just the natural water of the country—four bathrooms with showers and plain rough white tiles. The virgin forest—sheer primeval nature—sweeps majestically right up to the very edge of the six-acre lawn and clipped privet——"

"No," said the lady abruptly. "Far too common. Two of our neighbours have got that sort of shooting-box. I want an *unusual* country house and I don't mind paying for it."

"Well, how would this suit you? A hunting and fishing lodge with real brick-fireplaces and central heating? A genuine backwoodsman lives in the woods back of the premises, and since he has conveniently served ten years as a butler in one of the best families in. . . . No? Well, what exactly do you want, Madam?"

"I'm telling you; I want quite the latest."

"Hm! Really the latest here? Well, if expense is no object, we have an English cottage dwelling, but few families can afford them. They are the latest luxuries for really fashionable people, and complete with all the best old-fashioned inconveniences.

"Now this one is five miles from a station and two from any sort of shop. There is a mud track leading up towards the cottage, but it is impassable in wet weather. The building has four rooms only, no matter how you count them, the best damp brick flooring, and no bath—though there is a tin tub kept next the copper in an outhouse. Hot water from boiling kettles, cold water from an eighty-foot well at the back. Buckets to be wound up by hand, exactly as in an English village. In the vegetable-garden there is a line for hanging out laundry. The lighting system is by lamp, if you can arrange for a regular supply of kerosene—otherwise by candle. The windows are as small as any in England, the doors genuinely don't fit, the latches are guaranteed to stick, and the roof leaks. . . . The drainage system? Well, Madam, I can promise you you will not be troubled in any way by the drainage system. There no longer is one; it has been specially removed.

"I assure you that with this dwelling you will be in a position to boast to all your friends. Only the best families can afford this highly fashionable type. . . ."

At this point Percival and I removed our hats and stole reverently away.

A. A.



Astonished Lady (as demonstrator of vacuum-cleaner empties the dust-bag). "I SAY, YOU WON'T TELL ANYONE, WILL YOU?"

Phrases which Strike Us as Unfortunate.

"LINGERIE.—Young lady, aged 23, desires change."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Competition Runs Riot.

"BEXHILL for Insomnia."—*Daily Paper.*

We find Covent Garden better.



Prize Idiot. "HOW EVER DO YOU MANAGE WITHOUT EXERCISE? IT TAKES ME ALL MY TIME TO KEEP FIT."
Worker. "FIT! FOR *what*?"

HEBE, B.A.

[A daily paper reports that highly educated girls are now eagerly seeking posts as domestic servants.]

We keep a highbrow parlourmaid, a housemaid and a cook,
A triarchy of treasures in their way;
In every branch of knowledge that 's imparted by a book
They exhibit greater prowess every day.

Take Hildegarde, for instance: she transcends the common herd
In spite of certain minor imperfections;
The silver 's none too clean, but she
Has studied mineralogy;
She cannot carve a bird,
But to carp would be absurd—
You should read her little work on conic sections.

And Lalage—we like her and she quite approves of us;
She 's an expert on ballistics and velocities;
And, though her duster lightly throws
Upon the floor my *famille rose*,
I never make a fuss—
You should hear that girl discuss
The meaning of the CHANG-TSO-LIN atrocities.

While as for Georgiana, she 's a marvel from the sky
To all save gastronomical fanatics;
She can't make turnips fit to eat,
But cubic roots she thinks a treat;
And, though her "books" seem high,
She 's a better judge than I,
For she took a first in higher mathematics.

* * * * * * *

We kept a highbrow parlourmaid, a housemaid and a cook,
A triarchy of treasures, as I 've said;
But ch! we flung our hats in air the day they slung their hook
And Gladys, Rose and Mabel came instead.

"'MACBETH' AT OXFORD.

Macbeth heard of the death of his wife and children as if he were being apprised of a sudden and tiresome attack of measles."
Daily Paper.

Showing in fact none of the horror evinced by *Macduff* when confronted by *Banquo's* ghost.

"Hernando Cortes is one of the most romantic figures in history."—*Evening Paper.*

Did KEATS use the word "stout" euphemistically?

Most people are satisfied with just polishing off their opponents; but "Lindrum," according to a Yorkshire paper, "almost monopolished the table."

PIGS.

ABOUT eighteen months ago we went in for pigs. It was chiefly the enthusiasm of Dogberry-Smith that decided me to take this course. Every few days he would take me the round of his sties and hint at the prosperity which was about to envelop the wise people who kept pigs. "Look at the price of bacon!" was his slogan, and Margery and I became so impressed that we really began to look at it. The immediate result was that we changed our grocer twice in three weeks and never since have been really satisfied with any kind of bacon. There always seems to be something wrong—either the price or the bacon.

Dogberry-Smith was not only full of advice and encouragement but he actually had the pigs to sell us. I remember them well—six saddle-back weaners, including one that seemed always about to sit down. Dogberry-Smith said it was sent by mistake and promised to change it, but it took its final seat before the promise was redeemed.

I remember the building of the pig-sties. Dogberry-Smith had a good deal to do with those. It appeared from the size of them that he was anticipating a further transfer of stock.

In its initial stages we threw a great deal of energy into our piggery. The price of middlings was pursued in many markets, also the price of bacon. Two further purchases from Dogberry-Smith made us the proprietors of two young sows—hilts or gilts; "hilts" if you are talking Berkshire, "gilts" if you are talking Sussex. You have to be very careful about this. These hilts were the herd, and they were very precious. Their middlings cost them more. But that was a negligible affair, and, when young Sam said, "Just about finished out they middlin's," we looked upon it as a further step towards affluence and ordered more.

About three months ago the time appeared to be ripe to take what the Stock Exchange terms our profits. The five original stores (No. 6, who sat down so early in the game, had of course been written off the books) had a distinct look of bacon about them. I sent a note to Mr. Broadrib, our local butcher and bacon-curer, and asked him to come and have a look at them. He came.

"Nice lot of pigs they be," he said, gazing ruminatively into space, and after a pause added, "If I were minded to buy a pig I wouldn't say I mightn't give fourteen shillings a score for they."

"But," I expostulated, "they 're worth considerably more than that. Just look at the price of bacon."

"Ah! bacon," he replied, and his inflections gave me to understand that pigs and bacon were in his mind entirely unrelated.

I took him into the house and laid the list of market prices, also the grocer's book, in front of him, just to show him how priceless bacon was; but nothing would clear from his mind the conviction that pigs and bacon were unassociated items of commerce. He went away.

Following this rebuff I wrote to the nearest bacon-factory and gave them a well-composed description of five beautiful bacon pigs which I wished to sell. They wrote a very nice note by return, informing me that their price for my pigs was fourteen shillings per score. Obviously I had struck a ring of dealers whose high-water mark was fourteen shillings. In the meantime the five were eating like wolves. "They middlin's" were in constant demand.

"At this rate," I said to Margery, "we should have done better if they had all sat down in the beginning with that other little blighter."

A few weeks ago I sent them into market and was almost relieved to hear that they were sold for thirteen-shillings and-sixpence a score. I don't know how much we lost over them, but I didn't care. I felt that pigs were no longer crowding the horizon of my existence. Two days later I was disillusioned.

"Don't 'ee go near that sty," said young Sam as I was strolling round the paddock. "Betty she farrowed down last night wi' thirteen."

"Thirteen!" I exclaimed. "That 's dreadfully unlucky—I mean, how splendid!" I had for the moment forgotten the hilts, or gilts, and their inevitable expression of nature. Once more I was enmeshed in the toils of piggeries.

Then Salome expressed herself with a family of nine.

I think it quite probable that if Archibald had not arrived in the nick of time we should have been driven into the workhouse by a legion of insatiable pigs.

"My dear innocent comrades," said he, "you appear to be wretchedly ignorant in matters of pig-dealing. You must never sell pigs to the butcher, the bacon-man or his kith and kind. You always sell pigs to your friends. Not, of course, those who already have any practical knowledge of swine, but to others who may be a little tired of keeping hens or breeding cocker spaniels."

No doubt Archibald is right. We have just sold eight weaners (including one that seemed always about to sit down) to Simpson, who hitherto has had no serious interests beyond canaries. Next week Robinson, who is at present all rabbits, is going to build a pig-sty. We have hopes.

LAST WORDS ON THE WASH.

[In reply to a question from Mr. COCKS on Tuesday last week, Mr. J. H. THOMAS stated that any comprehensive scheme of reclaiming the Wash was quite impracticable.]

KING JOHN was not for grit renowned;
He was not of the bulldog breed;
And when the Barons stood their ground
He crumpled up at Runnymede;
And more by luck than management
Escaped submergence in the splosh
What time his baggage-wagons went
Down to the bottom of the Wash.

Plans framed with wondrous skill and pains
Throughout the intervening years
Have occupied the massive brains
Of many famous engineers
Who sought its sand-banks to reclaim
And cleanse it of alluvial slosh,
But never once could prove the game
Was worth the candle, in the Wash.

Yet must we then abandon hope?
Must we all mental strife forgo?
Is there no hero fit to cope
With this malign mysterious foe?
Have we not good STRABOLGI's heir,
Or WEDGWOOD, the undaunted "JOSH,"
To beard in its subaqueous lair
The monster who controls the Wash?

Cannot GEORGE LANSBURY essay
To tow across the Isle of Sark
And turn this wasted waterway
Into a gorgeous public park
With, say, pavilions *à la* Ritz
And bathing-boxes very posh,
As quite consistently befits
The natural purpose of the Wash?

Alas! the answer, sent by wire
From *Topsy*, that intrepid maid,
In answer to my dear desire
That she should lead the new crusade,
Has damped my spirits; it begins
With the familiar cry, "O gosh!"
And ends, "How could I teach my twins
If I were wallowing in the Wash?"

Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse; but still,
Though from Calcutta to Oshkosh,
In proof of Fashion's fickle will,
The skull-cap has displaced the *cloche*,
Secure amid the ebb and flux
That science cannot quell or quash,
There lingers on one unsolved crux,
The unreclaimed unruly Wash.

"LADY MOTORIST FINED.
TIGHT SQUEEZE ON THE —— ROAD."
Headlines in Provincial Paper.

If her amorous gentleman friend had been a sportsman he 'd have stood the racket himself.



Office Charlady (who has never yet handled a te'ephone). "IT 'S NO GOOD YER KEEPIN' ON R'NGIN', 'COS THEY 'RE ALL GORN."

MISLEADING CASES.

XXVIII.—THE RECALCITRANT JURY AND THE MAD K.C.'S.

THIS case, which may well come to be the classical authority upon the law of contempt of court, was advanced another stage to-day.

It will be recalled that some months ago the behaviour of a jury in the Probate and Divorce Division aroused the displeasure of Mr. Justice Wool, who was temporarily hearing divorce-suits during the indisposition of the President. His Lordship had made some strong comments on the conduct of the respondent and co-respondent in the case, who had been seen by detectives in a taxi-cab at Piccadilly Circus, and he told the jury that he expected them to draw the worst conclusions and to find for the petitioner. The jury after a long retirement found for the respondent; and the foreman, a Mr. Haddock, added, "The jury are of opinion, milord, that your remarks about the taxi-cab were in the worst of taste."

The Judge sternly ordered the jury to retire again and re-consider their verdict. On their return the foreman read out a long statement, composed in rhymed couplets, reiterating the previous verdict, criticising the intellect and disposition of the Judge and concluding thus:—

"Proceedings in the taxi-cab,
We find, were decorous and drab.
Your Lordship is extremely deaf
And burbles in the treble clef.
You know the law, we must suppose.
But that is all your Lordship knows."

The remainder of the jury then made emphatic signs of assent, and his Lordship ordered the whole jury to be committed to prison for contempt of court.

Mr. Haddock, to the general surprise, then said: "Milord, we elect to be tried by a jury."

(*Continued on next page.*)

The Judge. You *what?*

Mr. Haddock. Is your Lordship familiar with the case of *R.* v. *Spettigue?*

The Judge. No, I am not.

Mr. Haddock. Milord, it was an unreported case, but in that case, milord——

The Judge. I will not bandy cases with you. Usher——!

Mr. Haddock. Milord, with great respect, milord, it is an elementary principle of our system of justice that no man shall be tried except by his peers. It is also accepted that no man shall be judge in his own cause—*Nemo debet esse judex in propria causa.* Now, milord, the party charged at the moment is a jury, and a jury can have no peer but another jury. Historically, milord, at least, a jury ranks as high as a judge, or even higher: indeed, milord, the jury or court of citizens assembled *was* the first judge. It follows from this, milord, *pace* Professor Milk——

The Judge (*sternly*). Usher, have these persons removed and committed to custody.

Mr. Haddock. Milord, it is only fair to warn you that we shall formally resist arrest and subsequently institute proceedings for false imprisonment and bagotry.

The Judge. You will go to prison till you have purged your contempt.

Mr. Haddock. We will *not* purge.

The jury were then removed to Brixton prison, where they have remained for six weeks, resolutely refusing, as their foreman had predicted, to purge their contempt by apology or *murrain obeisant*. The affair is said to have weighed upon his Lordship's mind, and yesterday he ordered the recalcitrant twelve to be brought before him. The Clerk of the Court put the historic question:—

"*Do you purge, or doth this contempt stand fast infeasible?*"

Mr. Haddock. We do not purge—unless this matter be tried according to law.

Sir Ethelred Rutt, K.C. Milord, I have been instructed to appear for the persons charged. I do so with some reluctance, milord, having regard to the unusual nature of these proceedings—

The Judge. I cannot hear you, Sir Ethelred.

Sir Ethelred. Then I will speak up, milord.

The Judge. You have no right to appear. There is an inherent power in the Court to protect the dignity of the Court and the processes of justice by the committal of offenders for contempt.

Sir Ethelred. Milord, it is the jury's case that under the Constitution there can be no right or power, except as provided by statute, to imprison without trial. Least of all could there be such a right where the person ordering the imprisonment is the person complaining of an injury; no man, milord, can be both plaintiff and judge.

The Judge. I am not a plaintiff. I am protecting the dignity of the Court.

Sir Ethelred. With great respect, milord, I am instructed to say that you are protecting in this case your personal dignity. The jury have not obstructed the process of law, but they have in their official capacity made comments on your personal conduct. Now, milord, like yourself, the jury is a part of the machinery of the Court (whether an equal or a superior part does not at the moment matter). If what is said or done to your Lordship in this Court must be understood always to reflect upon the dignity of the Court, as opposed to your own personal dignity, milord, then the same reasoning must apply to the jury, in which case your Lordship's action in assaulting and detaining the jury without trial might be held to constitute a contempt of court, for the jury is an instrument of the Court—an instrument so important, milord, that you are accustomed to leave to the jury all those questions which you yourself find too difficult to answer.



Dashing Native of Bohemian Chelsea. "THERE'S VODKA IN THESE COCKTAILS."

Ordinary Man from somewhere else (a little hard of hearing). "VOLGA? WHY NOT THAMES?"

The Judge (who seemed a little bewildered). I beg your pardon?

Sir Ethelred. In the alternative, milord, if the jury are to be considered not as an instrument of the Court, acting as such, but as a collection of individual subjects, then in respect of anything they may say or do they are entitled to the ordinary rights of the subject, that is to say, to be heard in evidence, to call evidence, to be represented by counsel and to be tried before a jury.

The Judge (feebly). I do not think I am very well, Sir Ethelred. Nevertheless let a jury be empanelled.

A jury was then empanelled and sworn.

Sir Ethelred. Call Silas Wool.

The Judge. Who is he?

Sir Ethelred. Sir Silas Wool, milord—Mr. *Justice* Wool.

The Judge. This is very irregular.

Sir Ethelred. Not more irregular, milord, than your treatment of my unfortunate clients.

The Judge. But I cannot give evidence in my own court.

Sir Ethelred. In the special circumstances, milord. Milord, you are, as it were, the plaintiff in this dispute arising out of the expressions used by my clients; and in the counter-charges, milord, arising out of your alleged trespass to Mr. Haddock and his colleagues, you are, as it were, the defendant. In both cases, milord, you would wish, no doubt, to be heard; and, if not, milord, my instructions are, milord, to *subpœna* you.

The Judge. Can I not make a statement?

Sir Ethelred. My clients, milord, are prepared to go into that box and give sworn testimony; and I shall be compelled to point out to the jury, milord, that a statement not made upon oath is comparatively valueless as evidence in a court of law.

The Judge. That seems reasonable enough. But a small point occurs to me, Sir Ethelred. While I am in the box who is to occupy the bench?

Sir Ethelred. Milord, I take it you will be represented by learned counsel in this case?

Sir Timothy Mole, K.C. I shall be happy to appear for his Lordship.

Sir Ethelred. Then perhaps my learned friend would represent your



Old Friend of the Family (to girl about to be married). "WELL, ME DEAR, I SUPPOSE YOU 'LL WEAR A BIT OF YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S LACE AT YOUR WEDDING?"

Girl. "DARLING, IT 'S ALL PAWNED AGES AGO, BUT I 'M CARRYING HER CIGARETTE-CASE."

Lordship on the bench while your Lordship is giving evidence?

The Judge. Is there any precedent for all this, Sir Ethelred?

Sir Ethelred. No, milord; but, as Lord Mildew said in *Bottle* v. *The Port of London Authority*, "there is no precedent for anything until it is done for the first time."

The Judge. Very true. Do I take off my robes?

Sir Ethelred. If your Lordship pleases.

The Judge then removed his robes, revealing an anæmic old gentleman in his shirt-sleeves. Sir Timothy took his seat on the bench, his Lordship was sworn, and stated on oath his opinion of Mr. Haddock.

Sir Ethelred (cross-examining). Are you ninety-four?

Witness hesitated before replying.

Sir Ethelred (sternly). Answer the question, please.

Sir Timothy. I cannot allow the question. How can the witness remember how old he is at his age?

Sir Ethelred. You complain of certain disrespectful expressions employed by my clients?

The Judge. I do.

Sir Ethelred. Can you name any other circumstances in which a person complaining of disrespectful language would be by law entitled to imprison without trial the user of that language?

The Judge. No. But I do not pretend to know anything about the law. I expect counsel to look up the cases and tell me.

Sir Ethelred. That concludes my clients' case.

Sir Timothy. After what you have just said, your Lordship, speaking as your legal adviser in these proceedings, I advise you not to return to the bench.

The Judge then burst into tears, but took his place at the solicitors' table.

Sir Timothy (representing the Judge) summed up the case to the jury. Speaking as his Lordship's legal adviser he threw himself upon their mercy; speaking as the Judge's deputy on that bench he said there was nothing to be said for his Lordship.

The Foreman of the Jury. We are a little confused, but we find his Lordship guilty of contempt of court.

The Judge then returned to the bench and dismissed himself with a caution as a first offender. Mr. Haddock and his associates were then released. It is thought that more may be heard of this case.

A. P. H.

THE RATIONALISATION OF POWER.

Two Kings in Israel seem to me
A bar to permanent success;
They 're bound ere long to disagree,
Like *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*,
For reasons that a child can guess;
Besides it 's economic waste.

Amalgamation is my plea;
Newspaper kings must coalesce
And, merging their identity,
Affect one bonnet, share one bee,
Run one consolidated Press
With twice the old omniscience graced.

Thus unified, the conjoint He
Can crush or crown, can blast or bless
And play the despot ruthlessly
Till Premiers bend a humble knee
To Might in a Crusader's dress
And Majesty in Mail encased.

". . . . the walls are hung with Old Masters. The duke's cabin and private sitting-room are furnished with large leather-covered armchairs, and sofas and sporting prints hang on the walls."—*Daily Paper.*

The sofas probably hang on the walls just in case any of the Old Masters are taken queer.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE JOINT OF MEAT.

ONE morning Mrs. Gorrilow's cook came to her and said the butcher hasn't sent the joint of meat and he promised faithfully we should have it before eleven o'clock so that I could cook it in time for dinner, I'm sure I don't know what people are like in this place, they don't seem to mind telling lies and I am not used to that, so I wish to give notice.

Well Mr. Gorrilow was a clergyman and he had just settled in at a new vicarage, and he and Mrs. Gorrilow and the cook and the house-parlourmaid whose name was Bolt and the nurse had all worked as hard as they could to get everything nice by Saturday so that Mr. Gorrilow could write his sermon in peace and none of them should have anything to do on Sunday which was a day of rest, and they always had dinner in the middle of the day because of the children and now there was no meat in the house.

Well Mrs. Gorrilow's father had been a colonel, and she wasn't quite so much used to controlling herself as if she had always belonged to clergymen, but she had done her best, and while they had all been arranging the furniture and putting things away she had really been very sweet-tempered to everybody, though the cook had been very trying and had kept on saying that it had been a mistake to leave the old vicarage where the kitchen range had been much better and she had known where to lay her hand on everything. And one thing that Mrs. Gorrilow didn't want was for her to give notice before they had got thoroughly settled, because she was a good cook and fairly economical and she didn't know where to get another one. So she had been extra nice to her, but it had told on her temper inside, and when the cook gave notice because of the joint of meat not coming she nearly threw a book called *The Rosary* at her which she was putting away in a bookshelf, she was so angry. But before she could do anything there came a ring at the back-door and the cook said perhaps that 's him and went out of the room.

Well Mrs. Gorrilow was pleased that she hadn't lost her temper with the cook, but she thought it wouldn't do any harm if she lost it with the butcher just to show him that he couldn't behave anyhow, so she went out after her, and when the back-door was opened there was a man standing there with a joint of meat in a basket, and she was rather short-sighted but she could see it wasn't the sirloin of beef which she always ordered for Saturday so that they could have it cold on Sunday and the cook could go to church and only have the potatoes to do when she came back.

Well she really couldn't stand any more, so she snatched the joint of meat out of the basket and threw it at the man's head, and it was a leg of something all covered with hair, and that just finished it off, and she told the man what she thought of him and of his master, and while she was doing it she quite forgot that she was married to a clergyman and talked more as if her husband had been a colonel who hadn't got to be so particular about his language. And she was so upset that when she had finished what she had to say she rushed upstairs to her bedroom and locked the door and threw herself on her bed and cried. And that might have done her some good, but she couldn't do it for long because the cook followed her upstairs and knocked at the door and when she found it was locked she called out I shan't stay in this place any longer, I am not used to such ways, the butcher has sent us the leg of a goat, I believe he is a Dissenter and I have left it lying where you threw it.



"SHE QUITE FORGOT THAT SHE WAS MARRIED TO A CLERGYMAN."

So Mrs. Gorrilow had to dry her eyes and get up and go and see about it, and she felt she wasn't ready for that yet, so she was very glad when her husband came out of his study as she got downstairs and she could tell him about it, because he was a very kind man and always nice to everybody, and even Mrs. Gorrilow's father had liked him, though he would rather she had married a major or a captain.

Well when she told him about it he said he didn't wonder she was a little overwrought with all she had been doing, perhaps it would have been better not to throw the joint of meat at the man's head but as she hadn't hit him with it no great harm had been done and they would live it down together. And she said couldn't you ask the cook to stay? I would rather you did it because I am not quite myself yet. And he said he would, and she was to go upstairs and lie down for half-an-hour and he would see to everything

Well it was rather more difficult than he had thought it would be because the cook was upset, and when she was like that she always had a great deal to say. But he let her say it and agreed with all he could of it without forgetting that he was a clergyman, especially about the kitchen range, and he said he didn't know what they should do if she went because the children were so fond of her, so she was melted and said she would overlook it this time and stay.

So then they went out to look at the joint of meat which was still lying in the yard, and directly Mr. Gorrilow saw it he said why it's a piece of venison, and he picked it up and took it back to the kitchen. And just then Bolt the house-parlourmaid came in with her outdoor things on, because she had gone down to the village to post letters and to buy a few new dishcloths, and the moment she came in she said I wish to give notice, Mrs. Gorrilow has thrown the hind leg of a stag at my young man and I don't hold with such goings-on.

Well then it all came out, and what had happened was that Lord Furlong who was the chief gentleman in the village and lived in a very big house with a park had shot one of his private deer and sent parts of it to several of his friends to eat, and he had told his chauffeur to take some of it to Mrs. Gorrilow with a polite note to say that he hoped they were getting on well with their move and that he and Lady

Furlong would come and call on them directly they were settled in. And Bolt had already begun to walk out with the chauffeur and he had met her in the village and told her what had happened.

So Mr. Gorrilow thought the best thing was for him and Mrs. Gorrilow to go and make a clean breast of it to Lord Furlong. And they did that, and Lord Furlong laughed so much at it that Lady Furlong had to thump him on the back to prevent him choking. And it turned out that he had known Mrs. Gorrilow's father, and he took to her and to Mr. Gorrilow too, and Lady Furlong took to them and to the children, because she hadn't any of her own. So they were all very happy together afterwards, and the only thing that Mrs. Gorrilow found a little tedious was that Lord Furlong laughed every time he saw her about her throwing the joint of meat at his chauffeur and at what she had said about him, and they couldn't talk about anything else until he had finished with it.

And Lord Furlong provided the vicarage with a new kitchen range, so the cook was quite pleased and stayed on, and Bolt stayed on too because she didn't want to be parted from her young man, and Lord Furlong made it all right with him for having had a joint of meat thrown at his head, and he was quite satisfied and joined the choir.

A. M.

TWENTY YEARS ON.

THE Fifth Form, which, as a newcomer to the staff I had inherited, together with a carpet and a waste-paper basket, from my predecessor, having completed what they fondly imagined to be an English essay, showed a disposition to spend the remainder of the period in the pursuit of their own peculiar pastimes rather than in a final polishing of their productions—that "*limæ labor*" (labour of the file) of which, as I took occasion to remind them, HORACE speaks.

Roberts I., for instance, was intelligently gouging the beginnings of a blatant "D. R." on his desk. We went into the subject at some length. We wondered whether Roberts was wont to treat the dining-room table at home in like fashion. We spoke of the primitive urge of the less civilised races to find self-expression in crude carvings. We used the word "atavism" and explained it on the board (Lat. "*Atavus*"—"Great-great-great-grandfather"). With a wealth of irony Roberts was invited to bring a piece of wood to future classes instead of wantonly destroying the property of others. Perhaps he imagined that the School was to be regarded as certain lewd fellows of the baser sort seem to regard railway companies. Now we knew who was responsible for all the damage done in railway carriages. An impressive philippic, in short, and one whose most subtle points were taken up with refreshing appreciation by the rest of the form.

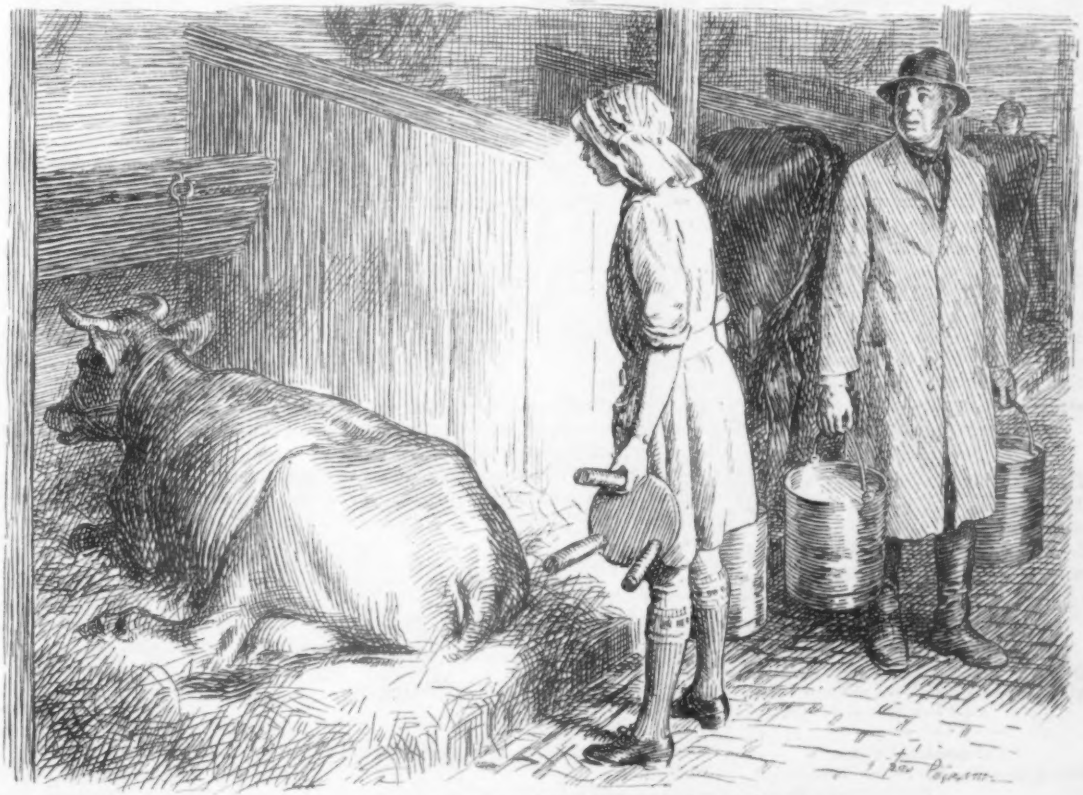
Finally the deflated firstborn of the House of Roberts was banished to an ancient desk at the back of the room.

With three minutes to go before the end of the lesson the exile began to display every evidence of wishing to conceal something on his desk, as who should read an EDGAR WALLACE *sub rosâ*. This was a matter for investigation.

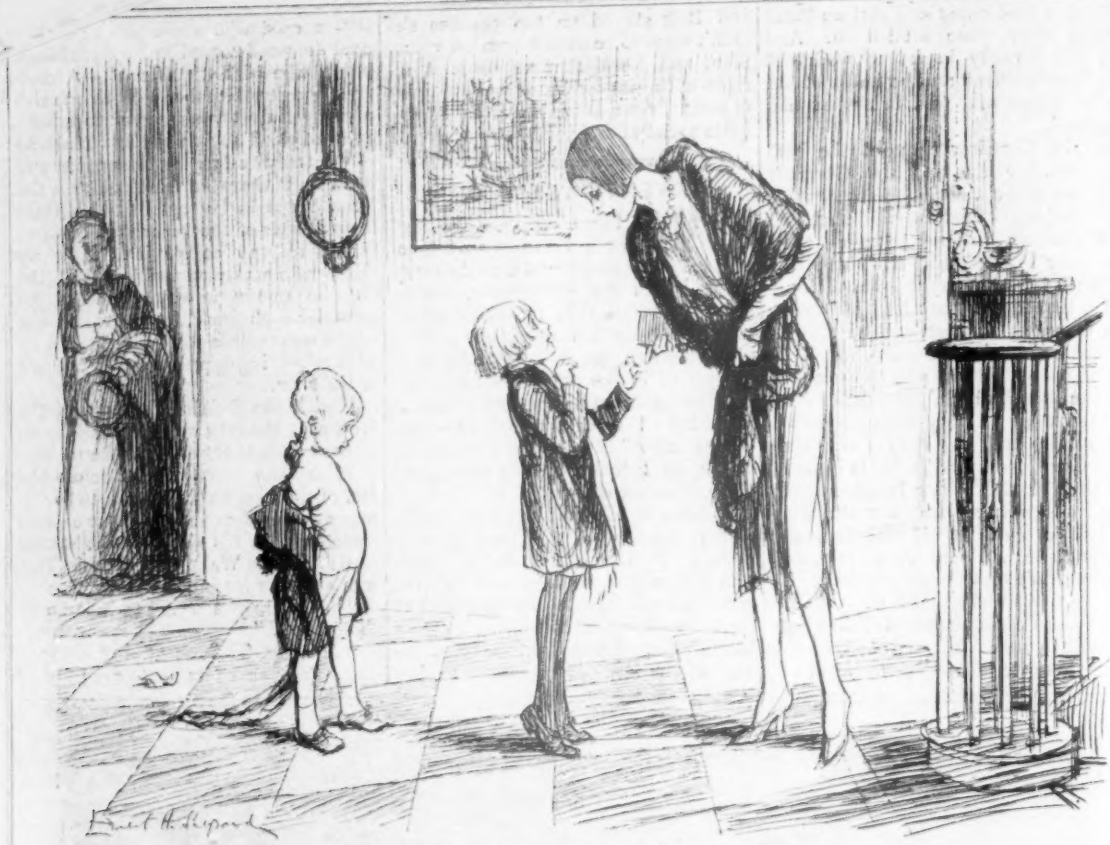
"What are you trying to hide under that paper?"

"Nothing, Sir."

(*Continued on next page.*)



The New Pupil. "DO I WAKE HIM UP OR MILK HIM WHERE HE IS?"



REPERCUSSIONS OF THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

Susan (just back from Charity Matinée rehearsal). "OH, MUMMIE, AUNT JANE SAYS WE ARE TO HAVE OUR HAIR CURLED LIKE BOTTLED CHERRY ANGELS."

"Let me just prove whether we see eye to eye in our conception of nullity," I said, advancing.

Then Roberts lifted the paper with the innocent yet triumphal air of a conjurer removing the Union Jack from the canary cage. There, massive in its Gothic grandeur and bold as on the day I fashioned it, was:—

P. APRICOT II.
1910.

Then the merciful bell rang, and the Fifth was dismissed with almost indecent promptitude.

Littera scu.pta manet. In the pleasant scheme of going back to teach at one's old school I had overlooked this little flaw.

Unroofing the Roofless.

"The roof of an open-air school at Knowle was blown off and landed in a recreation field."
Gale Report in Daily Paper.

"PEDESTRIANS' PERIL.
Taking Steps for Their Own Protection."
North-Country Paper.

But so often one hasn't time.

THE PERFECT PANTHEIST.

(A cheerful children's hymn, to be sung in Russian schools every morning under pain of death and mutilation by the U.S.S.R.)

O BOMB,
Giver of peace,
Breaker of all things into nothingness,
To thy great soul, wherefrom
Power cometh to mankind
To spatter blood before and blood behind
And fill the earth with splendour of surcease,
Be kind
To us, O Bomb!

Sickle of Strife,
Warm with the taking of yet one more life!
Hammer of Wrong,
Be with us in our ways and make us strong!
Serene and lovely Knout,
Here at thy feet thy worshippers devout
Obedient fall;
Not long, not long
Shall anything be left of doubt.
Lo! where the Faithful throng
To thy sweet service, thy dear festival,
Let there be lifted to the skies
Fainter and fainter still the cries
Of agonising breath,
Till on a land of ruined stone
And writhen wood,
Where nought continueth,
Looks down from his omnipotent throne
The Father of these Gods to whom we groan,
Watching afar,
The Implacable Universal Commissar,
Lord Death,
And sees that it is good. EVOE.

Sport for Beavers.

"He had that long white beard thirty-five years ago, and I have seen him play football with it."—*Evening Paper.*

"£20,000,000 WILL SUIT."
Headline in Morning Paper.

Even a fraction of that sum will suit us.

"WHY NOT ROCK PLANTS IN POTS?"
Gardening Paper.

Because it makes baby jealous.



THE NEW LAW.

SOVIET. "THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GOD BUT ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 10th.—The soft answer that turneth away wrath has its uses in Parliament, but its efficacy does not compare with the perfect answer that turneth away supplementaries. The master of the concise, comprehensive and courteous answer on the Treasury bench is the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA. To-day fourteen Questions answered by him, several of them by that pertinacious inquisitor, Mr. THURTLE, only provoked nine Supplementaries.

The House listened with bated breath while the FOREIGN SECRETARY, pressed by Sir A. KNOX, admitted that Tadjikistan has been raised to the status of a federated Socialist Soviet Republic. Mr. HENDERSON declined to accept the thesis that the main purpose of the new republic will be to provide Indians groaning under capitalist bondage with an enticing model of Marxian freedom.

Colonel HOWARD-BURY is still bent on putting Dead Sea salt on the tail of the Foreign Office. On this occasion, however, the gallant Member, who asked if the signing of the Optional Clause would not compel us to refer to arbitration the French claim to a Dead Sea salt concession, was neatly pissed on by Mr. HENDERSON to the Colonial Office.

"Does the Right Hon. Gentleman feel that a poultry-farmer on finding a fox on his land is justified in killing it?" asked Mr. EDE of the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE. Fox-hunting Members stretched their ears for the answer, but the SPEAKER pointed out that the question was hypothetical. Our poultry-keepers must fall back on the precedent set by KING SOLOMON.

The ventilation of the House of Commons is a well-ventilated subject, but the nation will be glad to learn from Mr. LANSBURY that the present system is not prejudicial to health and has proved positively rejuvenating to the permanent officials. After that explanation Mr. STRAUSS's suggestion that even people working on sewage farms notoriously enjoy good health seemed to verge on the offensive.

The House in Committee made progress with the Coal Mines Bill. After some argument about procedure it declined Sir BASIL PETO's proposal to reduce the members of the proposed National Industrial Board from seventeen to eleven, in spite of Mr. BEAUMONT's lively contention that even a committee of two is one too many and that there is no instrument for making inefficiency more ineffectual than your committee of experts. It likewise rejected Sir SAMUEL ROBERTS' proposal to exclude both owners and miners from the Board.

The debate assumed a livelier tone on two subsequent Amendments, one calling for representation of the Spencer Union on the Board and the other for exclusion from it of members of the T.U.C., but both suffered the same fate. However, the sweet reasonableness of the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE was demonstrated when he accepted an Amendment by Mr. SMITHERS providing that the Chairman of the Board shall not be a member of any of the bodies from whom its ordinary members are recruited.



SAIREY GAMP CARRIES OUT AN INVESTIGATION.
MR. W. ADAMSON.

Tuesday, February 11th.—The House of Commons knows and approves of "Red Ellen," but "Red Biddy" is a lass of more potent though not perhaps more ardent spirit. The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND informed Mr. MCELWEE that he has the brew in question under consideration. As he had already informed the House that it "has a most serious effect on the constitution of the consumer" we may hope that his tests will be confined to the laboratory.

Mr. THOMAS explained that when silver declined in value in the East the sales of cotton declined in Manchester, likewise that a sharp decline in the price of wool had caused unemployment in the wool trade. He found these factors of commercial depression outside the control of the Government.

Mr. W. GRAHAM admitted, in answer to various Questions, that a good many countries have recently revised their tariffs upwards, but blandly assured the disgusted Opposition that he would attend the forthcoming tariff truce conference at Geneva in a spirit of undiminished optimism.

Youth and beauty cannot melt Mr. SNOWDEN's icy bosom or temper his icy replies. Miss JENNY LEE asked him what it would cost the State to make an allowance of five shillings a week for every child under fifteen. "One hundred and forty million pounds," replied the CHANCELLOR coldly. How much less would the figure be if children's allowances deducted from income-tax were deducted? Mr. SNOWDEN intimated frigidly that they had been deducted. Up sprang Mr. KIRKWOOD, ever ready to come to the aid of beauty in distress. "Had the MINISTER given the maximum figure?" "The exact figure," said Mr. SNOWDEN icily. Evidently the Scotsman who admitted that he had been given the right change, "but only just," was no Clydesider.

Nor did Mr. SNOWDEN's frigidity forsake him when Mr. CHURCHILL roundly, if rather rudely, suggested that the CHANCELLOR was keeping the safeguarded industries on tenterhooks "from motives of personal vanity and arrogance." Of course he imputed temperamental, not interested motives, Mr. CHURCHILL explained in response to a mild reprimand from the SPEAKER. In the current exchange of pleasantries that these Treasury wizards are wont to make, Mr. SNOWDEN is still something to the good.

Mr. THOMAS having "nailed" a report that British millers are boycotting Canadian wheat—they are merely buying the stuff cheaper elsewhere—and the House having discussed corporal punishment at great length and to no purpose, the Coal Bill again came up in Committee. Mr. MAXTON moved an Amendment to give the Coal Mines National Industrial Board power to fix a minimum wage, but found himself opposed in no uncertain manner by Mr. D. GRAHAM, the miners' Member who sits for Hamilton. Two Grahams with but a single thought is more than even Mr. MAXTON can tackle, and he did not carry his Amendment to extreme lengths, the more so as the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE assured him that this was by no means the last Coal Bill the Government hoped to pass.

Wednesday, February 12th.—Lord MONKSWELL's annual attack on our deplorable railway systems provokes a variety of replies, but to-day elicited from Lord PONSONBY a something new in defences, to wit a *cri de cœur* for less speed. In tones that won approving nods from Lord BANBURY he assured their Lordships that this mania for passing from one place to another at a high rate of speed was temporary and there would be a reaction. With visions of the ox-cart and the pack-saddle dancing before their reminiscent eyes their Lordships went home to tea, several dismissing their astonished chauffeurs with the curt announcement that they would walk. They wanted to see what it felt like.

A harmless leg-pull always intrigues the House, the more so when it is the Prime Ministerial leg that is drawn. Mr. MACDONALD had read out the very comprehensive list of economic celebrities that are to constitute the Economic Advisory Council. "Is the Right Hon. Gentleman satisfied that he has left out no one of note?" asked Mr. HORE-BELISHA innocently. Mr. MACDONALD with a puzzled expression replied that he did not know who the Hon. Member had in mind. "The only person I had in mind," replied Mr. HORE-BELISHA, "was *Uncle Tom Cobley*."

Mr. MACDONALD was touched again when he gave an emphatic "No" to a request by Mr. BRACKEN for an opportunity to consider the unemployment programme submitted to the Cabinet by the LORD PRIVY SEAL's official assistants. "Then will the PRIME MINISTER give the House an assurance that he will protect the LORD PRIVY SEAL against the intrigues of fashionable and futile Ministers nominally attached to him?" asked Mr. BRACKEN. There was, needless to say, no answer.

Mr. RAMSBOTHAM's motion for an inquiry into the Post Office Services elicited a spirited debate, in which the new Mercury, Mr. LEES-SMITH, defended himself as best he might against his predecessor's deputy, Lord WOLMER, who called vigorously for the Post Office to be restored to private control. His position was somewhat weakened by the argument, not unnaturally advanced by the Government, that there had been no talk of doing any of the things he now advocated during the five years of his tenure of office.

Thursday, February 13th.—To Lord CUSHENDUN, who wished to be assured that no trade agreement would be negotiated with the Soviet Government without the House of Lords having an opportunity of giving their views about it, Lord THOMSON replied with the rather ill-expressed assurance that the Government would "act upon the advice of the best expert opinion available," by which he may or may not have meant the opinion, if it ever has one, of the Economic Advisory Council.

Their Lordships then bickered a little about the constitutional rights of the House, Lord PARMOOR inviting them to remember their limitations, and Lord SUMNER intimating that Lord PARMOOR had retreated from his previous position of ignorant heresy, covering his retreat, like the cuttlefish, with an obscuring cloud of dark particles.

On the motion of Lord HAYTER the House then discussed religious persecution in Russia. Lord PARMOOR's reply to the general chorus of indignation was soothing, but he flatly refused to make the position of the FOREIGN SECRETARY more difficult by putting a gloss on his words.

Those words, delivered this afternoon in reply to Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON, were that the Government would, where possible or compatible with the interests of those affected, use all its influence in the cause of religious liberty and the freedom of religious practice. He added the significant news that he had asked the British Ambassador in Moscow for a report on the matter.

Mr. MACDONALD explained to Mr. BALDWIN why the Government had proposed to reduce British cruiser strength to fifty, provided that other Powers adequately limited their programmes. It was obvious that neither the PRIME MINISTER nor Mr. BALDWIN had heard of the drastic step taken by M. TARDIEU in cabling to his Government that it was vital to the success of the Conference that France should win the forthcoming Rugby match at Twickenham.

The debate on Mr. GRAHAM's new Coal Bill Clauses setting up a Coal Mines Reorganization Commission was not especially vigorous in attack or defence. Sir ROBERT HORNE attacked most successfully, but even he was more successful in showing that the compulsory amalgamation of coal undertakings might do more harm than good. Mr. GRAHAM's defence was scarcely less tentative, and the House's opinion was probably best voiced by Mr. K. GRIFFITH's advice (less tersely advanced) that they should try it and see. The only unrepentant opponent of amalgamation seemed to be Mr. RUNCIMAN, who declared that the old inefficient collieries were a "godsend" to the consumer in good times, "because their supplies constantly overlapped those of the bigger concerns."



First Puff-Adder to Second ditto. "POOH! PUFFED UP!"
MR. CHURCHILL AND MR. SNOWDEN.



LORD WOLMER. "RATHER DOWN AT HEEL—WHAT?"
Mercury (Mr. LEES-SMITH). "H'M—CURIOUS THAT NOTHING WAS DONE ABOUT IT BEFORE I STEPPED INTO MY PREDECESSOR'S SANDALS."



STUDIES IN CRIME.

A MASTER CRIMINAL PLACING A MAN-EATING SHARK IN HIS RIVAL'S PRIVATE SWIMMING-BATH.

DOLORES DELAMAINE.

Dolores Delamaine, a stellar denizen of Hollywood,
Opining sense would serve her more enduringly than folly would,
Announced, as she set forth on the Atlantic dock-to-dock race, "I
Intend to get a husband from the British aristocracy."

Her standards were severe and, when the masses flocked to court her, rings
Were hastily returned to countless donors lacking quarterings;
Moreover she announced with some asperity, "I promise I'll
Refuse to settle down without an antiquated domicile."

She counted out innumerable gentlemen who fell for her
As being insufficiently pecunious or swell for her;
She harboured views on nomenclature bordering on stringency,
And coveted a Cholmondelyhood or Marjoribanksate or St. Johncy.

She'd further set her heart upon a young and clean-limbed specimen;
She wouldn't look at bandy-legged or adipose or messy men;
She said, "The cinematograph has taught me what a sin it is
To marry without due consideration for affinities."

Her agent said, "You're right enough to want a swell and wealthy one,
But surely it's the limit to expect a young and healthy one;
So rather than be finicky (and thereby overstep it) you'd
Do better to accept a man of definite decrepitude."

Dolores, though possessed of undeniable sagacity,
Inherited a tendency to obstinate tenacity,
And countered very candidly (if crudely), "I'll be cussed if I
Consent to any contract which my conscience couldn't justify."

A baronet of brain but little beauty got the bird from her;
A bishop with a stutter wrote a note but never heard from her;
The handsome Earl of Eastbourne said he'd readily be hung for her,
But he was only seven, so, alas! he was too young for her.

At length she met a gentleman of anything but puny form,
Who might have been Adonis in a military uniform;
His father was Lord Braughan, who owned a flourishing distillery,
And he was a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Artillery.

He scrutinized Dolores and he murmured, "What a gem it is!
She's absolutely super from her face to her extremities;
I'll ask her to be mine (and if my father says 'Tut-tut' at her
I'll tell him I'm aware that he himself has had a cut at her)."

They met at some hotel where all the world of rank and fashion ate,
And, when he whispered words both unambiguous and passionate,
She reckoned the occasion justly merited a bigger din,
And answered with an extract from a talkie she had figured in.

He tottered from the table moaning brokenly, "I vow it's her
Intention to remind me of a German 6-inch howitzer;"
Whereafter he applied himself to small-calibre gunnery.
Our heroine was recently admitted to a nunnery.



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW FLAT, UNCLE JOHN?"
"H'M, TOO MUCH FUTURIST BRIC-À-BRAC ABOUT."
"BUT I MUST PUT SOMETHING ON THE WALLS."
"AH, I WAS SPEAKING OF WHAT YOU PUT ON THE CARPET."

MISS SMITH, AUTHORESS.

Our youthful daughter, Eve, is now an authoress. Her first composition has been discovered to-day tucked among her handkerchiefs. Oddly enough Irene takes a somewhat serious view of the production, but it occurs to me that mothers have not that sureness of touch (in relation to daughters, I mean) which fathers have. Here is the story:—

THE FAREY PRINCE.

Once there was a very butiful and good little girl named Eve——

(At this point the authoress appears to have paused to consider whether it was strictly desirable to disclose the identity of this beautiful girl to a prying world, and to have decided, wisely, I think, that it was not. She had therefore put her pen through "Eve" and written "Miss Smith.")

Once there was a very butiful and good little girl named Miss Smith. And she was trying to do her speling one day when a farey prince came in sudnly and sat down beside her.

I say he said you look wurrid is the speling very hard.

Orful said the butiful Miss Smith.

I say he said looking over the book they shorely don't spect you to spel words like spinnitch do they.

(Once more the authoress had paused, this time evidently to consult her book, because "spinnitch" was struck out and "spinach" inserted.)

They do said the butiful girl and harder words to.

Well its a shame said the prince what they spect girls to do nourdays how would you like one of my speling chocklates.

What ever is a speling chocklate cried the butiful Miss Smith sprised.

One that makes you able to spel any word there is said the prince taking a box out of his poket.

Oo cried Miss Smith joyfely thats the thing I shood like best in the hole world. Ive orfen wondered wether there were such things.

So the prince gave her one and she eat it and it was carramell inside and taisted lovely. Shall I reely be able to spel any word there is, she said joyfely.

You will said the prince and you dezerve it because you are good as well as butiful.

It *will* sprise peeple, said the butiful Miss Smith who was very happy now and not sad. Miss Tucker my teacher will be most feerfely sprised and the other girls will wunder how it hapnd. I spose you havent got any jography chocklates have you I dont reely mind if you havnt becos speling is my worst lesson.

I havnt got any with me said the prince but if you will promis to marry me I 'll bring some next week.

The butiful Miss Smith was rather sprised at the prince becos she reely hadnt knone him very long but of corse he coodnt help falling in love with her so she promist to think about it and praps marry him when she was older. And he was ever so pleezed and said he shood orfen pop in, and bring her diffrent kinds of chocklates.

And next day Miss Smith spelt a word of fifty sillables and Miss Tucker fainted in the class and all the other girls were struck dum. And she lived happily ever afterwards.

"Charming," I said, returning the manuscript to Irene; "the child clearly inherits her father's——"

"Charming!" interrupted Irene; "but

surely this persistent dwelling on a fancied beauty ought to be checked?"

"Pooh!" I said, "that's just Romance."

"At any rate the spelling is simply—"

"Ah! perhaps there is room for a slight improvement there," I agreed. "Eve never has been able to get the hang of it somehow; it will come suddenly, I expect."

"It is disgraceful for a child of eight," persisted Irene, "and when you go up to say 'Good-night' I suggest you have a serious talk with her about it."

"Oh, certainly," I said.

"Serious, mind you."

"Of course."

"You lack firmness with Eve, you know."

"A perfectly unnecessary remark," I said coldly.

* * * * *

The light was still in the bedroom when I went up a minute later, and to my surprise I found my daughter reading in bed.

"Hallo!" I cried, "story-reading in bed?"

And then I noticed it was a spelling-book she held and that a tear was quivering on the rosy cheek. Good heavens, why was it these confounded schools insisted on children learning to—— I mean, why was it these confounded schools didn't teach—— Anyhow, why was it they made my little Eve cry?

"Is the spelling very hard?" I asked softly, seating myself on the bed.

"Oh, daddy, it's awful," she quivered.

"Cheer up," I said; "it will come to you all at once, I expect; some things do, you know."

"I try so hard," she murmured.

What the child needed, it was perfectly clear to me, was encouragement, not a lecture. How was it to be done? It came to me in a flash. "Ha! Ha!" I cried; "here's a prize for a girl who can spell a hard word: a nice new shilling. Let's see; what word shall we have? I know—'spinach.' Spell 'spinach.'"

I thought it was a certainty, especially as a gleam of recollection flashed in her eyes. Then slowly she spelt it out—"S-P-I-N-N-I-T-C-H."

I coughed. "Good," I said; "I'll leave the shilling on the dressing-table."

And now I'm going to potter in the garage; if I go back to the drawing-room Irene will be sure to ask a lot of irrelevant questions. C. M.

"HAMLET DEFIES CHURCH LAW."
Daily Paper.

It seems a bit late in the day to rake up the *Polonius* business.



"I WANT SOME SOCKS SUITABLE FOR MY NEPHEW, WHO IS AN M.P."

"BLESS THE CHILD!"

NURSE tells me if I sneeze
Three sneezes quick when she's
  Not there to cry,
  "Dear bless you!" I
  Shall see the fairy folk
  Come down like twists of smoke
To whisk me off away among the
  trees.

She thinks I'd be afraid;
She's glad she's always stayed
  Down on the ground
  For safe and sound,
  But truly I should love
  To sail along above
The road, and see how winds and
  clouds are made.

And so she always snaps,
"Dear bless the child!" but p'raps
  Next cold I get
  I'll dodge her yet;
  I'll sneeze so soft and low,
  She'll "Bless the child!" too slow—
Sh-shoo, sh-shoo, sh-shoo, just while
  she naps.

And then and there I'll see
The fairies come for me
  To give me wings,
  Soft feathery things,
  And up inside the blue—
  Tishoo, oh, dear! TISHOO;
Oh! Nurse, come quick; I'm 'fraid
  I'm sneezing three!

AT THE PLAY.

"HONOURS EASY" (ST. MARTIN'S).

CANDOUR and conscience compel the assertion that Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE's principal characters are entirely creatures of his plot and don't behave in a way that seems to us at all reasonable. On the other hand, once we accept them we are diverted by their antics, which play round a duel between two men—the one striving to ruin the son of the other by way of indulging an ancient grudge, the other suavely defending his son and checkmating his would-be friend and actual enemy—a duel resulting in a quite unlikely but comfortable happy ending.

William Barton, a coarse-grained, ignorant, uxorious fellow, is successfully running a picture-gallery in Bond Street—the gallery having recently become a very profitable affair, largely owing to the energy and flair of young *Harry Markham*, who is about to be taken into partnership. This is as well, seeing that *Barton's* idea of what the modern connoisseur wants is a picture of fourteen stags by LANDSEER.

Sir Henry Markham, Bart., *Harry's* father, has just sent an invitation to *Barton* to shoot at White Fallows. The frank climber in him rejoices exceedingly at this mark of the favour of the great. When he reads the confirming letter he discovers that the baronet is no other than his old partner—in South Africa—*Harry Markheim*. He, *Barton*, had once taken some money from the till to pay a debt of honour contracted at cards. The kindly *Markheim* said nothing about this for five years, and then read him a lecture on straightness in business. This was more than flesh and blood of *Barton's* type could bear. He can now pay off this old, old score by striking at the smug old preacher through his handsome capable son. And the highly convenient accident of the robbing of his safe by his underpaid secretary that very evening gives him his chance. Without precisely charging the young paragon, which might be dangerous, he dismisses him with a month's salary a few minutes after the discovery of the loss. The world will draw its own appropriate conclusions.

The affair is complicated by the fact that this was also the very moment that his pretty wife, *Ursula*, had chosen to make an assignation with young *Harry* at the Stag Hotel, Esher; and that the candid *Ann Winter*, who had resolutely refused the said *Harry* a year ago and driven him in his despair to a long course of philandering, chooses to call at the office and formally take him back into favour. Mr. PERTWEE evidently does not disdain the easy method of piled coincidences.



THE DUEL—BARTON *v.* BART.

William Barton . . . . . MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Sir Henry Markham, Bart. . MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

Harry keeps his rendezvous with *Ursula* in the Nell Gwyn bedroom of "The Stag" (broken telephones having made other less dangerous forms of explanation and farewell impossible); outjosephs JOSEPH of Egypt in his act of honourable rejection of the favours of the supremely accessible and seductive *Ursula*, and finds it impossible to complete the all-but-perfect *alibi* which his fond father has laboriously worked out with the aid of further helpful coincidences.

Seeing the kind of person young *Ann* has proved herself to be you might suppose that the simplest course for the poor persecuted youth would have been to make a clean breast of it, calling in evidence, if necessary, the obviously kindly if light-minded *Ursula*. Mr. PERTWEE elects to defer this explanation quite arbitrarily till the arrival of the guilty secretary (summoned by *Sir Henry* in *Barton's* name) discloses the length to which that good hater is prepared to go, and the landlord of "The Stag's" friendly recognition of the lady who had occupied the Nell Gwyn room on the night of the robbery completes *Harry's* alibi, while fixing, or seeming to fix, upon the anguished brows of the ridiculous *Barton* the appropriate emblems.



LOTHARIO TURNED JOSEPH.

ALMOST A BEDROOM SCENE.

Harry Markham . . . . . MR. ROBERT HOLMES.
Ursula Barton. . . . . MISS DIANA WYNYARD.

It is of course quite inconceivable that a person of *William Barton's* texture could have been pursued with such unremitting friendship by the honourable, kindly and distinguished old gentleman, *Sir Henry*; or that a lady of *Ursula's* charm and character could have borne with (even at the price in clothes and jewels exacted) such a gross and savage bear of a man—or would have long found it necessary or convenient. However, Mr. PERTWEE obstinately and ingeniously puts his puppets through their paces, and with the help of Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH (*Sir Henry*), unbelievably suave and forgiving; Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL (*William Barton*), more unreasonably unpleasant than he has ever

been called upon to be, which is saying a good deal; Miss DIANA WYNYARD (*Mrs. Barton*) almost persuading us by her charm and tact that she is a possible person, and Mr. ROBERT HOLMES (*Harry*), rousing our sympathies by his sedulously sustained air of worry and fundamental nobility of soul, contrives to entertain us sufficiently. But this is rather life as it is lived in popular magazines than in the Bond Street, country-houses and hotels that we know. T.

"FRANKENSTEIN" (LITTLE).

Miss PEGGY WEBLING'S "*Frankenstein*, an adventure in the macabre" founded on MARY SHELLEY'S novel, makes no attempt to follow the detailed plot or even the main lines of development of the original. Mrs. SHELLEY'S monster, after a vain appeal to his creator for sympathy, plunges into a long series of crimes both cruel and cunning in a dark spirit of implacable revenge. The author in fact piles on the agony. Miss WEBLING is much more discreet; her monster makes direct appeal to our sympathy; our disapproval is in fact reserved for the young student who has stumbled upon this dreadful secret of the infusion of life into dead matter collected from coffin and charnel-house and laboriously modelled into human form. He is too obsessed with horror (not perhaps unnaturally) to be able to recognise and foster the dawning instincts of tenderness and love of beauty in the beast-man he has created; and ridden by fear of his creature, after the first short period of mastery, in which he rules by lash and savage threat.

Nor are his friends much more perceptive. It is his little crippled sister, *Katrine*, who alone shows signs of being able to control the brute by her sympathy and goodness. Her death at his hands is not due to any lust to kill but to the desire to see the pretty white thing fluttering on the shining surface of the lake. He is overwhelmed by new sensations of pity as he gazes down upon the little drowned body, which he has tenderly carried into the house, lying still and silent.

An interesting and intelligent adaptation. There were inevitably some absurdities and an intolerable and unnecessary amount of explanation and discussion tiresomely repeated, and I am afraid poor young *Frankenstein* became a horrid bore. But there is no doubt that the author, with the assistance of Mr. HAMILTON DEANE (the "monster" and producer), achieved her effect. The coming to life in the Prologue, suitably heralded by high winds, swinging skeletons, thunder and lightning, was definitely impressive. Even the more difficult ending in smoke and flash and odour of chemicals did not at once break the spell. The brute, who had become a tyrant, vindictive and inexorable, has extorted a promise from *Henry Frankenstein* that he will provide him with a mate. With difficulty the old Professor persuades him to be brave enough to break this promise and so prevent such an infamy as the perpetuation of this terrible species. The elixir is poured into the brazier; the formula is destroyed; the brute-man strangles his creator, and at the moment of his death a thunderbolt consumes the man-made man and the modelled woman that was ready to be stirred into life. And one didn't really wish to giggle.

That is indeed a notable testimonial to the power of Mr. HAMILTON DEANE'S presentation. The study was admirably controlled, and it might so easily have been overdone to slip over the edge of the bizarre into the ridiculous. The first clumsy bestial movements and harsh unintelligible utterances, the signs of wider sense-perceptions, of growing understanding of ideas, the pathetic hunger for sympathy and understanding, the baffled rage at being spurned, the gust of animal desire stirred by the sight of *Frankenstein's Emilie*—all this was most adroitly and impressively done.

Mr. HENRY HALLATT (*Henry Frankenstein*) was compelled by the complexion of the piece to rave and rant in a long-departed mode, alternating with such excursions as, "Go on, Father; I love to hear your voice. It is like the strain of old familiar music." He did it all very well in the barn-storming tradition. But the ah-woe-is-me note was too monotonous and protracted for our comfort. As for *Dr. Waldman* and *Victor*, they were compelled by their parts to be ineffectual. Mr. STUART LOMATH was a very hearty *Baron Frankenstein*, with a rich Irish accent which would have startled the natives of Goldstadt. The *Baron* thought, perceptive fellow, that there was something rather odd about that young man, the monster, when he met him! In effect the whole piece was just *Frankenstein's Frankenstein* and Mr. HAMILTON DEANE; the rest were merely background. T.



Henry Frankenstein (*Mr. HENRY HALLATT*) *to Frankenstein* (*Mr. HAMILTON DEANE*). "FRANKENSTEIN, YOU CAN'T HAVE BRUSHED YOUR HAIR OR WASHED YOUR HANDS SINCE I CREATED YOU!"

On behalf of the Royal Cambridge Home for Soldiers' Widows, a Special Matinée will be given, in the presence of the QUEEN, at the Aldwych Theatre on Monday, February 24th, at 2.30 P.M., when Mr. BEN TRAVERS' new play, *A Night Like This*, will be performed by the Aldwych Company.

The Home, which was founded in memory of the first Duke of CAMBRIDGE, QUEEN VICTORIA'S uncle, is in need of structural alterations, and therefore, for the first time in its history, compelled to appeal for help.

Tickets may be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. P. J. GRIGG, 39, Grosvenor Road, S.W.1. (Tel. Victoria 8088), who will also be glad to receive contributions from those who are unable to attend the matinée. Cheques should be made payable to the "Cambridge Matinée."

At the Winter Garden Theatre on Sunday, February 23rd, at 7.30 P.M., a Special Concert will be given in aid of the Orphan Children, the sick and needy of the Variety Profession. Among those who have promised to appear are Misses PEGGY O'NEIL, VIOLET LORAINE, GRACIE FIELDS, Sir GERALD DU MAURIER and Mr. IVOR NOVELLO. Tickets may be obtained at the Box Office of the Winter Garden Theatre.

THE CAPITAL OF URUGUAY.

I FIRST saw Ronald as I was sitting in what is called "The Square" of the steamer, as we lay against the quay at Monte Video. Amid the sudden inrush of strangers which immediately follows the fixing of the gangway I noticed a small boy of about six, with a head disproportionately large, very fair hair, an expression at once inquisitive, purposeful and serious, a light-blue shirt over his resolute chest and an abbreviated pair of deep-blue linen knickerbockers. Among the other invaders, who were mostly dark, he was essentially the Anglo-Saxon, the very model of young England: a far more natural denizen of Kensington Gardens than of this distant Iberian Republic.

As gradually his fellow-visitors met friends and were led to other parts of the ship, not too remote from the bar, the little boy came to his own: that is to say, poised near one of the show-cases containing the kind of thing to which proficiency in deck-quoits entitles the fortunate passenger, he was an object of attention to all the officers passing through the Square; and it was then that I learned that his name was Ronald.

"Hullo, Ronald, here we are again!"

"Well, Ronald, how goes it?"

"Managing to keep warm, Ronald?" (The thermometer was ninety in the shade.)

"Lovely clean clothes you've put on for us, Ronald!"

With each of his friends Ronald gravely shook hands but said nothing. Even when the massive second-steward threw him several times into the air, his features did not relax. His mind clearly was elsewhere.

Where?

The answer to this question came with the arrival of the lady who rules over that richly-stored variegated nook opposite the purser's office, half-window, half-room, with its trinkets, dolls, fancy-dress, fountain-pens and patent lighters, which a notice curtly describes as "Shop."

"Hullo, Ronald," she said; "waiting for me to pull up the shutters?"

Ronald still disdained speech, but his eye condescended to kindle.

"I suppose you must have a present as usual," she added. "Come and choose it," and Ronald disappeared into her magic cave.

A few minutes later he emerged with a wooden horse, and when last I saw him, as the bugle was blowing the visitors ashore, he was descending the gangway very carefully, with his steed clasped to his side, while cries of "Good-bye, Ronald!" were wasting themselves on the tropical air.

In the noise and heat of Buenos Aires, where one is sufficiently occupied out-of-doors in preserving one's life from trams, buses and motor-cars, and indoors in fighting the heat, it was perhaps not unnatural that Ronald should be forgotten. Judge then of my pleasure—the double pleasure of surprise and recognition—when, on the return voyage, after we had steamed into Monte Video's harbour and were moored again along the side, the first civilian to mount the gangway and be greeted with an embrace by the sailor at the top of the steps was a little fair-haired boy in blue, with a head slightly too big for his sturdy frame and the expression of one who knows very definitely both what he wants and what he does not want.

Amid the bustle of the Square the little Englishman wandered, again gravely shaking hands with the staff, but again saying nothing. Presuming on our acquaintanceship—or what seemed like acquaintanceship to me—and greatly daring, I hailed him myself.

"Hullo, Ronald," I said.

But I presumed too much. Tom Fool, it appears, can on occasion know more people than know him. Ronald bent upon me a cold unrecognising stare and turned away. A little Englishman indeed! Need I say that the direction in which he turned was that of "Shop"?

Odd can be the souvenirs that one brings away from foreign lands. Monte Video has a park with birds of many colours and a lake with a romantic castle in its midst; it has the most fantastic modern business building I have ever seen; it has the sacred mountain from which it takes its name; it has at lunch-time buffets of cold fish and cold meats which effectually extinguish in the stranger all desire to eat further but serve only to whet the appetites of the formidable Uruguayans; it has churches, shops, lottery tickets, offices and a noble equestrian statue. But whenever in the future I think of Monte Video I shall first of all see with the mind's eye none of these things: I shall see Ronald, and he will be hugging his latest acquisition.

E. V. L.

Occasions on which "How's That?" is Superfluous.

"N. Betancourt c Griffith st Ames b Vece . . . . . 3."
Test-Match Report in Welsh Paper.

"CELIBACY IN THE FREE STATE.
SOME OF ITS CAUSES."
Headlines in Manchester Paper.

The thought that, if celibacy had been more popular Mr. DE VALERA might never have been born, may be one of them.

IN ITHACA.

KING Ulysses was a sailor
And, when home for good he came
And had visited his tailor
And his barber just the same,
See him, happy ever after,
Settled down ashore to be
'Neath his own domestic rafter
With his own Penelope;

See him potter round his roses,
Pat his shorthorns in the park,
Meet his Council that proposes
Nothing worthy of remark;
See him sitting down to dinner
Every evening, sure as Fate,
With, and all the virtues in her,
His unalterable mate;

See him perfectly contented,
So he tells us, all day long;
See his line of waist augmented
(But his valet vows we're wrong);
See his bronze a trifle paler—
Once his cheek was brown as tea,
And (Ulysses was a sailor)
See him sometimes on the quay;

See him wink to Daddy Ocean
Dragon-rolling, dark and blue,
White with manes and with a notion
Of a mermaiden or two;
Then, on hills that hiss and follow,
See him watch the triremes row
Till the wake of 'em 's a-wallow
With the days of long ago;

Till, a rose among her maidens,
Fair Phaeacia trips ashore,
Till, a ring o' belles in cadence,
Comes a dear half-dozen more—
Blue-eyed Circe, gentlest jailer,
Arch Calypso, ocean elf;
"*All* the nice girls loved a sailor!"
Says the Sailor to himself.

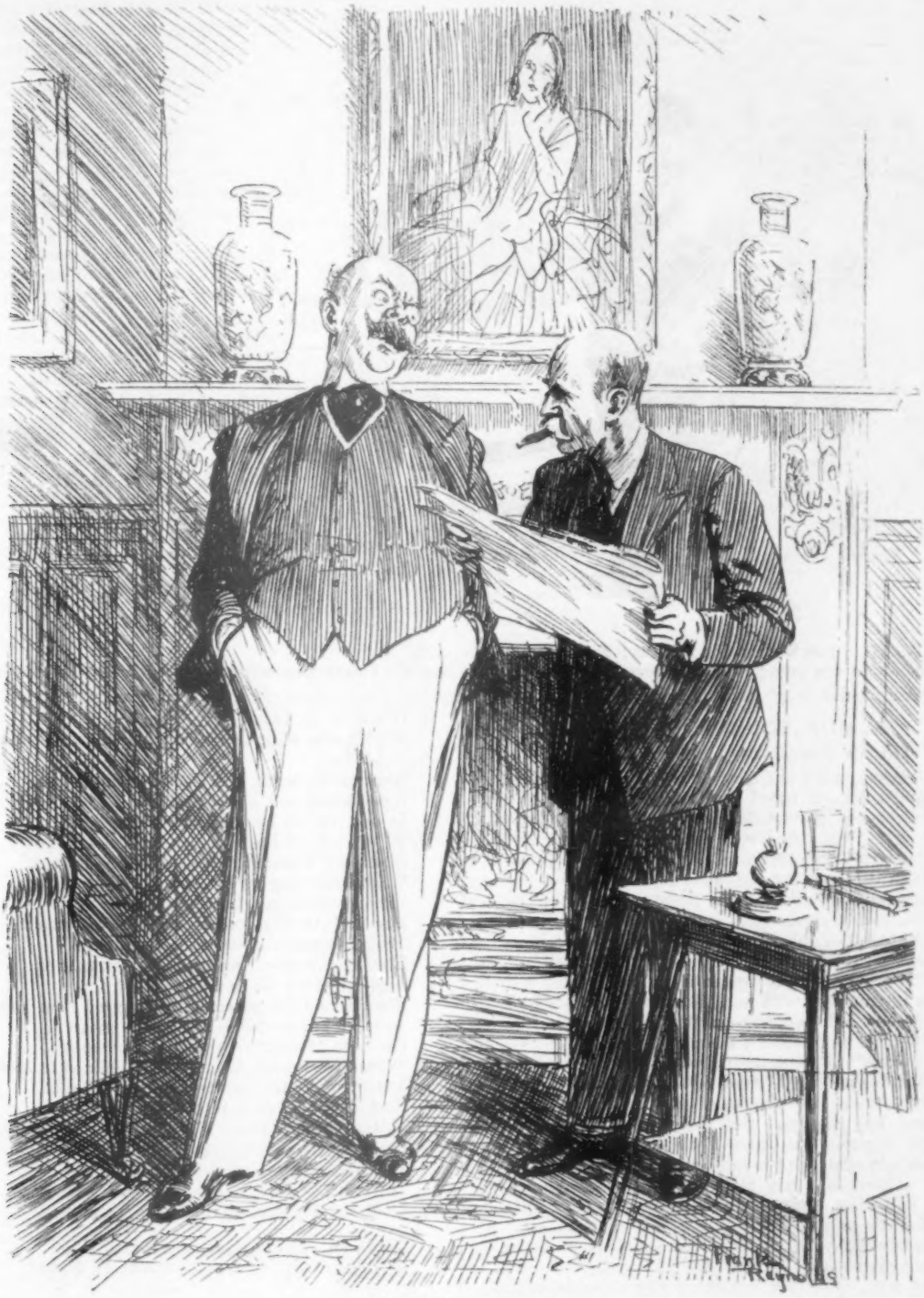
But a light hand 's on his shoulder
And, her bright braids falling near,
Gold as daffodil or golder,
Speaks Penelope, "My dear,"
Speaks like doves, like soft doves cooing—
Lovelier than all is she—
"Pray, what ever are you doing
Dreaming here beside the sea?"

And he tells her (quick his fancy
And the word that he commands),
"Naught more purposeful, my pansy,
Than a ploughing of the sands;"
And he tells her, with a wit (he
Never *was* for word at fault),
"Naught more practical, my pretty,
Than a sowing of the salt."

P. R. C.

"SUNDAY ON THE WIRELESS.
". . . it is obvious that no person can listen to two programmes at one and the same time."
Letter in Daily Paper.

Oh, can't he? Come and try our set.



BRIGHTER CRICKET.

First Club Member. "GREAT BATTING SIDE, THESE AUSTRALIANS. THIS BOY BRADMAN THINKS NOTHING OF MAKING FOUR HUNDRED."

Second Ditto. "YES, BY JOVE. AND THIS OTHER FELLOW, LINDRUM—THEY TELL ME HE MAKES THOUSANDS!"



Policeman. "YOU WERE DOING AT LEAST FORTY MILES AN HOUR."
Motorist. "I CAN GIVE YOU OCULAR DEMONSTRATION THAT AT HALF THAT RATE THIS MOTOR-CAR WOULD FALL TO PIECES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT having read *The Quarry Wood*, I came to Miss NAN SHEPHERD'S second novel with an open mind, a mind which after an interested perusal of *The Weatherhouse* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) I find still undecided on the novelist's ultimate merits. The trouble, I think, with Miss SHEPHERD is that she has too many irons in the fire. She is not perhaps quite so multifarious as Lord BROUGHAM or the Italian Eclectics, but her inconsistent aims have the same disastrous habit of cancelling out. The scene of her book is laid on the east coast of Scotland, with the Great War in full swing; and a primitive community of women-folk of Scots yeoman stock, drearily interspersed with ministers, hinds and hard-headed curmudgeons indispensable to the land, is living rather intensively on each other's aberrations and the occasional hectic "leave" of some marriageable male. The ladies of "Weatherhouse"—old *Aunt Craigmyle* and her three daughters—have for the most part dismissed (or been dismissed by) passion. But their young guest, *Lindsay Lorimer*, is pining for *Garry Forbes*, and *Louie Morgan*, a minister's daughter in the mid-thirties, for any man on any terms. Here obviously is material for a psychological study, and Miss SHEPHERD has allowed herself full play with *Louie's* perversities. But she set out, unless I am much mistaken, with the theme of a modern prose ballad, a strong simple epic of the stay-at-home women-folk of fighting men. For this task she is admirably fitted by her grasp of a doughty dialect and her poet's responsiveness to the influences of nature But a ballad is first and foremost a story, and Miss SHEPHERD'S story—a promising child at birth—dies neglected and under-nourished while her psychology is putting on flesh.

It's S. C. ROBERTS, if I may opine,
Who's now high priest where Lichfield rears her shrine;
Reading his work, you'll very soon discern
Real feeling and a literary turn.
In one respect he differs from the Scot
Who wrote of JOHNSON, for he's clearly got
A sense of humour, which restrains his pen
When summing up for us this Giant of Men.
His latest volume, born some time in Jan.,
Is called *An Eighteenth-Century Gentleman.*
Its title essay throws its light upon
The scholar who became Lord LYTTELTON,
And asks that we in no uncertain tones
Should laud the patron who inspired *Tom Jones.*
Another paper strikes the happy mean
On Lord MACAULAY, splendid and serene,
Whom MATTHEW ARNOLD was inclined to scout—
The great Victorian who knew not Doubt.
And last of all we read of how the Sage
Of Grub Street tower'd above his Golden Age,
Of what his bookshelves held, and how his end
Removed a true and charitable friend
(Our author most humanely draws a veil
Over the tiresome chat of Mrs. THRALE).

These charming essays in a myrtle dress
Trip for three florins from the C. U. PRESS.

All the charm of all the stories that have gathered round the names of WALLACE and BRUCE is renewed in modern terms in Colonel DENEYS REITZ'S account of the Boer War, *Commando* (FABER AND FABER, 15/-). Here are the details of a thousand escapes and of defiances of death beyond

counting, simply set down without any comment whatever, side by side with equally unmasked admissions of refusal to advance under fire or of rejoicing in the chances of loot. The writer's grim story of Spion Kop has not been equalled in a hundred histories; but even better is his picture of the guerilla war, when for month after month—but they lost track of the date—the Boer commandoes, dissolving and re-forming as each individual fighter followed his own bent, slipped in and out between the blindfold English columns in a country so huge that the entire population of a district on the word of alarm could take to waggons and in an hour be lost in the cracks of the hills. The Boers were in rags; for ammunition they were dependent on the stray cartridges let fall by casual Tommies; and, terribly troubled by lack of horses, beset by cold and rain, their one certain comfort was the knowledge that, if wounded, they could be left behind with complete confidence in the unfailing mercy of their pursuers. One supposes that the publication of this amazing record has been held back more than a quarter of a century simply in view of the infernal accuracy that the writer—then a mere lad—developed in shooting down English soldiers. Many years later, converted to a loyal sharing in the life of a re-ordered South Africa by the example and persuasion of his old leader, General SMUTS, Colonel REITZ served in the Great War to such purpose that he was given command of a crack British regiment. If he can but produce a story of the Western Front equal in sincerity and simplicity to the present volume it may well be his lot to take rank as one of the world's immortal narrators.

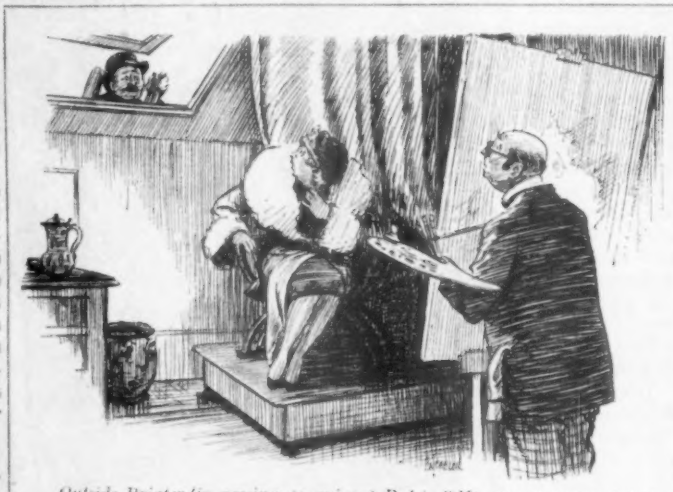
It was Professor SAINTSBURY, I think, who remarked of the authoress of *Consuelo* that the nobler characteristics of her novels came uppermost in her letters; and, faced with Miss VERONICA LUCAS'S admirable selection and translation of the *Letters of George Sand* (ROUTLEDGE, 15/-), I am prepared not only to endorse this verdict but to transcend it. Miss ELIZABETH DREW'S delightfully poised introduction would persuade me that GEORGE SAND was not a great genius but a great woman. I should rather insist that she had a genius for womanhood, which, squandered by the perverse attractions and repulsions of an artificial age, is seen when she is most her own and least her age's, in her letters. Her amours and her novels rendered GEORGE SAND notorious; yet the amours took up but a fraction of her time and the novels but a fraction of her thought. Infuriated by the licence accorded to the husbands of her day, she set herself to improve the status of her sex by taking a series of lovers—*never* two at a time, as she indignantly explained to SAINTE-BEUVE. And she kept them, for the most part, by her pen and cooked for them and nursed them; for, like every other "advanced" woman, she was allowed to do a man's work by concession and compelled by principle and instinct to do a woman's. Yet she is only absurd when actually pursuing a lover—one letter is written in a gondola with DE MUSSET in full flight—and only inflated when pumping political inspiration into MAZZINI or LAMARTINE. She is unfailingly kind to her tiresome relatives, and her literary friends—especially FLAUBERT—found her an excellent critic. As for her descriptive writing, all of it, the Mallorca letters in particular, is full of charm and vitality.

The picturesque curse alluded to by Admiral Sir REGINALD TUPPER on the first page of his *Reminiscences* (JARROLDS, 18/-),



Quartermaster. "WELL, JOE, IF THEY DOES ALTER THE 'ELM ORDERS TO 'LEFT-WHEEL' AND 'RIGHT-WHEEL,' I SUPPOSE WHEN THE OLD MAN WANTS TO ANCHOR 'E 'LL SING OUT, ''ALT! STAND AT EASE!'"

to the effect that the sons of his house are killed in battle and its daughters are not given in marriage, has assuredly not failed to operate in his case through any lack of opportunity. His recollections are told in a frank, blunt and sailorlike style, to which the well-worn epithet of "breezy" might for once be fitly applied, and their opening chapters give an excellent idea of the multifarious minor activities which fell to the lot of the Senior Service in remote corners of the oceans all through the nineteenth century. In Admiral TUPPER'S case these included punitive expeditions against the murderers of Lieutenant BOWER and his boat's crew in the Solomons, and of two German traders in East Africa, cruises in pursuit of dhows carrying slaves for the clove industry in Zanzibar, and the salving of the sailing vessel, *Drumeltan*, when she was badly aground near Nagasaki. The outbreak of the Great War found Admiral TUPPER "on the beach," busy with such matters as boy-scouts and Belgian refugees, and it was not until 1915 that his persistent pressure upon Whitehall for a billet resulted in his appointment to command a patrol on the west coast of Scotland. Later he was transferred to the Tenth Cruiser Squadron, which did such admirable and unostentatious work in combating the activities of the submarines so long as its usefulness lasted. This sphere he found especially congenial in view of the keen interest he had long taken in the possibilities of the mercantile fleet auxiliary, and he throws much new light upon the squadron's activities. The book is illustrated by some capital photographs, but it would be all the better for an index.



Outside Painter (*in passing, to eminent R.A.*). "HI, MATE, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T 'EAR IT, THE 'OOTER 'S JUST GONE."

There is nothing very new about the situations, the characters or even the title of *Double Lives* (MURRAY, 7/6). The question posed by Mr. SINCLAIR MURRAY in his latest novel is briefly whether deception, even of the most loving variety, can ever be advisable. One comes, properly enough, to the conclusion that it cannot. *Helen Glaisher* (the publisher prefers *Ellen* in his synopsis of the story, but I abide by the text) had to conceal the fact that she was running a furniture shop and advising ladies on the decoration of their houses instead of carrying on with the work of a humble typist. At least she thought she ought to conceal it, for her much-loved husband was lying ill at home with infantile paralysis and it looked odds against his ever being able to do much to support the family again. Also it must be confessed that he was a little touchy about his position; being himself obviously a failure he might not accept the situation quite calmly if he discovered that *Helen* was making a fine income, and furthermore that she was being financed by the generosity of a former lover. Here we scent all sorts of trouble brewing for the unfortunate fellow, when at last, chiefly owing to the advice and assistance of the *Rev. Peter Trench*, the Fighting Parson of Balham, he begins to sit up and take some notice of the surrounding world. I give Mr. MURRAY nearly full marks for the great final scene of his drama, wherein all his characters are skilfully gathered together and everything is at last cleared up after trembling for an hour or so on the brink of absolute ruin. Perhaps to my mind *Helen* is a trifle too sweet to that husband of hers, but this is a book in which the women have the lion's share of the good things. For which reason it should be a popular success.

Miss IRENE FORBES-MOSSE'S *Don Juan's Daughters* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6), admirably translated from the German by OAKLEY WILLIAMS, is a book that should not be missed by those who respond to the charm of a delightful style. Three complete, if short, novels are included in this volume, and in the third of them, "The Burden," which contains real tragedy, we are also introduced to *Herr Biesendahl*, for whom VERNON LEE in a preface justly claims that he is "a great addition to the world's serio-comic figures." Drawn with the nicest conception of his strength and frailties *Biesendahl* is a wholly successful creation. In "Dream Children" the author finds a milieu perfectly in harmony with her gifts. Readers searching for exciting incident will not find it here; what can be found is an irresistible fragrance which pervades an essentially sad story. But in all three of these novels I have been truly impressed by the ease with which Miss FORBES-MOSSE gets her effects, and in an age of bustle and confusion it is both soothing and encouraging to find a writer so calm and so capable.

Aunts in Arcady (MILLS AND BOON, 7/6) is an amusing story, but it would have been infinitely more credible if Miss DOROTHY LAMBERT had restrained her sense of humour. *Colin* and *Hilary Conyngham-Smith*, who visit Ireland for the purpose of becoming acquainted with their aunt, are natural youngsters enough, and the Irish aunt, though a "character," is not overdrawn. But *Mrs. Conyngham-Smith*, with her "Cleaner Pigsties'" campaign and her "Amalgamated Mothers' Guilds," is farcical; and a *Mrs. Purcell*, who was determined to capture *Colin* as a husband for her niece, would, as far as common-sense goes, have been soundly defeated by the ordinary village idiot. Nevertheless this is a gay story of the irresponsible type, and I can guarantee that it will provide innocent entertainment for three or four idle hours.

Gems for the Interval.

"THEATRE GOSSIP.

'Charles and Mary' has been written around the life of Charles Lamb. . . . It was not until he reached the age of forty-five that the immortal 'Essays of Eliza' began to appear."—*Programme.*

"You look wise. Pray correct that error" (*Essays of Elia*).

"It is estimated on high authority that Australia's total income from wool this season will not exceed £40,000,000 as compared with £65,000,000 per yard in recent years."—*Textile Paper.*

This makes the Cloth of Gold sound like a bargain basement remnant.

CHARIVARIA.

FLAMES issuing from the roof of *The Daily Express* office the other morning, when six fire-engines clattered into Shoe Lane, were found to be caused by a chimney on fire, and not, as was at first feared, by the fusing of one of Lord BEAVERBROOK'S manifestos.

* *

A woman gossip-writer intimates that she would be content with a simple burial. This should relieve the Abbey authorities of a good deal of anxiety as to the accommodation in Gossip-Writers' Corner.

* *

The cinema is to be an important feature of the World Poultry Congress at the Crystal Palace, but it is not stated whether the films are to be silent or cluckies.

* *

At the projected Oxford Zoo the inmates will be shown as far as possible in their natural surroundings. It is not proposed, therefore, to remove the dons from their present lairs.

* *

Dean INGE believes that in certain circumstances a section of the clergy would hoist the Jolly Roger. Still, even that would be better than hoisting the Gloomy Roger.

* *

An expert on Parliamentary procedure mentions the cry of "Bar! Bar!" with which Members draw attention to transgressions of the rule against standing within the House. It differs only slightly from the cry of "Baa! Baa!" which they utter when flocking into the Division Lobbies.

* *

It is feared that the visit of the Naval Conference delegates is not going to be the success it was expected to be. So far not one of them has said that our policemen are simply wonderful.

* *

Budapest hatters are reported to be indignant at the levity of the smart set whose latest craze is to go about bare-headed. They regard it as unthinkable that any Hungarian should have nothing to take off to Lord ROTHERMERE.

* *

Intending thieves, it is pointed out, are making increasing use of the telephone. Yet many householders can't be persuaded to get rid of this dangerous instrument.

* *

Complaint is made that motor-cars on the roads are not properly cleaned. Fastidious pedestrians shrink from their touch.

* *

Eminent cricketers have been filmed in slow motion for the instruction of schoolboys. Our feeling is that accelerated action would set a better example.

* *

We read of London policemen who have reputations as classical scholars. They will of course be detailed for special duty in disputes connected with the dead languages.

* *

The approximate value of the silver in a sixpence is officially stated to be one penny. It is the alloy that makes the bang.

* *

A paragraphist denies that the "bob" was invented at the Slade School. So much for the belief that one of the first to adopt this style of wearing the hair was Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN.

* *

Attention is drawn to a shortage of men who can sing right down in their boots, as Russian basses do. Russian foot-gear is indicated.

* *

Cries of "Vive CARNERA!" at a glove-fight attended by numbers of Italians were described as sounding very odd in Memphis (Tennessee). They would; Wops seldom break into French.

* *

In view of the allegation that many Paris doctors are in league with surgeons, from whom they receive commissions, Parisians would be prudent to eat two apples a day.

* *

Innovations have been introduced into the Rugby game as played in Italy, with the object of making it less rough, but it is not stated whether the Fascist salute is to be allowed to be used as a hand-off.

* *

An American actress has claimed damages on the ground that, as the result of an operation intended to beautify her nose, she spoke as though she had a cold in the head. The defence, however, overlooked the argument that this is no disqualification for the talkies.

* *

What struck Dr. C. W. SALEEBY in Chicago was the evidence of the beneficial effects of Pasteurised milk. What strikes many a less observant visitor to Chicago is a bullet.

* *

With reference to the report that Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN had shaved off Mr. ALISTER MACDONALD'S goatee, the feeling is that it is to the credit of the PRIME MINISTER'S son that he refrained from reprisals on the famous comedian's moustache.

* *

The new golf-bags, we note, have cane supports in the interior. They should be a boon to golfers who are inclined to sag at the knees.

* *

A writer remarks that there's an opening for a new daily paper. Does this mean that he knows of a Crossword-Puzzlemonger who's out of a job?

* *

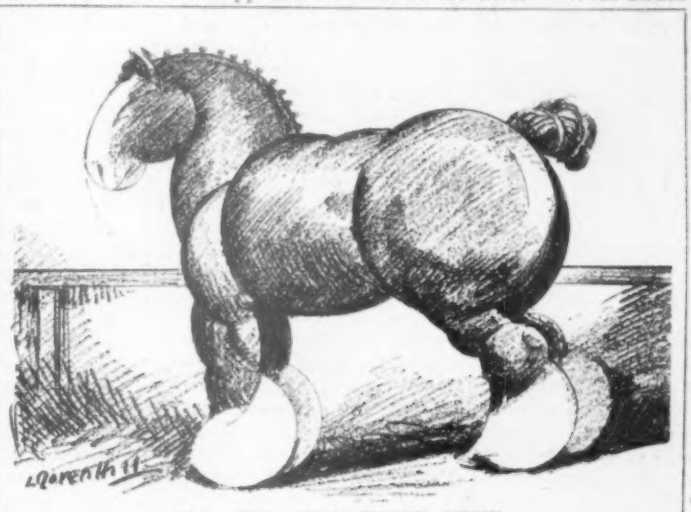
Newspapers seem to be going in for longer and longer comic strips. Some of them give the impression of having been drawn by members of the Pantechnicon Group.

* *

It is pointed out that the modern girl's slouch is out of place with low-backed dresses. Prominent vertebræ give a saw-like edge to the silhouette.

"Those who aspire to skim swallow-like over the surface of the ice in a series of graceful curves must first be prepared to learn certain elementary figures."—*Daily Paper.*

Any Insurance Company will be pleased to furnish a table of the usual benefits and premiums.



FOR THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.

MR. PUNCH SUGGESTS THAT THIS NOBLE TYPE SHOULD BE JUDGED ON CURVES RATHER THAN POINTS.

HOPELESS DIALOGUES.

They. Are you going to the Ponderbys to-night?

I. What a question to ask when I am so happy! Why should I go to the Ponderbys to-night?

They. They have a party on.

I. Party! No, I am not going to a party at the Ponderbys to-night.

They. I wish you wouldn't talk like that.

I. Like what?

They. Like a character in a very intense drama or a back-chat comedian.

I. Repetition is the soul of wit. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD said that.

They. Did he?

I. Yes—to TALLEYRAND. Anyhow I'm not going to the Ponderbys' party.

They. I thought we might go for half-an-hour or so; not any longer, so that they won't be annoyed and we shan't be bored.

I. I thought the Ponderbys were our friends.

They. They are.

I. Let us analyse this thing called friendship for a while. It appears to me that one doesn't like one's friends; one only goes to see them to find out if they have become enemies or not since one saw them last.

They. Aren't you being a thought cynical?

I. Cynicism is the name that hypocrites give to truth. I am quoting a remark made by VOLTAIRE to ALEXANDER THE GREAT in the presence of Lord ROCHESTER.

They. Then you won't go to the Ponderbys' party?

I. No. I am not a party man. I am forced to the conclusion that the dominating influence in every existing party is the love of compromise and the cult of expediency. Nobody wants to go to parties. They only go to them because they are afraid of stopping away. I am about to found an Anti-Party Crusade. In fact I have founded it. I have founded it on a rock. The response has been immediate and overwhelming. Day by day I receive from every part of the country letters which reveal how ardent are the hopes and how intense the enthusiasm which my crusade has inspired. Dukes and dustmen have joined. Subscriptions are pouring in by the bucket-load. PELMAN and EINSTEIN are coming in.

They. Isn't that something else?

I. No, I don't think so. I am calling an Anti-Party Conference. It will sit for ever and ever. The world has groaned too long under the burden of competitive entertainments inspired by the demons of jealousy and pride. It 's just like golf. I don't mind playing golf with Ponderby. In fact I played with him to-day. But long ago we had a disarmament conference in the clubhouse. The whole thing had become ludicrous for many a long week. Each of us was carrying a complete set of steel-shafted clubs besides our ordinary ones, a coloured umbrella, an india-rubber tee with a red tassel, a leather wallet containing wooden artificial tees, a vanity-bag containing a toilet apparatus to clean the face of the ball, and half-a-dozen other encumbrances.

Then Ponderby bought a kind of adhesive cup to be attached to the end of his putter to suck the ball out of the hole when it got there, which was very seldom with the weather we 're having just now. We always carry our own clubs and I said the time had come to call a truce to this excessive rivalry, alike in the interests of peace and of economy. He agreed to give up his ice-breaking baffy if I would forgo one club in the heavy niblick class which I use for submarine work in the bunkers. We agreed also to carry not more than two clubs each in the driver category, and only one pair of overshoes. It was between that and going out with a perambulator, which in any case would have had to have caterpillar wheels in order to negotiate the mud in the valleys and snow on the hills.

They. I don't see what all this has got to do with Mrs. Ponderby's party.

I. The principle is the same. Ponderby and I carried our tremendous burden of armaments from a mixture of vanity and fear. Mrs. Ponderby gives her party from exactly similar motives. Economy is the crying necessity of the age. And that is why I and my colleague of the Anti-Party Crusade believe that in my policy and in my policy alone can be found not only an immediate and effective remedy for our present social disorders but a sure pathway to permanent prosperity for London and every part of the outer suburbs. Did I tell you that a Hackney schoolboy had sent fivepence to the Anti-Party Crusade?

They. I don't agree with you at all. There is mixed with Mrs. Ponderby's motives a great deal of friendliness and goodwill, and with your own a great deal of laziness.

I. I am not lazy. Laziness is the taunt that futility flings at philosophy. I 've forgotten who said that. Probably the Duke of WELLINGTON when he was called half-an-hour too early for the Battle of Waterloo. Or else it comes in a LONSDALE p'ay. Personally I love going to parties, but I am revolted by the hollow mockery of it all.

They. What you really mean is that you want to sit by the fire and smoke till you go to sleep.

I. As a matter of fact I was going to translate *The Testament of Beauty* into Italian and dedicate it to Signor MUSSOLINI. What I want to know is why you are so keen on going to the Ponderbys.

They. I have a new dress.

I. That proves all my arguments. I have forgotten what they were, but it does. At any rate it shows that you don't really care about pleasing Mrs. Ponderby at all. You only want to show her your new dress.

They. She will have a new dress much better than mine.

I. Then let 's not go and see it. That 's exactly what the Anti-Party Crusade is founded for. It finds room within its tabernacle for a multitude of men and women of every caste, colour and creed who don't want to look at each other's new dresses, but would rather stay at home and improve their intellects.

They. Don't be idiotic. You can't crusade in a tabernacle.

I. Without entering for a moment into a full discussion of Semitic theology or mediæval Christendom——

They. Are you coming to the Ponderbys' party?

I. As a matter of fact Ponderby asked me that this afternoon.

They. And what did you say?

I. I said I would come if you did, but that you hadn't been very well lately and might not be able to come.

They. That was a lie.

I. I know; but I was two holes down at the time. If you really feel better I suppose I shall have to come. But not for more than half-an-hour or so.

They. Or so-ish.

I. By the way, Ponderby seemed to think his party was next week.

They (*examining their cards*). So it is. How utterly tiresome you are!

I. But how intelligent, how noble and how true! EVOE.

Decorative Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Half a mile of the corridors of King's College Hospital are being painted, thus providing work for painters."—*Daily Paper.*

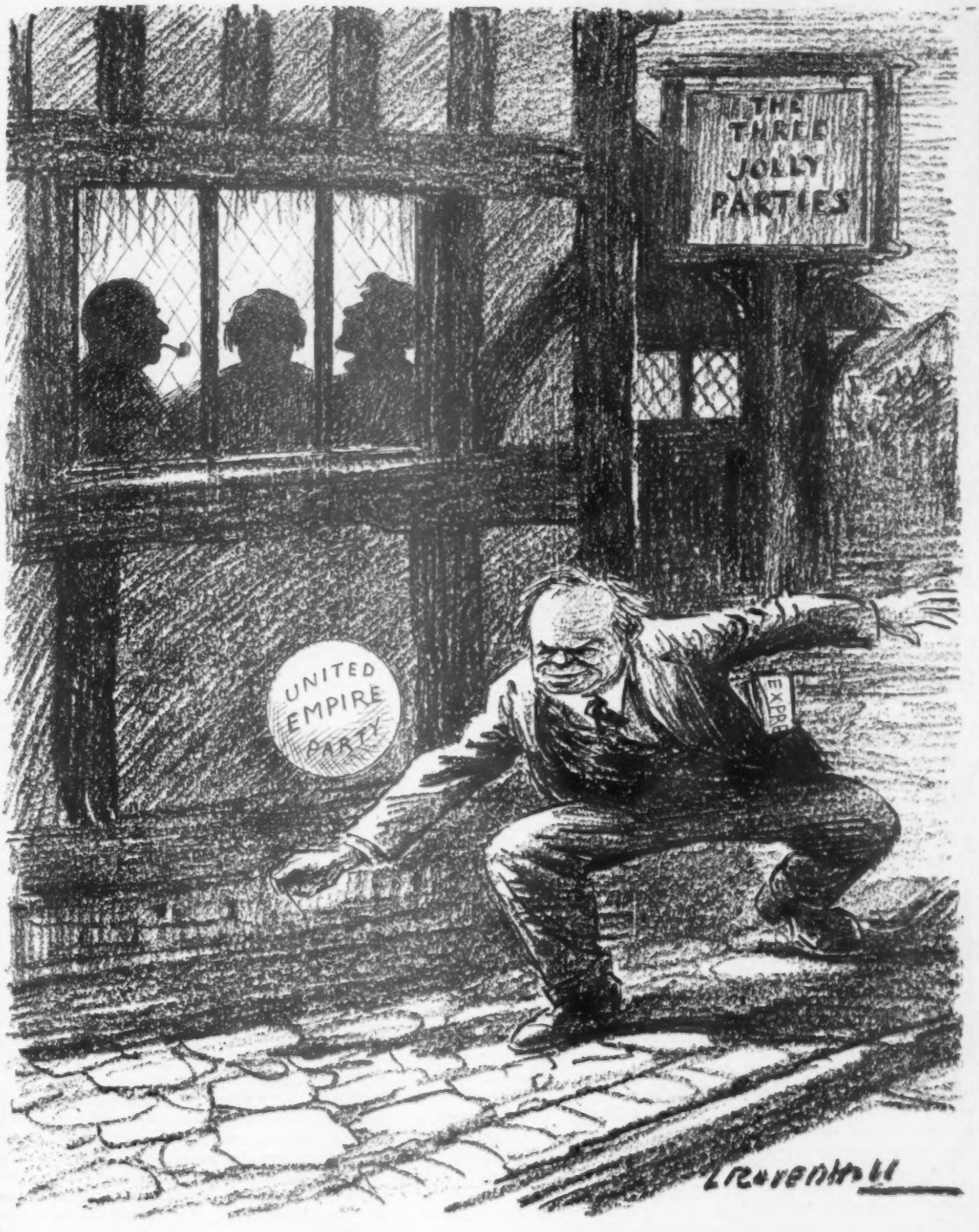
"There are isolated scenes of quite unforgettable power, notably one in which the Elector gives Madelon one hour in which to decide whether to save her family or lose her humour."—*Book Review in Daily Paper.*

Mr. Punch hopes that he will never be faced with these terrible alternatives.

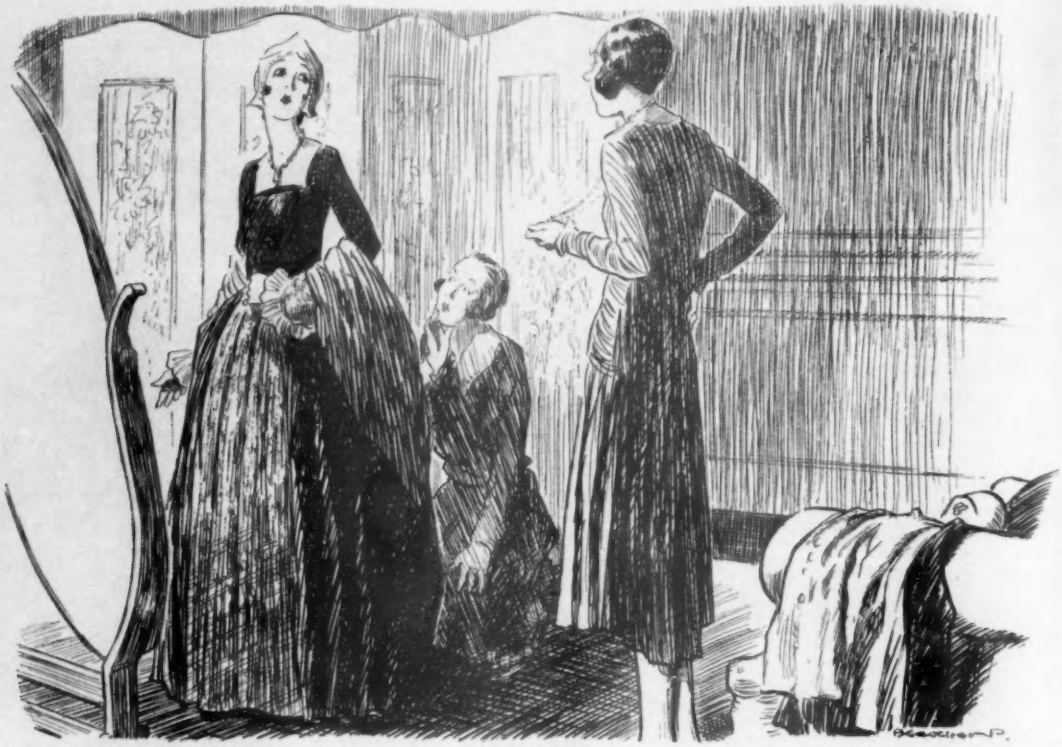
"I was surprised not to find the world of art better represented in view of the fact that the bride's father, Sir Edwin Lutyens, is one of our most eminent sculptors."

Gossiper in Daily Paper.

It was he, of course, who put the eyebrows on to Grosvenor House.



THE BEAVERBROOK BOMB.



Lady (trying on costume for fancy-dress ball and determined to play the part thoroughly). "AND HAVE YOU ANY TUDOR UNDERWEAR?"

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

VIII.—THE PARTY.

Percival and I have been to a drinking-party. At least not a real American drinking-party, just a little æsthetic affair in honour of some genuine liquor presented to an American friend of mine by an uncle with an enduring cellar.

My friend drew me aside one morning in the lounge of my hotel and murmured mysteriously, "It 's my birthday, and I 've got two bottles of genuine old peach brandy. Will you and your cousin Percival come around to-night and help drink it?"

Yes, he was a friend of mine; indeed he was more like a relation after that. I shook his hand.

"O.K. What time?" I said in my best speak-easy whisper, which I do rather well, for the skin has never properly grown again on my epiglottis after my first American Scotch.

"Nine," he muttered. "Be on time; there 's a bunch coming." He nodded furtively and made for the door.

"One minute," I croaked, and beckoned him back with great secrecy. "Percival 's *not* my cousin," I breathed almost illegibly. "No relation at all. Does it matter?"

He said "You big stiff!" in a very loud voice and went.

I passed the glad news on to Percival. "And," I concluded, "it 's the real goods. It comes from his uncle, who got it years ago in Paris from the Club des Cent and has had it ever since. It 's not even made in France now. Over the legitimate strength even there."

"Golly! do I wear a white waistcoat then?" asked Percival.

"No, you fool. What you 've got to do is to remember not to make any break like asking for Seltzer with it, or whether he got it straight off the boat. And for God's sake remember the Old Country and don't let these Americans go pulling your leg."

"Anything else, teacher?"

"Yes. If they get a bit Nordic later on in the evening just pretend not to notice it. Don't start saying that Leif Ericsson was an ancestor of yours too."

Percival sighed. "I can see I 'm going to have a swell evening," he said.

* * * * *

We were right there at nine. Due solemnity marked the occasion. The two bottles of the Old and Unprocurable stood in the centre of the table, with a box of cigars and antique liqueur-glasses, and the cocktail-shaker had been draped in black and hidden in a corner. The only jarring note, it seemed to me, was the number of persons present. The bunch consisted of at least seven all told, and there were only two bottles. However, four of the boys had been obviously hitting up our host's birthday already, so I hoped their wits were by now a little dull and they wouldn't notice if I sneaked in one or two ahead of schedule.

As the representative of an officially moister nation the honour of opening the first bottle was delegated to me. I was thus able to dispel an unworthy doubt by assuring myself that it *was* genuinely old. In fact, I 'm not sure I didn't find something like a fossil trilobite in the sealing-wax round the cork.

Our glasses were filled with an almost colourless liquid. It smelt pungently, but not exactly of peach; maybe it was a very old peach. We wished our host many happy returns and many generous uncles and many more bottles, and drank. . . .

I don't know what that peach brandy *had* been, but it certainly wasn't any longer. I have drunk the stuff the bell-hop sells you when you are just over from England and don't know any

better; I have drunk drug-store gin made up by an absent-minded druggist, and I have drunk something out of a small keg which subsequently, when my host peered into the bung-hole with a lighted match to see if there were any more left, exploded and burnt his eyebrows off. But never yet have I had anything to equal that liqueur. It shrivelled one's teeth in their gums; it tasted like a flame gone bad.

Out of the seven of us five simultaneously grabbed a cigar and the apartment flickered eerily to the flashing of five lighters. The only two who didn't thus snatch at the sole life-saver handy—and I'll tell you we'd even have reached for a sweet instead if there'd been any—were Percival and our host. Percival was apparently savouring the ghastly fluid with a beatific expression, and our host was still returning thanks for our good wishes and hadn't yet drunk.

He made quite a nice little speech, while we were gratefully drawing smoke into every crevice of our souls and wondering whether we oughtn't to warn him.

At last he drank. A sort of spasm passed across his face and I silently handed him over a cigar. He too lit it in something under a second. Then we could see him figuring it out to himself. First he looked like apologising, and then he evidently realised that you couldn't serve stuff like that and get away with it by a casual apology; and finally he seemed to give a gulp and decide that, as none of us had said anything, it must be all right, and maybe he'd got out of touch with good liqueurs.

"Great stuff!" he gasped.

"I'll say so," replied another, brushing away a tear of sheer pleasure. "The way I see it you can't get stuff like this nowadays. Not even here—I mean not even in France."

"Wonderful!" breathed Percival nobly, and actually fondled his glass.

That wasn't a very wild party. One craven spirit remembered a date and went without his heel-taps. The rest of us struggled on, thanking Heaven the cigars were strong ones.

And then that poor sap Percival said "Yes," when asked tentatively to have another. I felt deeply for our host, who had to have one too. But when Percival raised him to three the man threw down his hand and said he guessed it was so good his uncle wouldn't have liked him to drink it all right off the handle.

* * * * *

"Percival," I said sternly when I later got him alone in Tenth Street, "how in hell did you get down three glasses of that stuff? It tasted just like gasolene to me"

He stopped and looked at me in surprise. "*I asted* like gasolene! Why, *I* thought it *was* gasolene. But I remembered the Old Country as you said and wasn't going to have any smart Americans pulling *my* leg!" A. A.



Small Boy (having his first close-up of a bald man). "I SAY, WHAT A LONG FACE YOU'VE GOT! IT SEEMS TO GO ON AND ON."

THE HARMONIOUS BURGLAR.

[Lately two men sang outside a house which they afterwards burgled.]

To soothe the watchdog and bemuse the maid
Sang they some soporific serenade?
Did they imagine they possessed the knack
Of lulling cribs that they proposed to crack?
No doubt they saw how useless it would be
To sing, unless they chose the proper key;
And now in jail they curse unlucky stars
That they no more may practise opening bars. W. K. H.

A Fresh Defence for the G.P.O.?

"The Post Office Commercial Accounts show Burnley half-back, has been re-engaged as manager of Northampton Town F.C."
South Country Paper.

"Of course 'Romola,' by George Meredith, has had a special popularity just lately."
Bristol Paper.

Though personally we have always preferred his *Egoist on the Floss.*

THE FLATTISH FLEET.

(From our Naval Correspondent.)

THE addition of Flatvia to the Powers represented at the Naval Conference has again attracted public attention to the existence of that body. It is probable that during the last few months many readers have lost track of the Conference; but it is still about somewhere, and the delegates may be seen any night in the West End sinking each other's fleets in seas of old brandy. It may be well therefore to review the progress made to date.

A gratifying number of new words and expressions have been invented. Only this morning the writer of a letter to *The Times* assures us that "the issues have crystallised." Issues of course have done strange things before at Conferences, but it is claimed that the crystallised issue is an entirely new conception.

It was decided at an early stage that the expression "total tonnage" (to indicate the total tonnage of a nation) was too easy, and "gross" was too common; and therefore the charming word "global" was introduced. Even this has not satisfied everybody; I see in *The Times* to-day a reference to the "global tonnage total" of a Power, which is a neat and novel way of expressing the difficult idea of allness. The Czecho-Slovakian delegation, who have been giving a good deal of trouble, insist on speaking of "globose tonnage"; and there were high words yesterday, it is rumoured, at the Seventh Sub-Committee on Verbiage, when the Finnish Admiral maintained that "spherical tonnage" was a conception distinct both from "global" and "globose."

Again, it was agreed unanimously that to divide ships of war into common "classes" might breed a suspicion among the common people that they were not getting their money's-worth. The PRIME MINISTER therefore travelled to America and arranged with President HOOVER that the Fleets should be divided into "categories." Unfortunately the Greek delegation have looked up "category" in the dictionary, and they found the following:—

> "*Category*—an order, a class, a list; one of the ten predicaments or classes of Aristotle. . . ."

The Greeks, delighted to find that their countryman was playing so large a part in the Conference, decided to go one better, and they have divided their Fleet into "predicaments." They therefore speak of "gross aggregational tonnage" and "predicamentary tonnage"; and there are a good many delegates who simply cannot say this at night.

For some time, therefore, Anglo-American prestige was low; but a few months ago the British delegation scored a sensational come-back with the daring proposal that single ships should no longer be described as "ships" but as "integral fleet units." It will be remembered that Anglo-American stock soared at once, and the Swedish Minister for Light Opera, M. Jurg, went home.

It is now the turn of the Flattish delegation to bring a breath of fresh air into the proceedings. First, it may be well to categorise the strength of Flatvia's Navy in term of integral fleet units. The Flattish Fleet consists of one exceedingly large pram dinghy, three bum-boats, two sailing dinghies, six modern canoes and two armoured motor-punts—fourteen integral fleet units in all, with a cylindrical ton-aggregate of one-and-a-half tons, divided into five predicaments or chapters. These vessels operate on the small inland lake in the heart of Flatvia and are used to frighten the boys from the orchards. The punts are armed with very powerful squirts; and the canoes carry two water-pistols and one pea-shooter of a somewhat obsolete design.

Now until the present Conference assembled Flatvia was well content with her little Fleet and paid without a murmur for the annual varnishing. The people are especially attached to the pram dinghy, which was laid down by King Lkow the day he committed suicide. All the talk about tons, however, has brought home to the patriotic Flatts that they have far fewer ton-units than other nations. They have observed that those nations which have the poorest reputation for seamanship demand the largest fleets, on the ground, no doubt, that they are exceptionally liable to marine losses through faulty navigation; and, by parity of reasoning, say the Flatts, the Flattish Fleet should be the largest of all, for they have only four men who can row slightly and only one who knows how to start the engines of the motor-punts.

"Further," said the chief of the Flattish delegation in an interview to-day, "there is the question of collateral security. There is, as you know, a strong movement at Itch to turn the Polish Corridor into a canal, and in that event little Flatvia would be open to direct attack from the Baltic. Even if the Corridor is *not* converted into a waterway there is nothing to prevent a hostile Power from descending on our lake with a fleet of flying-boats."

"What, then," I said, "are Flatvia's globular needs?"

"You mean 'elliptical'?" the diplomat replied. "It is Flatvia's view that the globular conception of tonnage is outworn. In Flatvia the nautical ton has the character of an ellipse or rhomboid. From our snowy steppes we bring a new nomenclature. That is our contribution.

"First, then, take the predicament of bum-boats. Malta has 459 bum-boats, convertible at short notice into



Visitor (at Sound-Picture Studio). "AND WHAT'S THAT LITTLE MAN DOING OVER THERE IN THE CORNER WITH THE POP-GUN?" *Director.* "AH! HE'S A VERY IMPORTANT GUY; HE'S THE NOISE IN THE BIG CHAMPAGNE ORGY."

flying bum-boats and making an aggregate bummage of 6,000 *per saltum*. Flatvia claims a vertical bummage in the ratio of 70–71–70 as between Honolulu and Malta. In the alternative we are prepared to reduce our categorical figures for bummage in return for a guarantee from the Poles that in the event of an invasion they will all wear boxing-gloves.

"We are ready to immobilise the pram-dinghy, provided we may build six new torpedo-punts suitable for defence against flying bum-boats or submersible balloons. In addition Flatvia herself must have a balloon. At present we are hemmed in, and the population has no way of escape except by the Polish Corridor, which in the event of hostilities would be closed at lighting-up time. People here do not seem to understand the aspiration-dimensions of the Flatts. We want the Corridor. While the Corridor is in other hands we have no security that it will not be turned into a canal or roller-skating-rink, thus facilitating the swift and stealthy approach of an enemy. We support the proposal for fitting safety-buttons on the end of bayonets. We should prefer to see the abolition of the bomb, but, failing that, the bomb must be humanised. Flatvia has only one bomb, or, in other words, the digital bombage index of Flatvia is 1."

"Do you accept the horizontal calculation of gunnage?"

"Yes and no," was the reply.

"By muzzle-schedules," I said, "or *per capita* gun-cycles?"

"By keel-months," he said, "unless Japan will scrap the *Geisha*. Flatvia has no guns. We cannot fire guns, but we must have guns. We must have armoured schedules. We must have categorical tons. We must have crystallised issues. We must have iced categories. Parity is the goal, and shall Flatvia fall behind? Ach, no!"

Unless, therefore, the Finns can be induced to scale down their gun-for-ton formula to a figure adjustable to the Flattish graph of predicament-requirements, America will build a *Rodney*, Japan will lay down a *Marie Antoinette*, Great Britain will build a *Saratoga*, Italy will fire a gun, France will hold a Battle of Flowers, and as for Mexico it is difficult to see quite *what* will happen. A. P. H.

The Æsthetics of Capital Punishment.

"585 *Unknown*—'ANN BOLEYN' beautifully executed."—*Sale Catalogue.*

"... the honeymoon will be spent in a feudal castle at Cetatea-de-Balta Jud Taruava Mica, which is, as you know, in Transylvania."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

Ignorantly we have always imagined it to be in the Isle of Wight.



THE CROWNING SACRIFICE.

HEROIC YOUTH GIVES HIS FAVOURITE HAIR-OIL TO CALM THE TROUBLED WATERS.

A CURE FOR NIGHTMARE.

[A psychologist declares that the last thing on which the eye rests before we go to sleep dictates the nature of our dreams.]

I HADN'T been treading a criminal course,
I hadn't been out on the spree;
No vinous excitement nor biting remorse
Had taken possession of me;
But when to repose (at 10.30) I turned,
Of all Nature's blessings the cream,
The slumber my virtue had thoroughly earned
Was marred by a horrible dream.

Determined to know how the nightmare began
That filled all the darkness with dread,
I felt it was only the obvious plan
To see what Psychology said;
Its manifold truths I decided to prove
And, using the aid of its laws,
Discover a guaranteed way to remove
My trouble's immediate cause.

Perpending the text at the head of this rhyme,
I saw straightaway where it led,
Remembering how I had looked at the time
Last thing ere I got into bed;
So, deeming no price too excessive to pay
For freedom from further attacks,
Without hesitation or cautious delay
I broke up my watch (with an axe).

"To Mr. and Mrs. —— (née ——, Soprano Vocalist), a son."—*West-Country Paper.*

They will be fortunate if he doesn't show early signs of inheriting his mother's gifts.

PARROTS SOMETIMES SPEAK.

IN the comedy, *Canaries Sometimes Sing*, the author causes one of the characters to revert to the old-fashioned soliloquy and to address for some considerable time his remarks to a canary.

But why limit ourselves to one paltry canary? If a single bird is helpful to the mechanics of a play, must not two or three be more so? And would it not be an even better play if the birds could be trained to respond? And why limit this idea to the feathered world? Here, then, is a rough idea of the way our, so to speak, dumb friends might be utilised in the theatre:—

ANIMAL PASSIONS.

Act I.—The Study in the London House of Sir Jasper Rodwell, M.P. *There is a fireplace* R., *a door* C.B., *a canary in a cage* L. *and a parrot eating a pecan-nut in a large cage* R.U.E. *A dog and a Siamese cat are asleep in the only two chairs.* Sir Jasper *therefore stands.*

Canary (*concluding ablutions*). Ah, chee-chee-chee-chee-chee!

Sir John. Was the bath-water cold, old chap? It seems only yesterday that the missus used to warm it for you, but now. . . . Finished your cuttlefish? I'll get Finnis to bring you another.

Canary. Trill—IIIIIIIIIIIII!

Enter Finnis, *the butler.*

Finnis. Did the bird sing for me, Sir?

Sir J. Yes. One cuttlefish. Is her ladyship in?

Finnis. H'm. No, Sir Jasper. She has gone hout in the car with Mr. Buxton.

[*The cat spits angrily then resumes his slumbers.*

Sir J. (*hastily*). Ah, yes. I remember. (*Exit* Finnis.) That even my cat should comment upon my wife's friends! . . . They say I have everything I want—a fair share of money, health, looks——

Parrot (*ejecting his nut on to the carpet*). Cocky!

Sir J. Perhaps you are right, Polly. The temptation to mental strutting must be overcome. Polly, what would you do if, having stood successfully for Parliament, you found your wife totally out of sympathy with you and your ambitions?

Parrot (*promptly*). Scratch a poll!

Sir J. You refer, I take it, to my application for the Chiltern Hundreds? Well, it may come to that.

Canary. Trill—IIIIIIIIIIIII!

[*Telephone-bell rings.*

Sir J. Confound the thing! Some bore, no doubt. Truly my line is cast in unpleasant places.

Canary. Cheep, cheep!

Sir J. It was, a little.

[*As he is about to lift the receiver the door opens and* Lady Rodwell *enters.*

Lady R. I'm back, Jasper.

Sir J. (*wearily*). Did your endurance give in or the cocktails give out?

Lady R. What would you say if I told you I was pleased to see you?

Sir J. (*placidly*). That your inventions are usually more artistic.

Lady R. Then at least I'll be hung for a sheep and tell you that I have just decided to go away with Stephen Buxton.

The Dog (*ear cocked*). Grr-rrrrr!

Lady R. (*shrilly*). You trained Binks to do that. You give me no affection and then set my own dog against me.

Sir J. Please try not to be a fool, Marcia; and, if you really think that, may I suggest that you purchase a tame anaconda and teach it to hiss at my epigrams?

Lady R. (*hysterical*). You've set them all against me! Even Polly won't talk now when I come into the room. She used to love me; she used to say, "Polly loves Marcia;" but now she's dumb. I'm going with Stephen, I tell you. By to-night's boat-train!

Sir J. Ah, yes. Southampton-Havre. It leaves Waterloo at 9 P.M.

Re-enter Finnis.

Finnis. Dinner is served, my lady.

Exit Finnis.

Sir J. (*whimsically*). Well, what about it? Dinner is served—my lady.

Marcia (*biting her lip*). I don't understand you. You—you take it so coolly.

Sir J. Would it contribute to your happiness to see me grit my teeth? (*He offers her his arm, which she does not take.*) It is the last time I shall ask a favour of you, and I suggest that you should give me time to compose a plausible story which will temporarily save my face in the servants'-hall. (*Dazed, she takes his arm. The curtain begins very slowly to descend.*) Thank you. You are about to make, for a clever woman, a curiously stupid mistake; but for your sake I regret having to postpone its perpetration for what must appear to you to be a somewhat trivial and domestic whim.

Marcia (*bitterly*). I may decide to stay after all. I believe you'd hate that more.

Sir J. Not so loud. We will have Buxton to dinner to-morrow, and then over coffee you can pick out a more convenient train. I trust our soup will not be quite cold.

CURTAIN.

Act II.—The same. The following evening. Finnis *is drawing the curtains and gossiping with* Suzanne, *Lady Rodwell's maid.*

Finnis. If you ask me, Susan, the 'ole trouble commenced when 'er ladyship bought the parrot. 'E's took to Sir Jasper something chronic, and, what 's more, 'e picks up everything 'e 'ears. Repeats bits and pieces days after—most alarming. Other times 'e'll go as dumb as a fish. Practisin', that 's what 'e's doing, the old devil!

Canary. Li-ti-ti-hi—HI-HI-HI!

Finnis. Eh, what?

Suzanne (*warningly*). P'st!

[*She pushes* Finnis *out of the room. Enter* Lady Rodwell *and* Stephen Buxton.

Lady R. Have a cocktail. You look rather glum.

Buxton. Never that with you, Marcia.

Lady R. Kiss me. (*He obeys.*) Oh, Stephen, isn't it too ridiculous to think that we should have been in Italy by now if dinner hadn't been announced and my husband hadn't been afraid of the servants?

Buxton (*conscientiously*). Not *in* Italy. Only about at Basle. What a lot of creatures you keep here! Nice parrot, that. Grey African. They're the best talkers.

Lady R. Talk? He's dumb. I hate him! Now listen. To-night we will be very correct and drone to Jasper about the country going to the dogs. If you can't remember who the Prime Minister is, call him "that fellow." And don't forget that you are taking me to the theatre—we must agree what play we're not going to see, and *then*, darling, we pick up my luggage at Waterloo and heigh-ho for freedom and love! (*The dog yawns noisily.*) And now I'm going to get ready.

[*Exit* Lady Rodwell. Buxton *paces restlessly about the room, frowning.*

Buxton (*addressing canary*). Damn! oh, *hot* damn! To get let in for this! The tenacity of women! Marcia's a charming creature, but not for a permanence; and here I am, pledged to the eternal twilight of cheap lodgings and the furtive society of seedy adventurers. I can imagine the gossip at the club: "Heard about Buxton? He's done for, poor chap. Ran away with Lady Rodwell and had to marry her. Love her? Lord, no! Just a flirtation that she took too seriously." It's insanity! It'll never work. Oh, Stephen, my lad, you've been every sort of a fool there is, and you haven't even had a run for your money! (*The dinner-gong booms.*) I can't face it! Better be a cad for five minutes than a fool for a lifetime.

[*He goes out hurriedly and the front-door is heard to close as* Sir Jasper *and* Lady Rodwell *re-enter.*



Daughter of Clergyman who has just become a Doctor of Divinity. "IS THAT LADY-DOCTOR ONE OF THOSE THAT MAKE PEOPLE BETTER, OR IS SHE LIKE DADDY?"

Sir J. Buxton is late.

Lady R. (*confounded*). I—he——

Parrot. Marcia's a charming creature, but not for a permanence.

Lady R. (*screaming*). Stop him! Stop him!

Parrot. Just a flirtation that she took too seriously. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady R. (*frenzied*). I shall go mad! Stop him!!

Sir J. (*quietly reaching for the baize cover of the cage*). If you wish it, Marcia. But may I advise you to let the creature say his say?

Lady R. (*dully*). Very well.

Parrot (*dancing*). Furtive society of seedy adventurers. Ran away with Lady Rodwell and had to marry her. Love her? Lord no, Lord no, Lord no! Oh, Stephen! And you haven't even had a run for your money!

Sir J. Thanks, Polly. I was wondering about that.

Lady R. (*faintly*). What are you going to do?

Sir J. (*putting his arm round her*). I *think* we will offer Polly a peccan. There—give it him, dear.

Lady R. Oh, Jasper!

Parrot (*mellifluously*). Polly loves Marcia!

CURTAIN.

RACHEL.

Solution of the Jumbo Jam.

"ELEPHANT TRAFFIC PLAN.
L.C.C. ENDORSES ARRANGEMENTS THAT WILL COST £2,000,000."—*Daily Paper.*

But we shall take our knitting with us in the howdah just as usual.

"PARROT DISEASE FEARS.
R.S.P.C.A. WILL ARRANGE PAINLESS END FOR OWNERS OF BIRDS."
Daily Paper.

What about an R.S.P.C.O.B.?

". . . . you will find more men fondling cats upon their knees to-day than women."
Daily Paper.

Our Amazons are getting so heavy.

TAXIDERMY.

Edward is the nicest *fiancé* I have ever had, but I do not appreciate his latest gesture, since going East, of saying it with savage peltry. Mail by mail, leopard, tiger, snake or lizard have come to tell me in so many stripes and spots of Edward's constancy. Matters were brought to a climax with last week's cheetah. It was a case for instant action, as my Nimrod himself must have suspected, for his accompanying letter bade me "take the skins at once to old Craik, the taxidermist, as they have been done rather rudely." He was right. They could not have been ruder, and my family was loud in its protestations until I bundled the skins into my two-seater and set out for Mr. Craik's place of business, which lies in the Most Respectable Street in the World, a street where mutton-chopped, frock-coated mercers wait upon commands for night-caps and mantuas, and from behind bottle panes dignified skull-capped gentlemen recommend rappee. I had often passed Mr. Craik's shop—a dark little place down a few railed steps from the pavement—and had beheld a dusty-jawed lion roaring silently in scanty grey grass, but such an air of faded stillness lay about the place that I had come to imagine it was a bit of old scenery, and was quite surprised to find the shop door open to my touch and the dull clink of a bell announce my entrance. As if set in motion by the same mechanism as the tired tocsin, a dry little gentleman stepped forward from a background of peltry, savage and domestic.

"How good!" I murmured appreciatively.

Mr. Craik gave the impression of being perfectly cured, so saltpetred as to stand a chance of immortality. He must have been a very old man, for I have heard that he stuffed an albatross for my grandfather; but nowhere did he show any sign of "going."

I mentioned my ancestor by way of reference. Mr. Craik recalled the albatross with the clarity of yesterday; he had had a little trouble with the beak. He trusted all was well with the Admiral, a pious hope shared by the family for a quarter of a century. I then led up to my crying need in the car outside and asked that my cheetah's rudeness might be corrected.

Mr. Craik seemed almost enthusiastic about the task, and he left me for a moment while he fetched Edward's token of high regard.

Looking idly round, my eyes fell on a large glass case, from which a handsome collie gazed back at me with that intense air of life that only the stuffed can convey.

Mr. Craik re-entered. His grave eyes must have noted my interest in the case before me.

"That's Rover," he explained in answer to my unspoken question.

There was no warmth in the introduction.

"Tell me about him," I said. "He's beautifully——" "Stuffed" seemed crude; I was not sure of "taxidermed," so I risked "reassembled."



"ROVER WAS ALL ATTENTION."

"As in life," Mr. Craik acknowledged with a slight jerk, adding with surprising bitterness—"one of the firm's few blunders."

Hoping that Reel One, featuring Rover, might possibly be released in return for a little sympathy, I registered my best effort, to which my dry little friend responded in this wise, his hand stroking a pendant bear-skin the while:—

"It was a wet Monday before this last war and we were just closing the shutters when a cab drove up and a stout lady came out crying. The cab-man helped her down the steps as well as he could, for he was carrying this fellow."

He indicated Rover, who, through the glass, was all attention. One felt that at any inaccuracy in the narrative there would be a smothered bark.

"He had been run over, and the lady, sobbing as if her heart would break, told me that she wanted Rover 'made himself again.' She would call back for him in a week, she said.

"Well, I did my best for her. That bit of Highland scenery made a nice background, I thought."

For the first time I noticed the landscape with its range of mountain peaks, over-topped by Rover's tail. I nodded my admiration.

"How pleased his mistress must have been!"

Abruptly Mr. Craik ceased stroking the bear.

"Madam, she never came back."

I was shocked, and showed it.

"I did not even have her name," he continued, "so I was left with Rover on my hands—a bad debt. Since then I have made it a rule not to undertake anything in the nature of embalming," and he gave the case a resentful look which the collie returned with amiable brightness. It was an unenviable position for both the quick and the stuffed. Reminiscent gloom had fallen upon Mr. Craik. One felt that parting on this note was impossible.

An idea occurred to me.

"I wonder," I ventured, "if your fellow-craftsmen in ancient Egypt ever had the same trouble."

Mr. Craik looked puzzled.

"Customers forgetting to call for Uncle Rameses or Aunt Fatima," I explained; but the moment I had spoken I saw I had made a serious mistake. A strange contortion passed over his face, a spasm shook his parchment frame. In a flash I realised *Mr. Craik was going to laugh.*

Dismayed by my thoughtlessness in thus restarting a long-disused process, I nodded a hasty "Good-day" and, pursued by a dry painful cackling, I ran up the worn steps into the street, hardly daring to glance back lest saltpetre and myrrh might have their limitations.

The Flying Squad.

"RHODESIAN COPPERS SOARING."
Daily Paper.

"Masseur Wants Subject for Practice: evening."—*Evening Paper.*

Will one of our readers kindly offer his double chin?



THE WILL TO CONQUER.

FURTHER EXCURSIONS INTO THE AMERICAN TONGUE.

I HAVE just been reading a frightfully interesting book in which a guy died suddenly at the rear of the left section of a theatre orchestra, and it was fairly clear that he had been croaked. One of the cops who appeared instantly, having ejaculated "This is one hell of a note!" directed another to beat it to his desk and give headquarters a buzz. Not long afterwards a man teetered. I have forgotten why or how.

The detective-inspector, who was immediately summoned and at first announced that he was cold on the whole business, subsequently proceeded to get hot. He interviewed a little man who appeared to be pie-eyed. He interviewed the usherettes. He interviewed an orangeade-boy who sold orangeade during the intermissions from a stand in the alley. He also had the whole theatre property, including the balcony, the lobby, the sidewalk in front, the lounge downstairs, the men's rest-room and the ladies' rest-room thoroughly explored for ticket-stubs. The orangeade-boy was nervous at first, but, being encouraged by the detective-inspector with the words "Shoot, son!" he managed to get it off. He gave some valuable information on the probable moment of the tragedy, stating that he was obliged to keep pretty close tabs on the time, which he checked up by the fact that, contrary to the regulations, he had brought a bottle into the theatre in between the intermissions and just at the part on the stage where the girl is caught in the gang's hang-out and is being grilled by the villain.

The doorman was also examined. The doctor, whom it had taken a whale of a time to arrive, testified that on the lips of the dead man was the sweetest odour of bum-booze that he had ever had the pleasure of inhaling. After that the morgue-wagon arrived.

The whole of the audience meanwhile had been kept in their seats, and some of them were also interrogated. One of these was an habitual crook, who was treated rather roughly by the cops and told to quit stalling but, being sulky at first, refused to have anything put over on him. He was reminded, however, that he had worked on the Babylon stick-up, and consented to come clean. His arm was twisted during the course of the interview, and his person was frisked on the chance of finding a gun. He carried a cheap black fedora in his hand. He had had apparently some kind of liaison with the usherette previously interviewed, who, examined again, was induced to spill it, and confessed that she had been sitting on an aisle seat with the gangster between the intermissions, and was then told to beat it, which she did. The gangster, on the other hand, who had recently spun a cigarette-butt dexterously into a shining brass-cuspidor, had the nippers put on him, and was run down to the station by the cop.



Owner of Midget Car. "I WONDER WHY IT DOES THIS?"
Passenger. "PERHAPS YOU 'VE TOO MUCH ELECTRICITY IN YOUR SYSTEM. MY WRIST-WATCH BEHAVES JUST THE SAME."

Questions were now asked of other members of the audience and of the cast. Two hours later the audience were allowed to go. The alleys, the aisle-seats, the lounges, the rest-rooms and the cuspidors remained in possession of the scrub-women, who were directed to turn over all the results of their labour to the police. A sergeant gave the low-down on the night's job to the boys of the Press.

Various facts now began to come to light with regard to the behaviour, habits and character of the murdered man. He was a shady solicitor, but very particular not only about his street clothes but about his full-dress suit. He came of a blue-blooded New England family of the kind that doesn't brag about its *Mayflower* descendants, but disgraced himself later, was cut off by his father in jig-time and became thoroughly familiar with the underworld moguls. He had a lady friend, described as "that hefty Sheba" by one of the police. A great deal of interest centred in his hats, because, although it was known that he had brought a top-hat to the theatre, it could not be discovered when the first investigation was being made. The living-room of his apartment-set had a clothes-closet inside it just off the foyer. Into this the detectives peered, examined the derbys and the fedoras and even turned down their leather sweat-bands, but could not find a top-hat. It also appeared that the deceased was a really slick article, who for a long time had been making a living by blackmail, though not enough evidence had been produced to bring him into the court-room.

But I find I have forgotten something. I find I have forgotten to mention that the vanity-bag of a society bud (she was hardly a bloom) was found in the rear tail pocket of the dead man's full-dress suit. She dwelt, this bud, in a residence hunched on the green of a respectable acreage, and her lineage stretched back into the dim recesses of American colonisation. When you rang the front-door bell the front-door was opened by a whiskered patrician whose backbone seemed composed of steel and whose nose was elevated at a perilous angle towards the ceiling. The dead man had met this young lady in the theatre alley on the fatal night and had attempted to kiss her. The reek of whisky on his breath had been overpowering. The detective-inspecter, when he called, asked her what seems to me a very peculiar question. He said to her—

"Did the reek on his breath suggest good liquor or bad liquor?"

And she replied, "From what I remember it had the odour of rather fine liquor. Fine liquor, but plenty of it."

This was an important point, because it was well known that the deceased, coming as he did from a blue-blooded family and being very exquisite in his

habits, had always drunk the very finest whisky that a Prohibitionist country can provide, whereas the doctor, if you remember, unmistakably smelt the smell of wood-alcohol or something worse on the lips of the corse.

I really have not time to go into the whole story now. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I might crack up on it if I tried to shoot and come clean. I will quit stalling lest I teeter. But give me a buzz some time in the quiet living-room of my apartment-set and I will spill it to you and put you wise as to the manner in which this crook guy was croaked when the full bunch of clues had been unravelled. All I wish to point out, and it is a thing that I have pointed out before, is that I have a right to learn the American language and to ask agencies for someone to give me lessons in it, so that I may be able to read with more comfort the mass of American literature published by the printing-presses of my own native land. Amen. EVOE.

"James Anderson was over six feet in height, and as broad as he was tall, and what he had done in the way of sports had made the name of 'Jim Anderson' ring through the whole county."—*Nonconformist Paper.*

He must have made a splendid goal-keeper.

THE RED HAND OF ULSTER.

THE Editor begs to thank various correspondents for pointing out to him that in the line,

"The Hand of Ulster, dexter, sanguine, gules,"

which occurred in some verses appearing a fortnight ago in *Punch* on the subject of "The New Hereditary Badge for Baronets," "sinister" should be read for "dexter." Right, in fact, was wrong, and left is right. But while confessing this error he finds comfort in the reflection that the heralds themselves (if they were consulted) seem to have gone wrong in allowing a sinister hand to appear in the new badge. In the true Ulster badge the hand is dexter. "At the present day," said the late Sir BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King-of-Arms, "the baronets bear the badge of the red hand sinister, which is clearly shown by the O'Neill seals to be incorrect." This common error of modern days was corrected in the arms lately granted to a Lord Mayor of Belfast, a baronet, in which the *dexter* hand was depicted. (*See* "The Right Red Hand of the O'Neills," an article that recently appeared in *The Outpost* from the hand—presumably dexter—of Mr. R. J. WELCH, Member of the Royal Irish Academy.)

LORD BEAVERBROOK, LORD ROTHERMERE AND/OR THE MONKEYS.

Masses of correspondents have called our attention to the following paragraphs (already noted elsewhere in the Press) which appeared consecutively in *The Times'* Summary of Home News last Thursday:—

"Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere have issued a series of statements about the formation of their new party and announce their intention to put a number of candidates in the field at future elections, (p. 14).

"The two monkeys which escaped in London a few days ago are still at large, (p. 11)."

The general idea seems to be that this was a case of undesigned humour on the part of *The Times*. We ourselves shrink from endorsing that view lest we should be doing a grave injustice to our honoured contemporary.

"ALSATIAN AMNESTY BILL."
Daily Paper.

Our postman is withholding his support.

"ORCHESTRAL MUSIC AT KIRKCALDY. . . . As an encore to this he played a well-known Chrysler arrangement of an exotic morsel with charming smoothness."
Dundee Paper.

HENRY FORD'S "Tintinnabulation" is another fragrant morsel which possesses a charm all its own.



"BY JOVE, GLADYS, EVERY TIME I LOOK AT THAT PEAR-TREE IT MAKES MY MOUTH WATER."



"SO 'E 'S NOT SAID NOTHING YET? P'RAPS E 'S ONE OF THEM THAT WANTS A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT."
"ENCOURAGEMENT! I 'VE CRIED ON 'IS SHOULDER IN 'ALF THE MOVIES IN CLAPHAM."

THE COMING HEN.

THERE is a hen, so people say,
Of high repute out Chile way,
Where it is held by simple men
As far above the common hen.
Its eggs, though good enough, no doubt,
Are not what one writes home about,
Nor is it, as a thing to roast,
Neater or portlier than most.
The only charm of which I 've heard
That so distinguishes the bird
And lifts it in the social scale
Is that it hasn't got a tail.

The Chilean fox, we ascertain
(An animal of little brain),
Though holding poultry near his heart,
Can only grab them by that part
(Why this should be I 'm not aware,
Nor, to be honest, do I care).
So, when the enemy is nigh
And the loud rooster lifts his cry
And every hen of common breed
Displays her finest turn of speed,
The tailless one, serenely proof,
With no loud horror lifts the roof,
But runs just fast enough to show
Her hindward aspect to the foe,
Whose notice is at once transferred
With profit to another bird.

This hen, by reason that it mocks
The working visage of the fox,
Will soon be seen, I understand,
In England's green and pleasant land,
Where doubtless it will hope to draw
A tribute of respect and awe
And some exceptional regard
From its tailed fellows in the yard.
And here I would address a word
Of timely counsel to the bird.

"My worthy friend, you will not find
Much reverence in your English kind.
Your presence will awake remark,
I grant, but purely as a lark
Which they will pass in meek accord
To their austere but ribald lord.
Ducks will unite with geese to quack
Their gross derision on your back,
While formidable turkeys burn
To tweak your unaccustomed stern.
You will preserve a scornful mien
Through this demoralising scene,
Assured that you will come out strong
When the fox walks. And there you 're wrong.

Whate'er the Chilean fox may be
(A fool, as far as I can see),
Our home-brewed specimen is not
Disturbed with trifles, by a lot.
As for a tail, I 've heard it said
He rather likes to grab the head.
But you, as something new and strange,
Might strike his fancy as a change,
Or even lead the lively one
To take a special snap for fun.
I bring these facts before your eyes
Merely to put a stranger wise,
And, with due courtesy, suggest
That you should leg it with the rest."

DUM-DUM.

Asbestos Pyjamas at Last.

"When fire broke out, many women and children in adjacent tenements had to seek safety in their nightclothes."—*Daily Paper.*

"GREAT TEST OF R100.
2,000 Miles Above Clouds."
Daily Paper.

How JULES VERNE would have loved this story.

"——— is open to the warmer winds, and is acclaimed as a splendid resort for health-seekers containing fine and comfortable hotels."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

This sounds a very severe form of obesity.



A CASE FOR OPEN COMPETITION.

ARCHITECTURE (*to London*). "YOU 'RE MISSING YOUR CHANCE OF DOING A BIG THING WELL. WHY WASN'T I PROPERLY CONSULTED?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 17th.—It must be something of a treat for Mr. HENDERSON to sit back and survey the ills that other Foreign Offices are heir to, as was his privilege to-day when he explained to Colonel HOWARD-BURY that the Afghan Government had now recovered Spina Kotha from the rebellious Shinwari.

Mr. HENDERSON was less happy—and less responsive—when the conversation drifted round to Russia. Bland professions of ignorance and inability to "make any further statement at present" carried him through the ordeal reasonably well until Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON drew his attention to a reported statement by STALIN that the Soviet Government intended to "urge the proletariat abroad to decisive revolutionary battles at once." Mr. HENDERSON replied rather feebly that it might be that a certain importance was to be attached to the statement, but not sufficient for him to make a protest.

Conservative Members made heroic efforts to impress on Mr. BUXTON that the man who likes a little bit of British butter for his bread is apt to get a bit of foreign butter wrapped in a package adorned with a picture of English rural scenery and the name of some English county. Mr. BUXTON admitted that this did occur, but insisted that the case would not sustain a prosecution under the Merchandise Marks Act. He thought the remedy was a national mark, not a better Act.

Mr. EDE voiced the dissatisfaction of poultry farmers with the damage caused by foxes, only to be reminded that there was nothing to prevent the farmers shooting the foxes, and some of them did. Mr. HARDIE'S suggestion that unemployed poachers should be employed to do it found no favour.

Lord WINTERTON should not have accused Mr. BUXTON of "deriding" the British potato just because he has not persuaded Canada to remove its embargo on it. On the other hand Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, who said he would raise the matter on adjournment at an early date, had some ground of complaint. Mr. BUXTON'S attitude towards the British potato did seem just a trifle detached for a Minister of Agriculture.

Harmony reigned on all sides during the Second Reading debate on the Mental Treatment Bill. It fled shrieking when the Poole Harbour Bridge found Conservative arrayed against Conservative, Labour Member against Labour Member and Liberal against Liberal. Fortunately the cause of rural beauty prevailed over that of ruthless utilitarianism.

At a late hour the Railways (Rating and Valuation) Bill came up for Second Reading, so late that the Opposition uttered vigorous but futile protests, and Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE showed her contempt for the legislative weaklings by composing herself to slumber on the Government benches.

Tuesday, February 18th.—Investigators at Sheffield University have come to the conclusion that oatmeal is bad for the teeth, but why Colonel FREMANTLE should wish to draw the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND'S attention to the report is not clear. It is true that the popularity of haggis—a sort of glorified mince—may be attributed to bad teeth, while whisky, as everybody knows, brings instant relief to persons suffering from the toothache. There is no other evidence, however, that the Highland molar is impaired by the consumption of parritch. As for the jaw . . . but the House needs no reassuring on that score!

When Mr. MACPHERSON drew attention to the dumping of German cereals into this country the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, eyeing the renegade from pure Cobdenism with some disfavour, observed that he could not be expected to keep in his head the number of hundredweights of German corn dumped into this country in 1924. Up sprang Mr. CHURCHILL, a picture of indignant surprise. Was not the Right Hon. Gentleman studying the position with earnest concern? Mr. SNOWDEN replied that the position was being so studied and that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE would raise the question at Geneva.

Mr. SNOWDEN presently found himself on the same debatable ground when he was asked by Colonel HOWARD-BURY how many American motor-cars were in bond in this country on February 12th. The number, said Mr. SNOWDEN, was nine hundred. "How many American cars are now parked in Palace Yard?" asked Mr. HAYCOCK, who represents Salford and Canada in the House. It was an untimely question, in the first place because most American cars now find their way to this country *vid* Canada, and because in fact the percentage of British cars in Palace Yard compares favourably with similar aggregations elsewhere.

The Road Traffic Bill, coming to the House heavily laden with the distilled wisdom of Another Place, gives the Commons a notable opportunity of showing the stuff it is made of. No technical difficulties and no party policies are involved. One gathered, indeed, from the felicitations they exchanged that the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT and his predecessor in office regard the Bill as a joint production. It merely remains for the House to show how much clotted commonsense six-hundred-odd men and women can exhibit in a matter of common daily concern in the life of the nation.



THE CHOICE

BETWEEN "SOCIALISM IN OUR TIME" AND "THE INEVITABILITY OF GRADUALNESS."

MR. MAXTON. MR. MACDONALD. LORD PASSFIELD.

It cannot be said that to-night's instalment of "horse sense" was especially gratifying. One Member propounded the astonishing theory that the removal of the speed limit for private cars would increase the total number of motor accidents by fifty per cent, which is equivalent to saying that it will increase the number of accidents due to excessive speed by seven hundred per cent. Another Member "could not see" why, if a youth of seventeen may drive a private motor which may weigh three tons, an age limit of eighteen should be fixed for the drivers of lorries that may weigh only two-and-a-half tons. It is only fair to add that Second Reading speeches are tentative. "Horse sense" will resume its ancient sway at the Committee stage.

Wednesday, February 19th.—The House of Lords was turned into a veritable chorus of Niobes when Lord LIVERPOOL drew the Government's attention to agriculture. He pleaded for

a non-party Conference to consider what might be done to save the farmer. It was Lord AIRLIE who shed the largest and wettest tears. Only a month ago, he told their Lordships, a hundred ploughmen from Angus had trooped into Dundee and enlisted in a body because they could get no work. While that was going on, foreigners were dumping grain and potatoes into this country with the help of subsidies from their Governments.

Lord DE LA WARR reminded Lord LIVERPOOL that a non-political conference of landowners and farm-workers was even now sitting under the presidency of the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, but rather spoiled the effect of this announcement by admitting that the Committee was prohibited from discussing either tariffs or subsidies. Until the Conference comes to some conclusions, the PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR intimated, the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE could not make any announcement as to what would be done next—a rather naïve admission of the purposes for which Conferences are usually convened.

The House of Commons heard for the first time the voice of Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD, the chip of the Prime Ministerial block, but it was only a Supplementary. Was Mr. HENDERSON aware, he asked, that a few months ago he had worshipped peacefully with one thousand other people in the Cathedral of the Redeemer in Moscow? Possibly it was this profession of faith that aroused Mr. COCKS subsequently to ask why it was that the Members who put all these questions about religion in Russia never came in to prayers.

Mr. LUNN explained at considerable length to Mr. BUXTON how the Chief of the Bamangwato tribe had proved reluctant to enter into a new mineral agreement with the British South Africa Company, although the High Commissioner for South Africa had advised him that it was a more advantageous agreement for his tribe than the old one. The Chief, it appears, listened attentively, but after cogitating the matter for some time decided that he would like to see the SECRETARY OF STATE about it. To that notion he clings in spite of all efforts to dissuade him. Who shall blame the sagacious potentate? A trip to London, possibly at the expense of the Colonial Office, is always worth making. A trip to London with Lord PASSFIELD as the ultimate objective offers illimitable vistas of enjoyment.

Sir JOHN FERGUSON's private motion for a Committee of bankers and business men to be appointed to advise the Government on the relations between banking and industry left the House cold, largely because it took most of Sir JOHN's time to enumerate all the other Committees and Commissions and Councils with whose functions those of his proposed Committee would not clash. Even the support of Mr. WISE, who thought the proposed Committee might pave the way to State control of banking, did not arouse enthusiasm. Mr. MOND on the incidence of taxation proved even less inspiring; the thought of Mr. SNOWDEN in the act of preparing more and larger incidence quite spoiled the academic flavour of the subject.



A TRIAL RUN.

THE BABY ASHLEY-MORRISON: 1930 MODEL.



A STAR TURN.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY DISPLAYS HIS FIVE POINTS.

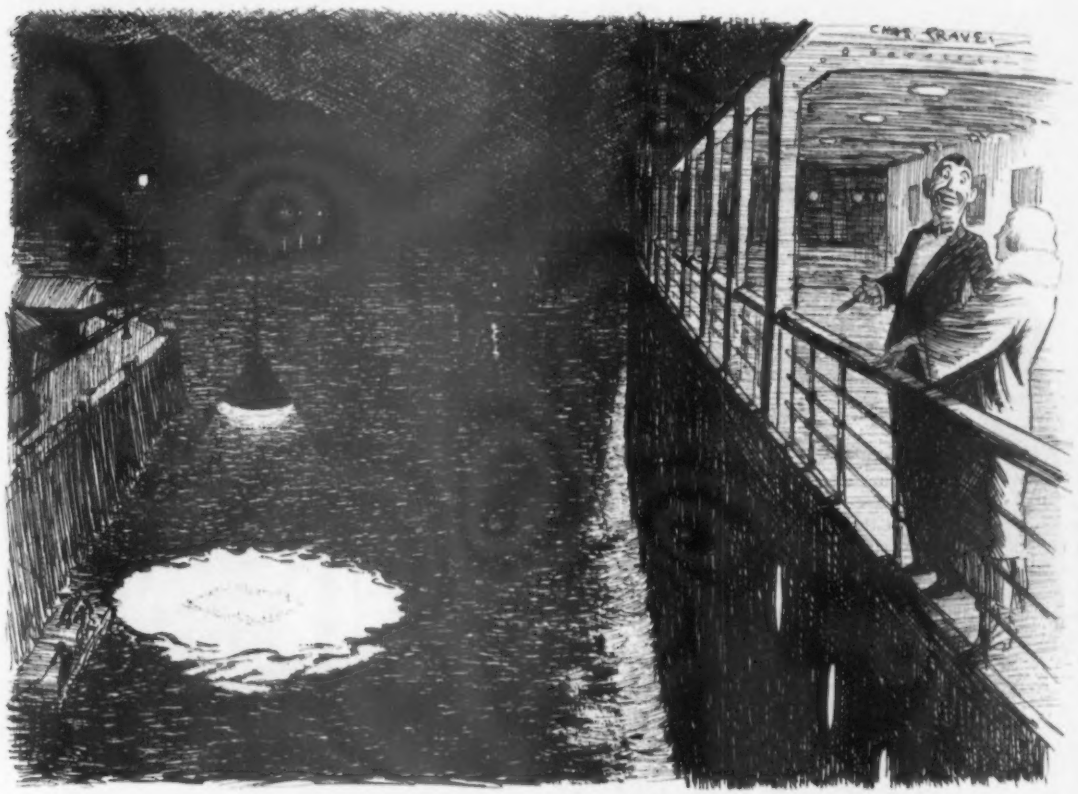
Sitting on the bridge at midnight is one of the best things Sir MARTIN CONWAY does, but even his five points of scenic beauty failed to spike the L.C.C.'s Charing Cross Bridge Bill. Sir W. GREAVES-LORD, the Bill's champion, explained that no fewer than thirty of the other bridge schemes considered by the County Council and Ministry of Transport had some radical defect. "Cheap and nasty" was Mr. HARRIS's comment, but he thought any Bridge Bill was better than none at all, and hoped something better might be evolved in Committee. Mr. MORRISON, like brave HORATIUS, was the last to keep the bridge, but, unlike the noble Roman, he kept it intact. The ranks of Tuscany merely shrieked and fled.

Thursday, February 20th.—Whether Lord BIRKENHEAD is the ally the bishops would have chosen for their war on what the *Pravda* calls the "anti-God front" is questionable. His assault delivered in the Lords to-day was vigorous in the extreme, but Lord PARMOOR with some justice wondered if it would not do more harm than good to the very people whom the bishops sought to protect. The LORD PRESIDENT'S speech would have been more effective if he had not wound up by enumerating the number of pieces of silver (in the shape of trade with Russia) that he thought should induce their Lordships to keep on terms with the enemies of Christianity.

The PRIME MINISTER, who looked none the worse for having broken off with the old love (the I.L.P.), found some difficulty in explaining to Mr. CHURCHILL why he had taken on with the new—the Economic Advisory Council. Mr. MACDONALD declared, not very illuminatingly, that there would now be something more than "*ad hoc* consultations."

Mr. SNOWDEN, replying to Mr. BALDWIN, revealed the date of the Budget—April 14th—but declined to reveal his intentions in regard to the MCKENNA duties before that date. It was, he said, a most unusual request, to which Mr. BALDWIN retorted that they were faced with an unusual state of unemployment.

The House divided its evening between the Road-Traffic-cum-Omnibus Bill and Votes for Government hospitality.



ANSWERS THAT KILL ROMANCE.

The Girl (watching wharfside operations). "WHAT A MACABRE EFFECT! LIKE A MOON DISTORTED WITH PAIN."
The Man. "OR A WOBBLY POACHED EGG—WHAT?"

AN ACADEMIC MENAGERIE.

[Plans for an Open-air Zoo at Oxford are now occupying the attention of the Oxford City Council and the Woodstock Rural Council.]

THE founding of an Oxford Zoo
Is obviously overdue,
For Oxford long has harboured not
Lost causes only, but a lot
Of creatures wonderful and strange
Who through her streets and gardens range,
Elsewhere extinct, but there allowed
To mingle freely with the crowd—
Old prehistoric Masto-dons
Bred on the *Asinorum Pons*,
With faces furry as the beaver,
Who to our age of fret and fever
Recall the dodo or the hat
That NOAH wore on Ararat.
But now the scheme is well in hand
And in its general outlines planned,
Though capable of some extension
In ways that I propose to mention.

First, since within the Oxford Zoo
Cages of all sorts are *tabu*,
Boars should be free to roam at will,
As now upon their sacred Hill.
The Giant Sloth in Torpid races
Should be allowed to show his paces,
And Teddy-bears, both great and small,
Stabled (of course) in Teddy Hall;
Redshanks, imported from St. Kilda,
Should haunt thy College, sainted Hilda;
While sturdy Quaggas, full of beans,
Should be the special care of Queen's.
Nor would I stint the flow of dollars
To ease the exile of Rhodes Scholars,
Giving them, to enlarge their views,
Rhode Island Reds instead of Blues.
Last I would strongly claim for Camels
A preference over other mammals,
Not merely for their slender shanks
Nor as a substitute for tanks,
But on the ground that camels can
Be trusted, as befits their clan,
In Council constantly to act
With true Hebdromedary tact.

"Required, Lady Housekeeper or Gen. Ass for small, high-class country hotel."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

It 's increasingly hard these days to find people who 'll do the donkey-work.

APPLICATION TO BUSINESS.

["*Snob*: One that affects gentility; a shoemaker."]

I WAS doing a crossword-puzzle, and I confess that the second part of this dictionary definition was a revelation to me. I had never coupled that odious word "snob" with the industrious Mr. Gilhooley, who has the cure of my soles.

"Gilhooley, you 're a snob," I said the next time I went into his shop.

He stared. I explained.

A few days later I saw the following notice in his window:—

THE SHOEMAKER YOU REQUIRE.
ONE THAT AFFECTS GENTILITY.

Ours is a Nice Cook, Ours is.

"Lot. 184 Three Fraying Pans."
Auctioneer's Catalogue.

A Society-climber from Crewe
Cried out, "What on earth shall I do?
I of course know what 's what,
But I fear I have not
The faintest idea of who 's who."



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"TYPHOON."

MISLEADING CASES.

XXIX.—THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

Rex v. *Baldwin, Bridgeman, Churchill and Others.*

THIS strange case, in which the accused are the principal members of the late Conservative Government, was concluded at the Old Bailey to-day.

Mr. Justice Trout, addressing the jury, said: "This painful but important case has revealed a singular story. The prisoners in the dock are indicted at the instance of a Naval officer, Commander Paravane, upon two counts—first, that they did obtain a considerable sum of money by false pretences, and, second, that they did, severally and collectively, libel the Commander.

"Now a number of the officers in His Majesty's Navy are married and have children; and, as you have heard, it is the principle or habit of the State to look with especial favour upon those who take upon themselves the responsibilities of matrimony and parenthood, since, for reasons not wholly clear to all of us, it is still considered desirable that the population of these already overcrowded islands should continually increase. Therefore the taxes exacted from a bachelor are greater than those required of a married man; and the income-tax of a father is reduced, though not extensively, in exact proportion to his fertility. Pensions are granted to widows, but not to spinsters equally needing support. In addition, the officers and men of His Majesty's fighting forces receive higher pay (or allowances) from the day that they lead some happy girl to the altar—that is to say, the officers and men of the Army, the officers and men of the Royal Air Force, and the men (but not the officers) of the Royal Navy. The exception is a startling one. We should have been surprised to hear that a sailor of any degree had been deliberately excluded from this particular privilege, for it has been stated in evidence in this case that every nice girl forms an affection for a sailor, and, on the other hand, that seafaring men are unusually susceptible to the attractions of the opposite sex; while the common assertion that they have a wife in every port, economically examined, would seem to suggest that in this respect they are entitled to an even greater measure of consideration than others.

"However that may be, we should certainly not have expected the single exception to so wide a rule to fall upon those gallant and highly-trained gentlemen who command and inspire the Senior Service.

"The distinction made between the officers and men of that service would increase our astonishment, if that were possible. It does credit, no doubt, to the heart of the nation that we deny to the officer what we are willing to grant to the simple seaman, but it will not, I think, enhance our reputation for common-sense. Is it to be understood that it is correct and desirable for an ordinary or able seaman to take a wife, but not for the Captain of his ship? Are the children of a stoker satisfactory additions to the race but not the offspring of an Admiral? Surely we are agreed that the blood and spirit of NELSON and DRAKE are not confined to the forecastle? 'Hearts,' if I may

be permitted to imitate a celebrated poem—

> 'Hearts just as hard to check
> Beat on the quarter-deck,'

and the arguments which support the endowment of marriage in the one place cannot miraculously lose their substance in the other.

"One of the Naval witnesses, a bachelor, ventured to attack the principle itself; but it is too late, or perhaps too early, to do that. If it were accepted as a matter of policy that a reduction of our population is the first essential for a reduction of our difficulties then we should be right not merely to refuse assistance to those who contract matrimony but to impose a tax or fine upon the producers of every child, increasing in severity with the size of the family. There is much in theory to be said for this, but what is material is that we do not say it. On the contrary, we publicly bewail the smallest decline in our national birth-rate, which is already lower than that of France, so long derided by us as a decadent nation antagonistic to the birth of babies. We cling to the strange belief that it is possible and proper to squeeze into a suit-case of limited dimensions an unlimited number of objects; and hence, in our limited territory, we applaud and support the multiplication of infants. So long as that is our general line of thought any particular departure from it will be difficult to justify, and none perhaps could be more dubious than the one under discussion. Quality as well as quantity must be our aim; and if that be admitted it is clear that the breed of the Naval officer is one of the first which an eugenical expert would be careful to include in any scientific plan for the improvement of the race.

"These general observations have very little to do with the merits of this case; but when they are understood they make it more difficult to understand the conduct of the defendants; and in any case I like the sound of my own voice, and have no doubt that you enjoy it as much as I do.

"Now, as might have been expected, the Silent Service have suffered almost in silence what appears to them to be an injustice to themselves and a danger to their country. But faint intimations of unrest have from time to time reached the vigilant ears of our legislators; and in the year 1925 the defendants, impressed no doubt by the arguments which you have just heard, asked Parliament to vote, that is to supply and sanction the use of, a large sum of money—£430,000—for the express purpose of providing what are called marriage allowances for the officers of the Navy. The House of Commons, believing in the representations of the accused and eager to correct a wrong, nobly voted the money. We can imagine the quiet thankfulness, the sober celebrations with which that news was received in the far-flung ward-rooms of the Fleet. You have heard in evidence how those already married held up their heads and sent off little presents to their wives, as if the burden were already lightened; while those not married turned their fancy for the first time to thoughts of love, or dared at last to welcome into their hearts affections which they had feared to encourage before. We do not know how many hesitating lovers were emboldened by the defendants' promise to make the fatal promise themselves; how many have wives and families today who but for the defendants' act would still be single. But we know that they are numerous; and heavy must be the responsibility of him who by false undertakings entraps even one man into that life-long entanglement which we call marriage.

"Sailors are notoriously trustful; and we can picture the incredulous dismay which swept across the seas and stalked through the Royal ports when, five months later, it was announced by the prisoner Baldwin that the golden dream was not to be fulfilled. Commander Paravane has told you that at the moment when he received the shocking information he was in the act of making an offer of marriage in writing. That marriage never took place. It may be that the Commander is more fortunate



THE PLUMBER WHO DIDN'T SPARE HIMSELF.

than some of the other victims, but he does not take that view.

"Be that as it may, it is clear that the defendants did obtain a large sum of money on the strength of certain representations which they have not fulfilled. The somewhat feeble defence has been raised that the money was asked for, and obtained, "provisionally" only; but this would have more force if there were any evidence that the money had been returned. On the other hand, you have heard that not long before the prisoner Baldwin's announcement a much larger sum of money was granted to persons interested in the coal-mines. That may well have been a worthy purpose; but a person who takes money intended for his mother and spends it upon his aunt will not be excused by the excellence of his aunt. The question is, Have the prisoners by their statements done injury to individuals? and I think they have. Further, the Commander asks you to say that in some of the speeches, at first sight inoffensive, there is contained an *innuendo* to the effect that he (and his colleagues) are not fit persons to marry and have children, and in particular that they are inferior in this respect to the officers and men of the Army and the Air Force, and to the men under their own command. There is some evidence that this suggestion may be gaining ground; for, as you have heard, on the last occasion on which this topic was discussed in the House of Commons it excited the interest of less than forty of the six-hundred-and-fifteen Members, so that the House was 'counted out' and the debate ignominiously concluded. This suggests that in the opinion of the Legislature it matters little whether a Naval officer is able to marry and beget children or not; and it may be that the speeches of the prisoners, when coupled with their conduct, have encouraged that opinion. But all these questions and many others it is for you and not for me to answer."

The jury found all the prisoners guilty on the first count and three of them on the second.

The Judge said he would take time to consider the sentences. A. P. H.

"A new play, 'Through the Veil,' accepts spiritualism, I gather, without making any bones about it."—*Daily Paper.*

We too take our disembodied spirits filleted.

AT THE PLAY.

"DEVONSHIRE CREAM" (PLAYHOUSE).

WHEN you have a West-Country farmer harping for most of the evening on a one-sided vendetta, you want a little action to relieve the monotony of his hate. And here there was none, if we except his escape from his own bull—a red one; and the colour and excitement of this episode were unavoidably left to our imagination. Even the *Widecombes'* silver-wedding revels, to which we were allowed to look forward for two Acts and backward for one, never visibly materialised.

To appease our yearning for some sort of dramatic movement in the course of a continuous stream of dialogue Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS has provided us with only the mildest diversions. Feverishly we watched the supper-table being laid, lanterns being hung on their hooks, a string of bunting being manœuvred into position. And, when these homely distractions were exhausted, people would just stand about doing nothing while the farmer fulminated against his neighbour.

A love-affair between his daughter and the object of his loathing furnished the main interest. But if our rustic *Romeo* had had enough elementary intelligence to reveal at the start the fact that he was only the adopted son of the late *Montague*—a revelation which he kept back to the very last moment—he would have spared himself and his *Juliet* (and us) a lot of needless worry. But then there would have been no play. And that would have been a pity, for the humour of the head farm-hand, *William Blee* (Mr. HORACE HODGES), was a perpetual fount of delight.

I see that a poster outside the theatre advertises the following statement from the pen of a critic: "The acting of HORACE HODGES is *alone* worth a visit" (the italics are mine; the ambiguity is the critic's). I would not myself go so far as to hint that nobody except Mr. HODGES was worth a visit, but I can honestly say that a not very fat play would have been palpably thinner without this perfect figure of fun. A stolid old cynic and a fearless critic of his master's methods, *William Blee* still retained his loyalty (though his philosophic calm was shaken by threats of violence) until the farmer went to the extreme point of calling him a "lion-monkey." I am not familiar with this hybrid and it may well be that he really said "lyin' monkey." But whatever term he used it would seem that in Devonshire it conveys the same intolerable disparagement that used to be associated with the opprobrious epithet *cochon*.



THE BARN-STORMER.

William Blee . . . . . MR. HORACE HODGES.
Elias Widecombe . . . . . MR. SAM LIVESEY.
Beth Widecombe . . . . . MISS PHYLLIS SHAND.

Mr. SAM LIVESEY had no difficulty in presenting a true picture of that good hater and haggler and husband, *Elias Widecombe*, and nobody could have done more to reconcile us to the tedium of his vituperations. A very sound performance. No blame attaches to Mr. HARRY WILCOXON as the hero for his futile retention of a secret whose exposure in the First Act, or, better still, before the curtain went up, would have saved him so much trouble. He made love in the vernacular very well. Miss PHYLLIS SHAND as his *Juliet* played her modest part with a simple charm. Miss MARY JERROLD was the farmer's wife (they all ran after *The Farmer's Wife* some years ago, but that was a different one). Her dear heart is divided between meek devotion to her husband and sympathy with the lovers. Miss JERROLD had little chance for her particular gifts, but she couldn't help being gracious.

Mr. H. O. NICHOLSON did all that one expects of an oldest inhabitant in a smock-frock; and Miss DAPHNE HEARD's tight-haired dairymaid left us wishing for something more than the fleeting visions we got of her angular vitality.

Indeed, if good acting could always save a play, *Devonshire Cream* would need no other preservative. But for all its truth to type and the excellence of its dialogue I must believe that Sir BARRY JACKSON, that astute impresario, would never have produced it if it had been written by anyone else than the author of *Yellow Sands*. Of course it 's Devonshire all right, but it 's not cream; not, at any rate, *crème de la crème*. There is nothing here to flutter the rival dairies of Cornwall. O. S.

"A NIGHT LIKE THIS" (ALDWYCH).

The underwear scene, when I saw it, provoked the most of much laughter in the latest BEN TRAVERS production, a farce with a somewhat complicated plot and a more than usually episodic presentation. In the scene I have mentioned Miss WINIFRED SHOTTER, who had previously worn a black three-piece suit, appeared for a few moments in a cami-two-piece, and then, reminded that this would not do to dance in at a night-club, went back and put over it a white satin evening gown and afterwards an orange evening cloak, in all of which she looked delightful and all of which were designed and executed by the same firm. Subsequently Mr. J. ROBERTSON HARE, who played as *Miles Tuckett*, her uncle, was cajoled by Mr. TOM WALLS and Mr. RALPH LYNN into taking off his trousers, and indeed his coat and waistcoat also, and was bolted into his niece's bedroom because they wanted to keep him indoors. Naturally he came out again wearing with his bowler hat and brown gloves what appeared to be a gent's combi-one-piece in some white material but may perhaps have been the ordinary winter-weight vest and pants. On the other hand the horse, or rather the mare named Connie, who should have appeared in the four-wheeler and fog scene, had, I suppose, nothing on at all except harness, but owing to the fog it was quite invisible. Cats miauled in this scene, and in the first scene a dog was turned out of the front-door with a good deal of ceremony by Miss MARY BROUGH because its habits were irregular; so that there was a generous allowance of animal fun.



A NIGHT LIKE NOTHING IN THE WORLD.

P.C. Michael Marsden . . . . . MR. TOM WALLS.
Clifford Tope . . . . . MR. RALPH LYNN.
Aubrey Slot . . . . . MR. KENNETH KOVE.

I mention these things because, though Mr. WALLS and Mr. LYNN were funny as ever, the whole piece gave me the impression of a series rather than a crescendo of mirth. I did not like it nearly so well as, for instance, *Plunder*, which was of course brightened up and made more hilarious by a corpse. I am inclined to think that there ought to be a corpse on every occasion in a crook farce, and some of the ablest authorities, such as Mr. EDGAR WALLACE and Mr. HAROLD LLOYD, would seem to support my view.

The plot at the Aldwych was about a necklace borrowed without leave from an aunt and pledged to a man who not only conducted a gambling hell but did business with stolen motor-cars. Mr. TOM WALLS this time was a policeman, a policeman with an Irish brogue, who exceeded his duty by putting on plain clothes without any orders and doing a little detective work on his own. He was ably assisted, queerly enough, by Mr. RALPH LYNN, who had just happened along from Persia, where he was very much in oil. He seems to be just as supremely and engagingly idiotic whatever happens to him, and Mr. TOM WALLS as humorously efficient and full of *savoir faire*. When they are united and have made a conspiracy, the spectator feels a delighted conviction that they could talk any man out of his trousers and redeem any number of necklaces from the most sinister of crooks, if they do not happen for the nonce to be crooks themselves. And that is what the patrons of the Aldwych come to see.

Miss MARY BROUGH was servant to the niece who borrowed her aunt's necklace, and I did not care for her part quite so much as usual, perhaps because I am not very fond of malapropisms of the simpler and more domestic sort in a stage play. They have an air of calculation which destroys their charm. But the audience was not with me there. They sometimes laughed in the gallery so early that I was startled by the swift passage of sound. The play, which began in the magnificent hall of the crook, culminated, as was right and proper, in a furious scrap with the lights out, a *finale* when they were turned on again and Mr. TOM WALLS had the crook by the nose—while Mr. RALPH LYNN, announcing with equal triumph that he had captured the criminal, was found to be seated on an unfortunate mutt—and thereafter a general unravelment in the presence of enormous constables at the nearest police-station. Mr. JOHN R. TURNBULL, who I think is usually a detective, made quite a competent crook; but the ladies, except for Miss WINIFRED SHOTTER, had very little to do—or undo. EVOE.



PANTS-SHOCK.

Miles Tuckett. . . . . . MR. J. ROBERTSON HARE.
Mrs. Decent . . . . . MISS MARY BROUGH.

PROGRESS.

[On revisiting a certain South-Coast resort whose development has lately been the subject of much criticism in the Press.]

WHERE are the paths we babies loved,
On which our coated, capped and gloved
Perambulatored selves were shoved?
  Where is the heath to-day
Where Nurse would meet her cousin, an
Attentive military man,
And talk the while our eyes would scan
  The bay?

Our haunts, well-cousined Nurse, have passed;
Buildings have risen grim and vast,
And klaxon's shriek and hooter's blast
  Profane our still retreats;
Pavilions sparkle in the sun,
And cars gyratorily run
Around the square and enter one-way streets.

Where is the lone and gorse-girt mound
From which I later ruled, self-crowned,
The land for several acres round
  Through brief but glorious reigns?
The Blank Hotel (a local Ritz
With private suites and bathrooms) sits,
Usurping fiend, on top of its
  Remains.

Where is the glade beloved of snails
Which we collected and in pails
Conveyed to the verandah rails
  To brighten up the home?
Gone with the intervening years!
And where they traced their glistening smears
A Super-Talkie-Palace rears
  Its dome.

Where, too, I used to roam the shore
And scour the tidal puddles for
What stranded crabs they held in store
  (Real ones, but rather small),
A drive for motors skirts the cliff
Which as to sight and sound and whiff
Differs from highroads little if
  At all.

My fellow-babies, sigh your sighs;
With your regrets I sympathise
That hydros penetrate the skies
  And drives affront the sea;
You thought you might return to roost,
But now you won't, for you've deduced
The aspect isn't what it used
  To be.

POSTSCRIPT.

There was of late a scheme on hand
To bridge a local harbour and
Across some miles of virgin strand
  Expand the klaxon's sway;
The Bill's promoters let us know
The country from the outward flow
Would benefit immensely. So
  Would they. C. B.

THE IMPRESARIO AND THE CASUALTY ROOM.

A FABLE.

THERE was once a famous Impresario who, having temporarily incapacitated a Pedestrian by running him down in his car, was gracious enough to stop and convey his victim to hospital. Then, when the patient had been admitted to the Casualty Room for medical examination, the Impresario evinced a disposition to follow him, the better to appreciate the nature of the injuries sustained and the remedial measures applied.

Judge then of his displeasure in learning that this could on no account be permitted, the rules of the Hospital enjoining that none should accompany a patient into the Casualty Room save only his nearest and dearest, and of these a number not exceeding two. The Impresario having already disclaimed kinship, no further attention was paid to him.

"Do you know who I am?" he forcefully inquired of those present, to wit, two porters and an undersized lift-boy. And in response to their united expression of ignorance he enlightened them. But as this revelation produced in the porters only a condition of thinly-veiled apathy, while the lift-boy disappeared below-ground with a yawn, the Impresario was before long creating such a stir and commotion in the entrance-hall that one of the full-duty dressers came out of the Casualty Room to see what was happening.

The Impresario was by this time in a formidable mood.

"Do you know who I am?" he inquired thunderously of the dresser, who, not being a man of the world, admitted his inability to hazard a conjecture. Thereupon the Impresario strenuously declared (*a*) his identity, (*b*) his determination to enter the Casualty Room, and began to move dangerously in that direction.

It was at this juncture that the young casualty officer on duty, who had been hastily summoned, came upon the scene and, soon tiring of the Impresario's tedious reiteration both of his identity and his intention of entering the Casualty Room despite all rules to the contrary, coldly recommended silence and departure.

At which the Impresario, now thoroughly incensed, launched a left.

But the young officer (who had done a little in that way before) blocked it and countered with an accurate right to the jaw, with the result that the Impresario, his head coming into violent contact with the floor, himself became a casualty. Whereupon he was promptly raised and carried into the Casualty Room, in this way achieving his heart's desire.

MORAL: Everything comes to him who waits. WOON.

GOOD FOLK.

THERE must be a moral influence in the life of an orchestral performer of which too little is known. I make this comment because I have noticed that people who play in orchestras and quartets and trios and things rarely seem to give trouble to the police.

I doubt very much whether they give trouble to anyone. Speaking for myself, unless you count the few entirely justifiable remarks I once addressed to a man who pushed a harp in my face in a crowded railway-carriage, I cannot call to mind any single orchestral performer who has embittered my life or roused from its lair the wild beast within me.

Granting the offence of carrying such things as harps and double-basses about in public, the life of an orchestral performer would seem to compare more than favourably with the record of many of those who figure prominently in our Sunday Press. I have yet to read of a piccolo player being had up for incendiarism or for striking his blind grandmother with an axe. Can you mention any prominent oboeist who has driven his young daughter from his door or pawned the umbrella-stand to buy gin? When has a flautist, a clarinet-player or even a performer on the French horn been seen running at a policeman with a hayfork?

Let us be frank. I fancy I could name members of pretty well every calling and profession who have been severely addressed by a magistrate at some time or other, but it seems impossible, judging by the sensational news items, to push the orchestral performer off the path of virtue to any serious extent.

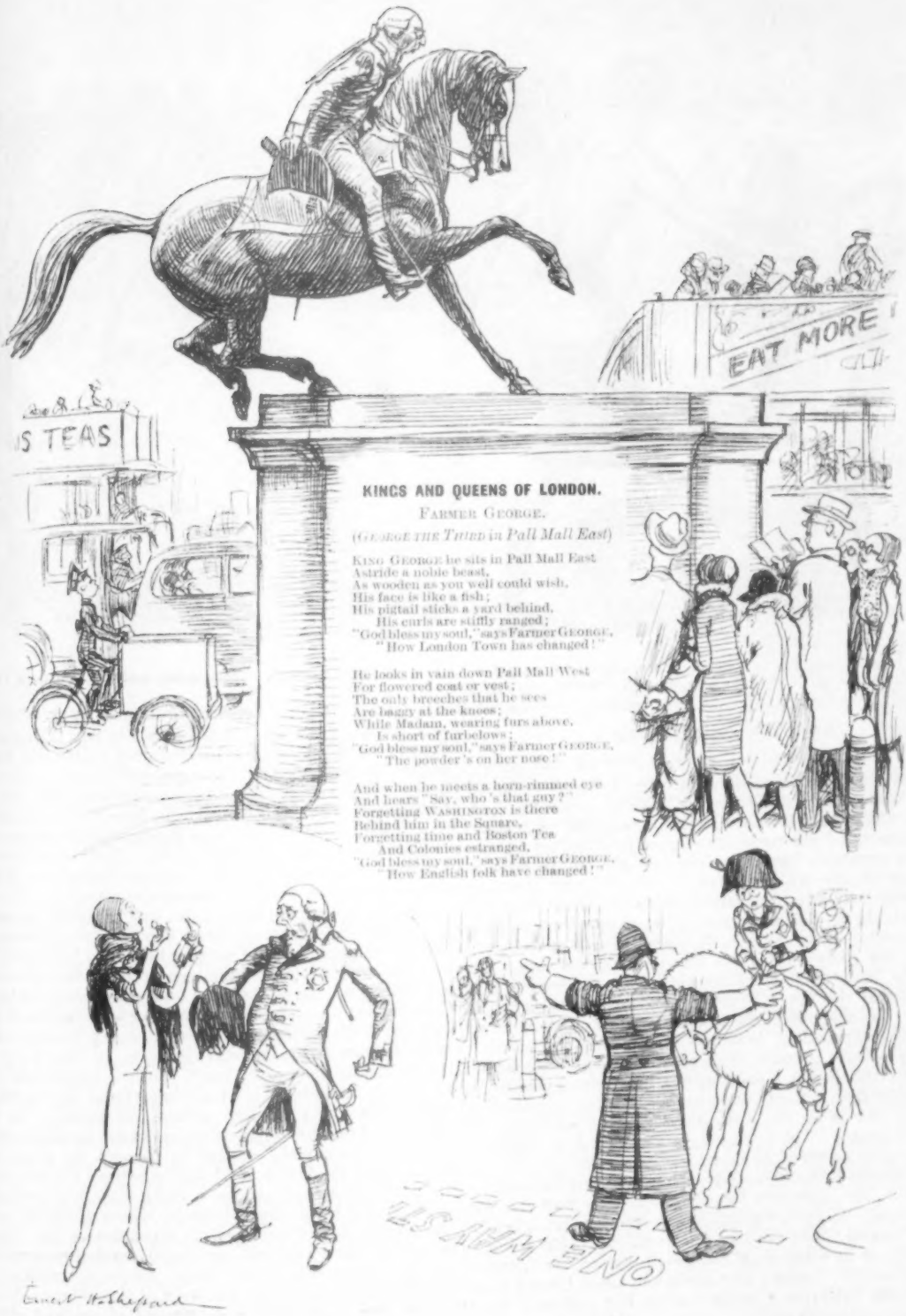
This alone is sufficient justification for the demand that our orchestral performers shall not be supplanted by tinned music either in the cinemas or anywhere else. They are good people and we need more, not fewer, of them. D. C.

"For landing as a stowaway from Australia John ——, twenty-five, was fined £1 or fourteen days at Hull."—*Daily Paper.*

Fourteen days at Hull! Wasn't this alternative rather inhumane?

"But Lord Balfour himself has not been free of the taint of Biblical misquotation. He talked once of somebody holding up the arms of Aaron; I think he must have meant Eli."
Local Paper.

We are convinced that, when Lord BALFOUR said AARON and meant ELI, he really had MOSES in his mind.



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

FARMER GEORGE.

(*GEORGE THE THIRD in Pall Mall East*)

KING GEORGE he sits in Pall Mall East
Astride a noble beast,
As wooden as you well could wish,
His face is like a fish;
His pigtail sticks a yard behind,
His curls are stiffly ranged;
"God bless my soul," says Farmer GEORGE,
"How London Town has changed!"

He looks in vain down Pall Mall West
For flowered coat or vest;
The only breeches that he sees
Are baggy at the knees;
While Madam, wearing furs above,
Is short of furbelows;
"God bless my soul," says Farmer GEORGE,
"The powder's on her nose!"

And when he meets a horn-rimmed eye
And hears "Say, who 's that guy?"
Forgetting WASHINGTON is there
Behind him in the Square,
Forgetting time and Boston Tea
And Colonies estranged,
"God bless my soul," says Farmer GEORGE,
"How English folk have changed!"



Lady (who has been taken by her daughter to a popular icedrome to learn skating). "MY DEAR—LOOK! THERE'S THE SECOND FOOTMAN SKATING BEAUTIFULLY. WHAT IMPERTINENCE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WITH Scottish Home Rule still a development to be reckoned with, *A Short History of Scotland* (KEGAN PAUL, 10/6), which seeks first and foremost to portray a national organism, is a book worth investigating. Starting perhaps a little previously for his purpose with Caledonian contemporaries of the elk and aurochs, Mr. GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON conducts his country up to the Great War and leaves it there—not without an anxious glance at the post-war future. His resolution (borrowed from BUCHANAN) to purge his story of "Inglis lyes and Scottis vanite" is bravely kept. And speaking as one of the nation that contributes the lies I think he has dealt very fairly by both. His singlemindedness is remarkable. I have never known ecclesiastical history—and what ecclesiastical history!—more honestly dealt with. You feel too that his equity proceeds not from cynicism but from sympathy, a sympathy that not only increases as the story approaches its end but is on the alert throughout to weld past to present issues. Not a strand in the Scottish tradition, Highland or Lowland, is neglected. Agriculture, trade, art, literature, religion and science each contributes its quota of interest. Mr. THOMSON has his own way with ancient landmarks. MARY STEWART'S reign, for instance, is briefly handled as an "inconsequent interlude," while her father's is dwelt on in detail as the finest flower of the Scottish national spirit. I admit that again and again I could have wished the historian a wider canvas, but seldom a more fortunate treatment of the dimensions laid down.

In a book of the sea—*In Quest of The Sun* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 20/-)—that is marred only a little for English readers by a certain Gallic complacency in an achievement truly enough remarkable, ALAIN GERBAULT tells the story of that voyage of the *Firecrest* from New York to Havre, by way of Panama, Fiji and Cape Town, which completed his single-handed encircling of the earth. The battle across the Atlantic has been described in an earlier volume, but the present narrative, while not inferior in stress and strain of hermit life among the hurricanes, has captured something of the quieter charm of those Pacific islands where the writer loved to linger and whither he looked back with longing even as his midget craft was entering the Channel in final triumph. To be stranded on a coral beach for months at a time was no hardship for a voyager who eschewed European food and clothing, becoming in every island a native, ready to join in the moonlit dance or to dive deep with Polynesian fisher-boys to see if the bait might still be on the hook, and above all teaching young brown-skinned enthusiasts noble English games. Naturally, to some extent, whether in Galapagos, where a ten-year-old volunteer *muchacho* desperately wanted to become his crew, or in Kupwang of the Dutch East Indies, where a tiny pony of Timor nearly persuaded him to break his vow of solitude, or again in the Cape Verde Islands, where English tourists greeted him with "an excellent imitation of the Marseillaise," his journey became one long triumphal progress; but it was a progress in which there intervened patches two thousand miles in length, passages of forty days when the writer lived alone with a wilderness of sea and sky and tilting horizon, with only unnumbered water-creatures

nuzzling round his gunwale, while the little circle about him throbbing with the lilt of his gramophone was a chip off the twentieth century, drifting awash in the blue immensities, in the wake of COLUMBUS and Sir FRANCIS and VASCO DA GAMA.

I cannot withhold admiration from the sprightly temper, adroit characterisation and up to a point admirable stage-management that have gone to Miss ELIZABETH MURRAY'S new story. Novels almost entirely devoted to the monotonous aberrations of bright young things leave me cold; yet I not only sympathised from the outset with the few characters in *The Gilded Cupid* (LANE, 7/6) who did not come under this head, but found myself drawn to an increasing interest in the preposterous bevy that did. We started out with a circle of noble and gentle young imbeciles sponging with but faint success on each others' purses and tables. Chief among them are the *Hon. Eunice Fravilesworth*, who keeps a hat-shop; her needy brothers *Jocelyn* and *Ethelred*, and (in the set but not of it) her illegitimate cousin, *Howard Carro*, whom his father, *Lord Fravilesworth*, is impoverishing *Jocelyn's* expectations to enrich. *Howard* is just parting reluctantly with a married mistress. Everyone is feeling rather less bright than usual. To them enter, with the most acceptable flourish of opulence, a canny simple Colonial millionaire and his idealistic daughter. The *Fravilesworths* pounce on *Gloria*, a fatuous but likeable milkmaid, and set about showing her life. Judging that this process, as conducted at a Thames-side "club," has gone too far, *Howard* rescues the milkmaid and finds himself let in for wedlock. The upshot of this union is not perhaps so well handled as its antecedents—I found it myself frankly melodramatic—but Miss MURRAY keeps the bulk of her cast well under control and assembles it satisfactorily at the curtain.

In *All Our Yesterdays* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) Mr. H. M. TOMLINSON traces, from Mafeking night to the War, the piling up of a storm that is to come, and does it so subtly that the opening crash is inevitable rather than amazing, while the further progression to the uttermost shadows is only in logical sequence with the gay launching of a battle-ship nearly twenty years before. Even in a brilliant interlude which enables him to paint once again the splendour and the horror of tropical forests, Mr. TOMLINSON is still showing the Powers wrangling and ready to fight over remotest territories, and finally, with all the omens read, all the homes ready to be broken, he is savagely at war. In his battle studies he is as brutal as shell-fire, as direct as a search-light, as vivid as a night-flare, as indecent as a month-old battle-field; but it is on the home front that he reaches the uttermost pitch of poignancy. His manner of writing, not quite fiction, certainly not history, is to pick up here and there a group of acquaintances—journalists, schoolmasters, politicians—and to follow their fortunes more or less throughout; but he loses them without ceremony or brings others in without introduction. While he cannot ever take his theme lightly, he uses enchantingly his gift of luminous and revealing phrase. He is at times a little obscure, a little inclined to prefer his philosophies to his story, and his people do all talk most marvellously like one another and like Mr. TOMLINSON; but all this goes for nothing in a book of such truth and balance.



Neglected Diner (to waiter). "I FINISHED THE MENU LONG AGO; I 'M RATHER A QUICK READER."

We owe it to Mrs. VIOLET SILTZER'S happy inspiration that Messrs. HALTON AND TRUSCOTT SMITH have issued a new edition of the late Captain FRANK SILTZER'S *The Story of British Sporting Prints* (42/-)—a beautiful, interesting and comprehensive (of the century 1750–1850) book which first appeared in 1925. Fifty-three artists are here exhibited—in letter-press—from A for Mr. AGASSE (of whom I confess that I was ignorant, though Sir EDWIN LANDSEER has, I see,

said of him that, "he paints animals as none of us can") and the two versatile ALKENS (but is not HENRY ALKEN'S "Night Riders of Nacton" better known as "The Melton Mohocks"?) alphabetically on to W for Messrs. WARD, WOLSTERHOLMES, WOODWARD and WOOTON. The reproductions of pictorial work are, however, limited to eight nobly-produced colour plates, the work of eight different artists; but considering to what extent Sporting Art is indebted to Diana's inspiration, it seems invidious that no example of The Chase has a seat in this galley. And don't run away with the idea that our book is a dry-as-dust treatise on Art (though, in diamond clarity, we are given dates and details indeed of aquatint, mezzo and "state"), for here are the biographies in brief of our national sporting artists with nutshell peeps and thumbnail glimpses of their high and Corinthian times, of fighting men and fighting sports, old inns, old fox-hunters and old coachmen. I close this happy work wondering in what repute will our living sporting artists, Mr. MUNNINGS, Messrs. EDWARDS, ALDIN and ARMOUR, let me say, Mr. BALFOUR BROWNE and Mr. WALLACE, be held in a hundred years' time? I like to fancy that the best output of these gentlemen will render them as secure of the future as any of their partners in the torch race of whom Captain SILTZER has so delightfully gossiped and instructed.

I know there are some who profess themselves unable to read novels cast in the form of letters. Let us admit that this is a form that lends itself perhaps rather too easily to the amateur. Almost anyone can make shift to write a series of imaginary letters from a set of characters, whereas it is by no means every inexperienced writer who can manage the combination of narrative, dialogue and a due modicum of comment that is required by a respectably constructed novel in the ordinary form. These considerations, I hasten to add, do not apply to *The Clere Family* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6). Mrs. ELLA FULLER MAITLAND wrote (with Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK) *The Etchingham Letters*, and, in virtue of her share in that most ingenious and engaging work, may be held to have established a right to reprint the contents of any family's post-box to which she can obtain access. This time, having to deal with certain members of the ship's company of H.M.S. *Impregnable*, she has very wisely secured a naval collaborator in Surgeon-Commander R. SPENCE BERNARD to make sure that the local colour and the turns of naval language are correct. The result is a very pleasant story. Your family mail-bag, I think, is a first-class medium for the delicate limning of character. The writers paint themselves all unconsciously while trying to describe each other. It is not a method, perhaps, that would suit stories of a melodramatic tinge, but for the quiet history of the matrimonial adventures of a country family it is as good as any. And there is just acid enough in the portraits of certain characters—such as *Alicia Clere* and the ineffable *Dr. Wegson*—to redeem the book from any charge of insipidity.



Lady. "DON'T YOU FIND THAT WORK VERY TRYING?"
Park Scavenger. "NOT EXAC'LY, MA'AM. YOU SEE I WAS SORT OF BORN TO IT. MY OLD FATHER, 'E USED TO 'ARPOON WHALES."

The fly-leaf of *A Search for America* (LOUIS CARRIER AND Co.; London Agents, BRENTANOS, 15/-) describes it as epic, and grudgingly I allow that it is so. Mr. FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE, the son of a Scandinavian father and a Scots mother, tells how, towards the end of the last century, after a youth of moneyed culture in the capitals of Europe, he was handed a cheque for seven-hundred-and-fifty dollars by his spendthrift father and told that it was his last allowance. He crossed to America, and there and in Canada, as waiter, publisher's traveller, harvester and hobo, he unlearnt the lessons of Europe and slowly built up for himself a new outlook, gained in the hard school of a new country. He became, and I hope is still, a teacher and a welfare-worker among other immigrants. It is a pity in a way that his observations were made too early to include the later developments in industry and advertising; but on the whole this is a gain, for, set beside the modern impressions, which are apt to read like a gossip-column, this book, which is splendidly old-fashioned, is a giant. Mr. GROVE infuses magic into struggle and poverty, and gives more detail than a less able writer could successfully handle. He makes us thankful again for the fact that tramps seem to make such excellent philosophers.

I should like to put THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY'S *Myself and the Theatre*—"Ego et Rex meus?"—(HEINEMANN, 12/6) into the hands of every young person thinking of going on the stage and of all the teachable professionals of any age who are now working in the English theatre. It is written with insight, knowledge and humour. It has enough egotism to give it bite and enough real passion for the art of the theatre to rob the egotism—after all, the artist's privilege—of any offence. It explains the art of production, not of set purpose but by inference, and will give the instructed theatre-goer an insight into the problems and—if he brings a critical faculty to bear upon the book—into the limitations of the *régisseur's* business. I think Mr. KOMISARJEVSKY is too easy in his acceptance of the doctrines of the new creed, Expressionism. But this may only mean that he is convinced that nothing lives save by continued experiment—a lesson that the English theatre much needs. No wonder an undercurrent of contempt for our trivial outlook eddies through this interesting book.

I learn from the wrapper of *The Case of Robert Robertson* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) that SVEN ELVESTAD is called "the EDGAR WALLACE of Scandinavia," an honour which I trust has not disturbed his serenity. This is the first of his stories that I have read, and if it is rather bewilderingly intricate it is also emphatically intriguing. Expert solvers of mysteries may discover how *Dr. Gravenhag* contrived to be alive after he had apparently been murdered; at any rate I, who make no claim to be an expert, had my shrewd suspicions; but until *Robert Robertson* revealed his part in the drama I had no idea that he was as base and thorough a villain as any to be found in sensational fiction.

CHARIVARIA.

A PARAGRAPHIST learns that Mr. BALDWIN's former cook left him to go to America. So much for the rumour that she had joined the United Empire Party.

* * *

The Evening Standard remarked recently that Lord BEAVERBROOK had not had what might be called a Good Press that morning. A notable exception was of course provided by *The Daily Express*.

* * *

Among shrewd political observers Lord ROTHERMERE's consent to the formation of an Association of the United Empire Party at Oxford University is regarded as tantamount to an admission that the cause is already lost.

* * *

It is understood that Lord ROTHERMERE's article entitled "I Tell You——!" may be sung in public without fee or licence.

* * *

Eucalyptus plants have been used as church decorations for recent weddings, and at a season when coughs are prevalent it is a wise precaution to arrange that services shall be largely chloral.

* * *

An agricultural expert points out that, with modern working hours, a speedier type of horse on large arable farms would be an economy. Farmers complain, however, that as yet few ploughmen have been bitten by the speed-craze.

* * *

"The portals of the poet-soul," says a member of the newly-formed Mayfair group, "will always stand with tender outstretched arms, offering peace and comfort to the driven and the weary." The experience of spring poets is that editors don't always realise this.

* * *

Postmen-cyclists are asking for trousers strengthened with leather, and it is anticipated that this will be followed by a demand that all postmen shall be rendered dog-proof.

* * *

Residents of the South Australian village of Chicago have decided to change its unsavoury name to Booth, but it is feared that "BIG BILL" THOMPSON's fellow-citizens will maintain an assumption of indifference to this pointed rebuke.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT confesses that his only attempt to joke with a barmaid was a failure. It is to his credit that he has not allowed this set-back to sour him.

* * *

A married woman who has written a newspaper article describing her aimless life complains of not having enough to do and asks for suggestions. What's the matter with writing newspaper articles?

* * *

Toy manufacturers have ascertained, as the result of a survey, that toy soldiers are still the favourite playthings of the children of Paris. Assurances are anxiously awaited that the character of French nursery manœuvres is purely defensive.

* * *

Lizard-skin shoes are manufactured from skins obtained chiefly from the large Indian lizard. Lounge lizards are seldom used for this purpose, as they are too thick-skinned.

* * *

A political writer observes that the former good-humoured relationship between master and servant has gone, and that domestic life is merely another phase of the class war. Certainly the demeanour of many domestics is a direct incentive to Bolshevism.

* * *

A gossip-writer says he is inclined to accept the statement that we all have a "double." We confess that we had overlooked the possibility of a gossip-writer having one.

* * *

B.B.C. announcers are being tested for their ability to pronounce correctly and without hesitation words and place-names in foreign languages, including Welsh. The desire is that Snowdon shall have nothing on Savoy Hill.

* * *

"Is motoring bad for riding?" is a question raised in a newspaper. Habitual motorists are apt to forget how easily a horse is started up from cold.

* * *

We are reminded of LENIN's dictum that "the uglier a man the better Russian he is." Among LENIN's disciples who associate capitalism with oil, "an oil-painting" is a term of especial opprobrium.

* * *

Complaint is made that Dutch barges carrying Belgian bricks up the Thames have an unfair advantage. British bargees can't swear in Dutch.

* * *

The unusually early opening of the top-spinning season, to which attention has been drawn, is attributed to a widespread belief that it has Mr. LANSBURY's approval.

* * *

In view of a lay mission-worker's disclosure that inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha still doubt the existence of motor-cars, our fear is that Mr. HENRY FORD may feel it his duty to convince them.

* * *

The Association Football authorities contend that broadcast running commentaries on the Cup-ties would affect the attendance. They take the view that there would be poor gates if thousands of enthusiasts stayed at home to shout "Shoot!"



Landsman (*concluding wordy duel*). "AND SPEAKIN' OF APPEARANCES, I WOULDN'T DESCEND TO PERSONALITIES, MIND YOU, BUT IF THAT 'S YOUR BATH-WATER, MATE, YOU MUST 'AVE 'OPPED IN AND OUT PRETTY QUICK, THAT 'S ALL."

"ECCLESIASTICAL NEWS.

"You will remember that it was on November 12, 931, that King Athelstan held his great Witanagemot at Luton."

Daily Paper.

Stupidly we had forgotten the exact date.

UNITED EMPIRE PARTY CORRESPONDENCE.

[We are fortunate in being able to publish the following letters which have come into our hands without their envelopes but from internal evidence appear to have been addressed to one or other of the organs of the United Empire Party. For this journalistic coup we are indebted to the courtesy of a mail-bag robber whose desire for anonymity we respect.]

AN EARLDOM FOR VISCOUNT ROTHERMERE.

It is greatly to be hoped that the first act by which Lord BEAVERBROOK will signalise his appointment as Prime Minister will be to recognise Lord ROTHERMERE's immense services to the United Empire Party by recommending him for a step in the Peerage. To Lord ROTHERMERE's countless admirers it has always been inexplicable that Mr. BALDWIN did not seize the chance, when in office, of conferring upon him this well-earned honour. It is impossible to estimate what might have been the value of his collaboration in the councils of the Conservative Party.

EXCELSIOR.

TOOTING PROTESTS.

As one of the most enthusiastic of the Tooting contingent of the United Empire Party I heard with shame of the impropriety of a certain newspaper (which shall be nameless) in reporting in consecutive paragraphs the activities of our two noble leaders and of two monkeys at large. I strongly protest against the vulgar proposal to perpetuate that association by giving to Lords BEAVERBROOK and ROTHERMERE the sobriquet of "Max and Moritz"; though I admit that these performing monkeys, when they appeared at the Coliseum, enjoyed the distinction of being described as "Simians of Semi-human Intellects."

A VOICE FROM THE SUBURBS.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE.

When one remembers the stout opposition which Lord ROTHERMERE offered to the policy of Protection with which Mr. BALDWIN went to the country in 1924—the very policy which his Lordship now advocates—one cannot but be impressed by the courage of a man who so openly defies the charge of inconsistency. That frivolous charge cannot of course be sustained. The real inconsistency is Mr. BALDWIN's, who modified his policy when he found it distasteful to the electorate. Lord ROTHERMERE, on the other hand, has for many years been absolutely immutable in his consistent hostility to the Conservative leader's policy, whatever that policy may or may not have been.

ANTI-BALDWIN.

THE MAILED GLOVE AND THE VELVET FIST.

Lord ROTHERMERE is a much misunderstood man. In striking this noble blow for England, Home and BEAVERBROOK, he has been vilely suspected of personal animosity towards Mr. BALDWIN. Actually his affection for the Leader of the Opposition is deep-rooted and unshakeable. His sole and loyal purpose is to convince his old friend of the error of his ways; to pluck him as a brand from the burning. Although the Bill which was to have given facilities for Blasphemy has been dropped, I venture to quote a Biblical phrase and say, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

CRUEL ONLY TO BE KIND.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

It is clear that if taxes are to be paid on foreign food some of us must either eat less or spend less on other needs and luxuries. The profound insight of Lord ROTHERMERE, which nothing escapes, has foreseen this contingency. And he is in a position to meet the former alternative by supplying the stomach's vacuum with intellectual provender—the fine flour of Britain's intelligentsia. The craving for this can best be appeased by his syndicated organs; and the number of new readers should be swollen indefinitely. Thus from his great movement, born of simple patriotism, he should reap a material reward which he never contemplated. God bless him!

REGISTERED READER.

WANTED: A CONSERVATIVE EVENING PAPER.

I am a Unionist; and now that there is no longer any London evening paper that even pretends to be Unionist I have taken to reading *The Star*. I prefer a paper that represents a recognised party, even though not the same as mine, to those that keep on telling me that they have started a new party and explaining what it is trying to do. I should think *The Star* must be much obliged to Lord BEAVERBROOK.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRUM.

THE GHOST OF COBDEN SITS UP AND TAKES NOURISHMENT.

As a Liberal I send the U.E.P. my loving thanks. It is true that for the moment Mr. LLOYD GEORGE appears to have been displaced by Lord BEAVERBROOK in the favour of Lord ROTHERMERE. But this is a superficial view. To those who probe beneath the surface to read Lord ROTHERMERE's motives it is clear that he is solely actuated by a desire to restore the fortunes of my party. Hope, long deferred, now alights on the standards of our diminished ranks as we rally to the old battle-cry, "Your food will cost you more." I thank him from the bottom of my soul.

WEE FREE-TRADER.

LORD ROTHERMERE SETS THE RED FLAG WAVING.

I have always suspected Lord ROTHERMERE of being a Socialist at heart and sharing my own intuitive loathing for Capitalism. At one time he opposed us, possibly through a crude fear of confiscation and lamp-posts. But now, after a careful readjustment of his views, he has obeyed his true instincts and espoused the cause of Labour. No other explanation of his action is possible which would not be an affront to his intelligence, for he can hardly expect to establish a new party in the House. But if, even without winning any seats, he can succeed in diverting some of Mr. BALDWIN's followers from their allegiance, he may reasonably hope to secure the return of the Labour Party to absolute power. I thank him from the bottom of my soul.

VOX POPULI.

A UNIONIST BENEDICTION.

Not for many months have the prospects of the Conservative Party been more roseate. There had been murmurs of mutiny, but the advent of this new party has hushed them. To dissentients of all colours it has been brought home that Mr. BALDWIN's policy of extended Safeguards for Home Industries offers the only possible escape from the two extremes of Free-Trade and Food-Taxation. This conviction—and the further reflection that any dalliance with the new party would assure the triumph of the Socialists—has closed our ranks. I thank Lord BEAVERBROOK from the bottom of my soul.

O. S.

"MR. SNOWDEN LOOKS ROUND."
Headline in Daily Paper.

But he isn't really. That (among other points) is where he differs from WINSTON.

"Mr. Stephen —— describes London as a very irregular city with streets running in all directions. New York is, he says, nicely laid out in typical American style."—*South African Paper.*

He ought to see Chicago with gunmen running in all directions and the population nicely laid out in typical American style.



THE UNITED EMPIRE ANGLERS.

LORD ROTHERMERE. "GOT ANY BIG ONES?"
LORD BEAVERBROOK. "I'VE NOT ACTUALLY LANDED ANY; BUT AMERY'S NIBBLING AGAIN."



Girl (to young man who has asked for a second cherry in his cocktail). "WHAT'S THE GREAT IDEA, TONY?"
Tony. "FAMILY MEDICAL ADVISER INSISTS I MUST EAT MORE FRUIT."

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

IX.—THE EMPIRE SPIRIT.

Percival and I have just changed our hotel. Not that we had a row or anything; we just couldn't get on very well with the elevator-attendants and bell-hops. At least, not so well as they got on with us. You see, they were all coloured, and once they began to discover we were English we were sunk.

It was on our third day that one of them got Percival alone in a quiet stretch between the fourth and eleventh floors and opened up with: "Maw'n, Suh. Are yo English?"

Percival asked him how he knew, and the boy intimated that about every Englishman there was a certain nobility of character, an open-faced honesty, a generosity of—— Well, anyway, he knew Percival was English because he carried a walking-stick. He then added, "An' how yo laike dese damn Americans?"

Well, when Percival had recovered from a certain natural shock at getting that line handed him in the heart of New York he learnt that this particular coffee-berry was a "British subject, Suh." "Yas, Ah come from Jamaica," he explained, and on the strength of this appeared to claim a sort of spiritual relationship with Percival as of two strange explorers (white) meeting in the heart of the African jungle (coloured). And on the strength of this Percival gave him fifty cents, or, in British, two bob.

Percival did not mention all this to me till later in the evening, when he asked suddenly if I had met the British (coloured) elevator-boy and told me about his encounter. As it happened I had. Comparing notes, we found that I had only been half as British as Percival.

I kept a look-out for that particular elevator-boy the next day. Not so much from any subcutaneous brotherly love, but just to see if I was clever enough to pick him out again from all the other bell-hops of similar size, shape and colour. It turned out that I was, though at first I thought I had made a mistake, because when I began at the second floor by asking affably what Jamaica was like he replied he didn't know. However, the moment I said, "Surely you 're the boy I gave a quarter to yesterday because you were British?" he responded quickly, "Yas, Suh, yas, Ah 'm a British subject. From Jamaica, yas. But I haven't been there since I was a chile." He slowed the elevator a trifle as he approached my floor and added that he was saving up to go back. So I gave him another quarter and he said he guessed he saw a British gentleman when he knew him.

A few afternoons later in the lounge Percival remarked that it was an extraordinary thing but he believed there was a second lift-attendant who came from Jamaica. For the moment he had thought it was the same, but on looking closely he decided the original one had just a touch more sepia. Yes, he admitted stiffly, he *had* given him fifty cents too to make it fair.

I suggested ironically that they might be brothers, and Percival, poor cod, said he hadn't thought of that and actually went along to the bell-hops' bench to look at them. He came back saying that as far as he could see there were no fewer than ten tan brothers sitting in a row. I gathered too that some brisk bidding for the front place on the bench had broken out on his appearance, but he came away without asking for anything and the bottom fell out of the market.

The following day another cocoa-bean took out naturalisation-papers and cashed in on Percival when getting him a taxi, while one of the first pair

(or he too may have been quite a new one) told me how fond he was of England (being a British subject from the West Indies), that from his youth up he had preserved a souvenir of the dear old mother-country, and that this was as a matter of fact a real English shilling. Unfortunately he was now broken-hearted, for only that morning he had "jes' done lawst it."

The boy to whom Percival chatted the next day also had a broken heart which was similarly mended. When I say similarly, I mean the souvenir that Percival's boy had "jes' done lawst" was an English half-crown. There is something about Percival's face. . . .

For the next two or three days we had a worried existence. We moved about like the typical white man in the Nigerian hinterland, surrounded by the eager ebon faces of five faithful British subjects ready to attend to our slightest whim. Our every wish was law, that is to say at a quarter per wish, and fifty cents for some of the bigger wishes necessitating a journey to the druggist. Then a couple more blackberries attached themselves to our *safari*, one having discovered his mother was a Barbadian and the other going so far as to show Percival an alleged British passport. His name, however, was Cabot Lowell Washington, and his photograph was a perfect likeness of every hop on the bench.

It was this that finally decided us to change our hotel. The place had gone too Empire for us. Before we left there was but one bell-hop in the bunch who was still apparently American and sat in solitary state while the others crowded round, each with a piece of our luggage. As Percival murmured:—

"Ten little nigger-boys out to get the mon.;
Nine became British and then there was one."

No doubt he was the slow-witted one, the one who didn't know a good thing (Percival) when he saw it. I even sarcastically asked the three lads who opened the taxi-door for me if there was anything wrong with him.

A United Empire smile spread over their faces. They explained that he was a new boy and wasn't quite sure of the ropes. He had only been taken on last night, having barely been three days in New York. His home was in Bermuda.

I think Lord BEAVERBROOK is expressly to blame for not having supplied him with Crusade literature. A. A.

"390 SHAKESPEARE—Anatomy and Cleopatra. 1776."—*Booksellers' Catalogue.*

What a modern novel SHAKESPEARE might have written!



Visitor. "NOW, TELL ME—WHEN DO YOU FIND THE FISH FEED BEST?"
Local. "WHEN US BAIN'T YURR, MISTER!"

ARCADIAN.

WHERE Pan his sheep-fold park had he
The fair blue hills among
In Arcady, in Arcady,
When all the world was young
And simple but not stupid,
Up along an April aisle
Once a boy and girl met Cupid,
And they all sat on a stile.

The boy, they say, was berry-brown,
The girl was gold and white,
And berry-brown is very brown
And gold and white 's just right;
And, if it did befall so
That these two would sit a bit,
Arcadians say also
That a stile 's the place to sit.

And, take 'em in the lump, any
Arcadian will agree
(Though two is always company
And three is always three)
That, if you 're boy and maiden
And to sit a bit 's preferred,
No stile is rightly laden
That lacks Cupid for a third—
Little Love or little Cupid,
Little Bow-and-Arrow Cupid;
Oh, a stile for two is stupid
Without Cupid for a third!

P. R. C.

Intelligent Anticipation of Lord Rothermere's Action.

"Protective Mimicry Among Human Beings.—By Dean Inge."—*From the Contents Index of a Scots Paper of six weeks ago.*

THE NEW CABINET.

(From our Political Correspondent.)

THE leaders of the new Party are busy constructing a Phantom Cabinet, and it is rumoured that a difficulty of principle has already arisen over the important question of the Home Office. This portfolio had been destined for Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, but something like a bombshell was thrown into the Party Headquarters last night when a telegram was received from Mr. Albert Haddock, as follows:—

"Beaverbrook London Believe you have right ideas fiscal future G. B. though perhaps exaggerated views of your own but decline absolutely support Cabinet including J. Douglas Home Secretary semi-colon also question wisdom proposed appointment Hannen Swaffer Ministry Fine Arts Haddock Hammersmith."

After a hasty consultation at Empire Headquarters the following reply was despatched:—

"Haddock Hammersmith Your telegram bombshell disturbing whole equilibrium proposed Cabinet full-stop consider essential Ministers of Crown new Party should be public figures endeared to all readers great organs stupendous circulation semi-colon Douglas has heart of mother style of child therefore believed most suitable Home Office whom do you suggest would you serve with Swaffer reply Beaverbrook-Rothermere."

Till a late hour much activity could be observed among Mr. Haddock's secretariat, and at midnight the following telegram was handed to the Press:—

"Beaverbrook-Rothermere London No but would serve with Tom Webster Beachcomber Strube or Wyndham Lewis full-stop suggest Home Office modern times key to whole political situation one cause lamentable failure last Conservative Government capture imagination people not absence of economic policy but presence of Brentford né Hicks Home Office total surrender interfering woops and vegetable marrows putrid encroachments Dora mentality alien notions mixed bathing immoral fantastic liquor laws culminating grotesque Licensing Commission now proposed admit policemen private clubs next thing will be detectives in bedrooms of nation semi-colon further Conservatives five years' majority two hundred made no attempt improve pubs brighten grisly Sundays industrial centres clean up Betting Laws or Divorce Laws owing principally prudery pomposity and panic late Home Secretary now mercifully translated other place full stop believe Party coming forward vigorous policy these matters sweep the country colon impossible keep people interested permanently economics but Home Affairs always sure of good Press full stop would gladly serve with Strube or other gentlemen named Home Secretary Haddock Duchy of Lancaster The Londoner Lord President of Council Gladys Cooper full stop unless Ministry follows above main lines cannot guarantee support Haddock Hammersmith."



The Bride (to Registrar). "I MAY BE A BIT SENTIMENTAL, BUT WOULD IT BE ALL THE SAME IF MY BOY PUTS ON THE 'WEDDING MARCH' WHILE WE GET ON WITH THE BUSINESS?"

In political circles no one is attempting to conceal the gravity of the situation produced by Mr. Haddock's ultimatum. "A wedge," said one who is usually well-informed last night, "has been driven between the peers." Mr. Haddock's proposed Cabinet gives Lord BEAVERBROOK and his staffs a preponderance in numbers, but the exclusion of Mr. DOUGLAS, Mr. SWAFFER and Viscount CASTLEROSSE and others is believed to have wounded him. Further, the dispute about the Home Office has revealed a divergence of principle. Lord ROTHERMERE is understood to accept Mr. Haddock's view that in this Department a new and vigorous policy of extended liberty is required, conforming to the British character and the wishes of the majority. But Lord BEAVERBROOK is credited with a desire to reform not only the trade but the morals of the country, and therefore he was anxious to see this portfolio in the zealous hands of Mr. DOUGLAS. As a compromise it was suggested at a late hour last night that Mr. SWAFFER or Mr. WEBSTER should have the Home Office. But it is understood that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has refused to serve with Mr. SWAFFER, while Lord BEAVERBROOK feels that he could not rely upon Mr. WEBSTER to press through with vigour the various moral reforms which he has at heart. On the other hand it is felt by both sides that the abstention of Mr. Haddock from the Woolsack might weaken the Ministry irretrievably.

Later.—Seems that early this morning a new way out of the *impasse* was hit upon, and a telegram was despatched as follows:—

"Haddock Hammersmith Your proposals unacceptable in bulk full stop observe Webster and Strube have two portfolios each necessity of this not understood suggest compromise Strube (or Webster) retain Home Office Castlerosse take War Office Douglas Ministry of Health reply Beaverbrook-Rothermere."



Professor of Music (to man at piano who is burlesquing a classic). "You were given a funny face, boy. Be satisfied with that."

The reply, dated 4 A.M. this morning, threw consternation into every political camp and may well mark an epoch in the history of Great Britain:

"Beaverbrook-Rothermere London Too late semi-colon have declared dictatorship Haddock." A. P. H.

THE COCKNEY SPIRIT.

TRIOLET.

The trench was awash
And the duckboard was slimy;
Says Bert, "Ain't it posh?"
(The trench was awash).
The Padre said "Gosh!"
And the Sergeant said "Blimey!"
The trench was awash
And the duckboard was slimy.

Arms and the Woman.

"The difficulty of holding girls after a certain age is best solved by starting a Girls' Life Brigade Company."
Advt. in Wesleyan Magazine.

Our office-boy, though he is not a United Empire Crusader, assures us that he has never met with this particular difficulty.

THAT CONFERENCE FEELING.

However shy by repute, in our house Spring is a forward baggage.

A vague sense of foreboding overtook me as I entered my study one morning about a week ago. A glance round revealed unmistakable signs of preparation for that ruthless subversion of the *status quo* which passes for Spring's revivifying of the home.

I immediately set about calling a Conference of the Powers concerned. If people with different interests and points of view can be brought together in a spirit of goodwill much may be achieved by amicable discussion.

At our first plenary session I reminded Joan and the staff of the grim tragedy of even date last year; how I was only now recovering from the catastrophic derangement of my considered if untidy world.

"The way of my livelihood," I explained, "is in my study and it is a small unobtrusive room. The stock of my trade is in my study and its defence from hostile invasion is a *sine qua non*. My study is no mere withdrawing-room to me. It is me."

Joan said she felt sure that with minimum sanctions for cleanliness and hygiene some sort of agreement could be reached in the problem confronting us. She assured me that no passage should be left unexplored, no chair left unturned elsewhere so as to defer the invasion of my sanctum.

The staff supported this view and for her part hinted that she was willing to wait indefinitely till it suited my convenience to be "turned out."

Since then we have had daily meetings, informal talks and private conversations. And if one thing more than another emerges from these it is that generally speaking we are simply bursting with goodwill toward one another and with disarming confidence in the future. In fact we are not particular what we promise—so long as it is nothing in particular.

For myself, however, I shall personally see to it that in my study the limitation of displacement applies both to volume and category.

THE CULT OF COLD.

Is it not time that more earnest public concern was aroused by this iniquitous orgy of early-morning bathing in the Serpentine?

Long ago, in bleak and frosty weather a friend of mine was going home rather late one morning when he noticed two persons in a nearly nude condition leaping into this ornamental mere. Full of humane instincts he rushed to the nearest keeper and asked him for a lifebelt.

"Woffor?" said the keeper.

"Two men have fallen into the Serpentine."

"Wiff their close on?"

"No, without."

"Lor' bless you, Sir," said the keeper, "they 're bavers."

"*Bathers?*"

"Yes, Sir. They make a nobby of it, if you understand wot I mean."

He didn't. Nor do I. But the horrible sight, I gather, may still be seen, although suttee and prostration before the car of Juggernaut have long ago been forbidden by our enlightened rule in the Empire of India. I am even told that this savage hyperborean rite in the Serpentine is gaining new adherents, and I think that this must be so because last year two women were fined for immersing themselves there. This may have been during the summer-time, but I think it was really during the winter-time, because it is nearly always winter-time in England. They were taken before a magistrate and fined because they refused to promise the keeper not to do it again. Their excuse appears to have been that they were maddened by the spirit of Rima, but the magistrate very rightly refused to accept it.

"There is plenty of green paint about it you feel worried by Rima," he said. "There is no need to undress in public and then try to commit suicide."

And now Mr. LANSBURY proposes to erect a bathing-pavilion on the banks of the Serpentine. In my opinion this is merely condoning the evil. Like most of the actions of the present Government it is playing with a national peril instead of confronting it boldly and putting it down once and for all. The vice may spread until the banks of the Serpentine at break of day become a place of revolting water-frolics which no decent person returning from a dance or a night-club can pass without a shudder of abhorrence.

More important still, the hot morning bath in winter-time may begin to lose its hold on the popular imagination. Yet there is no end to which modern civilisation and culture have so faithfully toiled, using every device of gas, coal, coke and electricity to make the cistern in the airing-cupboard bubble and growl through the long winter nights and fill the house with grateful steam when the bitter moment of arising from bed has at last become inevitable.

Hot baths, I say it again, are one of the distinguishing marks of a progressive and orderly people, dividing them from the lesser breeds without the law. Their comparative privacy is part of their charm. The bathroom has become a sure stronghold and place of refuge in every decent home. It has its courtesies, its ritual of precedence, its hymnology, its etiquette. Is all this to be flung aside by a band of men and women who have conspired together to undress in public and violate alike the rules of hygiene and the dictates of modesty by congealing themselves in the Serpentine?

To build a pavilion for these people is to make a compromise with barbarism. Nor do I feel certain that the compromise would have its desired effect. To the thoroughly perverted open-air pre-breakfast balneator, the notion of using even so much shelter as an uncomfortable wooden cubicle is most likely abhorrent. He may object to paying money, but he will object still more to the attempted mitigation of his martyrdom. He will protest that in a wooden cubicle he cannot get sufficiently messy and cold, and that a poignant agony which appealed to him no less than the actual misery and muddiness of the water has been removed. Female adherents of the unholy cult will mingle their outcries with those of the males and insist upon public devestiture in order to savour to the full extent the pangs of refrigeration. We shall have scenes.

A far more useful suggestion, in my view, than the erection of a bathing-shelter would be simply this: to warm the Serpentine.

The effect of such a measure on the water-fowl I cannot precisely determine, but they would probably grow stronger and fatter. The human pre-breakfast bather, however, without the slightest doubt would be deterred from his horrid pursuit, for he likes above all things to suffer more severely in the water than on the banks. A warm healthy Serpentine would have no attraction for him. Nor is the mere moral significance of heating the Serpentine to be forgotten. The ice habit, known to the Greeks as *phroustophobia*, is growing upon us. We are in danger of relapsing into the glacial period. I seldom open my morning paper without seeing the photograph of some man or some maiden who takes an early-morning dip all the year round, either in the sea or in an open-air swimming-bath, or failing these leaps with a loud cry of joy through the thin ice that covers the village horse-pond. When the horse-pond is frozen solid it has to be broken up for them by the village constable with a pickaxe. Many of these people must have already begun to grow fur.

To any philosopher it must seem curious that the idea of a thoroughly fine day's enjoyment in England at this moment is to plunge before breakfast into half-frozen water and spend the rest of the time tumbling down upon a rink of artificial ice. I am tempted to ask for what purpose fire was given to us, and whether the break-up of the English home is not distinctly traceable to these nomadic and Scythian dissipations.

Anyhow, I don't see why we should build a bathing-pavilion by the Serpentine.

EVOE.

ELIZABETH AND JANE.

Elizabeth is fairly good,
She does what she is told she should,
Although (as anybody would)
  She thinks *her* way is best;
But sometimes (why, she can't explain)
Elizabeth is changed to Jane,
And till she changes back again
  She gives us all no rest.

For Jane, I grieve to say, is wild
And must in truthfulness be styled
A most unruly sort of child
  And hardly nice to meet;
When anything just puts her out
She throws her toys and things about
And suddenly begins to shout
  And even stamps her feet.

Elizabeth runs off to bed
Directly her "Good-nights" are said,
But Jane begins to play instead
  And dawdles as she goes;
She splashes in the bath until
The water wets the window-sill
And never thinks of standing still
  For Nurse to dry her toes.

Elizabeth has manners too;
She sits at meals as grown-ups do
And doesn't make remarks like "Ugh!"
  Because she knows it 's rude;
But Jane keeps bouncing in her place,
Won't eat her bread or say her Grace,
And pulls the most appalling face
  At all her lovely food.

Elizabeth is quite ashamed
At all these sins that I have named,
But, as she says, *she* can't be blamed
  For things that Jane does wrong;
She says she hates becoming Jane
And tries with all her might and main
To be Elizabeth again,
  But Jane 's so *very* strong.



Vicar. "HOW DID YOU GET THAT BLACK EYE, MRS. GREEN?"
Lady. "I'D RATHER NOT SAY, SIR. ONE WHO IS VERY NEAR AND DEAR TO ME DONE IT."

MR. PUNCH'S TALKS.

How to Keep Rabbits.

(*Continuing his series of Talks on home industries, of which Music was the first, Mr. Haddock will give you to-day a talk on "How to Keep Rabbits."*)

I KNOW no more delightful hobby for the humble home than the keeping and breeding of rabbits (*Lepus cuniculus*). All that is required is a rabbit and a hutch. The hutch can be kept in any small garden or back-yard; the rabbit is kept in the hutch; and the only difficulty is keeping it there.

Generally regarded as defenceless and mild in character, the rabbit in fact is possessed of great determination and no moral sense, an instinct for destruction, powerful teeth, a dislike for captivity and an inveterate habit of "getting-out."

One of the charms of a hobby, I always say, is to do everything oneself. Therefore I have always made the hutches and runs myself. There was no carpentry or wire-netting course at my University, and I never constructed a hutch and run from which any rabbit could not escape in the end. They gnawed through wood, leapt over fences, burrowed under wire, squeezed through holes, rattled at doors till they opened, and somehow eventually emerged. At first the fiercest of my rabbits, a valuable buck, used to get out during the night (we called this animal affectionately "Houdini"). I took special measures about Houdini and sometimes kept him in for as much as three days. But Houdini had a professional pride in the matter; once he had got out successfully he expected to get out always. Also he had a quick temper and a habit (common among rabbits) of stamping with his powerful hind feet when angry or alarmed. He therefore used to spend the first half



THE MODERN POINT OF VIEW.

Cubist (visiting friend's studio). "AND—ER—IS ONE PERMITTED TO INQUIRE—*WHAT* IT 'S SUPPOSED TO—ER—REPRESENT?"

of the night scrabbling against the wire with his paws and making a noise like a lunatic guitar-player, and the second half stamping petulantly on the echoing floor of his hutch. I used to spend both halves of the night opening the bedroom-window and saying sternly, "*Will* you be *quiet*, Houdini?"

That was in the last year of the War, when food was scarce but air-raids frequent; and one night, so thoughtlessly noisy was Houdini, my neighbour Poker came to his bedroom-window and said, "Was that a maroon?"

I was then forced to say, "No, that is my rabbit."

"Can't you control your rabbit?" was the vulgar response.

"No," I answered. "But I must remind you that there is a war on. That misunderstood animal has already become the father of thirty-six rabbits, twenty-seven of them females, in this very garden. Each of those females will in six months produce nine more rabbits, and in a year's time about two hundred of those two-hundred-and-forty-three rabbits will produce nine more rabbits —*each!* And when the day comes, Poker, as come it will, on which nothing stands between you and starvation but *rabbit*, Poker—possibly the nourishing progeny of the very rabbit under discussion—you will be sorry, I think, Poker, that you allowed the selfish impatience of a moment to——"

But Poker's window was then angrily slammed down and our relations have never been quite the same since.

On the fourth night, however, all would be quiet and Houdini would be roaming the garden with Desdemona, my leading doe. Now, all hobbies lead to trouble in the end, and my trouble was that while my hobby was rabbits, my wife's hobby was gardening—partly flowers, partly food-stuffs for the nation. And my wife, rather unreasonably, objected to my hobby getting out and eating her hobby, though I pointed out to her that her hobby was the natural food of my hobby.

I did my best, but in the end the rabbit won, as the rabbit generally does. Gradually the whole garden disappeared. I pointed out to my wife that the *whole* of her garden had now gone into the food-supply of the country, instead of only a part; and, comforted by this argument, she gave up gardening and bought a gold-fish.

The garden now being free, I decided in the national interests to open the hutches and let the whole fleet of rabbits loose in the garden. This was a neat solution of the difficulty of keeping them in the hutches; it was more humane and there was no noise at night (except for the strange snuffling sounds made by Houdini when courting); and I thought that, breeding *al fresco* in a state of nature, the mothers would contribute even more generously than before to the Allied food-supply and the freedom of the smaller nations. I was right. Some of the rabbits preferred to live in their hutches still, but three or four burrowed immediately into the bowels of the garden. And in about three weeks the doe, Desdemona, produced a fine family underground—four grey, three black, one black-and-white and one yellow.

But the trouble she gave me! Desdemona was a great black Flemish Giant with an enormous head. She was very fierce and bad-tempered and used to bite me vigorously when I fed her in her hutch. When the rabbits were let loose in the garden the cats of the neighbourhood made friends with most of them, but they distrusted Desdemona and stalked her as she fed. You would see four or five cats stalking her at the same time; suddenly Desdemona would prick up her ears, whip round and rush

at the cats, her savage teeth bared; and the cats fled in every direction. A great rabbit. She was one of Houdini's many wives; their children were numerous and healthy, though oddly various in colour.

Well, one sunny morning Desdemona emerged brightly from her burrow under what remained of the lilac-bush, and I knew at once that she had become a mother. She gave me one unpleasant look and immediately began to scrabble about and close up the mouth of the burrow with earth. Now we all know that the rabbit-mother, when alarmed, sometimes eats her young in order to protect them from the enemy (a striking example of the marvellous instinct of animals). And I now thought, "Heavens! this unique rabbit is adopting an even more fiendish expedient. She is *suffocating* her young!" As soon as Desdemona went off to feed I rushed to the burrow and opened it, thus (as I thought) sending down a stream of pure air to the tiny mites below. The moment my pious work was done Desdemona returned to the burrow and stopped it up again. I opened it. She stopped it up. I opened it. She stopped it up. (Between operations we watched each other furtively from opposite ends of the garden.)

This went on for about half-an-hour. I need scarcely say that I tired first. Also the rabbit began at last to interfere with me while I tore out the cruel asphyxiating soil, pushing it back with her powerful paws; and I thought she was quite capable of springing at my throat if I persisted. "Here lies Haddock, slain by a Rabbit" would, I thought, be a poor epitaph, so I let her have her way and left the unhappy babies to their fate.

I have since been told by those who say they know that this is a common custom among rabbit mammas: they lock up their front-door in the morning, go about and enjoy themselves during the day, and do not attend to their children till the evening. What a pity our British mothers cannot do the same!

For all I know it may have been a personal freak of Desdemona's; anyhow it was successful, and eventually a flourishing family came to the surface. But meanwhile the other rabbits, discontented with their old home, had burrowed under the garden-wall; and they came up eventually all over the borough.

All rabbits, of course, like to have a back-door. The rabbit Stephen unfortunately chose to have his back-door in the Rector's garden, where the Rector was growing lettuces and beans for the nation. The rabbit Foch travelled a long way and came up in the grounds of a nunnery, which summoned the Fire Brigade. The rabbit Beatty, a tough and tenacious little fellow, came through the wall of Poker's basement one night and fell into the bed of Poker's housekeeper, who had hysterics. All of them had families, some of which came up in our garden and some went out into the world by the back-doors. For many months afterwards odd families (or parts of families) used to pop up unexpectedly. What worried me most was the persistence of the *yellow* strain; I have never understood how we got that into the breed; neither Houdini nor Desdemona had a touch of the yellow.

Eventually, by covering the garden with stone-paving, we got it quite clear of rabbits (Houdini popped out as the last stone was laid in place). But I have reason to believe that the descendants of Houdini and Desdemona are still wandering about the underworld of London. All these subsidences and underground explosions make me very suspicious; and whenever I read that there has been a failure of electric current, causing a big Tube hold-up, I think, "One of my rabbits has put his foot in it." A. P. H.



He. "SHALL WE—ER—*CAN* YOU—SIT DOWN?"

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE HOLD-UP.

Miss Bargain was telephone operator at the Romeo and Juliet Laundry, and one Friday evening just as she was ready to go home a ring came at the telephone and when she had said Hullo a very gentlemanly voice said pardon me are you the Romeo and Juliet Laundry? And when she said she was it said well pardon me for interrupting you but my name is Mr. Fruggin and I am Private Secretary to Lord Jones of Mwlch, and could you possibly let him have back the dress-shirt we sent to the laundry on Monday this evening instead of to-morrow, because he has been asked to go and have dinner with the Lord Mayor of London and we find that his other one is frayed at the cuffs, so if you could kindly oblige just for once we should be obliged.

And Miss Bargain said well how do you spell his name? because so many lords and people like that send their washing to this laundry that I shall have to look it up.

And he told her how to spell Jones but he said you wouldn't believe me if I told you how to spell Mwlch, it is one of those new Welsh titles, but it begins with an M and you can easily look it up.

Well Miss Bargain liked his way of speaking and she said on the telephone we always like to oblige people in this laundry, but it is rather awkward because everybody is just going home now and I don't know who I could send with the dress-shirt, I couldn't bring it myself because I am going to be taken to the Cinema to night and I must go home and make myself look nice.

And Mr. Fruggin said oh I shouldn't think of troubling you to do that, I would come myself in a motor-car to fetch the dress-shirt if you are sure you can find it for me.

And Miss Bargain said well I couldn't be certain of finding the right one but we have hundreds of dress-shirts here belonging to other gentlemen and you could choose one that fitted, and if there is any trouble about it afterwards we can say the matter will be looked into.

And he said well I have always heard that the Romeo and Juliet Laundry was the most obliging of all laundries, and I am sure I am very much obliged, I will be round in about ten minutes, pardon me for asking but shall you be quite alone?

Well Miss Bargain said she would, but afterwards she was rather sorry she had said that because Mr. Fruggin had sounded very gentlemanly and she rather wanted to see what he looked like, but she didn't want to be kidnapped or anything like that, and besides she thought it wouldn't be quite nice to be talking about dress-shirts with a gentleman all alone. So she rang up the young gentleman who was going to take her to the Cinema, whose name was Mr. Priddo, and asked him if he would come round at once and fetch her. And Mr. Priddo said he would, because he was in love with Miss Bargain and she had never let him fetch her from the Romeo and Juliet Laundry before, much less asked him to.



"AND SHE SAID SIT STILL WHERE YOU ARE."

Well almost directly afterwards she heard a motor-car outside, and then two men came into the office with pistols in their hands, and the first of them said pardon me Miss but my friend and I would like to open your safe and take away the money that is there for paying wages to-morrow.

Well Miss Bargain was rather frightened, but she didn't shriek out or swoon or anything like that because she was made of sterner stuff, and she said are you Mr. Fruggin who rang me up just now about Lord Jones of Mwlch's dress-shirt?

And he said yes I am, pardon me for the liberty, I don't really know Lord Jones of Mwlch though I am quite friendly with some other lords, I have brought you a box of chocolates because your voice sounded so nice on the telephone.

And Miss Bargain said I don't want your chocolates or your compliments either, and you can't open the safe because it is locked with a patent key and you haven't got the combination.

And he said have you got it? and she said no.

And the man who was with him laughed and said as this is a laundry I should have thought you would have had plenty of combinations. But Mr. Fruggin was quite angry with him and said how dare you be so coarse in the presence of this lady? And he said to Miss Bargain if you will kindly give me the name and address of the gentleman who has the combination my assistant will go and fetch him in the motor-car, and while he is away I should like you to take me over the laundry if you don't mind, because I have always thought I should like to see the place where they fray collars.

Well Miss Bargain didn't want to take him over the laundry because she knew that Mr. Priddo would come into the office where they were, so she said I would rather we stayed here and asked each other riddles, and I think I should like one of your chocolates after all as I am rather hungry.

Well Mr. Fruggin was pleased at this, because she smiled at him when she said it and she was really looking quite pretty although she was wearing her everyday clothes and had only had time just to attend to her face and comb her hair, and he thought she might be falling in love with him. So he said very well that will suit me better still, pardon me but when is a door not a door?

So then they began asking each other riddles, and Miss Bargain had heard all his before but she pretended that she hadn't and laughed when he told her the answers, and Mr. Fruggin began to fall in love with her himself and to wish that he wasn't quite so dishonest. And he put his pistol down on the table, but some way off Miss Bargain, and kept on handing her chocolate-creams.

Well at last Miss Bargain asked him a really funny riddle about an elephant and a mangle, and when she told him

the answer he leant back in his chair and laughed, and then she suddenly looked past him and said Hullo Ernest you *are* late.

So he jumped up and looked round, and she reached over the table and caught hold of the pistol and pointed it at his head, and she said sit still where you are, Ernest isn't here yet but he soon will be.

Well at that very minute Mr. Priddo came into the room and heard her call him Ernest, which made him all the more in love with her, and Miss Bargain told him to keep Mr. Fruggin quiet while she went and fetched some rope which was used for keeping old washing-baskets together. And when she came back with it they tied Mr. Fruggin to his chair, and all he could say was that he hadn't known Miss Bargain was like that.

And Miss Bargain said well you know it now, and she went out and telephoned to the police, and when the other man came back with the gentleman who had the combination for the safe they took them both off to prison.

Well there was a trial, and the judge complimented Miss Bargain on the way she had behaved and said he should have much pleasure in giving her for a wedding-present half the money they had made that morning out of fining motorists, because it had come out that she was engaged to Mr. Priddo now. And he let Mr. Fruggin off lightly because he had been polite to Miss Bargain and promised to lead an honest life in the future. But he gave his assistant several years' penal servitude when it came out about his being coarse in his behaviour to a lady.

And Lord Jones of Mwlch was very angry at his name being brought into it, and especially because Mr. Fruggin had said that he only had two dress-shirts. And he wrote a letter to the Times newspaper to say that he had at least four dress-shirts and could afford to buy plenty more if he wanted to. But they didn't put in his letter, and he was so annoyed that he bought six more dress-shirts and joined the Labour Party.

A. M.

THOUGHTS IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

What shall he learn who idly delves
Among those inconspicuous shelves
That harbour in their dim recesses
The outflow of last season's presses?
Soft! let me now investigate
The back-wash of that annual spate.

Biographies and books of war,
In weight a solid ton or more,
Rest in these archives of the dead,
Unswept, unborrowed and unread.
Brisk hearty records of the chase
Sleep in a still remoter place.
Novels of mystery, love and crime
(Priced once at seven-and-six a time)
In ranks and legions drably stacked
Confront me, but do not attract.
Their hour is sped, their tale is told;
Even the memory now is cold
Of those (if any) which were sold.

What curiously intemperate urge
Produced this grand superfluous splurge
To swell the spring and autumn lists
Of our most hardy optimists?
No tempting blurb, no critic's bunk
Can animate this mass of junk,
Nor call from their obscure repose
These relics in their lifeless rows.

* * * * *

The young ambitious scribe who looks
Upon this wilderness of books
May well be pardoned should he feel
Some small abatement of his zeal
And mutter, "Is it not enough?
Must we go adding to the stuff?"
Such sentiments would do him credit,
And I would answer, "Son, you've said it."

C. L. M.

Good News for the Empire Chicks.

"Apart from journalism, the real Lord Rothermere, odd to say, is little known. . . . In all his ways he is massive and he broods."
Mr. Garvin in "The Observer."



Cyclist (who has skidded in front of roller). "That reminds me. I was to have brought home flour for the pancakes."



ICE-RINK CRISES.

First Limpet. "WOULD YOU MIND PASSING ROUND ME, MADAM? I'M ONLY A BEGINNER."
Second Limpet. "I'M AFRAID I MUST ASK YOU TO PASS ROUND ME, SIR; I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN."

THE FRONT-SEAT COMPLEX.

IT is an extraordinary thing but the best and most expensive of cars never seems to be quite right when I am in her. Her owner is invariably peeved about something, though to listen to him at dinner the night before you would suppose she was the last word in virtuous efficiency.

Nothing has a more chastening effect upon me than to sit in front with an owner-driver. However light-hearted I may be at the start the owner-driver will get me down in time. It probably happens that so far as I am concerned everything is lovely—the day, the air, the scenery and the purring ease and rhythm of our progress. Experience, however, has taught me that behind this blissfulness there lurks an evil of which I am contemptibly ignorant. The darkly-brooding man beside me knows what it is, and since his mute suffering has already tinged with melancholy my rapturous exhilaration I may as well get the credit for being less of a boob than I feel.

So I put on a critical frown and lean forward attentively with lips slightly pursed.

"Yes," he says gloomily, yet with some relief at being forced to speak about it, "she's knocking badly."

If she isn't knocking badly then she isn't pulling well, or she isn't as sweet as she might be. It seems I jolly well ought to have been in her the other day when her equal was not to be found in heaven or upon earth.

It always is the other day. Can it be that the fault is mine and that I have a bad effect on my friends' cars? I only know that whenever I get in one she ceases to be sweet or she knocks or doesn't pull. I never notice it myself. She seems to my simple comprehension to be giving of her best, judging by the gleam in the eyes of traffic policemen and the way pedestrians skip like joyous lambs about her bonnet.

It shames me that I should be enjoying myself so thoughtlessly, and I do my best to feel as my friend feels about it. I listen for noises which are not there, and nod my head with appreciative sympathy when he moans, "Hear that?" until at last the front-seat complex has me in its grip and I really do believe the whole car is groaning and travailing in pain. I wonder how long it will be before the engine drops out or the rear axle breaks, and what they will put on my tombstone.

I am now hearing almost as many noises as my friend hears. The din is frightful, and I marvel that the car holds together at all. In the back seats the women are chattering gaily as if they were determined to show no sign of the terror which possesses them.

"This is glorious," cries one, breaking off from the subject under discussion.

"Perfect," agrees the other, the owner-driver's wife. "The car's running extra well to-day."

Good Heavens! are they deaf? D.C.



A PROTRACTED EXHIBITION.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE OF SAFEGUARDED INDUSTRY. "I RATHER LIKED THAT FORMIDABLE CHIN IN THE HAGUE PORTRAIT."

SECOND DITTO. "SO DID I. BUT HERE IT GETS ON MY NERVES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 24th.—"No one is ever satisfied," said Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN philosophically when asked by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY if he did not think civil aviation in India was a thought backward. Whether he was thinking of the backwardness of civil aviation or the forwardness of civil disobedience could not be guessed.

Our fish, it seems likely, will cost us more if Mr. A. M. SAMUEL has his way. He urged the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE to "compel" trawler owners to substitute galvanised-iron shelves with waste-water gutters for wooden shelves and further urged him to frame regulations of a kind calculated to discourage the sale of stale fish for consumption in fried-fish shops.

It might have been pointed out that the sale of stale fish in fried-fish shops is adequately safeguarded against by the likelihood that the earnest seeker after "middle pieces and klondykes" may betake himself elsewhere. But this is a bureaucratic age.

Parliamentary answers are apt to vary from the cynically evasive through the verbosely inadequate to the destructively comprehensive. Mr. LANSBURY delivered one of the last kind upon the person of Lieut.-Colonel JAMES when that Hon. and Gallant Member asked him whether he had given sanction for the destruction of the water-garden in Regent's Park, originally laid out by Sir JOSEPH PAXTON.

The answer was that no such sanction had been given, that the water-garden in question was not being destroyed but cleaned, that in any case it was not a water-garden, and that it was laid out in 1899—thirty-four years after the excellent JOSEPH had himself been laid out.

After this preliminary canter over the prostrate form of the Hon. Member for Bromley, the FIRST COMMISSIONER unfolded his wings like the philoprogenitive pelican and, defending the Supplementary Vote for the Royal Parks, soared in the sunshine of his own avuncular benevolence. His delight in life, he explained, was to pause on his way to the House to watch the little innocents disporting in the sand-pit in Victoria Embankment Gardens, heedless of impending doom gazing stonily down upon them from the Temple of Imperial Chemistry. But there were others, the House gathered, besides children. There was Eve, whose interest in Hyde Park, that other Eden, was naturally Serpentine. Then there were the Sunlight League (which is not concerned, as might be supposed, with soap, but solely with water and sun) and the London Playing Fields Association. Each advanced claims which could not well be rejected, which had in fact been met, the FIRST COMMISSIONER insisted,



THE TRIALS OF A FISH-AND-CHIPS MERCHANT.

MR. NOEL BUXTON.

with no loss whatever to the public of the bosky amenities in which it revels.

As to pressure within the House Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE pointed out that two escaped monkeys were stated to have



RED *v.* BROWN.

"LEITH IS FAMOUS FOR ITS REJECTION OF INFERIOR RED ARTICLES."

MR. E. BROWN.

left Regent's Park for private gardens in the vicinity, which they found more restful, and Lieut.-Colonel MOORE charged the FIRST COMMISSIONER with ravaging the haunts of breeding birds—a task effectively accomplished, if the truth must be told, many years ago by rats, cats and marauding gulls—and Lord WINTERTON pleaded the cause of "persons with small salaries who used the parks for walking, courting and taking out their children and dogs."

None of these gentlemen is suspected of harbouring a passion for children, dogs, birds or lovers in excess of that of the FIRST COMMISSIONER, and Mr. LANSBURY found many champions on both sides of the House.

The House (on a Colonial Office Vote) turned its attention to Africa, whence, however, came nothing new.

Tuesday, February 25th.—The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND offered additional illumination on the subject of "Red Biddy," which he has now examined and alleges to consist for the most part of bad raisin wine fortified with methylated or re-distilled spirit. It was Mr. MCELWEE who had incautiously inquired if there was any evidence to show that the intoxicant in question was manufactured in substantial quantities in Leith. Mr. ADAMSON noncommittally replied that a quantity of "red wine" was manufactured in Leith.

This brought Mr. ERNEST BROWN into the fray, determined to defend the honour of his constituency. "Is not the Right Hon. Gentleman aware," he asked, "that Leith is famous for its rejection of inferior red articles?"—referring apparently to the Labour Candidate whom he defeated.

It must be due to the prevalence of spinsterhood among the Women-Members of the House that caused the Bill to enable British women marrying foreigners to retain their British nationality was introduced by a mere male. However, everybody seemed to want it, and it was introduced amid loud cheers. It only remains for the Empire Marketing Board to produce a suitable advertisement urging the Palestinians, let us say, to "marry British and be proud of it."

Wednesday, February 26th.—Debates on slum-clearance, whether in the Lords or elsewhere, are mostly rather fruitless because slum clearance so often results in the slum emerging as a dormitory for black-coated workers and others who can afford ten shillings a week rent and do not walk on the flower-beds, while the original inhabitants, who only ask that their slum shall be made a trifle more spacious and weather-tight, move away and still further infest

the already overcrowded slums of some less enterprising district.

To-day's debate in the Lords therefore was chiefly distinguished by the maiden noble speech of Lord MARLEY, who explained that the Government intended to introduce legislation at an early date.

The MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE is always in trouble. Yesterday it was his fish that offended the nose of Mr. A. M. SAMUEL. To-day it was his chips whose foreign flavour repelled the sensitive palate of Sir HARRY HOPE. The MINISTER austerely declined to accept the argument of Mr. BLINDELL that, as our potatoes are kept out of Canada on the pretext that they might introduce potato disease into that country, we should place a like embargo on Continental spuds.

Mr. A. M. SAMUEL on this occasion chose to pick on the P.M.G. He wanted to know at what time letters, ordinary and express, posted at a certain post-office in London at a certain time, would be delivered at a certain address in Guildford. The P.M.G. solved the problem quite easily, though to the uninstructed lay mind most of the important factors, *e.g.* misadventure caused by fog, flood or tempest, the restraint of powers, princes and mail-bag snatchers, and the chances of the letter being insufficiently addressed, are all represented by *x*.

Mr. SHAKESPEARE, the Liberal Swan of Norwich, is very anxious that Love's Labour, in the shape of the Memorandum on Unemployment submitted to the Government by Sir OSWALD MOSLEY and Messrs. LANSBURY and JOHNSTON, should not be Lost. Mr. MACDONALD, however, offered as an excuse for non-publication the rather specious plea that if there were no secret documents Governments could never get on with their work at all.

The Royal Institution of Great Britain lately sold to an American collector certain British Army papers of the period of the American revolutionary war. This method of getting back our American debt money is not new, but it always arouses a protest. To-day the protest was raised by Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE. It was echoed by Mr. MACDONALD, who stated that he considered it the duty of those possessing documents of national historical value to give an opportunity, should need arise for their sale, for their retention in this country.

It is just possible that the Royal Society's action was inspired to some extent by the fact that America really did win the Revolutionary War.

Mr. LEES-SMITH explained at length why the Post-Office has decided to use its own system for overseas wireless telephony, instead of leasing the Imperial and International Communications Company's system; and Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON promised to bring Mr. BALDWIN'S request for time to discuss the matter to the notice of his chief. The House turned again to the Coal Bill.

Thursday, February 27th.—The LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, the LORD CHANCELLOR and other noble Lords paid graceful tribute to the faithful services of Sir ARTHUR THRING, K.C.B., Clerk of Parliaments, who as the result of serious illness has been compelled to abandon his office.

A great concourse of Members assembled for the debate in Committee on Part I. of the Coal Bill. Some envisaged a defeat of the Government by the combined Conservative and Liberal forces, but others prognosticated that enough Conservatives would be absent for the Government to scrape through. As it turned out the Government did scrape through, but by the abstention from the Lobby, or the arrival in the Government Lobby, of a number of Anti-LLOYD-GEORGE Liberals.

Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS having attacked the Clause from the Conservative point of view, urging that the quota proposals would in effect rob the efficient Peter to pay the inefficient Paul, and Mr. BEVAN having defended it on behalf of the Miners' Federation on the ground that what they proposed to do was what the Germans had successfully done in 1926, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE launched the Liberal attack, claiming that the quota system in effect levied a new royalty on the production of coal and passed the cost of it on to the other already over-burdened industries of the country. Mr. GRAHAM defended the Clause stoutly, but his main argument was that if the House rejected the Bill there would be a lower price for coal, no reduction in hours, more distress and more dislocation.

The House gave him his Clause, which pleased the Labour benches mightily, though what they should have to feel pleased about when Part III. of the Bill was added to it by the Liberals and Part I. can only put money into the pockets of coal-owners, is none too clear.



THE SCRAMBLE FOR THE WESTMINSTER PANCAKE.

MR. GRAHAM RUEFULLY CONTEMPLATES HIS HARD-WON MAJORITY.

The Braille Edition of "Punch."

The National Institute for the Blind announces that the first number of the Braille "Punch" was completely sold out within a few hours after publication, and orders are still arriving from every part of the Empire. In view of the demand, which is far greater than was anticipated, the Institute has decided to print double the number of copies for next issue.

The Growth of Spiritualism.

"There was a large number of deceased relatives and friends present."
Provincial Paper.

"BLASPHEMY BILL DROPPED."
Provincial Paper.

We understand, however, that Foulmouthed Frank retains his place in the side.

"Conservative Agent (certificated) Wanted. Liberal pay to suitable applicant."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Does this mean that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is going to finance him out of the Party Fund?

"An explosion occurred to-day at Namur when Lieutenant de Genie was giving a demonstration. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Can he be a descendant of General Issimo?



CASTAWAYS ON A DESERT ISLAND DISCOVER AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF KEEPING FIT FOR DODGING MOTOR-TRAFFIC PENDING THEIR RETURN TO CIVILIZATION.

CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

POLITICAL Economy,
Bright offspring of the ages!
What books have been inscribed to thee
On rapture-breathing pages,
Telling us how the imports flow
For ever to, but never fro,
Hailing the exports as they go,
While the rude north wind rages!

What scholars on the Cotswold Hills
Decked out by Spring's adorning
Have traced the tributary rills
Of Thames to some shy warning,
And grown to be tremendous pals,
Dealing with Raw Materials,
Commodities and such fal-lals,
Through half the golden morning!

O Pol. Econ., O Pol. Econ.,
Eternal, blue-eyed, hearty,
Blest nymph (as fair to look upon
As the divine Astarte),
To whom RICARDO bowed the knee,
Whose foot is set upon the sea,
By grace of whom was founded the
United Empire Party!

The ink was wet, the words were framed
For that superb defiance,
When "Hold!" Lord BEAVERBROOK exclaimed,
"Should we not place reliance
On wisdom mightier than my own,
If there be any?" "One alone,"
They answered; "'tis the damsel known
As Economic Science."

To woo thee at thy sacred fonts,
To hear thee lisp the praises
Of Elasticity of Wants
And Value's various phases,
Lords BEAVERBROOK and ROTHERMERE
Went out by car—this seems quite clear—
And found thee on some hillside near
Amongst thy dew-wet daisies.

Low at thy feet, I ween, they sat
And heard thee to a finish,
Each holding in his hand his hat,
Although their hair was thinnish;
They heard thy soft voice sweetly range
Through Distribution and Exchange
And all that old, old story strange
Of why Returns diminish.

Who first, who last evolved the myth,
What priest has swung the censer,
Starting, of course, with ADAM SMITH
Right down to HERBERT SPENCER,
They heard, and what the flower, the fruit
Of MARSHALL'S lyre, of MALTHUS' lute,
While the hushed motors stayed their hoot
And the deep fog grew denser.

The Viscounts heard the trembling string—
From High Finance to Farmer
They felt they understood the thing
Transported by the charmer;
Then up they leapt—"For thee, dear maid,
To-morrow starts the Big Crusade!"
Then home they turned and touched the trade
For wholesale suits of armour.

So, or it may be otherwise,
Just as my reader chooses,
Commenced the Awful Enterprise
That thrills, or else confuses;
But thou remainest, Pol. Econ.!
Don't you get worried; you keep on,
Dear darling of the studious don
And playmate of the Muses!

EVOE.

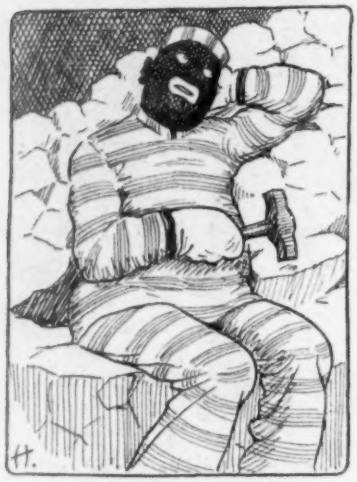
"Although her mother was in it, thieves stole a suit-case containing jewellery and clothing from the car of Miss Dorothy —— yesterday afternoon."—*Daily Paper.*

They will know better another time than to touch an expanding suit-case.

AT THE PICTURES.

MACK, MORAN AND MAURICE.

STRANGE are the caprices of public taste. I am told that when the American comedians MACK and MORAN, known as "The Two Black Crows," came to London a few years ago they attracted no notice whatever. Since then, however, on the gramophone they have



HARD LABOUR.

Charlie . . . . MR. CHARLES E. MACK.

made a great reputation for the most fatuous yet engaging back-chat ever recorded, and now, in their film, *Why Bring That Up?* just produced at the Plaza, they are destined enormously to increase the number of their admirers, for it is technically one of the best talkies yet produced and has a very human story.

At first I thought there was not enough of the traditional MACK and MORAN dialogue, with those soft seductive voices—MACK's being peculiarly velvety and caressing—to soothe and tickle the ear, but, after their *début* on the stage, events take so dramatic a turn that one forgets the foolery and concentrates on the plot.

The motive is old, but it is one that rarely fails in a play: the falling-out of two faithful friends and their eventual reconciliation. Needless to say, the disintegrating element is a bad woman, and when I state that, in the case of *Charlie* (MACK) and *George* (MORAN), the woman is EVELYN BRENT, the film addict will know that she is bad enough, for it is EVELYN'S (pictorial) destiny to be nothing else. There was indeed one terrible moment when we all trembled for fear she would vamp *Charlie* as well as *George*, but he escaped and we all breathed again.

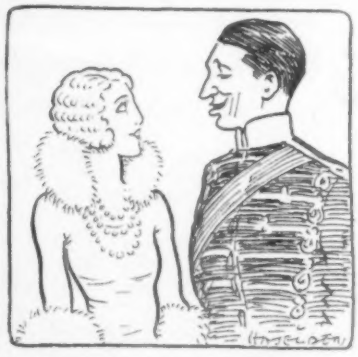
The acting of MACK, who makes the most of a most sympathetic part, could not be better. Neither, however, could it very well go wrong. The real artist of the piece, bringing to his task all the devices of a master, is HARRY GREEN as the manager; and since HARRY GREEN also has a voice remarkable for its tender reasonableness those people who object to the talkies on account of their nasal stridency need no longer stay away.

MAURICE CHEVALIER'S first film, *Innocents of Paris*, was rather a disappointment, but all his gifts as an impenitent but irresistible philanderer and all his charm as a singer are exhibited in *The Love Parade*, which, unreal enough as a story and overweighted by spectacular accessories, contains some very entertaining moments. MAURICE'S first interview with the young *Queen*, for instance, is a triumph of comic acting and by no means lessened in effect by the Frenchman's broken English.

As for the young *Queen*, she is a peach, or whatever fruit you fancy most. JEANETTE MACDONALD is her name, "a Philadelphian girl of Scottish descent," says the programme, with "red-gold hair and sea-green eyes." These hues are not to be detected on the screen, but I take them for granted. Also she has a conquering smile, can be alluringly angry, and sweetly sings.

The Love Parade is rather too long and the end is silly, but it is excellent beguilement, and for those who want more obvious humour than MAURICE distils there is LUPINO LANE with his antics and somersaults and quite a good comic song.

Both at the Carlton and the Plaza I found a WALT DISNEY "sound" cartoon



A NOT TOO PREUX CHEVALIER.

Queen Louise . . . . . MISS JEANETTE MACDONALD.

Count Alfred Renard . . MR. MAURICE CHEVALIER.

and was again bewildered by the ingenuity of these creations, amused by their farcical invention and delighted by the music. For in addition to their nonsense they are notable in bringing back the best dance-tunes. I have read somewhere that each of these pictures involves five thousand drawings. The number strikes me as modest; I should have guessed, so fluid are the movements and so sweet the rhythm of the curves, that fifty thousand were needed. At the Plaza the DISNEY picture is a fantasy of insect-life called "Summer";



"Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are."
DRYDEN.

Lulu . . . . . MISS LILLIAN ROTH.

Jacques . . . . . MR. LUPINO LANE.

at the Carlton, *Mickey the Mouse* in an extravaganza of the jungle. *Mickey* has not the definite personality of the never-to-be-forgotten *Felix*, being indeed sometimes lost among his companions, as *Felix* never was; but his mobility and resource are even more astonishing. What, by the way, became of *Felix*? I suppose *Mickey* ate him. E. V. L.

REVALUATION (1930).

WINTER sunlight poured over the rim of the Cotswolds and turned our small thatched cottage into gold.

"Ooh," said Joan, "isn't it too wonderf——" And then she remembered.

"I think"—her voice was a little unsteady—"I'll go in and start making a list of our things."

A robin fluttered on to the path.

"Hello, you!" I said. "I wish you would come inside the house just once before we go. We've often asked you, but you never get any further than the door. You see, we're leaving here for good."

He put his head on one side in incredulous amazement.

"Yes," I continued; "week-end cottages are very nice for people who can afford them, but what with one thing and another——"

"Tush!" said a voice, and, looking up, I saw a small bent man whose bright alert eyes contradicted his wrinkles.

"I 'm History," he said briefly, "and I sometimes repeat myself. You must excuse me."

"Not at all," I replied. "What can I do for you?"

"Tell me," he said—"what 's all this nonsense about selling your cottage?"

"It 's like this," I answered; "I 've got a cottage and no money and a man I met in the City has lots of money but no cottage. His name is Watson——"

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "I *knew* I should repeat myself. Go on."

"Well, at first I wouldn't sell because we 've had this place for years and years; in fact my great-great-gran——"

"I know, I know," he said impatiently. "I know everything about the past. What about the future? Why do you want to sell now? Do you need the money to live on?"

"Well, not actually to live on," I conceded, "but there 's Joan to be considered, and we never have any money for frocks and hats and theatres or anything like that. The price Watson has offered is very much more than the cottage is actually worth, but he seems to be extraordinarily keen to get it."

"It is three hundred years since he tried last," he said, and, seeing my look of amazement, he continued—

"Don't you remember? He was the son of Wat, the merchant. He wanted the cottage then because it was new and upright; now he wants it because it 's old and tumbledown. And he tried to get you drunk on that wine he had imported from France so that you would seal the bargain. And he offered Joanna a length of cloth as a bribe. Don't you remember how angry he was when you refused? He stalked out of the house and tore the sleeve of his fine coat on that very door-latch."

"And what did Joanna say?" I asked, feeling slightly Mormon.

"Can't you even remember that? I 'll wager *she* can. Go and ask her. I must be off now. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I said. "And, I say, thanks very much."

As I entered the cottage I heard Joan's voice. It is unfair to listen to soliloquy, but I plead exceptional temptation. She was apparently addressing the whole room, from red-brick floor to black-oak beams.

"I don't know what I 'll do without you," I heard, "but you 'll buy such a lot of things he can't afford—cigars and cartridges and club subscriptions——"

I went in.

Half-an-hour later Watson's car stopped at the gate. When polite greetings had been exchanged—

"I 'm sorry," I said, "if you 've come all this way on account of the cottage, because I 've definitely decided not to sell."

"Well, look here," he replied—"I 've brought a case of bubbly in the car. Let 's discuss business over a glass."

I shook my head.

"I know your methods, Watson," I said.

"Look here," he said—"don't be a fool. I 've offered you more than a fair price. Let 's get the thing settled."

I shook my head again.

"I 'm sorry you 've been troubled," I said. I used the phrase in all innocence, but the telephonic character of the apology seemed to infuriate him.

"I suppose you think I shall increase the offer," he said. "Well, you 're wrong. Get a better offer from someone else—if you can."

He seized his hat and stalked across the room. As he flung open the door he uttered a sudden curse. A glance at his immaculate coat showed me that once again the latch had taken toll. The next instant he had gone.

"Did I hear bad words?" asked Joan, entering the room.

"No," I said; "they were good words. They were chosen by one Watson to voice his regret that I would not sell the cottage to him."

She slipped her arm through mine.

"I 'm so glad," she said. "You haven't the least——" Her voice sank suddenly to a whisper and she gripped my arm.

Through the open door hopped the robin. He gave us one quick look and then proceeded to search the floor for crumbs.

I glanced through the leaded window. The noon-day sunlight was bright and clear, showing everything at its true value.



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"HONOURS EASY."



ROMANCE INVADES THE SMASH-AND-GRAB INDUSTRY.

LEADERS AT LARGE.

(With acknowledgments to the author of "Father O'Flynn.")

OF chiefs we can offer a curious variety,
Reaching in numbers the point of satiety,
Still I'd advance ye, without impropriety,
Jimbo and Chump as the flower of them all.
BALDWIN 's a dreamer and RAMSAY 's a muff,
You give the nation the best of hot stuff,
Pow'rfullest preachers,
Cocksurest of teachers,
And shrillest of screechers that *Punch* can recall.

Chorus.

Here 's a health to you, Jimbo and Chump,
Long may you labour to leaven the lump;
"Massively brooding,"
Or slyly intruding
Your plans for excluding the foreigner's dump.

Others may suffer from overtimidity;
You in your mixture of spice and solidity,
Blending reserve with judicious acidity,
Lure all fluidity into your fold;
Though the highbrows of Bloomsbury squeal,
You are unscathed by the wounds which they deal;
Precious pomposity
Plus virtuosity
Leaves your jocosity utterly cold.

Chorus.

Here 's a health to you, marvellous Pair,
Masters of Bunk and High-priests of Hot Air,
Capturing crazy ones,
Scaring "onaisy" ones,
Routing the lazy ones out of their lair!

Don't talk of your doctors of psycho-analysis,
Sifting the truth from a bundle of fallacies,
Probing the secrets of princes and palaces—
Jimbo and Chump can dispense with their aid.
Once their flashlight is turned on our sins,
Nothing is hid from these Terrible Twins,
Piercing obscurity
Till in futurity
Dawns in its purity Empire Free Trade.

Chorus.

Here 's a health to you, Jimbo and Chump,
Stinging the languid Conservative Rump;
Rash to temerity,
Preaching prosperity,
Lifting posterity out of the slump!

Wholly unconscious of any vulgarity,
Spending large sums in munificent charity,
Yet in your moments of impish hilarity,
Who claims a parity, Jimbo, with you?
Once Dean INGE looked grave at your jest
Till this remark set him off with the rest,
"Why should humanity
Flout in its vanity
Lessons in sanity learned at the Zoo?"

Chorus.

Here 's a health to you, Jimbo and Chump,
Long may the soap-box resound to your thump—
Blithest newcomers
And loudest jazz-drummers
And merriest mummers for curing the hump!

C. L. G.

"What do You do Sunday, Mary?"

"3 hours morning work, respectable woman. Sundays exceptd."—*South-Country Paper.*

Smith Minor at It Again.

"Un mince filet de fumée s'élevait."—"There arose a smell of filletted mince."
Answer in Exam. Paper.

"Both the English halves were at fault when they might have set their backs going, the ball coming out of the ground quite cleanly."—*Sunday Paper.*

Possibly they were expecting it to come out of the scrum.

AT THE PLAY.

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE" (PICCADILLY).

THIS cheerful epithalamium celebrates the nuptials of three brides, *Maria*, *Pat* and *Kitty*. It is spoken, sung and romped by the brides themselves and by as unlikely an entourage as ever girdled the world in quest of good fortune. The nuptials are fraught with such contingencies as only farce can formulate and musical comedy protract. *Maria*, whom we meet at San Marino, is a supposed widow, a dark-browed amorous brunette as Spanish in temper as in blood, who will come into a fortune within the year, provided she can claim it as Mrs. So-and-so. *Pat* and *Kitty*, on the other hand, are the sort of nubile blondes that musical-comedy gentlemen prefer; and the only cloud on their hymeneal horizon is the temper of their father, an English magnate, who has forbidden them to approach, let alone to love, *Jimmy* and *Freddy* respectively.

These heart affairs, however, though chronic, are but minor symptoms of the imbroglio proper. For not only have its contrivers to fill nine scenes with song and dance and genial knockabout, but several sumptuous dress parades have to be reviewed, and a wealth of miscellaneous talent has to be exploited, all within two-hours-and-a-half. And the wonder is not that pace and pressure should preclude niceties of narrative logic or forbid too fine a point to be put on the fun, but that it should all go through to time and with so commendable a rhythm.

Mr. EDMUND GWENN, as the volcanic father, is given two hemispheres to erupt in, and needs them. *Maria's* love-darting eyes, rib-threatening fingers and femoral sinuosity are intensely active; the hopes and fears of *Pat* and *Kitty* are generously excited, and our own spirits take their bubbling cue from the effervescence on the stage. True, a safe did collapse under Mr. GWENN'S first-night enthusiasm; the chief bride inadvertently sat on a chair that wasn't there, and a too eager curtain disclosed the grim wastes of the register-office scene at odds with its predecessor; but otherwise the synchronisation between time and place and the loved ones' antics was perfect.

What does one most clearly recall from the welter of impressions that remain? The leading lyric, whose tuneful nature was self-evident at first hearing and did not need the subsequent plugging by trombone, gramophone, loud-speaker and barrel-organ to fix itself in memory? Hardly. The astonishing



A MARRIAGE OF INCONVENIENCE.
Maria . . . . . MISS MARIA MINETTI.
Frederick Tile . MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON.

virtuosity of *Naldi* and her attendant gladiators, whose sleight of limb set the laws of both gravity and levity at naught? No. The bedroom scene into which Mr. GWENN boiled in search of the eloping *Kitty* and, having found her, beat its exquisite furniture to matchwood? Not even that. Nor the garlanded populace of San Marino, whose floral dance that opened the piece seems now so far away. Nor the ocean trip that shifted the scene to England, where the love affairs became worse confounded, and where *Doña Maria* not only wedded in secrecy and in scarlet the wrong man, but kept Mr. GWENN dithering with illicit ecstasy at her impudent finger-tips, and held *Freddy—Kitty's Freddy*—in bigamous bonds. How can one choose? I, at any rate, clearly and happily recall the conscious skill with which Mr. GWENN kept his awful temper within the bounds of art, the resource of Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON, who is so deft a young comedian, and Mr. BROUETT'S adroit staccato *Dago*.

As for the ladies—heroines of musical comedy these days, unlike the static darlings of the past, have to be downright athletes in addition to looking the kind of girls who might occur in any self-respecting home. At any moment a score of lusty baritones may seize and hurl them to the flies; and they must take such violence in their dance's stride, coming to earth again unruffled and in full song. They must be able to act a bit, to sing and dance a little more, to flirt considerably while giving romance no excuse for overlooking them, and to display throughout a mannequin's versatility. These arduous qualifications Miss JEAN COLIN and Miss VERA BRYER possess, and they keep smiling to the last.



HERE COMES THE INTENDED BRIDE'S FATHER.
Robert Sinclair . . . . . MR. EDMUND GWENN.
Jimmy Carlton . . . . . MR. RICHARD DOLMAN.

It is too often the custom of these affairs to defer the dénouement till within an ace of curtain-fall, and then to pass it off with the bald statement that black is white, or *vice versa*. Here we appreciate a happier timing of the disclosure. It is made early and in jocular parenthesis, as though we, having been in everybody's secret from the start, can be trusted to take mere probabilities for granted. And so we can. For only by such frank complicity can the actors' skill in making tolerable bricks with such occasional apologies for straw be properly appraised. Little of the text of this play is likely to survive to delight posterity; but wherever two or three are gathered together to dance and dine its leading lyric will soon be heard. H.

It is understood that Lords BEAVERBROOK and ROTHERMERE do not propose to put a duty on monkey-nuts.

THE DEFECTIVE DRUMS.

Miss Judith Crewett to Miss Lydia Stirling-Ames.

Dear Lyddie,—It is a thousand pities that you had to go to Droitwich for your rheumatism just at this time, because if you had been here a very unfortunate thing would not have happened. The annual meeting of the Missionary Helpers' Union was held this afternoon, and the Vicar, taking advantage of your absence, said something about you which he could not have said in your presence and which has made my blood boil ever since. If I had not heard it with my own ears I should not pass it on, being no interferer; but, as there is no doubt, I think you ought to be told, painful as it is, if only that you may know where you stand.

After years of amicable work together and his apparent friendliness, and all your wonderful zeal for the cause, it is amazing that the Vicar should have said it. But he did. In his comments on the year's report he referred to you as "Miss Stirling-Ames, so well known by her neighbours for her outbursts of temper." I was horror-stricken and at once left the Vicarage, where the gathering was held. I could not have brought myself to partake of tea there after such treachery. It would have choked me.

It just shows how little we can trust people, even those we think we know and who are ostensibly and by calling promoters of good feeling, even to being paid a stipend for it; and it shows also how unwise it is ever to leave home. That you can be impatient and caustic may be true, but the Vicar had no right whatever to make any allusion to it, and I am disgusted with him.

I am sorry to send you a letter which cannot but distress you, and you will acquit me of being the least of a tale-bearer, but I feel it my duty to let you know.

Trusting the salt-baths are doing you good,

I am, Your devoted friend,
Judy.

Miss Lydia Stirling-Ames to Miss Judith Crewett.

Dear Judy,—Your terrible letter has upset me dreadfully, and I am still in bed after a night of misery, and probably shall not be able to get up to-day at all and shall thus miss the baths, which hitherto have been beneficial.

That the Vicar should say such a thing is bad enough, and I am naturally taking him to task personally, as well as writing to my lawyer to see if an action for slander cannot be commenced; but what I feel still more deeply—what really rankles—is that you, an intimate friend of many years' standing, should accuse me of exhibitions of anger. Heaven knows that there are often enough occasions for want of control—you have caused many yourself by lapses from tact—but I can lay my hand on my heart and affirm that I have never given way to them, even when you were most provocative. It sounds like self-praise, but from childhood upwards I have been famous for my gentleness and forbearance. And now, when I am ill too, and racked with pain, to find the Vicar and yourself ranged together in framing this monstrous indictment is almost overwhelming. Pray give me one example—one only—of this alleged tendency to become a virago and I will bow my head. But I know very well that you can't.

Your broken-hearted
Lyddie.

Miss Lydia Stirling-Ames to Mr. Blandy (of Blandy, Blandy and Kerr).

Dear Mr. Blandy,—I have just heard on the authority of Miss Judith Crewett, my neighbour at Odbury, that the Rev. Sylvanus Griggs, the Vicar of Odbury, in a public drawing-room meeting on Tuesday last, referred to me as one "so well known by her neighbours for her outbursts of temper." Please institute proceedings to punish him for such a cruel and unjust statement—as you yourself must agree after the many years that you have known me as client. No doubt I have faults—who has not?—but I am sure that ungovernable irascibility is not among them. My "slogan," indeed, if I had such a foolish thing, would be "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

I would call on you in person were it not that I am undergoing the saline treatment in this famous resort. A quick answer will oblige.

I am, dear Mr. Blandy,
Yours sincerely,
Lydia Stirling-Ames.

Miss Judith Crewett to Miss Lydia Stirling-Ames.

Dear Lyddie,—I am glad you are taking this matter up with the Vicar and I hope you will get heavy damages, but I cannot rest until I know what you mean by my "lapses from tact." My tactfulness is the one thing that I pride myself on, and not from unreasoning conceit but because I have been complimented upon it again and again. Many is the time that domestic difficulties among my friends have been smoothed over only after I have been called in.

As for giving you examples of your undoubted irritability, I would rather not do so. I could cite case after case, but it would not be fair to an invalid and one for whom I have a deep regard.

With best wishes for your speedy recovery,

I am, Yours as always,
Judy.

The Rev. Sylvanus Griggs to Miss Lydia Stirling-Ames.

Dear Miss Stirling-Ames,—Your letter, just received, filled me with surprise and perplexity, for I can truthfully say that among my parishioners none is esteemed by me more than yourself. Even had I noticed any acerbity of manner I should, being, I hope, a gentleman as well as a Christian, never have drawn public attention to it.

Your protest sent me at once to my notes, where I found the solution of the mystery. Your friend, Miss Crewett, who I fear has been somewhat hasty and who had much better have consulted with other attendants at the meeting, my dear wife included, before writing to you, misunderstood me. I find that my actual words were these: "Miss Stirling-Ames, so well known by her labours for the Outposts of Empire."

A little learning is said to be a dangerous thing; a little deafness can be more so.

I am, dear Miss Stirling-Ames,
Yours always sincerely and gratefully,
Sylvanus Griggs.

E. V. L.

THE SUSPECT.

(After W. S. G.)

On his perch in the window my pet cockatoo,
Cried "Tishoo! Atishoo! Atishoo!"
And I said to him, "Pretty Poll, what can I do
For your 'Tishoo, Atishoo, Atishoo'?
If a cold in the beak is a credible guide,
Then the Vet's diagnosis can not be denied,
And you've got psittacosis." "Alas!" he replied,
"That *is* so! That *is* so! That *is* so!"

The Tangential School of Reporting.

"Lindrum yesterday made his forty-sixth thousand break and among those who watched this excellent exhibition was the foreman of the jury which convicted Dr. Crippen of murder at the Central Criminal Court."
Glasgow Paper.

The United Empire Press.

Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sales [net].
Macaulay.

COCKTAIL PARTIES.



THE KIND ONE READS ABOUT.



THE KIND ONE GOES TO.



Salesman. "WHAT SIZE DOES THE GENTLEMAN TAKE, MADAM?"
Noblewoman. "MY HUSBAND TAKES A NUMBER SEVEN CORONET."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT so long ago, M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS suggested that our sense of the reality of BYRON's set was so vivid that in reading a life of the poet moral sentiments would always assert themselves at the expense of æsthetic. Perhaps the same thing might be said of writing such a life; and undoubtedly M. MAUROIS' own *Byron* (CAPE, 12/6) has less fascination of design than his *Ariel*. Moreover the concerned and initiated eyes of an English audience—for BYRON is a national institution as SHELLEY has never been—render biographical legerdemain inopportune. Yet, given these limitations, it is obvious that M. MAUROIS has drawn strength from them. His book is not so perfect a thing as Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON's; but Mr. NICOLSON subdued only a small part of the province M. MAUROIS has reduced single-handed. The new biography delves into the origin of BYRONS and GORDONS, and resumes the careers of the poet's children and grandchildren. And properly, for BYRON's temper is only credible given its antecedents and only rightly appreciable in view of its results. His wife believed that "all this hostility to the laws of morality was to be traced to his unhappy creed, which forbade the return of the Prodigal Son." He challenged his own perverted view of the divine order and was disconcerted when his challenge recoiled. M. MAUROIS, sympathetically preoccupied with this "lurking Calvinism," arouses the pity, if not the affection, he seeks to inspire for BYRON. His English edition is fuller than the original French, and on many grounds better worth possessing.

In little but the title of his second study of the Near East of to-day, *Turkey and Syria Reborn* (LANE, 15/-), does Mr. HAROLD ARMSTRONG suggest that he has found evidence of the definite coming of new and better things. Rather would one gather that Syria is still in a chaos of unsettlement and discontent, while Turkey, with a population yearly becoming harder physically and less rather than more efficient mentally, would seem from his description to be a steadily diminishing force. GHAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL's portrait hangs, to be sure, as by law ordained, in every shop; the fez is no more seen nor the muezzin heard; many Turks are obeying the order to learn their European alphabet, and round a tight nucleus of government at Angora there is thrustful efficiency; but on the whole the Turk, brave soldier and good sportsman, making pitifully vague and ineffective efforts to turn shopkeeper and mechanic, his mosques forsaken and his prayers forgotten, is rather slipping back towards that nomad barbarism from which only the intellectual industry of races long held subject but now expelled from his borders has kept him for centuries. On Turkey's fringe, dirty, tawdry, unlovable, but capable of efficient organisation, the writer sees the hosts of Levantines, with more virile Western European races behind, waiting to enter and possess a land potentially rich and fertile. The aqueducts of ancient Rome are not all broken down, and the castles of the Crusaders—English, French, German—beckon from the hilltops. Mr. ARMSTRONG writes in a rather curiously subjective way that is reminiscent of BORROW rather than of the discreet modern traveller. He has a gift of languages for one thing, and has no hesitation in hurling a string of the foulest words he

can think of, in Turkish or Arabic or Pushtu or any other tongue adequately equipped in abuse, at his taxi-driver or innkeeper. His habit of mixing intimately with even the humblest inhabitants of the countries he visits tends to a vivid, even disconcertingly vivid, form of narrative.

Those who have read *The Lovely Ship*
Will find *The Voyage Home* a trip
Precisely to their taste, for there
The further fortunes, foul or fair,
Of many they already know
Get a most entertaining show.

Those, on the other hand, who 've not
Will have to read a tidy lot
(Though with Storm Jameson's subtle touch
That won't distress them over-much)
Before they grasp exactly who
The people are who come to view.

The tale (which Heinemann brings out
At seven-and-six) is all about
A business woman, wealthy, keen,
Who runs her home as a machine,
But finds too late that that way lies
The ruin of domestic ties.

I am not one to deny the attractive possibilities of the literary treatment of folk-lore. The popular story and ballad theme re-told with the subtler twist of individual genius have given us things as irreplaceable and unparalleled as Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" and "Baron Corvo's" *Toto Stories*. What is required to make a success of the vein is a rare enough talent in the redaction to atone for the original's loss of raciness; and that is exactly what I feel has not for the most part happened to *Tales of the Little Sisters of St. Francis* (Richards and Toulmin, 7/6). Mr. Shaw Desmond, who is responsible for these amphibious renderings of Irish popular life, brings, so far as I can see, little of value to the partnership. His salient contribution is a rather showy and childish sensuality—as of an undergraduate of the 'nineties, whose expression in Anglo-Irish prose and verse by an imaginary cast of tinkers, pipers and fishermen is unconvincing. This runs riot in the poems preceding the dozen stories, and in the more transmogrified of the stories themselves; in an introductory debate "Concerning Women and Wild Things," in "The Gentleman Who Was Sorry"—a replica of Mr. Cadogan Cowper's canvas of "The Devil and the Charitable Nuns"—and in "Lady out of the Sea," where a mermaid assails the impregnable virtue of a tinker. When legend is allowed more or less to speak for itself, and Mr. Desmond stands, like Alexander, out of a better man's sunlight, charming things happen. "The Tinker," whose theme I will not spoil by anticipation, has the prettiest tricks of the *conte*, and its presentment is a masterpiece of reticence. While for humour, wistful sentiment and gusto "Whether Leprechauns Have Souls" is worthy of Hans Andersen.



"What 's wrong, old chap?"
"It 's all off with Cynthia. We were waltzing and I trod on her foot."
"Well, I don't see much in that."
"Ah! but I had skates on."

The Helmers (Chatto and Windus, 7/6)—that is to say the *Helmer* family in the lump, if one may use such an irreverent phrase about them—are, as a matter of fact, the least interesting part of Miss Elissa Landi's first novel which bears their name. The book begins with only one of the *Helmers*, the enchanting *Valie* (who, since her father, an artist, "forgot" for some time to marry her mother, was only a *Helmer* by the skin of her teeth), staying alone, as a child of eleven, in a peasant's family in a Bavarian village. *Valie* and her friends in Rotthalmünster, old and young, *Lechner Marie*, *Resi* the gipsy and *Vater* and *Mutter Antholzner* are so delightful and so fresh—for all their familiar charm of faërie romance—that I sat back in my chair very soon after I had begun their history and gave myself up to sheer enjoyment. But, alas! on page thirty-two came a tiresome tutor,

Nicholas Ingraham, introduced, Heaven knows why, to tell us the story of the *Helmers*, London bankers of German extraction and vast wealth, and how *Valie* came among them. Sometimes after that we hear of her through *Ingraham* and sometimes through the author, but all this part of the book is inclined to tediousness. Miss LANDI had the germ of a fine idea in *William, Valie's* imaginary playmate. She almost identifies him in her cousin, *William Helmer*, but by one trifling occurrence after another they are prevented from meeting; and *William*, who is in the Navy, is drowned in a submarine disaster. Miss LANDI has a good eye for character and writes pleasantly and with that regard for things below the surface of life which is always in evidence in the best work; but here she has failed to make the story of her book, which is really the history of *Valie's* spiritual development, very attractive as a story.

"You mustn't mind what they say in the bar," exclaims one of the characters in Sir GEORGE SCOTT'S novel, *Why Not?* (ARNOLD, 7/6). "They have as many fancy yarns there as skippers have for the amusement of their passengers." And this entirely unpretentious but indubitably fancy yarn of a Burma which can never have existed is spun out in a conversational style over three-hundred-and-twenty pages. There is only one Burman in the story; the other characters are English, Levantines, Chinese, Madrassis and mongrels. All these personages, male and female, converse in the manner which used to be limited mainly to the front page of *The Sporting Times* but has since gained a wider scope. In fact, the atmosphere of the Rangoon Gymkhana bar is spread over those who are not members. The hero "had a great deal of the open-handed prodigality which was natural to him. When he was stood a drink he stood one in his turn as a matter of course, in spite of a rueful conviction that nothing would come of it." He is clearly one of the best. If any captious reader should venture to inquire why the author, who, the publishers inform us, "knows Burma from end to end," should choose to gossip round a thin plot in a racy but rather aimless fashion he can always be answered in the abrupt words of the title.

Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, in *Shepherds in Sackcloth* (CASSELL, 7/6), has given us a memorable portrait of the old clergyman of a country living, *Mr. Bennet*, with his fine zeal for his mainly inattentive flock; his fierce temper; his truceless feud with bishops in the mass as tyrants and statesmen rather than spiritual fathers, caring more for order and symmetry than for souls; his passionate resentment against the managing methods of his chief parishioner, *Mrs. Millington*, a resentment which because of his poverty and the poverty of his church he is compelled to dissemble. The author presents to us with equal felicity the gentler side of this good old man, and his triumph over his prejudices when the young preacher brings such misery upon the wild young *Teresa*, his favourite and the great lady's niece. It is the old Churchman who saves the young Dissenter from despair and sends him forth with a blessing upon his unorthodox ministry. Not everybody's book, perhaps, and a little too much taken up with the technicalities of the Reservation controversy, but for all that a book to enjoy—and to make one think well of one's kind.



Householder (phoning to plumber). "THIS IS MR. JIBSON, 10, ACACIA VILLAS, PLEADING."

Why Stay We Here? (PHILIP ALLAN, 7/6) is yet another War-novel, but for more than one reason it deserves attention. In the first place it tells of the Canadians in France; secondly, it is written by Mr. GEORGE GODWIN, who, in *The Eternal Forest*, showed himself possessed of real sympathy and poetic imagination. So, although the terrors and nightmares of war are unflinchingly and frankly revealed in this tale of *Stephen Craig*, the background remains beautiful, an impregnable solace against the mud and misery of the moment. *Stephen*, who had come from Canada, and perforce brought his wife and children with him, saw enough and to spare of the War, but through it all he was faithful to and thoughtful of his family, doing his job to the best of his ability and guarding his men against petty vexations, but always longing for the time of release when he could return to his beloved country. Without doubt Mr. GODWIN'S tale has qualities that are conspicuously lacking in most of the War-novels of to-day.

Eight tales are included in *Some Other Beauty and Other Stories* (CASSELL, 7/6), and familiar as I am with Miss I. A. R. WYLIE'S work she has seldom given me more ample opportunity to appreciate its quality. The story that gives its name to the collection is lucky to have gained that distinction, and "All Dressed Up" is a war-tale of a type too hackneyed to be noteworthy; but six stories remain, and in these she handles a variety of themes with uniform success. "The Old People," whose scene is laid in post-war Austria, is pathetic, and but for its treatment might have been excessively sentimental; "Pas de Quatre" deals most happily with a difficult problem, and "Bravo, Toro," a Spanish story of bull-fighting, is told with praiseworthy restraint. Altogether a collection that emphatically wins another feather for Miss WYLIE'S cap.

Child Marriage at Aldershot.

"Sons and daughters of members under sixteen years of age will be admitted for half-price."—*Programme of Aldershot Race-Club.*

CHARIVARIA.

WE have been unable to confirm the rumour that the headquarters of the United Empire Party are to be known as "Beaverbrookery Nook."

* * *

An American golfer in suing for a divorce testified that when he criticised his wife's play she hit him on the head with a mid-iron. Golfers will disagree as to whether a mid-iron was the right club to use.

* * *

Professor W. F. SWANN has advanced the theory that it is possible that the bodies of some of us may contain atoms which went to make up the body of JULIUS CÆSAR. Still, this doesn't quite account for Signor MUSSOLINI.

* * *

Lithuanians are represented as being annoyed at British newspaper distortions of JACK SHARKEY'S real name of ZUKAUSKAS. It is thought that this may have contributed to his recent display of feeling in the prize-ring.

* * *

Teaching the saxophone by means of a correspondence course does not improve the execution of the player, says a writer. Unfortunately it doesn't hasten it either.

* * *

A contemporary reminds us that VIRGIL'S relatives published the *Æneid* after his death, in spite of his instructions to burn it. Smith Minor takes the view that the poet's wishes should have been respected.

* * *

The writer of an article on vocalists and their faults mentions singers who ventriloquise. It is a cowardly practice.

* * *

The low voices of Lancashire operatives, we learn, are due to their practice of conversing by lip-reading in the din of the shuttles. This throws a new light on what England says to-morrow.

* * *

"Should Women Be Hanged?" asks a headline. Not unless they have committed a murder, we think.

* * *

The discovery that blocks of flats which are largely constructed of steel have the effect of paralysing receiving-sets brings the completely wireless-proof residence within the bounds of possibility.

* * *

On Thursday nights during the summer months the Zoo is to remain open till eleven o'clock. Inmates whose habits are nocturnal will thus be enabled to study the visitors.

* * *

Patting under the chin and jaw is advocated by a beauty-specialist. Yet it doesn't improve the appearance of our pugilists.

* * *

The American woman who has crossed Africa in a taxi with the object of proving that the Dark Continent is as civilised as New York would of course have noted the absence of traffic-cops.



Husband (wrecked on cannibal island). "I KNOW A BIT OF THEIR LINGO. THEY 'RE GOING TO FATTEN US UP."
Slim Wife. "OH, THEY COULDN'T BE SO CRUEL!"

Sir FLINDERS PETRIE has discovered that the Philistines were clean-shaven and wore their hair short. They were of course easily distinguished from the hirsute Bohemians.

* * *

Headphones to enable deaf persons to enjoy the talkies are to be installed at certain London cinemas. Another widely-felt want is some means of enabling persons of normal hearing to enjoy the talkies.

* * *

The Mayor of BLACKPOOL has protested against Lord CASTLEROSSE'S disparagement of Eton, and it is anticipated that the Headmaster of Eton will show a reciprocal spirit when gossip-writers belittle Blackpool.

* * *

Women athletes are demanding to be allowed to run longer distances. Mixed Marathons are bound to come.

A medical authority urges women to be medically examined before going into training for any athletic event. Few of them even take the precaution of being sounded before the sales.

* * *

A paragraphist mentions judges who frequently go by bus to the Law Courts. The explanation is of course that they have business there.

* * *

Lord LONGFORD predicts that the day will come when the Irish will demand the abolition of compulsory English. Their demands will of course be expressed in compulsory Erse.

* * *

Novel devices for concealing the apparatus of cocktails are advertised, but experience has shown that it is difficult to keep its real purpose secret for long.

* * *

According to a beauty specialist face-lifting is more popular than ever. We fear they will all drop again on Budget Day.

* * *

An American newspaper has worked it out that a New York resident's average annual output of rubbish is one ton. That is exclusive of popular songs.

* * *

A scientist has discovered a new creature in Central America which he describes as a "silky sleek animal which can jump several feet in the air." This is believed to be Nature's attempt to evolve a sports model of a lounge-lizard.

* * *

In order to spare boxers the unpleasantness that is often incurred in the ring, proposals are being considered for settling championships by correspondence.

* * *

Circus performers are noted for their hearty appetites, says a writer. We should love to see a hungry sword-swallower dealing with asparagus.

* * *

A correspondent has heard a bird repeatedly calling "Cuck, Cuck!" in Epping Forest. Can it have been the first cuckoo doing a rehearsal?

* * *

An expert on deportment has stated that the rows of girls sitting in tubes or buses have a general hangdog look about them. We ourselves are sometimes conscious of a strap-hangdog appearance.

WINSTON v. PHILIP:

OR, THE SUSCEPTIBLE CHANCELLORS.

LET dogs pursue their natural bent
And lions tear each other's fur,
But in a House of Parliament
This kind of thing should not occur.

When WINSTON, in reproof of sin,
Lets go at PHILIP, breathing gore,
It only makes the latter's chin
Much firmer than it was before.

And, when from PHILIP'S icy lips
Back comes the answer, chat for chat,
Cutting the air with scorpion whips,
I know no sadder sight than that.

Chancellors (even ex-) should be
Particularly mild and suave,
For, if they aren't, then how can we
Expect the others to behave?

When lofty brows together bump,
Such bad examples from above
Encourage KIRKWOOD'S noisy hump
And detonate the THURTLE-dove.

It may, of course, be WINSTON'S aim
To act as PHILIP'S candid guide,
To guard his fair financial name
And put him off from suicide;

Hence these correctives, shrewd and shrill,
These chastening blows that true love strikes;
But would it not be kinder still
To let him perish how he likes?

Provocative that chin may seem,
And simply asking for it, but
Till he unfolds his Budget scheme
I 'd have it spared the upper-cut.

And, should that feature still offend,
Let WINSTON, having mixed a gin
And bitters, look towards his friend,
And lift his glass and say "Chin chin!"

O. S.

Headlines that Ring True.

"ALL FOR THE PARTY."
Evening Paper.

A great advance on the barbaric times when "None were for the party but all were for the State" (*MACAULAY*).

"SIDELIGHTS ON WOMEN'S INTERESTS
THREE BALLS TO LOOK FORWARD TO."
Headlines in Provincial Paper.

But uncle isn't giving much away these days.

"—— Sea Fishing and Ice Co. Ltd. have decided to name five additional steam trawlers which are being added to their fleet after national daily newspapers."—*Oldham Paper.*

The unloading of the daily haul of red-herrings by the United Empire flotilla should be an inspiring spectacle.

THE ACTING-EDITOR AND THE NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR.

A FABLE.

DURING the Season of an Endemic Distemper it fell to the Lot of a Strong-Minded Scribe to Carry On as Acting-Editor of a Popular Journal; and on Taking Up his Onerous Duties he Resolved not to Publish anything that did not Satisfy a Moderate Standard of Literary Excellence.

At the end of a Monotonous Day spent in Turning Down the Effusions of Notorious Writers for the Magazine Page the Acting-Editor had to pass Judgment on a Contribution from the Proprietor himself, which was by way of being a Fulmination against the Inherent Lack of Equilibrium Evinced by Burgeoning Womanhood.

The Acting-Editor was Not Favourably Impressed by his Proprietor's Article, so, True to his High Resolve, he promptly returned it with a Rejection Slip.

Next Day his Ante-Room was full of Film Stars, Prize-fighters and Clergymen, who were all wondering Why their Literary Efforts had been Declined; and awaiting him in the Editorial Sanctum was his Proprietor, who said, Not Without a Trace of Irascibility: "You have turned down my Article, which but for your Despotic Action would have afforded Intellectual Food for our Readers at a Hundred Myriad Breakfast-Tables. I cannot help thinking that by Rejecting my Contribution to my own Journal you are in Danger of Straining the Cordial Relations that should Obtain between a Proprietor and his Editor."

To this the Acting-Editor replied: "The Upright Editor, in the Exercise of his Plenary Powers of Acceptance and Rejection, is Unwilling to allow Personal Considerations to Deflect his Judgment."

"Am I to understand," asked the Newspaper Proprietor in a Louder Tone than was really Necessary, "that my customary Powerful Articles on Political Questions may also be Rejected if they should be Found Wanting by your Inflexible Judgment?"

"By your Artless Question," rejoined the Acting-Editor, "it is Evident that you have but a Foggy Notion of the Boundaries in the Dual Relationship that exists between a Proprietor-Contributor and his Editor. As a Proprietor you are privileged to Lay Down the Political Views of the Readers, and I am Obliged to publish your Political Pronouncements, Always Provided they do not Too Flagrantly offend those Principles which I understood, at the time of my Appointment on your Staff, to be the Fixed Policy of your Journal. But when you write on Topics of a General Nature—in this case, your English Prose Composition, 'Is The Flapper Irresponsible?' (argued from an Affirmative Point of View)—your Standing is purely that of a Contributor, and I should be Unworthy of my Trust did I not deal with you, as a Contributor, in your best Interests as my Proprietor. I would willingly Spare you Pain, but since you would not take No for an Answer I must say that on its Literary Merits your Contribution—which should have been Accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope—is Trite in Subject-Matter, Pedestrian in Style and affords too many Examples of the Pendent Participle. In Effect, I regret that I cannot find Space in your Journal for your Article, for the Submission of which I am much Obliged."

For some Moments the Newspaper Proprietor, who was Very Deeply Moved, was Unable to put his Thoughts into Words. At length he said: "You have Cleared my Mind of its Regrettable Confusion. I realise that I was Mistaken in my Attitude. As your Proprietor I shall take it kindly if you will henceforth Co-operate in the framing of my Political Manifestoes; as your Contributor I hasten to Refund the Postage for the Return of my Literary Article. Sir, you have been Loyal to a High Conception of Journalistic Duty in Most Embarrassing Circumstances. I Take Off My Hat To You."

Saying which, he Deposited on the Desk Three-Halfpence in Bronze, doffed his Bowler with a Ritualistic Gesture of Homage, and Took his Leave.

Moral: The Truth is Good for us if our Constitutions will Stand it.

Clear Openings for the Sinking Fund.

"D. LLOYD GEORGE IN DISTRESS.
. . . . the Cardiff steamer, David Lloyd George, sent out an S.O.S. reporting that she had lost her screw 150 miles from Brest."
Sunday Paper.

She ought to apply for the Stewardship of the Carnarvon Millions.

Headlines Which Read Riotously.

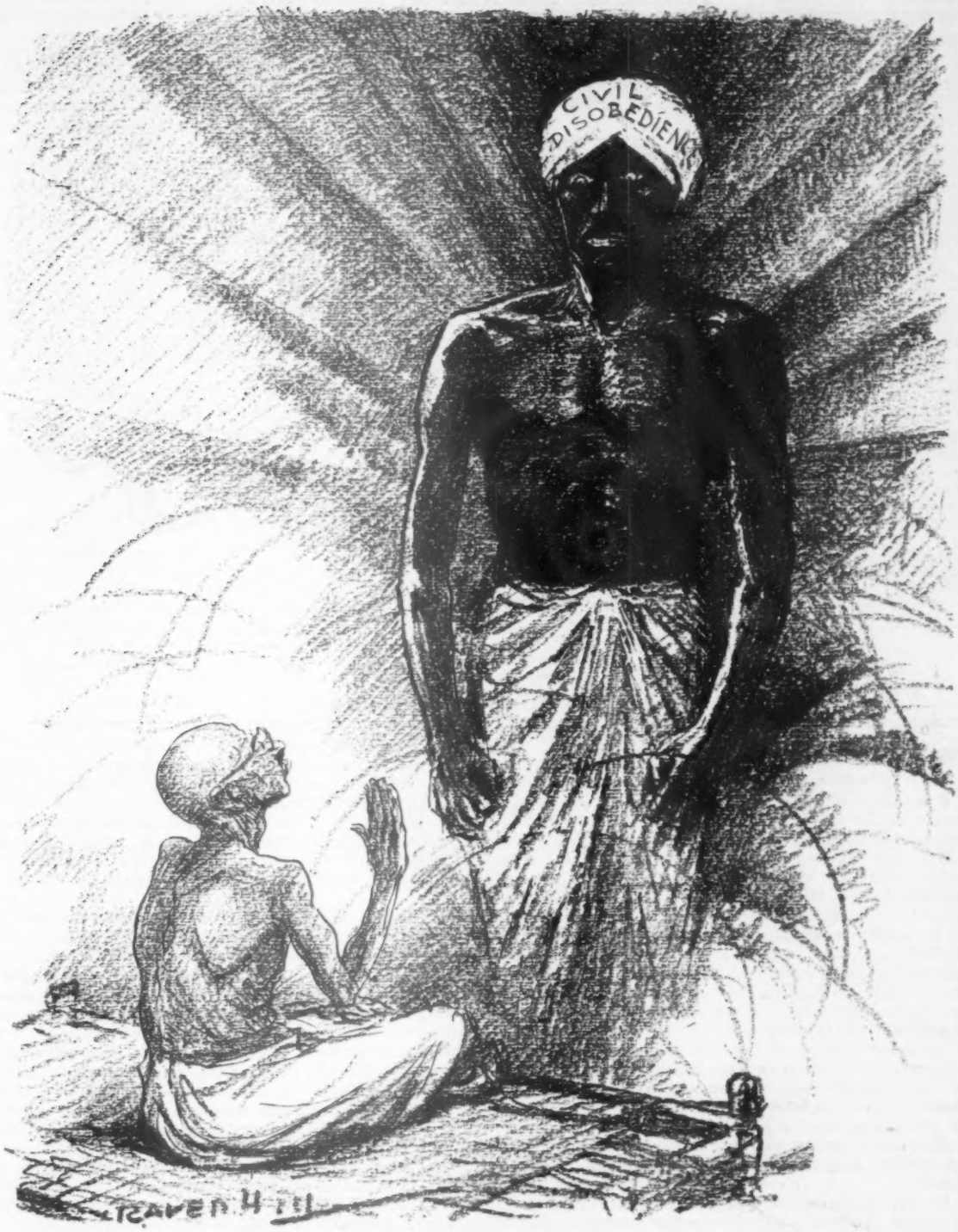
"RECORD NUMBER OF PATIENTS AT FROME HOSPITAL.
GREAT SUCCESS OF THE TOWN CARNIVAL."
West-Country Paper.

The Symbolic School of Typesetting.

"Philadelphia, Monday.
Carnera knocked out Roy Clark in the sixth round.—Central News."
Jersey Paper.

"PLANS FOR ZOO FOR HARROGATE.
MONKEY VILLAGE."
Yorkshire Paper.

Why should Thanet wait?



A FRANKENSTEIN OF THE EAST.

GANDHI. "REMEMBER—NO VIOLENCE; JUST DISOBEDIENCE."
GENIE. "AND WHAT IF I DISOBEY *YOU*?"



A LIFT TO THE STATION.

WHAT OUR GOOD SAMARITANS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

X.—AT GRIPS WITH THE SUBWAY.

FOR a long while after our first experience with the subway Percival and I avoided the thing like Prohibition, and would sheer off nervously from any corner where we saw a subterranean entrance leering at us. Then we got on our mettle about it. Why should we be laughed at by a cheap New York subway, a mere five-cent automatic subway—we, who could take an eightpenny ticket in a London Tube without turning a single stile? We must get to grips with the darn thing, and at once.

We decided we would use it to visit a friend who lived up on 24th Street, at the corner of Fourth Avenue. We chose him because we were then down on the extreme south point of Manhattan Island, and so felt that at least we couldn't help *starting* in the right direction.

Percival hauled out his map to plan the route. Percival's map is not a good map, that is, as a street-map of New York City, because, owing to an imperfect geographical education, he bought in error a map of New York State, which allows only two square inches for the whole of Manhattan.

Selecting a station called South Ferry, to be used as a base, we decided, after intense map-work, that we must somehow get on a line that ran up north underneath Fourth Avenue, and thus come to 23rd Street Station. Percival, who must have a good bump of locality, assured me we would then be quite close to 24th Street.

So we went down, two British daredevils, into the New York subway system and the irrevocable turnstiles closed behind us.

There are three things about the New York subway system which discourage the stranger. First, there are no officials from whom to ask your way (except a harassed subway guard who, though pressed for time, can yet be as rude as the next man). Secondly, there are no maps on the platforms and only a few incomplete ones in the trains themselves, so that you can't tell whether you are going wrong till you have done it. Thirdly, there is an express train service which plays Old Harry with your preconceived ideas of where you are going to get out. Otherwise it's easy.

We got into a train. It was not crowded. Only two flappers ("cuties," Percival whispered to me), a nigger and an Italian woman got in too. Then we went off. The next station was called Bowling Green. Two Jews got in; the Italian woman and the nigger and the two "cuties" got out. Then the "cuties" looked at us sitting there, giggled and got in again. Percival blushed and tried to appear high-minded. The train moved off.

At the next station the two Jews got out, but the "cuties" remained. They were still giggling at us. The name of the station was South Ferry. For a moment I thought it was the same one, but Percival explained that often two stations had the same name.

We moved off again. The next station was Bowling Green, and Percival, looking a little *distrait*, admitted that the name seemed familiar. The "cuties," however, who must have been going somewhere, did not get out, so we too stayed tight. The train moved off. The next station was South Ferry. I crossed myself secretly. Percival's jaw fell and he hauled out his map. At this one of the "cuties" asked us if we wanted to get anywhere. We said a trifle haughtily that we were going to 23rd Street, and they retorted that we'd never make it at this rate, as we were merely on a shuttle railway be-

tween Bowling Green and South Ferry. We ventured to point out that we'd have realised that sooner if we hadn't seen them staying in it. They replied they had just been waiting to see what in hell we thought we were doing anyway. We then all got out at Bowling Green and the party broke up.

After an interval of wandering in passages we got pushed into a train which under the title of Lexington Avenue Express volunteered to take us up Fourth Avenue, but for some while it only looked in at places like Wall Street, where Percival owns some shares that go up and down. Then to our joy we suddenly stopped at 14th Street.

"Getting near 23rd," said Percival knowingly.

"A nine-point rise will do it," I rejoined, my thoughts still on Wall Street.

The next station, however, called itself by the imposing name of Grand Central, and before either of us could remember what number street this was we were off again. The next stop staggered us. It was 86th Street.

"Eighty-six!" yelled Percival incredulously, like a bear operator caught short. "And I thought we hadn't reached twenty." We leapt out as the express whizzed off *en route* for a new high. If we hadn't, I don't doubt we'd have been well beyond par by the next stop.

"We'd better travel on a falling market this time," I suggested, and we got in a return train. This one, calling itself a local, dropped our street stock carefully from 86 to 77, to 68, to 59, to 51, and then we were at Grand Central again. At this we looked at each other, shuddered and got out, although we hadn't intended to till 23. But we had learnt already that Grand Central had a queer effect on trains. They seem to get all funny after looking in at Grand Central. If we hadn't got out again I'm certain that before we knew where we were we'd have found ourselves at First Street with the bottom out of the market.

So, resolved to speculate with caution, we began to explore Grand Central. . . . And we just got lost.

Grand Central is a fine place to get lost in, for, in addition to being an indefatigably conscientious subway station, it is a proper railway station and a shopping centre and hotel into the bargain, and as it is one of the only two in Manhattan it is a big one. In fact it is bigger than that. We wandered about till we were tired, getting into subway trains here and there to look at the maps and getting out and into others. At last we found ourselves in Times Square station. I don't know how we got there, but personally I think it is also in Grand Central.



Butler (to caller at country house). "'ER LADYSHIP, MADAM, IS RUSTICATING IN LONDON."

Here we clambered, tired but joyful, into a train that had Fourth Avenue on it, and wonderful as it may seem the next stop was at 34th Street. We scarcely dared breathe in case the next might take it into its head to be 3rd or 180th.

To our annoyance it was called Union Square, which put us all out. We are all right on numbers but we cannot follow these names. The next was Canal Street, but when we came after a ten-minute run to a station named DeKalb Avenue we felt we had had just about enough. We climbed out and found our first porter.

"We want 23rd Street," we said. He told us we meant 25th, five stations away. Percival tried to wave a feeble map, but I overruled him. On Percival's map a number might be anything.

We were at 25th Street station in six minutes. It was still daylight, I remember, when we came above-ground. But we could not locate our 24th Street friend. . . .

We had quite a crowd round us before we were made to realise that New York is not America, and that we had got to 24th Street, *Brooklyn*. We took a taxi back over the East river to Manhattan and went to bed. We have sworn never to touch another subway as long as we live. A. A.

OUR BIG FIGHT.

I.

THE victory of "Biting" Bloom over "Tiger" Toad, the American Lout-weight Champion, has cleared the road to a definite tussle for the world-title at this fascinating weight. All along we have said that, bar the Biter, there was no lout in the lout-world worthy to kick "Gouging" Gecko in the stomach at the weights. We have now matched these two incomparable toughs for a purse of fifty thousand pounds a side, under Florida rules, the loser to win. We have taken the South Downs for the battle, and it is expected that the audience will extend from Brighton to Birling Gap. Our louts, though, are so large that when the loser lies prone every ticket-holder will be able to see at least one end of him.

A few life-lines on the louts. "Biting" Bloom is a native-born Dago. He began life as Moski Slavaukas in the town of Slush, where his father washed bottles, little thinking he had spawned a lout-weight world-eater. Moski would be washing bottles now, only one day a visitor to Slush noticed his big bones and bad teeth and said, "Boy, you 're a boxer." That visitor was Lew Swab. Lew took Moski to a hotel, gave him a good meal and matched him next day with "Scratching" Earwig, the Polish champ. Moski fell on Earwig and bit



"BITING" BLOOM.
(*Toe-nail sketch.*)

him in the rump. Earwig died of poison. Moski was handed the Central European Lout-weight Belt and took the name of Blum.

Blum's teeth got worse and success followed success. Next the "Biter" disposed of Johnnie Monk (*né* Wurmenstein) and took the name of Eric Bloom. Then he bit off "Sid" Ibsen's ear and became an American citizen. He spat "Crawling Ern" out of the stadium at Mookee (Pitt.) and sat on "Tiger" Toad till he screamed. This gave him the European title and the right to bite the "Gouger."

"Biting" Eric is three yards high and balloon-wide. Weight four hundredweight, front teeth seven inches. Eric cannot read or write, which is a help to his business manager; nevertheless in his brief career he has earned seventy thousand pounds. Much of this he has kept for himself. He is as docile as a child and his one ambition is to go home and keep an aquarium. Lew Swab lets him have a couple of goldfish in camp during training, but not more, as feeding the fish excites him.

"Gouging" Gecko is very different, a higher type of human altogether. The "Gouger" can read but not write; he is a pure Methylanian on his mother's side, his father being a Maltese mulatto of Levantine descent. His birth-name was Kotch, which he has changed in turn to Sloane, Slogger, Carpentier, John Bull, Ponsonby, Caracas, Watson and Gecko. His climb to the top of the lout-tree has been as rapid as Bloom's. When Seth Snout discovered him he was taking beetles to pieces in a Turkish bath, where he washed the towels. The boy's patience with his hands, coupled with his bully bulk, gave the American a ninch. "Sluck!" he said, "a lout-weight, or I'm a wuz!"

Events soon gave Seth the twice-through. In his first battle the Gecko put out both "Zip" Walker's eyes and won his pet name. But that 's not the "Gouger's" only trump. He is up to every trick in the science of loutery. He knows the human body. Lying down in a long clinch, you will see him groping deftly for the femoral artery or tickling his man under the armpits till he tosses the wiper. Sitting on "Frightful" Edelweiss in the second round he stuck a poisoned chocolate down the Croatian's throat and got a verdict on points. Up against "Death" Doonberg, he put red pepper on his hair and shook his head in his enemy's face. The Pole was sneezed out of the ring in seventy seconds. And the "Gouger" can bite some too. But this battle will be one between an all-rounder and a specialist.

Gecko has an advantage of two inches in height over Bloom, though his teeth are not so long. His girth is ninety-seven. His hobby is stamp-keeping. Manager Seth has a secret store of unused stamps always at hand, and when the "Gouger" is in one of his black moods Seth throws him rare issues, as they throw fish to the sea-lions.

Training has already begun. Bloom had a smart bite-out on one of the Jersey oxen attached to the camp this morning. "Hurt that, kid," said Lew Swab, "and you 've got the 'Gouger' gutted." The high-spirited animal gave a yelp of pain as Eric's long tusks met in his leathery withers. "Some bite, boy," was Lew's pleased comment, and sent the boxer off happy to gaze at his gold-fish.

But I found the "Gouger" busy at



"GOUGER" GECKO.
(*An impression.*)

his medical books. "I shall go for the pituitary gland," he told me. "The 'Biter's' glands are mushy. An' if that fails you see me pinch his adriatic nerve. I 'll say this reading 's the dope."

(*More later.*) A. P. H.

"NOUNS OF ASSEMBLAGE."

EVERY now and then somebody begins reviving in the correspondence columns those old and picturesque "nouns of assemblage"—a "gaggle" of geese, a "siege" of herons, a "murmuration" of starlings, a "skulk" of foxes, a "pride" of lions, and all the rest of them. But instead of delving into the remote past it seems a pity that there is not more of an effort to equip our contemporary fauna with collective terms of that kind—a "pomp" of Pekingese, a "hazard" of greyhounds, or a "psittacosis" of parrots, for example.

Nor is there any reason why these labels should be restricted to birds and beasts. It would be both picturesque and effective to be able to say, "Yes, I tried to take a short stroll, but turned back because I found myself mixed up with a stink of motors"; or, "Believe me, there wasn't an inch of room in the club-house—I 've never seen such a gargle of golfers in all my life!"

In the hope of assisting any movement for the promotion of Brighter English the following suggestions are offered:—

An "argument" of bridge fiends.
A "boodle" of company-promoters.
A "fleece" of punters.
A "shake" or "scatter" of cocktails.
A "sizzle" of sausages.
A "thrust" of gate-crashers.
A "bombination" of Bright Young People.



Actress (to Press-Agent). "WELL, HERE I 'VE BEEN IN A FRIGHTFUL MOTOR ACCIDENT, AND YOU 'RE NOT A BIT NICE TO ME."
Agent. "CERTAINLY NOT. I NEVER AUTHORISED IT. IT 'S TOO SOON AFTER THE LOSS OF YOUR PEARLS."

The component parts of the last-named assemblage ought to be particularly interested in the present suggestion. These would gain greatly by being able to announce, "I thought of drifting round to Lady Smythe's to hear a new gush of poets, but when it came to the pinch I funked facing up to such an altitude of highbrows. So I cut away round to the new show at the Coladium, where I saw a jolly good guffaw of clowns, supported by a most excellent frolic of flappers."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The film is called 'Lalla Rookh,' and is an adaptation of the Oriental romance of that name by Sir Thomas Moore."

It sounds almost like an Eastern Utopia.

"All who have experienced the nostalgia for unknown lands will find here a banquet."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

Now we know why COLUMBUS discovered America: just home-sickness.

"An automatic radio signalling apparatus has been designed . . . it transmits in Morse code the latitude and longitude of the sheep in distress."—*Australian Paper.*

Many shepherds find it simpler to instruct their flocks in the rudiments of the long and the short bleat.

"MARCH BROWN."

In the new blue days when March is
Hanging tassels on the larches,
Underneath grey granite arches
  Rivers pour the old suggestion
That, as once we went, we go
Fishing three wet flies a-row—
"Black-and-Blae?" "Hare's Lug?"
  but oh!
  Is there any sort of question

As to what our first of three is?
Here at least no mystery is—
"Point" 's as plain as A B C is,
  Oh, my son, or oh, my daughter;
For there 's but the one March Brown
Of the deadly old renown
While a fisherman goes down
  To a winking wet-fly water!

Change is good at times and proper
When we talk of "bob" or "dropper";
"Point" is permanent, a stopper
  That shall stay while hearts are faithful
To the fly-books of our sires,
To our boyhood-day desires
When we fanned the angling fires,
  Days now nebulous and wraithful.

Yet, gold-veined among the vapour,
Still the lines that fell there taper
And upon their points shall caper,
  Past the brae where birchwoods clamber,
March's brown and beauteous form
Where a silver bubble-swarm
Shoots, like snowflakes in a storm,
  Through a rock-staked rush of amber.

And that shape to-day is diet
Where the silver-clear sea-pict
Whistles and is never quiet
  On the shining whale-backed gravels;
Still upon our points we tie
Our most meritorious fly;
Come, we 'll cast it, you and I,
  Down, across—see, round it travels,

Round it swings in rap of ripple,
Ruler of our rule that 's triple—
Three wet-flies that rod-top tip 'll
  Sink and draw in, curl and eddy;
"Bob" and "dropper" trout can kill
(Presently, perhaps, they will),
"Point" is what the creel will fill,
  "Point" is—*smack*, it 's scored already!

P. R. C.

An Impending Apology.

"Everybody hunts the elusive thrill. And here is a picture that tracks the thrill right to its lair."—*Cinema Advt. in Local Paper.*

"There are fifty thousand million atoms of gold in a drop of sea-water."—*Weekly Paper.*

The Aberdeen beach is once again thronged.

ONWARD AGAIN.

Now that the great storm has blown over we can turn to brighter and happier themes. The United Vampire Party has been formed by myself (I formed it last week in the midst of the hullaballoo), not from any personal or private considerations, but in response to a genuine need of the national soul. It has been formed to discover new vampires and educate them for the stage, the picture-pages of the newspapers and the silver screen. Especially has it been formed to photograph vampires, to write about vampires, to talk about vampires and to encourage them to hold vamping competitions against each other. In the villages and country towns of England there must be many a vampire who hitherto has brazened it unseen. Thousands of men whose ambition it is to meet a vampire and allow her to vamp him have never had the chance of doing so.

The United Vampire Party does not set itself up against any other party. It is not anti-religious or anti-social or anti-alcoholic or anti-anything at all. It is neither highbrow nor lowbrow. It merely considers that life is dull and that vampires are good for the circulation, especially the circulation of news.

The United Vampire Party has a clear and definite programme. It stands for placing English beauty on a par with the beauty of foreign lands. It stands for more Beauty Competitions, more ogles, more bathing belles and more legs. It denies and repudiates the shibboleth that longer skirts are likely to make for more happiness. It opposes long hair. It believes that amongst men and women alike, if their voices could make themselves heard, there is a general desire to bind the whole country together with a shingle economic unit. Finally, it stands for more chocolates, more cigarettes, more cosmetics, more speed and more fun.

The Party has been founded by me because I was the only person with sufficient courage, foresight and patriotism to do it, but the response to my call for subscriptions has already been overwhelming. The first list is published to-day, and others will appear from time to time, unless there happens to be a railway accident or a murder to prevent the good work from going on.

FIGHTING FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Thousands of enthusiastic letters about the United Vampire Party have been received from people in every walk of life, especially Piccadilly, Shaftesbury Avenue and the Strand. In one of these, signed X.Y.Z., occurs the typical comment:—

"I am convinced that the United Vampire Party is the only party capable of uniting vampires and bringing sunshine into the lives of the people. I enclose a banker's overdraft for £500."

£10,000.—L. Magnolia, and a pal.

£5,000.—E. V. K.

£1 17*s.* 6*d.*—G. Selfridge. J. Buchanan. C. Cochran. "Everyman." Preservation of Beauty Trust. "Art Collector." Anon. (Islington). A Few Supporters at the Gravel Club. W. Churchill. P. Snowden. Alone (Hoxton). Queenie.

£1 10*s.*—"Village Pump." Well Wisher. "Back to the Strand." O.P. A. Ashton. G. Shaw. P. Scott. A. Bennett. The Silk Stocking Co., Ltd. A Headmistress. "Berserk." Lord Lummy. "The Blood is the Life." "Hiawatha."

FED-UP WITH POLITICS.

Sir,—I am heartily tired of all political parties, which merely utilise the space available for the presentation and discussion of Beauty in the daily Press. I should like to see a wedge driven so deeply into the hearts of our so-called statesmen and time-serving parliamentarians that it comes out at the other side. I should like to see this wedge fed and watered by the people of England until it grows into a great tree, which will stalk through the land, dominating every warring sect and creed, in token of which I enclose my visiting-card.

A. H. BROWN.

Putney.

£1 5*s.*—Wilfred.

£1 1*s.*—Colonel Richard Glubb. "In Memory of my Parrot." Sir Abraham Bloom. J. Ponderby. E. Shepard. F. Reynolds. "Face-Fitness." "Foot-wear." "Albatross." A Verger. The Roehampton Lipstick Society. M. Arlen. A. Chapman. "Ho." "Smethers." R. MacDonald. D. Ll. George. S. Baldwin. A Cambridge Undergraduate.

£1.—Pip.

7*s.* 6*d.*—Mr. and Mrs. Worple. The Misses Wye. The Misses Wych. Sir Benjamin Rampage. "Artemis." Crossword Puzzle Fan. E. Wallace. "Bulb-grower." "Cleopatra." "Rouge et Noir."

5*s.*—"Saxophone" (Paddington).

3*s.* 6*d.*—L.N.E.R. Men of Harlech. "And Shall Trelawny Die?" Carnera. Sir Thomas Beecham. An Ex-Cabinet Minister. H. Swaffer. J. Douglas. "Old Mortality." Brighton Pier. S.P.Q.R. The Bathing Club.

£5,000.—Evoe.

2*s.* 6*d.*—"A Warning to England." "Still Fair at Forty." Sir O. Lodge. J. Maskelyne. "Anthropologist." R. Jones. A. Compston. Sir P. Hastings. N. Birkett. The Ritz Hotel. S. Joel. "Darling, I Love You." O.B.E.

2*s.* 5*d.*—"Aberdonian."

SAVE ENGLAND!

Sir,—I am convinced that nothing can save England but the United Vampire Party, and the sooner the better. "Beauty draws us by a single hair," said the poet, and that hair is in your hands, however many red herrings may be dragged across the trail. I am astonished at the dulness of Englishwomen compared with their Continental neighbours. A campaign for the encouragement of sparkling eyes, vivacious expressions and languishing smiles is the *ne plus ultra* which ought to be our palladium. The details can safely be left to your own ingenuity. But that there is still corn in Egypt is the firm opinion of

Yours faithfully,

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Highbury Barn.

1*s.* 3*d.*—A Naval Delegate. G. Garbo. Sussex Archæological Club. E. Nuthall. "Totalisator." Three Croydon Sportsmen. J. Thomas. "Winnings at Bridge."

9*d.*—The Lord Bumpington.

8*d.*—Anon.

£5,000.—Original Member.

4*d.*—Two Boys of the Bulldog Breed. "Marmion." "Pug."

1*d.*—Tramway Conductor. "She Walks in Beauty like the Night." Sir P. Sassoon. M. Norman. "Lest we Forget." One or Two Stockbrokers.

So you see that we are getting along quite well. I shall tell you later what I intend to do with the cash. EVOE.

THE GRANDMOTHER-CLOCK.

THE Grandmother-clock
By the library wall
Isn't nearly so big
As the one in the hall;
And her silvery chimes
And her tiny tick-tocks
Aren't nearly so loud
As the Grandfather-clock's.

The Grandfather-clock
Has a voice with a *boom*,
You hear the sound ringing
In every room;
But the Grandmother's voice
Is so little and meek
You would almost believe
She's too timid to speak.

The Grandfather-clock
Last week wouldn't go
And has had to be sent
To the maker, and lo!
Little Grandmother-clock,
Once as shy as a mouse,
Can be heard chiming clearly
All over the house!



Frenchman. "'ELLO! 'ELLO! PORTER!"
Porter. "2 LO CALLIN', JACK."

DADDY LOVES MUMMY.

(A Play in Three Acts, with infinite apologies to the author of "Michael and Mary.")

ACT I.—*An A.B.C. Teashop in 1906. A Young Lady in funny clothes is sitting alone at a table crying over a bun. A Young Gentleman in a straw-hat hovers uncertainly round her.*

Young Gentleman (with ingenuous nervousness, registering the age of twenty-two very hard). I say . . . excuse me . . . don't you know . . . I mean to say . . . do you mind if I sit down? I—I've always hated having my tea alone. I say, I do think you might have smiled at that. It was meant to be whimsical.

Young Lady (listlessly). Was it?

Y. G. I say, you're crying. Oh, you mustn't do that! It's so awfully bad for the bun . . . unless there wasn't enough salt in it, that is.

Y. L. It doesn't matter.

Y. G. Oh, but it matters awfully. I mean, I think salt's terribly important—don't you?

Y. L. I don't think anything's important. *[Cries more.*

Y. G. Oh, but it is. *You're* important, and *I'm* important, and why you're crying's important. Won't you tell me?

Y. L. Have you ever known what it's like to be deserted by your husband?

Y. G. I'm afraid I haven't. You don't mean to say that's what's happened to you? *(She nods.)* Oh, I say, the swine!

Y. L. No, just a man.

Y. G. No, look here—you mustn't feel like that about it. *I'm* a man, and I'm not like that. Look here—I'm most terribly sorry for you. I'd like to help you. How much money have you got?

Y. L. Tuppence.

Y. G. Well, that won't take you far.

will it, unless you 're going on the Tuppenny Tube. And even after that what would you do?

Y. L. There 's always——

[*She stops.*

Y. G. Oh, no, there isn't. Not that. You mustn't think of that. Promise me you won't think of that.

Y. L. Well, if you'd rather I didn't . . .

Y. G. Now look here—I 've got an idea. I 've got a hundred pounds and rooms in Islington. Why don't you share them with me? (*She looks at him like a reproachful wounded dove.*) Oh, I didn't mean . . . surely you couldn't have thought me such a cad as that! I meant marriage.

Y. L. But I 'm married already.

Y. G. I know. That 's what makes it so much more fun.

Y. L. But isn't that bigamy?

Y. G. Pooh—bigamy 's only a word! Besides, it 'll be dangerous. Think of the bright eyes of danger. I believe everyone ought to live dangerously—don't you?

Y. L. (*doubtfully*). Well, it seems rather like asking for trouble, to me.

Y. G. If you don't ask for things in this world you don't get them. Besides, supposing we had a youngster (*she lowers her head*) how would it ever be able to respect us if we weren't married?

Y. L. But we shouldn't *be* married—really.

Y. G. Pooh—marriage is only a word! Shall we risk it?

Y. L. (*convinced, rapturously*). I think it 's a perfectly wonderful idea! Do you mind if I express my gratitude in my own way?

[*She butts his chest with her head.*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.—*A nice flat. Thirteen years later. The* Young Lady *and* Gentleman *are sitting reading.*

Y. G. I say, I do think it 's grand dressing for dinner every evening—don't you?

Y. L. Yes, especially when it 's our only maid's night-out. I love dishing-up in apricot-coloured lace. It lends a spice of danger to the dinner. Do you remember the first smoking-jacket you ever had?

Y. G. It was for Chip's sake really. I didn't think he 'd believe his father was a really good author if he didn't wear a velvet jacket when he went to see him in his bath.

Y. L. Our Chip! Just a chip of the old block. (*Affectionately*) Dear funny old block!

Y. G. Remember Chip's last letter? "DEAR BLOCK,—I ate seventeen ices yesterday and was sick three times. Buggins Major only ate fourteen and was only sick once. When chaps at school say they like EDGAR WALLACE 's books better than yours I punch their heads for them. Your obedient son, CHIP."

Y. L. He does honour you so.

[*A ring at the front-door bell.*

Y. G. Toss you for which of us answers it. Call.

Y. L. Heads *and* tails.

Y. G. I might have known I 'd have to do it myself! You can never trust a woman. (*He goes out and comes back with a stranger.*) Gentleman to see you, my dear.



"I'VE GOT SOME SNAPSHOTS HERE OF MYSELF ON HOLIDAY. WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE TO HAVE THEM ENLARGED."

Y. L. You!

Y. G. Your husband?

Stranger. That 's right.

Y. G. What do you want?

Stranger. What do you suppose? Money.

Y. G. Blackmail?

Stranger. Blackmail 's an ugly word.

Y. G. It 's an ugly thing.

Stranger. So 's bigamy.

Y. G. Pooh—bigamy 's only a word.

Stranger. So 's blackmail. Check!

Y. G. (*threateningly*). You get out.

Stranger. Now, now, now. You can't touch *me*; I 've got a weak heart. Come on, guvnor; what about a round thousand?

Y. G. A round thrashing 's what you 'll get if you don't clear out.

Stranger. Oh, temper, temper!

Y. G. (*pushing him conveniently behind the sofa*). You get out! Do you hear?

Stranger. Now you 've done it. I told you I had a weak heart. Now see if murder 's only a word. Cheerio!

[*He falls behind the sofa.*

Y. L. (*turning her back on the sofa*). Is he dead?

Y. G. (*doing likewise*). I expect so.

Y. L. What are we going to do?

Y. G. Well, darling, it just depends on whether you feel like a spot more danger in our married life.

Y. L. I 'm rather tired of it.

Y. G. Still, think of Chip.

Y. L. You 're right. Chip comes first.

Y. G. Chip comes first. We 'll make a fight for it. We 'll ring up the police and tell them the man was a book-reviewer.

Y. L. Oughtn't we to look and see if he 's got anything on him to show who he really is?

Y. G. Oh, no; that would take away the danger.

[*He goes out. The* Y. L. *reads a Shakespeare until he returns.*

Y. L. Let 's have a quotation competition till the police come. I 'll begin: "There are more things in heaven and earth——"

Y. G. Isn't life exciting?

Y. L. Who said that?

Y. G. *I* did.

Y. L. Darling, I don't care if we 're *not* married. I love you! Here come the police. Oh, isn't danger lovely?

CURTAIN.

ACT III.—*A very nice room in the St. James's Theatre.* Chip, *a bright young man, is lounging on the sofa. It is 1929. The* Y. G. *comes in. He is not quite so young.*

Y. G. Hullo, Chip!

Chip. Hullo, Block! How 's the great man this morning? Allow me to inform you, Mr. Novelist, that you are now a father-in-law.

Y. G. Good Lord, Chip! have you got married? Who to?

Chip. It pains me to have to correct an author's English, especially when that author is my father, but I cannot refrain from pointing out that "To whom?" would be better grammar.

Y. G. Young rascal! To whom?

Chip. Gaga. You see, we were at a cocktail-party yesterday, and some dirty

cad was saying that all writers were notoriously immoral, and that in all probability even you and Moogles weren't properly married, if the truth were known.

Y. G. (*overcome by the irony of the situation*). My God!

Chip. It's all right, Block. I just socked him one on the jaw and hauled Gaga off to the registry-office. I felt I had to do something.

Y. G. (*stricken*). Yes.

Chip. You see, I do honour you so, Block.

Enter the Y. L., *looking, if anything, a little younger.*

Y. G. Darling, we've always known, you and I, that the time would come when we'd have to face the music. Well, it has come. Chip, you won't mind if your mother sits on my knee while I tell you a story, will you?

Chip. Rather not.

Y. G. Well, it all began twenty-three years ago, before you were even thought of——

[*The lights fuse. When they go up again the* Y. G. *has finished his story.*

Y. G. I know, Chip, old chap, that it's pretty beastly for you to realise that Moogles and I aren't married, and that you're not legitimate, and that there's never been the slightest reason for it all. We could have put it right ages ago, but we thought we'd like to have *something* hanging over our heads to make life exciting. And, anyway, "legitimate" is only a word and . . . Well, what are you going to do?

Chip. This!

[*He goes down on his knees and puts his head in his father's lap.*

Y. L. There—I always told you you oughtn't to have taken him to see *Young Woodley*. He's just been waiting for an opportunity to do that ever since.

Chip. Block, I'm proud of you!

Y. G. And I of you!

Y. L. And I of all of us!

Chip. Three cheers for us! (*They cheer.*) Well, I think I'll go and see my wife now. [*Exit.*

Y. L. Darling, I do think life is going to be a bit dull with nothing to be afraid of any more. What can we do to make it dangerous again?

Y. G. I know. Let's ring up the police and give them a hint who that man really was who died on us.

Y. L. Oh, you do have the most wonderful ideas!

Y. G. Do you like me?

Y. L. (*screwing up her nose*). Just a little bit. Do you like me?

Y. G. Don't you know?

Y. L. (*coyly*). I'm not quite sure.

Y. G. Well, just keep on guessing!

CURTAIN.



THE PUPIL WHO EXCELLED HIS MASTER.

BUS 49.

(*A Tragedy.*)

Daddy bought a motor-car
Painted black and red;
He keeps it in the garage,
Which used to be the shed;
It's such a silly motor-car
That now the weather's fine
Me and Mummie go outside
Bus 49.

The paint on Daddy's motor-car
Isn't very bright;
I rubbed it with my hankerchiff
(Daddy said I might);
But rubbing with a hankerchiff
Will never make it shine.
Me and Mummie go outside
Bus 49.

Fixed on Daddy's motor-car
Was a lucky pig;
Yesterday he took it off—
It wasn't very big;
Daddy called the lucky pig
A disappointing swine.
Me and Mummie go outside
Bus 49.

Daddy says his motor-car
Isn't up to much,
Owing to the engine
And sometimes to the clutch;
I'd change it for a scooter
If only it were mine.
Me and Mummie go outside
Bus 49.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

THE BRONCO-BUSTER.

As an infantry subaltern George has his limitations, as I have frequently had occasion to point out to him, but as a cavalryman there is simply no future for him at all should his thoughts ever turn that way—unless of course mechanisation removes the necessity for mounted men to sit anything more restive than a tank. I base this conclusion on recent close observation of George in—and out of—the saddle on an occasion which has since provided the entire garrison of Nukuku with matter for discreet merriment and has rarely been bettered as an entertainment in the history of the King's Askari.

It must be said that when George purchased a wall-eyed and decrepit-looking mule from Van Blerk he had no intention whatever of setting up as a circus-rider. Far from it. His idea was that the animal would provide him with a dignified and comfortable form of transport when he went out shooting. It was Cissie the mule who introduced the circus element, and, though Van Blerk swore that the brute was so tractable and intelligent that she had been known to follow up buck-spoor on her own account and shut her eyes while he shot them over her back, I fear he coloured the facts. Still, he sold George the mule, which was positively the first that had ever penetrated the Central African wilds as far as Nukuku, where tsetse-fly and horse-sickness make existence unusually fleeting for this class of quadruped, and George was very bucked about it.

Van Blerk had bought her from a trader near the coast, and only a cast-iron constitution and a certain quality of dogged determination which George subsequently learned to respect, if not to admire, had enabled Cissie to survive the journey to the interior.

I think she liked Nukuku. At all events the morning after her arrival she woke in high spirits and expressed her appreciation of her new environment by landing an unsuspecting private of Number Two Platoon a neat back-hander in the solar p'exus as he was passing the tree to which George had tethered her pending the erection of more suitable quarters.

George's batman, Private Ali, was the next on the scene, having been ordered to do a spot of grooming. Unfortunately we shall never know exactly what occurred, since the only witness was the private of Number Two Platoon, who was still sitting on the ground in a semi-conscious condition which rendered his testimony unreliable. In any case Private Ali returned as hurriedly as a newly-acquired limp would permit and reported at some length and with considerable emphasis that the mule was apparently bewitched and displaying unbelievable activity at each end.

George, who was having breakfast, said he liked 'em with a bit of spirit and took some more marmalade. Afterwards he smoked a reflective pipe and muttered something about having to make out a musketry report. I offered to let that slide for the time being and pointed out that it was a lovely day for a ride. George said he thought perhaps it was a bit hot, but I told him that mules were impervious to heat and cold and that only close captivity, such as being tied to a tree, was apt to disturb their mental balance. Finally George shouted to Private Ali to bring up the saddle and bridle which he had purchased with the animal and we set out for the horse-lines, Ali a bad third.



"CISSIE SHIVERED, SNORTED AND HEAVED."

We found Cissie entertaining a group of interested Askari at long range, and she welcomed us with open hoofs. George took the bridle and advanced gingerly, making clucking noises, and Cissie, backing to the end of her tether, showed the whites of her eyes, snorted viciously and gnashed her teeth. George stepped back quickly on to my foot, and Cissie took advantage of the diversion to lay out an inquisitive mess-waiter who carelessly passed within reach of her hind feet. Then George tried again, but it was not until we had put half a platoon on the rope and by steady heaving pulled her nose well up to the tree that he managed to slip the bridle over her head. After that it took ten of us nearly an hour to saddle her, and when we had finished and removed the casualties George's ideas of the easy life enjoyed by cavalrymen had been considerably revised. But he is a generous youth, and though I declined his offer to let me have the honour of first bestriding the diffident Cissie, I appreciated the thought which prompted it, and told him so.

By this time we had her on three legs, the fourth being suspended in mid-air by a rope held by willing Askari, whilst her head was closely lashed to the tree-trunk. In that position she could offer only a negligible resistance, and beyond a grunt of disgust she made no sign as George clambered heavily into the saddle. Once there he settled down slowly, while we stood by to cast off, and finally, after George had adjusted the stirrups to his complete satisfaction, lighted a pipe, put it back in his pocket, ascertained the time, remarked on the weather and hinted that he really ought not to be enjoying himself like that as he had a lot of work to do, he caught my eye, coughed and said, "All right; let the dam thing go."

We cast off. Cissie shivered, snorted and heaved. George oscillated violently and then with a sudden scrunching of earth they had gone in a shower of dust and gravel. We caught a glimpse of a plunging brown body, saw George's topee bobbing wildly above it and the bush had swallowed them completely, leaving only the devoted Private Ali in sight as he hobbled in the wake of his master.

Scarcely had the exclamations of awed astonishment died down than with startling suddenness George and Cissie were with us again, shooting into view at meteoric speed, to disappear once more in the bush at the other side of the camp. I had just time to observe that George's topee had gone and that he had both arms round Cissie's neck

before they vanished; but a minute later they were back, and as they passed we could see that George was precariously perched just behind Cissie's ears. However, another frenzied plunge rectified that, and as they circled George changed position with alarming frequency, slipping from bow to stern, with occasional lurches to either flank.

Round and round they went, amid the encouraging shouts of the Askari, and as I dodged about the tree in the centre I felt that all I needed was a long whip and a frayed dinner-jacket. George went through all the motions associated with the circus ring until Cissie, tiring of the monotony or possibly feeling slightly giddy, made another rapid swerve and came straight for my tree. I skipped aside in the nick of time, for she stopped abruptly, put down her head, spread out her forefeet and deposited George in a neat bundle on what should have been the sawdust but was, as he remarked a little later, unusually hard baked earth. The intelligent animal surveyed him thoughtfully for a second, flirted her tail, spun round, gave two or three skittish little exhibition bounds which had the effect of restoring his saddle to the recumbent George, and then headed for the wide spaces.

We have never seen her since, and George has not bemoaned his loss. He thinks there is a lot to be said in favour of the infantry, and if anyone wants a soiled saddle he can have it.

WHY DO I READ?

WHY do I read? Euterpe, deign
To lend a hand while I explain.

Imprimis, then, because of shrinking
From that much sterner task of thinking;
Because I 'm dull and hope to find
Distraction in another's mind;
Because by cowardice or sloth
Or lack of means or health or both
Or this or that excuse I 'm banned
From high adventure at first-hand;
Because I 'm neither HOBBES nor RALEIGH
I sit and read—as a *pis-aller*.

One span of life is all too brief
In which to garner Wisdom's sheaf.
What profit, then, to rack my brow
With Whence and Whither, Why and How?
The finest things were thought and said
By seers and poets long since dead
Whose heritage we hold in fee
Through magic of word-alchemy.

Why traverse land and sea and air
When close beside my easy-chair
Are those who 'll teach me all they know
Of Far-Away and Long-Ago?
Unlettered wanderers to the vast
And storied marvels of the Past
Survey What-Is, but have they seen
More than the bones of What-Has-Been?
Travel, unless with study blent,
Leaves one no wiser than one went.

And realms there are that it were vain
To seek by steamer, car or plane,
Dim shapes that loom since childhood's prime
Through mists of Once-upon-a-time.
What ship will bear me o'er the seas
That hide the lost Atlantides,
What zephyr waft me to the strand
Of Lilliput or Wonderland,
Or where the soft sun smiles upon
The blesséd isle of Avalon,
Far from the blows that ring like hail
On jesserants of burnished mail?
Dream-cities, unsubstantial nooks
No man may visit save in books.

So, were I rover, sage or wit,
I think I still would read a bit.



"I 'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU 'VE HAD SUCH A WRETCHED COLD, LADY SHEBA."
"YES, IT 'S THAT NEW MAID OF MINE. SHE *WILL* PUT MY JEWELLERY ON ME WITHOUT TAKING THE CHILL OFF."



THE LATEST EVENING SKIRT SUGGESTS A RETURN TO DECORUM—



UNTIL THE WEARER SITS DOWN.

NEW MANNERS FOR ENGAGED COUPLES.

"TELL me," said my sister—"do you find England very much changed?"

"London is ruined," I replied emphatically. "I slip away from the country for a mere twenty years and when I return I find hardly a building I can recognise. It is rather disappointing."

"Fiddlesticks!" she retorted. "You're getting old, Edward."

"I am forty-nine," I announced defiantly.

"In spirit you're a hundred-and-ten. All men who live in the tropical wilds become premature centenarians. What do you think of Primrose?"

"An attractive girl," I replied. "It's rather fun meeting a twenty-year-old niece for the first time. What about this fellow to whom she's engaged? Do you like him?"

"Of course. Don't you?"

"I haven't met him yet," I replied.

"He's out on the lawn with Primrose. They've fixed up a tee and a net for golf-practice. Come along and meet the young man."

Together we strolled down to the lawn. As we approached, Primrose waved a welcoming hand and then continued her conversation with a tall pleasant-faced youth who was handling a driver.

"Darling," she said, "*do* try to get the thumb of the right hand further over the shaft. That's better. And bring the club back *slowly*, sweetheart."

"But, angel-face," replied the young man, "I do try, but I don't seem able to hit the ball. I suppose you're quite certain you have the right idea yourself?"

"Dearest, don't be futile."

I turned to my sister. "I suppose," I remarked in aside, "that I am right in assuming that all these endearments in public are part of modern youth? In my day engaged couples kept that sort of thing for the times when they were alone."

"'Engaged couples'?" she repeated blankly. "That isn't Primrose's young man; that's a friend he brought along this morning. Primrose has only just met him. *That's* Peter, over there." She pointed to another tall young man who was approaching.

"Hello, Pete!" called Primrose. "Come over here, hellhound; my Uncle Edward wants to vet you."

"What, *more* family?" he asked. "How d'y'do, Sir? Have you any influence over this?"—he indicated Primrose with a disdainful jerk of his thumb—"because, if so, I wish you'd tell her what a ghastly mess she looks in that frock."

"It's no use trying to be nice to Uncle," remarked Primrose, "because he's no money—have you, darling?"

"None," I replied.

"There isn't much catch in marrying into this family," said Peter. "I can't think why I'm doing it."

"I know why I'm marrying you," said Primrose. "It's because I like slumming."

She picked up the driver and made a tentative drive into the net.

"For the love of Mike keep your head down, idiot!" snarled her swain. "How many more times am I to——?"

My sister and I moved away as he became technical.

"A dear boy!" she said. "He and Primrose are ridiculously in love. But you were telling me something. Oh, I know. You were saying that you find England changed, weren't you?"

Lay Intrusion of which Mr. Punch Disapproves.

"We have removed every Vicar of Hammersmith for 120 years."—*Warehouse Advt.*



MUTUAL PROTECTION.

MR. BALDWIN.
LORD BEAVERBROOK. } "SO MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR YOUR LIFE-BELT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 3rd.—Bandabilla is not the name of a Moorish folk-dance or the Sultan of MOROCCO's chief wife, but of the only village in India where, as the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA informed Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE, the local Congress Party had successfully instituted the non-payment of taxes.

Whene'er I think of Bandabilla
I tell myself *terrarum illa*
Pars mihi super omnes ridet;
For there, if you 've incurred a high debt
For local taxes which you 'd rather
Not pay and someone comes to gather
The cash, you cry, "Be off and bandy
Words with my friend, MAHATMA GANDHI."

Mr. BENN assured Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE, however, that, except at Bandabilla, the Indian villager still regarded tax-paying as a positive pleasure.

Mr. GILLETT informed the House that ten new posts are to be added to the Commercial Diplomatic Service at a salary of sixteen hundred pounds per commercial diplomat. An appointments Board, half officials and half business men, is to be set up with the presumed object of seeing that some at least of the appointees are diplomatic commercials.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON imparts more real snap to the conduct of his Parliamentary business than all the other Ministers put together. He disposed of a Supplementary Estimate for the Ministry of Transport for sixteen thousand pounds with the practised ease of a Fleet Street magnate reporting to the shareholders the purchase of another half-dozen newspapers. Blithely he explained that most of the additional money was required for staff salaries and wages due to the speeding up of the Government's unemployment schemes. "Set a job to catch a job" is the Departmental motto.

There was also a trifle of five thousand guineas for experts' fees in connection with the Channel Tunnel scheme—a somewhat premature expenditure if the tunnel should presently be decided against on military or political grounds.

Meanwhile a little of the Empire Marketing Board's happy if somewhat irrevelant poster-work—a picture, say, of the British end of the tunnel with a box-truck marked "Produce of Britain. No rough shunting," and a seagull eating a dead star-fish in the foreground—is obviously needed. As it was, Major Ross got up and said that in Ulster they all thought the "Channel Tunnel" meant the projected tunnel between Scotland and Northern Ireland.

The Railway Freight Rebates Anticipation Fund came next under review and produced the heartening news that as the result of it our milk costs somebody ·14*d.* per gallon less.

The Forestry Fund started an argument as to whether hiring woodmen to nurse the trees could really be called laying the axe to the root of unemployment. Sir G. COURTHOPE, a former Forestry Commissioner, pointed out, in reply to a charge of lack of economy, that the Forestry Commissioners were only supposed to afforest land on which nothing else would grow. The soil of debate proving of a like barrenness and the hour being late, the House quickly disposed of a couple of minor Supplementary Estimates and called it a day.



PHIL AND WIN, THE FAMOUS BACK-CHAT COMEDIANS.
EVERY-OTHER-DAILY PERFORMANCE.

Tuesday, March 4th.—Having duly congratulated themselves and Sir EDWARD HALL ALDERSON, K.B.E., C.B., on his elevation from the position of Clerk Assistant to that of Clerk of Parliaments, in succession to Sir ARTHUR THRING, the House of Lords resumed last Wednesday's debate on Housing Conditions. Difficulties and remedies were adumbrated plentifully, but which of them, if any, will be removed by or incorporated in the Government's forthcoming slum clearance Bill Lord PARMOOR did not reveal.

The LORD PRIVY SEAL drew "derisive laughter" from the Opposition by remarking, in reply to a Question by Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, that "the policy of the Government in regard to unemployment had already been announced to the House." He next made it clear that he has joined the Government Clam Club, of which Mr. SNOWDEN and Mr. HENDERSON are the charter members. Nothing would induce him to say, even roughly, whether the now completed Channel Tunnel Report favoured construction or otherwise.

The knockabout act in which those peerless back-chat artists, Messrs. CHURCHILL and SNOWDEN, periodically appear in the alternate *rôles* of *Mutt* and *Jeff* or *Flot* and *Jet*, or whatever you will, is getting a bit tedious; not because the comedians of the first and second part do not think up sprightly new bits of business and fresh gags, but because the House insists on participating in the performance.

So it was this afternoon. Mr. CHURCHILL's mock castigation of the CHANCELLOR's "spiteful contumely" promised good entertainment, and Mr. SNOWDEN's retort that he was not as fond of airing his views to deputations as the Right Hon. Gentleman promised well, but what promised to be a more than usually spirited and entertaining encounter was promptly spoiled by the shouts and roars of the partisans. Truncheon work, not rapier play, is the only thing the House really appreciates. The first motions of a pretty dialectic duel are the signal for it to turn the proceedings into a bellowing match.

The only satisfaction left to the protagonists is to get in the last word. Mr. CHURCHILL got it in to-day. "Arrogance! Impudence!" he snorted. One could not say that honours were even. There were no honours. As for deputations from the silk industry that were the cause of all the pother, they will wait on Mr. SNOWDEN in vain. Their only hope is the United Conservative Empire Party.

The Government's decision to ban the intercessory services for persecuted Christians in Russia (fixed for March 16th) in respect of Military, Naval and Air Force church-parades came up for discussion on a Question to the PRIME MINISTER by Mr. BALDWIN. Certain Back-Benchers on both sides seemed anxious to treat it as a political question, but the leaders showed no such intention and, as the question was clearly proving a bristly one, agreed in the most friendly way to get together and discuss it.

The debate on the abortive Tariff

Truce Conference at Geneva might well have developed into a frank debate on Empire Free Trade but for three things: the absence of Empire Free Trade champions, the absence or non-participation of the Liberals and the fact that Mr. GRAHAM had really nothing to report of his Geneva excursion save the strong determination of the other nations either to have no Tariff Truce or to sign it only after they had had ample opportunity to peg up their existing tariffs to the highest notch. Naturally the MINISTER did not admit this, but his pious expectations, uttered, as he admitted, "without that enthusiasm that begets disastrous results," that some good would come to this country from the Conference deceived nobody.

Wednesday, March 5th.—The British Empire has left its sugar standing in the rain, like the man in the song, and its sugar has melted away. Anyway, it is rapidly melting, as Lord ELIBANK, drawing attention to the West Indian Sugar Report, informed his fellow-peers, and the West Indies are "plenty mad" at Mr. SNOWDEN, who will not say whether he intends to maintain the Sugar Duties or not. Would the SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES say what was going to be done?

Lord PASSFIELD would not and could not. The sugar planters, he made it clear, are Mr. SNOWDEN'S meat, and if, as 'tis his nature to (like the poet's cat), before he eats he teases 'em, it is quite useless for their well-bred lordships to pursue him with the besom of criticism. In any case it was quite futile to suppose that the Government would find the money to bridge the gap between the eight or nine pounds a ton that sugar was fetching to-day and the thirteen or fourteen pounds that it was costing the West Indies to produce it.

In the House Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON stonily refused to publish Sir ESMOND OVEY'S report on religious persecution in Russia or to give any intimation of what its contents might be. This wholehearted effort to hide the House's head in the sand in order that the Government may pretend not to see what is going on in Russia mightily displeased the Opposition. The plea that to give the information required would place the BRITISH AMBASSADOR in an unfortunate position struck them as decidedly specious.

Turning to a more fruitful topic, the FOREIGN SECRETARY told Mr. HACKING that it would cost one hundred and eighty thousand pounds to abolish visas on American passports. The Government needs the money.

Mr. LOVAT-FRASER, the Labour Member for Lichfield, presumably derives from the homeland of the monarchs of the glen. That is perhaps why his Bill to prohibit stag-hunting makes no attempt to abolish deer-stalking. His plea was sentimentally overwhelming, and the House gave him leave to introduce his Bill, or rather the S.P.C.A.'s Bill, well knowing that no more can or will be heard of it.



THE REUNION.

PASTOR LLOYD GEORGE PIPES TO HIS ERRANT FLOCK.

MR. HORE-BELISHA, MR. LAMBERT, SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, MR. E. D. SIMON, MR. RUNCIMAN, SIR DONALD MACLEAN, SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, MR. IAN MACPHERSON, MR. FOOT.

The House disposed of Clause 1 of the Coal Mines Bill in Committee, the Government firmly resisting an amendment to put coal intended for the iron and steel industries outside the price-fixing proposals.

Thursday, March 6th.—The Soviets' anti-religious transports may well excuse a Duke for exhibiting unducal vehemence. On the other hand the "earful" spilled by his Grace of ATHOLL *did* justify his spiritual Grace of CANTERBURY'S intimation that the nobleman's oratorical excess made his own task more difficult.

Lord THOMSON, for the Government, charged the Duke of ATHOLL with trying to make political capital out of a purely religious question, but his argument, that because his Government has resumed diplomatic relations with the Soviets it must now do nothing that seemed like criticising the Soviets' efforts to stamp out Christianity, can hardly have had the effect he intended. The same may be said of Lord BEAUCHAMP'S remark that "they all disliked airing *religious difficulties* in their Lordships' House." Is there not a lady in one of BERNARD SHAW'S plays who, deprecating the religious turn the conversation has taken, says, "Let us talk about something pleasant"?

Lord PARMOOR made it plain to the PRIMATE that his principal objection was being met. Meanwhile in the Commons the PRIME MINISTER intimated that the conference of the three Party leaders seemed likely to settle the matter satisfactorily, though not to the satisfaction, it transpired, of Mr. THURTLE and his inappropriately named colleague, Mr. MATTERS.

Religion always gives a mountainous appearance to what in other circumstances would be molehills. The Government in its passion for diplomatic correctness may have been justified in wishing to ban the projected intercessory prayers from Military, Naval and Air Force parade services, but the fact remains that it bungled a delicate situation in the crudest manner. To be suspected, even unjustly, of regarding Communistic susceptibilities as of more account than those of Christendom can hardly be to its advantage.

"I am aware of the injurious effect that the McKenna Duties have had on the motor industry," said Mr. SNOWDEN in reply to Lieut.-Col. HOWARD-BURY. The CHANCELLOR declined Lord TITCHFIELD'S invitation to defend this utterance before the voters of Newark, confining himself to the remark that if he did so the Noble Lord might live to regret it. Slightly chilled by this manifestation of sea-green and incorruptible Cobdenism the House went into Committee of Supply and discussed Scottish fisheries.

"After much deliberation the outlook for a shaking rink with artificial ice is exceptionally bright."—*Canadian Paper.*

The presence of a few beginners should be enough.



STUDIES IN CRIME.

SMUGGLERS GETTING ASHORE BY CLEVER RUSE WITH CONTRABAND GOODS AT A CHANNEL PORT.

THE PARENT AS SUCH.

I CONSIDER the above title particularly illuminating because it reveals at once how I intend to approach the modern home-convulsing problem of Parent and Child. You can see at a glance that I am going to deal with the parent as a parent and not as a Cabinet Minister or lady-editor or whatever he or she may be in lighter moments. There should be no hesitancy or confusion about the title of a striking or powerful article.

To commence frankly with fundamentals: What is a parent? A parent may be said (and in these tolerant days it may even be said out loud) to be the father or mother of a child. In the twelfth century the father of a child was invariably a male and the mother as invariably a female,* and even to-day there are no recorded exceptions to this rule, though in some instances the modern mother is more or less masculine in appearance and habits and often drinks cocktails and neglects to replace divots in the same way as the male parent. Having thus clearly defined the main biological characteristic of parents we may proceed to consider their responsibilities in respect of their children, or, in other words, what all this present-day fuss is about.

It is generally held to be the duty of parents, unless they can push the burden on to a wealthy relative, to nourish, provide with pocket-money and give elementary instruction (or cause same to be given) to their offspring until such time as the latter are old enough to collect cigarette-pictures, read the newspapers and appreciate the efforts of the B.B.C. At this stage their intellects may safely be left to the capable care of tobacco-merchants, the syndicated Press and radio lecturers.

This, however, does not absolve parents from the responsibility of making their influence felt in the home. There was a time when the male parent was content to make his influence felt in the home by going to sleep in the best chair after the evening meal with a newspaper over his face, but since then home-life has become a science, and when a thing develops into a science you can no longer go to sleep over it.

Such is the importance of treating home-life as a science in these days that the bookstalls can scarcely find room for the semi-technical productions of those who toil to make other people's homes what they ought to be. In everything, from the administering of teething-powders to the artistic furnishing of a daughter's bedroom, the modern parent is guided and sustained by skilful and often aristocratic hands. Indeed the science of home-life would seem to have been rendered practically foolproof.

Why then do parents continue to be the despicable subject of terrible revelations in the powerful and passionate Press? How is it, you naturally demand with some warmth, that parents fall short of that ideal which nowadays should be so easy to attain? I will tell you briefly and outspokenly, for the matter is one which should no longer be ignored. It is due to the atavistic functioning of their parental mentality, so aptly described by a youthful student of parental psychology as the state of being "too prehistoric for words." It would be impossible to imagine anything more dreadful.

Incredible though it may seem there are in our midst to-day old-fashioned mothers who expect their daughters to do a certain amount of housework and occasionally be at home in the evenings; who endeavour to discourage their daughters' excessive consumption of cocktails and cigarettes; who evince a deplorably out-of-date curiosity concerning the men that their daughters propose to marry. In short, tyrant mothers, preying mothers, vampire

* GREEN, the historian, writing of MATILDA, the mother of HENRY II., definitely uses the pronoun "she."



Startled Burglar. "YOU MIGHT BE A BIT MORE CAREFUL, DASHIN' IN 'ERE IN THAT JAZZY GET-UP."

mothers, mothers that sap their children's souls.

There are even, it seems, fathers who, when their sons get the sack or pile up the car or stay out all night, go off the deep end, instead of gently and sympathetically discussing reflexes and complexes and inhibitions and reactions and all the other basic scientific components of youth's modern urge towards freedom and independence. The merely human mind can scarcely conceive anything that can be done for such dreadful creatures, but it is something to know that we striking and powerful writers are trying to do it.

We are striving to make contact, to adjust relationships and—er—all that, because we realise how frightfully important it is that—well, that we should. *Parents must realise this too.*

Despite the apparent gravity of affairs in the modern home I do not counsel measures of too revolutionary a nature. I do not consider the time is yet ripe for the total abolition of parents. Whether or not, at some future date, this desperate remedy becomes necessary depends upon whether the endeavours of the Press to produce the perfect parent succeed or fail. We can only hope that the publicist's ideal will be realised and that ultimately there will be evolved parents who will be a credit to the modern child—parents so flawless that they will appear to have stepped straight out of the pages of a home magazine.

D. C.

A BOAT-RACE BAEDEKER;

OR, THE BLUES' GUIDE.

MANY of the University oarsmen this year will be New Blues, unacquainted with the tideway; and a little general information about the neighbourhood may make them feel at home.

The starting-point is picturesquely placed between the *Bishop of LONDON's Palace* on one bank and *a very large pub** on the other. The Palace, however, cannot be seen, and the pub is generally shut.

Objects of interest between Putney and Hammersmith Bridges are not numerous. On the port hand, a little below *Ranelagh*, the parched oarsman may feast his eyes on the historic stream of *Beverley Brook*, which here purls into the river, having come straight from Richmond Park. Then, on the other side, is *Craven Cottage*, where Fulham plays football, and the *Crab Tree Inn*. I have never been able to detect the Crab Tree, and I cannot recommend the Inn, for I have never been there. Between the Inn and the Bridge, in the old days, there were some fine and historic mansions, as, for example, *Brandenburgh House*, where the Margravine of ANSPACH or somebody lived. She was the widow of GEORGE III. (I *think*). These mansions are not there now, but the life-giving hand of commerce has erected in their place many curious *warehouses*, *wharves* and *advertisements* which will not repay study.

At low water, a quarter-of-a-mile below the Bridge, there are *shoals and shallows* stretching into the centre of the river; the Crews therefore would do well to keep to the left. The first point of danger is *Hammersmith Bridge*; here the small boys who have been educated at our great elementary schools lean over the parapet and try to spit upon the navigators below. But, to encourage the crews, I may say that I have been travelling under London's bridges for about ten years and only once have suffered a direct hit.

Hammersmith Bridge was the first suspension bridge in London, and was opened in 1824 by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. Oxford generally falls behind here—a pretty gesture.

From this point onwards objects of interest abound and I can recommend all the Inns.

On the starboard hand the Blues will see the *Vicarage**, the *London Corinthian Sailing Club*** (charming balcony and flag-staff), and immediately above that, if they do any practising at night, the only *Lighthouse* in London.

The *Lighthouse* (white—occults constantly) marks the entrance to the *Creek*, on the shores of which the fishing-village of *Hammersmith* stood. A hundred years ago many *salmon* were caught here, also *roach* and *dace*, the scales of which were sold to the Jews for the construction of *false pearls*. Twenty years ago *flounders* abounded; five years

ago many *roach*, *dace* and *perch* were seen; three years ago I caught a tired *trout* in a butterfly-net; to-day an occasional diseased *dace* drifts by, and *eels* and *sticklebacks* still survive. And so the March of Commerce goes on.

Next (still on the Middlesex shore) is that antique and celebrated inn, *The Doves****, a very good pull-up for oarsmen; I advise both the crews to tie up their boats here at least once a day during practice.

A few yards to the west they will notice with delight the house where *William Morris* lived (plaque), though many of the people who live about there now are just as nice and do not write such dull books.

Passing rapidly by the *Stork* (training ship for nautical boys), *Hammersmith Mall*, the *Waterworks* and the *Ship* Inn**, the eights will probably like to rest on their oars opposite the house where *Haddock* lives now. As yet no tablet or plaque marks out the building, but the crews will easily distinguish it by the air of spirituality which hangs round it, a sort of idealistic steam, by the number of cats and children in the garden, and by the clouds of duns and income-tax officials who lie off in powerful motor-boats in case the occupant should make a dash for it. These are called *Dun Row*.

Past this house, in 1925, a *kingfisher* flew.

A little further on lies *Chiswick Eyot*, an island (pronounced "ait") which belongs to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, I cannot think why. By the day of the race all the *withes* will have been cut down and taken away to make *baskets*, of which the Commissioners are very fond. As they pass, therefore, the eights will have an uninterrupted view of the charming *Chiswick Mall***. Indeed, if either crew is as far ahead as one of them usually is, Cox would be well advised to steer *inside* the island and let them have a good view of the *Mall*. This has never been done, as it is a longer route, but it might easily make a poor race into a good one.

Many famous people have lived on the *Mall*, including *Becky Sharp* (Miss Pinkerton's Academy) and the late Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. On the island live *ducks*, *swans*, *lesser grebes*, *moorhens* and, I suppose, *moorcocks*. The Cambridge crew are requested not to splash too much, as this frightens the birds, to which the residents are much attached. The *long* birds in grey are not ducks but *herons*. These do not belong to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and may be photographed.

An *eddy* runs beside the island, *against* the tide. Oxford are advised not to get into the eddy, as they will then shoot backwards towards Putney. Cambridge also are advised not to go too near the South side of the island to gather kingcups as the swans at nesting-time are very fierce and detest bright colours and uncultured voices.

A little above the island, in 1926, *Haddock* saw a *cormorant*.

Chiswick Church stands at the western end of the Mall, surrounded by breweries. There is a ferry here, and the ferrymen, though advanced in years, have kind hearts, row well and would gladly assist any University man in difficulties.

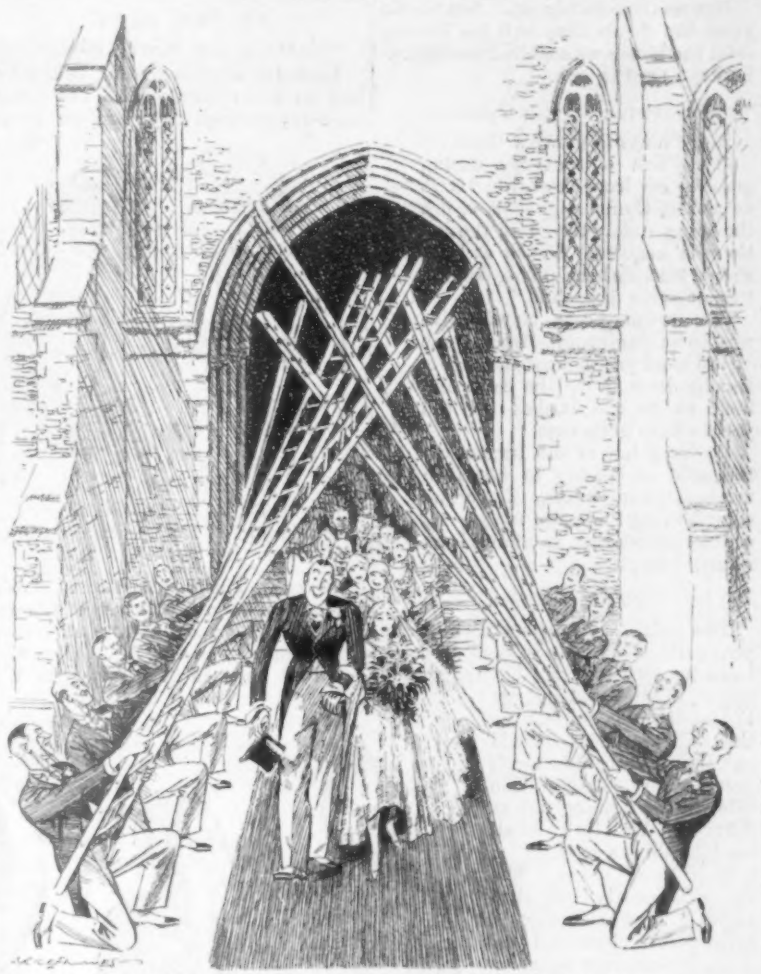
It is no use Cambridge getting out at the Church, for the charming old fifteenth-century Inn opposite to the Church has lost its licence owing to the operation of our bizarre statutes.

Just above the next brewery there is very often *a very bad smell* from a drain, and, passing this, I advise Cambridge to hold their noses. Last year the sensitive Oxford eight lost many lengths through this cause.

Not far from the bad smell the crews (on the day of the race) will see the *Cambridge Enclosure*, in Chiswick's noble riverside park (*né* Duke's Meadows). The *band-stand* and *dancing-floor* (asphalt) will doubtless attract the younger men: and any oarsman in need of a rest may be assured of a hearty welcome. A little before *Barnes Bridge* they will see (if they stand up) the *Civil Service Sports Ground*, where the Treasury plays leap-frog. On the other bank the *Waterman's Arms****. Oxford should have one here.

After *Barnes Bridge* the delightful hamlet of *Barnes* (Surrey side). *Fine old trees, old houses, public seats*, an *Inn** (another *Ship*, if I remember right), and so to the winning-post.

(*Continued on next page.*)



THE WEDDING OF A MEMBER OF THE "13" CLUB.

But let the men row on. Not far beyond the finish they will see (Surrey side) the house where Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING used to live.

ETIQUETTE OF THE TIDEWAY.

A few hints to the new Blues:—

(1) When small boys during practice cry from the bank, "Give us a ride, Cymebridge!" it is not the thing rudely to ignore the little ones' request. Stroke at least should turn his head and say kindly, "Some other day, child."

(2) Rowing-boats should give way to sailing-boats. During one of the local yacht-races the eights should draw in to the bank and hold on to the bushes till the yachts have gone past.

(3) Very few of the Inns allow tankards or glasses to be taken away in rowing-boats. The crews should bring their own mugs. As a rule something is allowed on returned empties.

To the Captains.

The public wish to see as much of your gallant boys as possible. It would be better, therefore, as I have suggested before, if you could arrange to row the race *against* the tide. Further, 4.0 P.M. would suit the general public much better than 10.0 A.M. The tide will be running out at 4.0 P.M. on April 12th. Shall we take this as settled?

One thing more. The moon is nearly full that night. It would give a great deal of pleasure if you could row the race *again* by moonlight about 10 or 11. I have some friends coming to dinner and they would just love it.

To the Coaches.

I have observed that during practice, when it is very rough above Hammersmith Bridge, you sometimes turn round and take the boys back to Putney. Pardon my absurd ignorance, but might not more practice in rough water mean fewer sinkings in the race?

To the Oxford Coxswain.

Should your crew weary towards the end of the race you will find that by waggling your rudder to and fro you will be able to add perceptibly to the pace of the boat. A. P. H.

AT THE PLAY.

"CHARLES AND MARY" (GLOBE).

LIKE Dr. JOHNSON, with whom he had no mean affinity, CHARLES LAMB is to-day perhaps more written about than read. The salient features of his life are common property. We know that he was an essayist, a charming correspondent, an inveterate Cockney, and that he lived devotedly with his sister MARY, who occasionally went mad. His letters and essays are so self-revealing and his friends were so appreciatively articulate that any writer of sense and sensibility who attempts his portrait has only personal excuses for failure. The material is there, attested by a cloud of witnesses.



MARY ALL CONTRARY.

Mr. Lamb (Sen.) . . MR. DRELINCOURT ODLUM.
Mary Lamb . . . . MISS JOAN TEMPLE.

Miss JOAN TEMPLE, the author of this play, takes our familiarity with these facts for granted, the better to discharge her special task. Concerned less with projecting "ELIA," the man of letters, than with canonising CHARLES, the protector of MARY, she attempts not full-lengths but a companionate pair of Kit-cats. Of the two, that of MARY is the more persuasive; and it is so evidently a labour of love that only the more bigoted among the faithful will dispute its power.

The murky little tableau that opens the play is a kind of puff preliminary from the bellows of love that prepares rather than whets anticipation. It shows us *Charles* and *Mary* in late middle-age, writing together in their lodgings at Edmonton and capping each other's quips about posthumous fame and the troubles they have weathered. Its dramatic purpose is to focus our interest and concern upon the fireside sequestration that is both the dominant *motif* of the play and its consistent text. For when the hurly-burly 's done it is shown again as a kind of soothing footnote.

Mary, not *Charles*, is the play's most vital character, and as soon as we see her, distracted by domestic cares and the counter-claims of dressmaking, the peculiar virtue of the play is felt. Her parents might be fiends from hell, so set do they seem on fretting her tortured nerves to breaking-point. And, when the inevitable happens and in her frenzied rush about the room *Mary* stabs her mother, the imaginative truth of Miss TEMPLE'S acting and her obsession by her subject are fully vindicated.

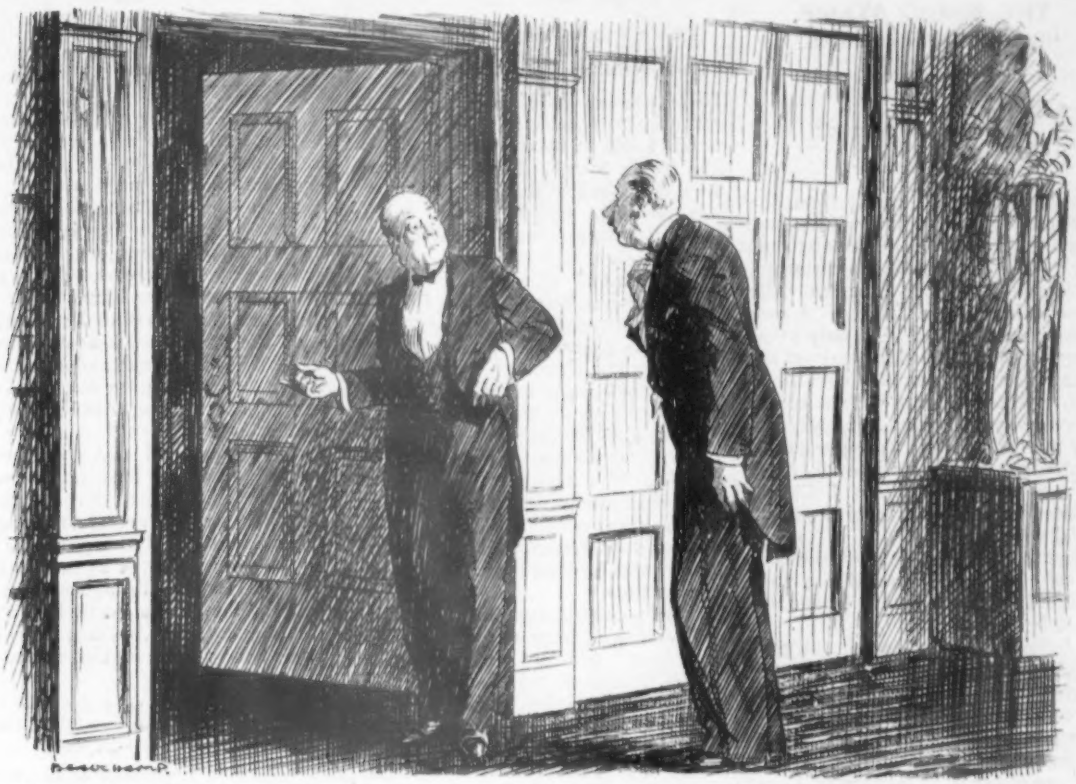
The party at *Godwin's*, which occupies the second Act, and to which HAYDON has done diviner justice, is attended by those Titans, *Coleridge* and *Wordsworth*; but, despite the actors' careful use of their opportunities,



HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge . . . MR. T. G. SAVILLE.
Charles Lamb . . . . . MR. PETER RIDGEWAY.
William Wordsworth . . . . MR. ALBERT E. RAYNOR.

Lamb (to Coleridge). "COULDN'T YOU GIVE US SOME OF 'THE ANCIENT MARINER' TO MAKE THINGS JOLLY?"
Wordsworth. "OR I'LL RECITE 'LUCY GRAY' IF YOU LIKE."



Butler (to week-end Guest). "THEY SAY, SIR, THAT THIS ROOM IS HAUNTED, BUT IT 'S MY BELIEF THE GHOST IS NOW DEFUNCT."

Mary remains the only character that counts.

George Dyer, whom Mr. ANDREW LEIGH invests with such idiosyncratic charm, looks in then and later, to leave his shoes upon the mantelpiece or confound all conversation; but even he is a nice diversion, not a dramatic entity—little, indeed, for all his engaging oddness, but a suit of period slops, a tousled wig, a pair of truant spectacles and a maze of wandering wits.

So too the little Quaker of Pentonville, whose legend flowers in this friendly soil to give the later phases of the play a tincture of romance and augment its gentle action.

To what, then—since the critic of even so shy a theme as this should not leave his observations in mid-statement—may one attribute the play's queer charm? Less, I fancy, to any rare virtue in its craftsmanship than to the author's dæmon. Miss TEMPLE herself plays *Mary* with the same rapt absorption that inspired its writing: seeming to live the part, not merely to act it. And through all the stilted courtesies of *Godwin's* soirée, no less than in the serial domesticity, one feels this dæmon's presence and watches for its plainer manifestations in the recurrent mental crises that end each scene.



A CAMBRIDGE MAN BEING TUBBED.
George Dyer . . . MR. ANDREW LEIGH.

Of *Lamb* himself, as one more robustly had envisaged him, little enough comes through. There are indubitable traces of his soul, but few of his mind and body. For while he frolics in and out of season, fires off his famous puns, goes gamely through the phrenological tricks that HAYDON has immortalised, and watches *Mary* with a guardian angel's vigilance, it is to Mr. PETER RIDGEWAY'S sensitive discretion as this pious wraith, to his quick bright glance and sweet perceptive smile, that tribute should be paid. The minor characters, with the exception of *George Dyer*, are famous names, not persons, who live and move and have their partial being in a charade-like vacuum.

The plain insistent dialogue buttonholes attention, as the *Ancient Mariner* held the *Wedding Guest*. One chafes at times, but listens. Even in action the play's effect is not immediate and compulsive, but subtly cumulative, like that of some bland nepenthe. The impressions that it leaves are pleasant but elusive; they defy recapture yet echo clearly in the hollows of the mind. Its period settings are composed with taste and faithfully ill-lighted; but the re-telling of its story, together with more purposeful analysis, are matters for the interpreter of dreams, not for me.

H.

THE MAGIC STAMP.

"Buy a magic Savings Stamp,
Stick it on your card—
SIX-PENCE WEEK-LY,
It isn't very hard.
Ten years roll away—
How the money 's grown!
FIFTEEN POUND-NOTES
All your very own."

Is it not time, or nearly time, that questions were asked in the House with regard to the cadence of Departmental song? The National Savings stamp is sold by the Post-Office. The Post-Office is controlled by the Cabinet. Anyone would suppose that His Majesty's Government, if constrained to break out into lyrical utterance, would do so, if not with rapture, at least with a certain quiet dignity and charm. In any logically-minded and less loosely-regulated country than ours an Academy of Letters would be consulted before a Cabinet Minister was allowed to give vent to official verse.

That this was not done on the occasion of the composition of the poem which I have quoted above I have now definitely ascertained.

I inquired first at our local post-office, and was met with the blank stare of ignorance. It may seem hard to believe, but no interest was shown amongst the subordinate officials of this particular district in the poetical effusions of the central bureau. It had never been read aloud to them before publication. No order had been given to them to hum it quietly to themselves whilst pretending not to notice that a parcel had been placed on the scales. For all they cared, or seemed to care, this rhapsody might never have been given to the world.

I rang up St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"Who wrote the poem called *The Magic Stamp*?" I inquired breathlessly.

No one seemed to know.

"You are sure it was not the POET LAUREATE?" I went on.

They thought not. I had suspected as much from internal evidence and a detailed comparison of *The Magic Stamp* with the *Testament of Beauty*. But I reminded them rather tartly that Lord TENNYSON, during the heyday of the Victorian period, had been willing, if not eager, to contribute either an ode or a sonnet for the embellishment of almost any form of Governmental activity. I instanced particularly the ode on the occasion of the Great Exhibition of 1851, opened by PRINCE ALBERT THE GOOD, beginning with the lines:—

"Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,
And praise the invisible universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art and Labour have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet."

There was an indefinable quality of enthusiasm, I said, about those lines which I felt to be entirely lacking in *The Magic Stamp*. There was directness, I said, in *The Magic Stamp*. There was lucidity. But it seemed to me neither to soar nor to roll. Was it really worthy——

They rang off.

I then remembered that the Government departments had amongst their own ranks a poet of no mean calibre. I rang up Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE at the Ministry of Labour and asked him if he was responsible for the lines.

He said, "Certainly not."

"Well, what *do* you do in the Ministry of Labour?" I inquired. "Is there no inter-departmental co-operation of any kind whatsoever?"

He said he was busy writing an epic on unemployment and would talk to me another time.

I still persist in regarding the affair of *The Magic Stamp* as a scandal, the more so as I find that tenders were not invited from poets outside the permanent departments before the decision was taken to print and utter this particular work. Neither Mr. ALFRED NOYES nor Miss EDITH SITWELL had anything to do with it. It was not written by Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE or by Mr. HAROLD MONRO. Mute bewilderment prevailed at the Poetry Book Shop as to the authorship of the lines.

Yet somewhere or other there exists obviously a man employed either as a whole-time or as a part-time poet by His Majesty's Government whose work has earned no public recognition of merit, and whose genius by comparison with the great masters of melody, either living or dead, suffers in my opinion from sheer mediocrity. Is public money being wasted on this man? Is an appeal to buy Magic Saving Stamps, couched in inferior phraseology, deficient in nobility, lacking in majesty, void of all rhythmic flow, consonant with that desire for combined efficiency and economy in the expenditure of public moneys which we all have so much at heart? I trow not. Many a man, ay, and many a woman, must have been deterred from buying a Magic Saving Stamp by the want of grandeur and mysticism in this piece of prosody. Nor is there much doubt that a precedent of this kind, if permitted to pass unchallenged, will speedily become a rule.

THE FAËRY TAX.

Put down all your income;
Filling up the form
Through the winter evenings
Keeps you nice and warm.
Two or three years after
All your money 's gone
You may get some rebate
If you still keep on!

I want to ask my readers seriously whether, confronted by a lyric of that sort printed at the top of Schedule D, they would feel the urge and fire, the sense of quickened vitality, the momentary translation to a higher plane of being, which is what we ought to ask of great poetry, and more especially, as I think, of great poetry issued under the seal and sanction of a State Department. Would they even in such a case remember to put down the income derived from letting the house during August, when the legs of the dining-room chairs got so badly knocked about?

Let whoso will, I say, construct a nation's budget so long as a really competent and authoritative official is selected to compose her registered songs. I can only hope that this public grievance may be ventilated by some high-souled Member of Parliament during the discussion on the Post-Office Estimates next month. As things stand at present I have no hesitation in stating that

"Bending upward with memorial urns
The most high Muses, who fulfil all ages,
Weep, and our god's heart yearns"

with regard to this matter of the magic stamp. I will say no more. EVOE.

SAFETY IN SOLITUDE.

ONE swallow does not make a spring (or summer);
There is no comfort in a mateless plumber;
A harper harping on a single string
Is like a Pong divided from its Ping;
One bee imprisoned in a bonnet does
Less brain-work than a swarm, by its unaided buzz.

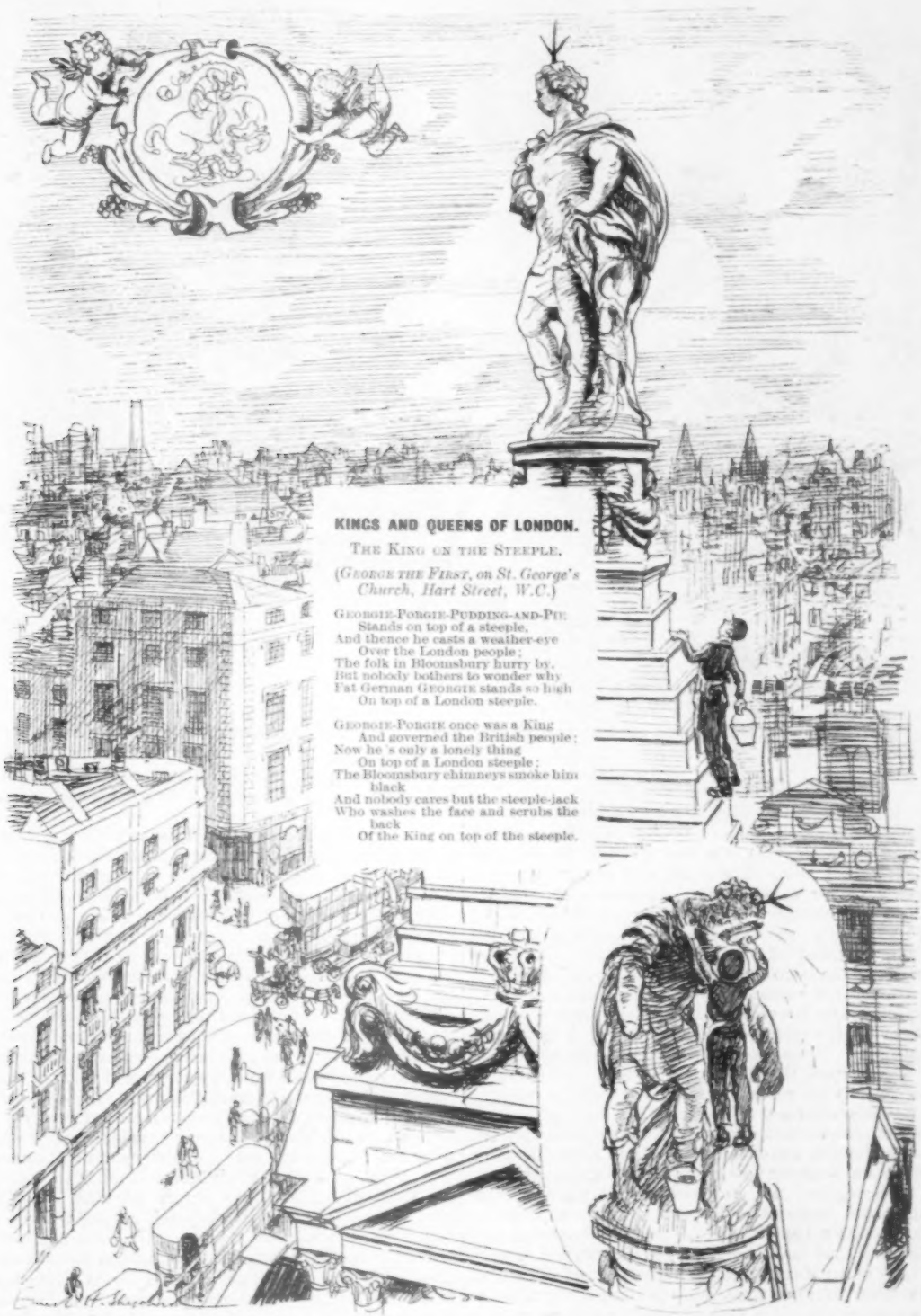
And yet, although the Unit has its weakness,
It may achieve renown by its uniqueness;
One daily STITCH, if WILHELMINA sew it,
Outsells an epic by a major poet;
And England may survive through the escape
From its entanglements of one Imperial ape.

The Hand that Rocks the Cathedral . . .

"Milne refused to write children's stories, but wife's suggestion resulted in Christopher Wren Series."—*Canadian Paper.*

Cynicism Which Would Seem Misplaced.

"After the Vicar had blessed the nets fishing operations were continued. Catches at all stations on the Tweed are reported to have been disappointing."—*Church Paper.*



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

THE KING ON THE STEEPLE.

(GEORGE THE FIRST, on St. George's Church, Hart Street, W.C.)

GEORGIE-PORGIE-PUDDING-AND-PIE
Stands on top of a steeple,
And thence he casts a weather-eye
Over the London people;
The folk in Bloomsbury hurry by,
But nobody bothers to wonder why
Fat German GEORGIE stands so high
On top of a London steeple.

GEORGIE-PORGIE once was a King
And governed the British people;
Now he 's only a lonely thing
On top of a London steeple;
The Bloomsbury chimneys smoke him black
And nobody cares but the steeple-jack
Who washes the face and scrubs the back
Of the King on top of the steeple.



"I 'M AFRAID OUR DIVORCE WILL HAVE TO BE A QUIET ONE, OWING TO A BEREAVEMENT IN MY HUSBAND'S FAMILY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"WHAT keeps you so unspoilt?" said an old compatriot who found LA KARSAVINA, the idol of Paris, darning her stockings; and I think this query will come uppermost with every reader of the great dancer's reminiscences. These deal with her childhood, her sojourn in *Theatre Street* (HEINEMANN, 25/-)—the native home of the Russian Ballet—and her conquest of the world without. Sir JAMES BARRIE extols the book's "delightful and novel" sidelights on the theatre; but personally I share Madame KARSAVINA's own tenderness for her childhood, when "for lack of outside excitement all the trivial everyday things took on interest and meaning." From a poor yet distinguished home—her father was himself the TSAR's chief mime and dancer—TAMARA KARSAVINA passed through the rigorous training of the Russian *ballerina*. The rest of her story is one long chronicle of achievement, strewn with appreciative portraits of contemporaries, DIAGHILEFF, FOKINE, LYDIA KYASHT, LOVAT FRASER, ADELINE GENÉE, PAVLOVA, ISADORA DUNCAN. There is throughout less æstheticism than you would expect and more humanity. KARSAVINA is too supreme an artist to tolerate art out of bounds; and the Puritanism only half-repented that made her tear up MARINETTI's presentation copy of his *Manifesto* is the salt of a sweet and attractive character. Her last appearance in Russia, with convicts in the Imperial box and a sack of flour for a bouquet, is as thrilling as her final escape to England with her English husband and child. Her book is admirably illustrated, and SARGENT is shown at his best with a congenial sitter.

While reading the first few chapters of Sir GEORGE MACMUNN's latest historical volume—*Afghanistan From Darius To Amanullah* (BELL, 21/-)—I was almost driven to the conclusion that the complication of mutual murder among rival Shahs and Amirs had been too much for the writer; but very likely it was only too much for me. Sir GEORGE has plunged boldly into that tangle of mountains and dynasties where "the currency of the Græco-Bactrian kings still lies buried in the cottage-pots," and the tribesmen of the passes still levy toll and make kings as they did before the days of ALEXANDER. Supported by that noble and appropriate word, "fissiparous," which thunders on every other page of his narrative, he has valiantly attempted to trace the wavering boundaries and to track the crown, or half a crown, or indeed the sometimes hardly negotiable few pennyworth of a crown, on innumerable wearers' uneasy heads through a thousand years of history. The story of our own "operations," including those of 1919, less familiar in detail than are the earlier campaigns associated with such ringing names as Jalalabad and Kandahar, is set out with occasionally thrilling detail, from the time when news of the occupation of Delhi by NADIR SHAH took eight months to reach London to the last brave chapter when British planes extricated foreign educational missions from the familiar trap among the hills. If, in trying to foresee a future for the country, the writer has not been quite quick enough for

the clans, since the greater part of his book refers to a reasonably well-ordered state busily shaving its beard and educating its woman-kind under a twentieth-century ruler, while only a few perfunctory pages at the end indicate the turn of the wheel back to familiar darkness, he has at least penetrated his subject and retired with the honours of war, which is about the best that can be expected of a march on Kabul.

At twelve-and-sixpence from ERNEST BENN
Hunting and Horses abroad must go;
And here for you, ladies and gentlemen,
Is as pleasant a book as the gods bestow
Upon riding readers of *now* or *then*,
And it 's written by Mrs. MARTINEAU.

Here 's shires and provinces, Ireland too
(Hark to the holloa and hark to the horn!)
And gossip of horses and stories new
(Oh, the ploughland deep! Oh, the grass of Quorn!)
Cum sense for the stable and hints a few
From a pen, you 'd say, to the pigskin born.

I like the book and its friendly air,
I like its gossip of days whose lease
Ran out lang syne, and I 'll not forbear
To sing its sketches—the elbow-grease
Of ARCHER-HOUBLON—and bid you share
With me my joy in a neck-to-spare
Most excellent ARMOUR frontispiece.

Procession (CAPE, 7/6) seems to me a curious title to choose for a collection of short stories, but I suppose Miss FANNIE HURST had her reasons for selecting it. She is a competent writer of the kind of story that depends upon characterisation rather than incident and the neatly administered shock of surprise at the finish. Her condensed novels (there are five of them in this volume) might quite easily have been expanded to the customary size, and perhaps might even have gained in the process. They would almost certainly have had a better chance of a big sale. English readers, for some reason or other, prefer their characters to persist; if they have made a friend they do not want to drop her at the end of a few pages and be subjected to a new introduction; they prefer, not unnaturally, to know a few persons thoroughly rather than acquire a bowing acquaintance with a crowd. But of their kind I rate these stories higher than most volumes I have seen of late. The author of *A President is Born*—the work by which Miss HURST is best known on this side—has a good deal of real power, and three out of her five stories are very decidedly on a higher plane than is common. "The Third Husband," "The Young Prince" and "Give this Little Girl a Hand" are very good. I am not sure that the last is not the best of the lot, in spite of its troublesome name. *Rodeo West*, running her night-club and cabaret in Broadway, with her immense vitality and all her disreputable family hanging on to the tails of her ermine coat, is a real creation. In her first story it seems to me that Miss HURST is too obviously out for tears; she should learn to handle the pathetic stop a little more subtly. But all her stories are worth reading, for the simple reason that all her varied procession of characters is alive.



Alleged Mariner. "AY, MANY 'S THE TIME I 'VE SAILED IN ONE O' THEY SHIPS WHEN I WERE A YOUNG MAN."
Visitor. "BUT SURELY THIS IS ONE OF THE GREAT FROBISHER'S SHIPS?"
Alleged Mariner. "AY, AN' VERY FOND O' ME 'E WERE."

I wonder why Mr. WILFRID BENSON has chosen Geneva for the wheel on which to break his little cast of butterflies. His jacket assures me that he appreciates the inveterate uniformity of men and women but believes that association with work of international importance raises their amatory adventures to the status of international problems. This,

I am afraid, is not my own view. On the contrary I could have got up a speedier crescendo of interest in the triangular love-affair anatomized in *Dawn on Mont Blanc* (HOGARTH PRESS, 7/6), if *Roger* and *Barbara* had lived at Peckham instead of "Veagen" and *Nina* had emerged from a local *palais-de-danse* instead of the Moulin Rouge. Doubtless there is an essential irony in a story of domestic peace shipwrecked at the headquarters of international amity. I can see this in Ercles' vein, or Miss ROSE MACAULAY'S, with the League suitably impressive or droll in the background. But Mr. BENSON'S is only a shabby little episode with Quixotic trimmings, described in a temper rather below than above its merits. A breath, or rather gust, of imported Gallic humour enters with *Madame Schloop*, landlady of the paladin, *Roger*. *Madame* expounds a genial if gross philosophy, though neither she nor the rest of "Veagen" understand *Roger's* blend of mature intelligence and boyish sentiment. I did not understand it myself; but I was all the more indebted to *Madame* for sharing my obtuseness, and putting in not only a good day's work but a grateful amount of overtime at her task of comic relief.

I am full of admiration for Miss ELLEN GLASGOW'S newest book, *They Stooped to Folly* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), but I find it difficult to attain the Olympian standpoint from which she regards what appears to me tragedy as "A Comedy of Morals." If the essential parts of a comedy are wit and the strugglings of miserable people to attain satisfaction, then we have one here. There is not one happy character among the people whose lives are staged in the Virginian town, Queenborough. *Mr. Littlepage*, who loves a *divorcée* and is loved by another woman, meanwhile remaining devoted to his wife from force of habit, is not happy; nor is his secretary, *Milly Burden*, who has been seduced by a waster and frequently asserts her "right to live"; nor is *Milly's* mother, a maddeningly dutiful woman. *Mr. Littlepage's* wife is not happy, nor his daughter, who marries *Milly's* lover, nor his *Aunt Agatha* with the shady past. In fact all his friends and relations are miserable, all have fought or are fighting for the same thing as *Milly Burden*—the right to take what they want and whom they want; and whether they help themselves or not the result is equally wretched. The book is not easy to read on account of its brilliancies; one is afraid of missing any of the terse scraps of wisdom that are on every page. Miss GLASGOW has a magical knack of revealing the inner workings of her victims. She seldom comments, she simply reveals. Her technique is so admirable that, even though we may be a little exhausted by perpetual cleverness, we are never bored, and cannot help sympathising even with those characters that we most dislike. The book is, I think, a flawless piece of work, but hardly a comedy.

The Clock (CONSTABLE, 7/6), old *Peter Stroud's* most cherished possession, stood just opposite the front-door of the farmhouse. The "Death Clock" the labourers on the farm called it, because it stopped when death came for any *Stroud*. Certainly, when *Mrs. Peter* had died this queer thing had happened, the sceptics being forced to give out that it was old *Peter*, who, anxious to keep up the general belief in the sinister magic of his clock, had himself stopped the pendulum—which was quite likely, though the author is wise enough not to give his secret away. When young *George*, *Peter's* nephew and heir, came back from the wars, fell in love with pretty town-bred *Millie* and brought her back to the lonely farm the legend took hold of her also. Restive under the boredom of the countryside and the tyranny of the old man, she began eagerly to wait for his death, and when he fell ill crept down, at the crisis of his fever, and stopped the pendulum. What befell I must leave you to find out in GUY RAWLENCE'S very readable little story, in which the four characters, *Peter*, *George*, *Mrs. George* and *Bessie*, the orphan who loved *George*, are all admirably drawn and differentiated with an economy of means which is not merely technically interesting but also æsthetically very satisfying.



New Domestic (*in living-room of "old-world" home*). "I THINK I OUGHT TO BE VERY COMFORTABLE HERE. THIS IS SUCH A NICE KITCHEN"

Shelah Fane, a famous film-star, had scarcely arrived in Honolulu before she was murdered, and in *The Black Camel* (CASSELL, 7/6) you are given the difficult task of discovering the name of the assassin. That task, I admit, was far too hard for me, and my only grievance against a story which kept me agog from start to finish is that Mr. EARL DERR BIGGERS might have given one or two more clues without any danger of depriving the tale of its mystery. But the yarn as it stands will easily gain honours in its class. *Charlie Chan*, "a bulky Chinese," is a most shrewd and amusing detective, and the scene in which he brings his labours to a successful conclusion is extraordinarily dramatic. I hope to have many more opportunities of meeting a sleuth at once so quaint and so efficient.

We learn from the wrapper of *Pending Heaven* (DUCKWORTH, 7/6) that Mr. WILLIAM GERHARDI'S "characters pursue that search which seems to typify post-War restlessness and disillusionment." For my own part I cannot help thinking of *Max Fisher* as a kind of BARNUM, who travelled about with a menagerie, not of wild beasts but of women. By the time he arrived in North Africa he had collected three and found his harem an embarrassment. Ridiculous situations were bound to arise, but only one of these "pursuers" is really amusing—the vain and rapturous *Helen*. I sincerely hope that Mr. GERHARDI will subdue his riotous imagination and in future be content with pursuits more worthy of his remarkable talent.

Tit-Bits for Dr. Einstein.

". . . A ball will be held in commemoration of the coming departure of Their Highnesses for England."—*Japanese Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

DOCTORS attribute the slack times they have experienced lately to the absence of the usual epidemics. The position, however, is not yet so serious as to warrant representations to the Ministry of Health.

* *

The report that Miss BETTY NUTHALL contemplates entering the restaurant business will raise again in acute form the question of the merits of the underhand as compared with the overhand service.

* *

An old lady wants to know if she is right in understanding that "conversation pieces" is the correct term for what are commonly known as the "talkies."

* *

We have no confirmation of the rumour that a Surbiton flapper has written requesting that she may have tickets for the United Empire Party when this entertainment takes place.

* *

"Give me Brighton," says a gossip-writer. We understand however that Mr. HARRY PRESTON has refused to part with it.

* *

A Warrington man has summoned his next-door neighbour for striking him twice on the head with a hammer. He seems to be one of those men who are suspicious of anybody who hits them on the head with a hammer.

* *

It seems that the only way to stop mail-bag robberies is to send the mails in boxes and have mail-box robberies instead.

* *

Mr. LANSBURY has stated that the cost of each sitting of Parliament is £17 per hour up to 11 P.M., with an additional £5 per hour after that time. Yet only a killjoy would suggest that these sittings should be discontinued in the interests of economy.

* *

The exceptional demand for seats to view the Grand National may be judged from the fact that it is now impossible to secure even a saddle.

* *

According to Dr. EDMUND JACOBSON, of Chicago University, the electrical energy involved in projecting a thought is so slight that it would require at least two million persons hooked together and thinking "in phase" to light a sitting-room lamp. There would therefore seem to be little practical value in any scheme to "hitch our waggon" to a highbrow.

* *

So far the reported discovery of documentary evidence that COLUMBUS was of Spanish birth, and not a Genoese, has had no markedly unsettling effect in Wop circles.

* *

A proposal to reopen the North Wales gold-mines, as a means of providing employment, is under consideration, and there is said to be a strong local feeling in favour of inviting Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to hew the first nugget.

* *

The refusal of TROTSKY'S application for permission to enter Spain is believed to have been influenced by the suspicion that he was designing to find an opportunity of waving the Red Flag in the capacity of a bull-fighter.

* *

A football expert advocates the experiment of having two centre-forwards in each team. Another suggestion is that some teams would do better with two goal-keepers.

* *

One reason which is assigned for the possibility that the Chinese civil war may not be resumed this spring is the lack of public interest.

* *

The insinuation that sergeant-majors drop their "h's" is disputed. Little credence is given to those who claim to have had to pick them up as a fatigue.

* *

The feeling in Italian legal circles with reference to the new regulations which have been framed with the object of checking the excessive eloquence of barristers is that it becomes increasingly difficult to be a CICERO.

* *

A plea is made for the return of the working-man's twopenny cigar, which he used to enjoy on Sunday afternoons before the War. We agree that it is preposterous to expect him to pay a shilling for it.

* *

It seems that the belief is still held that whooping-cough can be transferred from a child to a passing dog by means of one of the child's hairs placed between two pieces of bread-and-butter. Our suspicion is that this has been successfully tried on the dog next-door.

* *

It has been suggested that M.P.'s should have badges giving their names and constituencies. Meanwhile it has not yet been decided whether Empire Crusaders shall wear spurs.

* *

In consequence of the threatened rise in the price of petrol it is said that several owners are now trying to wean their baby two-seaters.

* *

According to Mr. JOHN E. HUTTON, salmon are not temperamental. So much for the theory that they go into hysterics every time they get away.

* *

Beauty specialists are reported to be starting a trade paper. The make-up should be particularly attractive.

* *

"I doubt whether the Bright Young People have ever seen the beauty of the sunrise," says one of their critics. But surely they must have often noticed it on their way home with the milk.

* *

It is said that stout people are generally not nervous about ghosts. Some people are so bulky that even the most horrific apparition couldn't make *all* their flesh creep.

* *

Vienna dressmakers, incensed at a charge of indecency brought against a woman's dress, declare that "Fashion cannot bend the knee to bureaucracy." It may not be able to bend it, but it can always show it.

* *

At Budapest a speed contest for barbers has just been held. Probably the spectators were asked if they would like anything on.



THE VERNAL NOTE OF THE SHARRYBANG.

"THERE YOU ARE, SILLY! I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T A CUCKOO."

In Memoriam.

EWAN AGNEW.

WE record with deep sorrow the death, on March the 8th, of EWAN SIEGFRIED AGNEW, in his 37th year. Shortly after his return from the War he joined his father on the directorate of *Punch*, and in 1924 was appointed assistant-managing-director. Later he became a director of *The Spectator* and was made Chairman of the Periodical Proprietors' Association. At one time he thought to follow a political career, but certain qualities in his nature—a strain of idealism, a broad tolerance, a generous sympathy for the weaker cause and an instinct for respecting the motives of the other side—were perhaps not the best equipment for success as a politician.

Outside his official duties many interests engaged his thoughts and lively energies—music (an inherited passion), literature, drama. It was among his chief delights to produce plays for the "Charivari" Club, a fellowship, keenly responsive, which he had himself founded for the clerical and printing staffs of *Punch*. As author and critic he gave early promise—and something more than promise—of distinction.

Then came the terrible malady that was to shatter all hope of higher achievement. He met it, blow upon blow, with a smiling courage that refused to indulge self-pity. To the end his heart, never embittered, remained the heart of a boy. Most lovable, he will be sadly missed by the friends—a wide circle—who knew and loved the shining beauty of his character; not least by his colleagues of the *Punch* Table.

It comforts a little to think that Death was kind in releasing him from what must have been a life of cruel limitations. Indeed it is not for him that we grieve, who is at rest; it is for those whom he has left lonely. To his widow, whose constant care sustained him through his ordeal, and to his devoted parents, we offer our true and affectionate sympathy in a loss which they know that we share.

O. S.

AN ULSTER WATERLOO.

OUR village is divided into two schools of thought—the Russellites and the McGimpseyites. We do not argue; we just hold our own opinions. We do not strive to obtain converts from the other camp, but, if they come over, welcome them as brands plucked from the burning.

Mr. Russell is the manager of the one bank in Kilmoney, Ulster, and Mr. McGimpsey is the principal shopkeeper. Both men are looked on as oracles, but for long Mr. Russell has held the palm for sheer brain-power by his brilliant definition of a flying buttress. Patsy McDermot approached him one day on the subject. In similar circumstances I should have consulted a dictionary and given an answer like this: "An arch which transfers the thrust of a vaulted roof to a vertical buttress of the outer wall." Not so Mr. Russell. Without a moment's hesitation his answer came. "It 's hard to define, Patsy, but you can take it from me, if you see a flying buttress you may look out for rain." Patsy went away satisfied, and to this day scans many a cloudy horizon in vain for this strange bird.

McGimpsey, on the other hand, deals with concrete problems connected with his stock-in-trade. For years he had boasted that he had never made an error nor omitted a detail when instructing a customer in the use of a remedy. But his Waterloo has come at last.

Mrs. Moloney had come in from the country to buy some disinfectant for a bedroom as her youngest girl had just recovered from "the fever." We listened while McGimpsey spoke at length on the merits of the various disinfectants. Finally Mrs. Moloney invested twopence in a sulphur candle, and then came McGimpsey's directions.

"Close the bedroom window, Mrs. Moloney."

"Shure, it 's never open, Mr. McGimpsey."

"Well, don't open it, then. And stuff the key-holes with rags. And be sure to put the candle on a big tray. And when you 've lit the candle shut the door, and don't come back for at least three hours."

Mrs. Moloney departed, only to return in a few minutes with a troubled air.

"Mr. McGimpsey," she said, "I just came back to ask you a question."

"What is it?"

"Well, you see, it 's like this. I 'd gone a piece up the road when I started to think to meself about you bidding me not to enter the room for three hours. I thought to meself, shure the child might be lonely all by herself and start to cry. Couldn't I go in before the three hours and pacify her if she started lamenting?"

I cannot permit myself to write McGimpsey's reply; it would have put the sulphur candle to shame. But I shall lay Mrs. Moloney's problem before Mr. Russell the next time I call about my overdraft.

DREAM-CHASES.

I WAS never a hunting-man myself—
I hadn't the nerve, I think;
My life has been at the desk and shelf
And none of my coats is pink;
But, when night comes and I get to bed
And the old fox, Sleep, is "away,"
The bits in *The Morning Post* I 've read
Come back, and I hunt till day.
"And which of the packs shall I follow," say I, "boot and stirrup and horn?
The Pytchley, the Blankney, the Cricklade, the Bicester, the Southwold, the Belvoir, the Quorn?"

And crowds of dogs come pattering in
With their truthful kindly eyes,
And I pull the bedclothes up to my chin
But I never betray surprise;
And they scan my face in their guileless way
As only a foxhound can,
"An' what do ye take me for?" I say,
And they cry, "For a hunting-man!"
"And which of the packs shall I follow," say I, "boot and stirrup and horn?
The Berkeley, the Beaufort, the Oakley, the Grafton? I think I will follow the Quorn."

And off by Pagby Pike we go
And up by Cowslip Scrat
(It 's the lovely bits in *The Post*, you know,
That make me talk like that);
And a London clerk it soothes his soul
(He misses so much, perforce)
To know he is cast for a hunting *rôle*
And hasn't to feed his horse.
"And which of the packs shall I follow," says he, "boot and stirrup and horn?"
And sometimes he chooses the Whaddon Chase, but as often as not the Quorn.

Our Snobbish House-Agents.

"Surrey (in a favoured residential district on the Downs, yet sheltered).—Pretentious Country Residence."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"Lost Rushbury —— an Odd Gentleman's Shoe at Dance."
Provincial Paper.

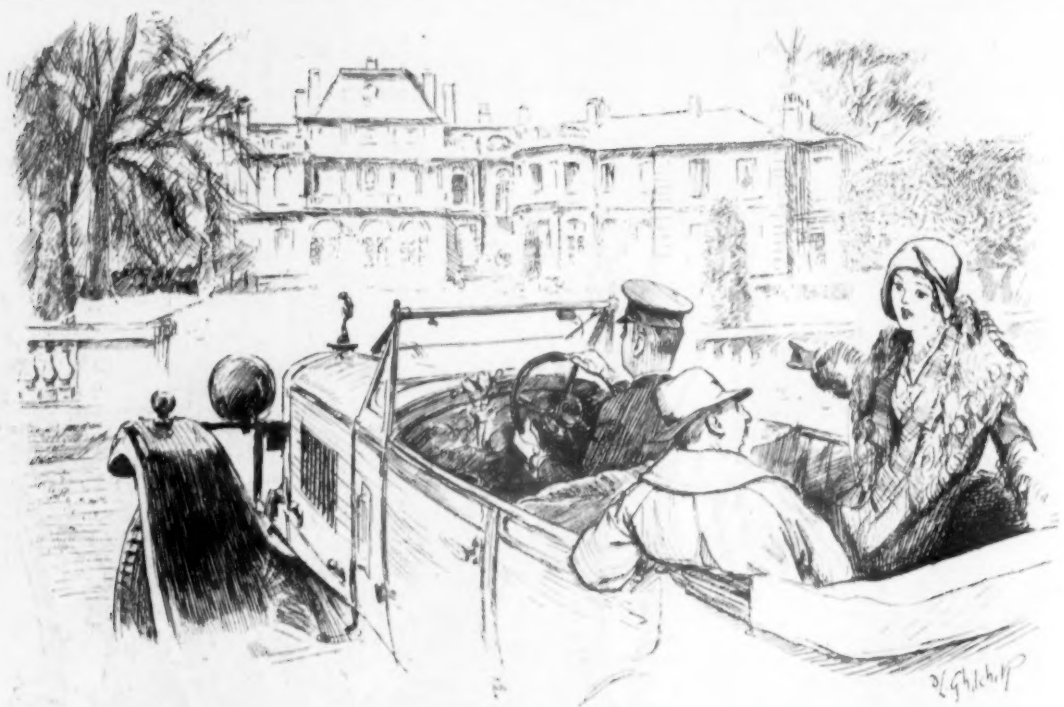
He must be feeling still odder without it.



THE ORACLE EXPANDS.

JOHN BULL. "I AM RESTLESS WITH UNCERTAINTY. IF ONLY YOU WOULD BE LESS SECRETIVE."

THE CHANCELLOR *(growing chatty)*. "WELL, I CAN SET YOUR MIND AT REST ON ONE POINT. YOUR SOCIAL SERVICES WILL COST YOU SOME FIFTY MILLIONS MORE. THERE'S NO SECRET ABOUT THAT."



Film-Star (*newly married*). "AND IS THIS THE ANCESTRAL HOME?"
Bridegroom. "IT IS, PRECIOUS."
Film-Star. "SAY, IT LOOKS MIGHTY FAMILIAR. ARE YOU SURE I HAVEN'T MARRIED YOU BEFORE?"

STILL IN DOUBT.

THE principal question, I find, which is agitating the world to-day is that of steel shafts for golf-clubs.

Amongst those wooded hills and hollows where I toil they are a matter of the deepest agitation and concern. I asked, for instance, Wilkinson, where he stood. He was sitting in a chair at the time drinking a whisky-and-soda, but he knew what I meant immediately.

"On steel shafts," he replied. "I find that I get further with them. Undoubtedly further."

"Further than what?"

"Further than before."

"I saw you get about seventeen inches at the second with a steel shaft the other day," I said. "Surely you can get further than that with wood?"

"I find that I average a considerably longer drive with the steel shaft than with the hickory," he rejoined with a shadow of hauteur.

I debated, however, this point also with him.

"May it not be," I said, "that the steel shaft, being as yet young and full therefore of promise and inspiration, keys you up to a higher pitch of perfection as you grasp it on the tee? Let me try for a moment to remember what you do. You make about fourteen shorti minatory motions, shift your hands, alter your stance, say 'Rabbits!' address the ball again and then wave the arms backwards with a slow flapping motion, like a bird of prey. The left shoulder is slightly curved, the left arm is kept perfectly rigid, the wrists are bent, the body is twisted. A moment arrives when the whole of this retrograde movement is inhibited, and a plan of progressive action is suddenly brought into play. It is pursued relentlessly until some time after the face of the club has struck, if it does strike, the rear part of the ball. The head is kept motionless as a rock, the right knee is not bent, although the right foot revolves, and a small tee with a scarlet tassel is picked up and borne forward by the caddie without any sign of exaltation or chagrin. Is not that so?"

"It indicates roughly," he admitted, "the line of policy which I pursue from the tee."

"Very well," I said. "May not there be a kind of morning freshness just at present about the round of your labours when you use the steel-shafted club comparable to the zest of spring? May not the shadows of the prison-house close round you again, as they did in the old hickory days?"

He was loth to admit the possibility of this. I consulted also Ponderby.

"I don't go any further," he said, "with the steel shaft; but I go higher and have more carry."

"How high do you go?" I said.

"Tremendous. The other day I hit a long ball from the eighth tee that was so long in the air I thought it would never come down again. Honestly I did."

"But I suppose you waited to see?" I remarked, and he said that he had.

Carruthers, on the other hand, refused to admit that there was any difference either in the length or the height of a ball struck with hickory and a ball struck with steel. But a blow struck with hickory, he said, was sweeter.

"Sweeter?" I inquired.

"Yes. There's more pleasure in the feel of it," he said.

"I hope," I observed indignantly, "that we are not mere sybarites at this club."

The professional, being consulted, declared that there was less torsion about steel. I said there was no such word as torsion. But he showed it me in *The Oxford Dictionary*, which is kept in the work-shed. He went on to say that lack of torsion might be a disadvant-

age, because it might cause a pull or a slice to be a more protracted pull or slice than otherwise. I then asked him whether I myself would play better with hickory or steel. He seemed to doubt whether the *volte-face* would materially affect the *status quo*.

"What you want," he said, "is a bit more follow-through."

This of course was entirely beside the point.

I then drafted a memorandum to the secretary, proposing that the question of steel *v.* hickory shafts should be submitted to a referendum of all the members of the club, so that the controversy might be set at rest once and for all, and those on the point of purchasing new armaments might act accordingly. He replied verbally that to submit any question to a referendum constituted a dangerous precedent.

"Supposing," he said, "that there was an agitation amongst the eighteen handicap members to be permitted two completely foozled shots per round without counting the stroke when playing against bogey or short handicap men. Can you doubt that a revolutionary piece of legislation of that kind would triumph by an overwhelming majority?"

"No, I can't," I said.

I then spoke to Mackintosh, who knows all.

"Tell me," I said, "about steel and hickory shafts."

He said, "The trouble is that the best hickory shafts come from America, and they won't send them over here now because they don't want us to have them, so that we are obliged to use steel."

"And this is the country," I said, "that is pleading at the Naval Conference for world peace! Why on earth don't we re-afforest some part of Great Britain with hickory groves and become a self-supporting nation, as we used to be?"

"I don't think they would grow," he said.

"They must and shall grow!" I cried. "I am going to ride through England and scatter hickory seeds."

"They are nuts," he explained.

"Well, nuts if you like. I shall plant them, as WILLIAM COBBETT planted acorns, in every field and park as I go."

"But what about the rising steel industry? You don't want to cripple that, do you?"

"The steel industry must look after itself," I said. "Nothing but the noblest shafts are good enough for Englishmen to wield."

I then myself selected (*a*) a hickory-shafted and (*b*) a steel-shafted club and took my station on the first tee. I put down two balls of the same calibre and price and struck the first violently with club (*a*), and the second, using an equal amount of force, with the club (*b*).

The result was inconclusive. Both balls lay together side by side at the end of their run. Neither was deeply imbedded in the sand. I then employed on one ball a hickory-shafted, and on the other a steel-shafted niblick, and struck both of them out on to the fairway. The length of these shots was also precisely the same. I then picked both balls up and went home.

EVOE.



Mistress (tactfully, to new maid). "OH, EDITH, YOU 'D BETTER NOT WEAR ANY JEWELLERY—JUST WHILE MY GUESTS ARE HERE."

Maid. "WELL, MUM, I 'AVEN'T GOT ANYTHING WOT YOU MIGHT REELY CALL VALUABLE; BUT THANKS ALL THE SAME FOR THE WARNING."

Massage for Malefactors.

"256—BYGONE PUNISHMENTS, *illus.*, 8*vo*, *cl. (back slightly rubbed).*"

Bookseller's Catalogue.

"AN INVALID TIMBER TAX."

Daily Paper.

Just as our trees are convalescent from the gales!

"The Cambridge crew, at Henley, tried a new set of angling oars to-day."

North-Country Paper.

Mr. Punch ventures to remind them that oars are bad for training.

"Mr. W. Sims, the boat-builder, said that . . . the Cambridge boat will be the same length as that of their rivals—62 feet 6 inches—but the beam will be 23 feet ⅞ inches, an eighth of an inch broader than Oxford."

North-Country Paper.

It looks as if both boats were intended to carry passengers.



Member of the audience (to Chairman at village concert). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, COULD THE CORNET SOLO BE PUT LATER IN THE PROGRAMME? THERE 'S A BABY-IN-ARMS IN THE FOURPENNY SEATS THAT 'S JUST GONE TO SLEEP."

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

[Statistics show that the amount of beef consumed in England is declining materially.]

I 'VE paid no heed to glum prognostications
Of England in decline at work and play,
Relinquishing her trade to rival nations,
Getting her drama from the U.S.A.;
My normal peace of mind it never *has* banned
To think her realm would pass away like OG's
Since She, escorted by a negroid jazz-band
Was going to the dogs.

For mid a mass of gloomy portents I had
A firm conviction (foolish but sublime)
That I should live to see each Jeremiad
Completely stultified in course of time;
Despite the burdens laid upon my dumb back
By tax- (and rate-) collectors I was sure
England at last would duly stage a come-back
And lead the world once more.

But now, although the thought appears like treason,
My faith grows dim and I 'm inclined to own
That peradventure they have ample reason
Whose prattlings take a pessimistic tone;
When she would show the might that once she boasted
She 'll find the task too much for her because
She clings no longer to the beef that (roasted)
Had made her what she was.

Mr. Punch's Spotlights on History.

"England played a great part in Mediterranean history during the last few centuries. The Battle of Trafalgar was fought there."
Jersey Paper.

Surely everyone remembers how NELSON continued spellbound at the baccarat tables long after VILLENEUVE was first sighted off Monte Carlo!

"CURSE STONE STAYS."
Sunderland Paper.

Mr. Punch feels sure that Bond Street will also stand out against any such Neolithic invasion of our fashions.

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

XI.—HINTS FOR CAREERS.

Percival and I have found in a bookstore a little volume which sets out to give the young man a few hints on carving out a career for himself. The first half is mostly general advice on how to acquire character, poise and bank balance, and so forth; the second part deals with the wisdom of choosing a career according to your foibles and preferences, the idea being roughly that if, say, watching things go up and down makes you feel faint, it 'll be useless for you to expect success as a sailor, a pile-driver's assistant or a Wall Street financier. Various professions are dealt with, but there are some startling omissions, which Percival and I, drawing on experience gained from a thorough survey of conditions in the States (three weeks in New York, a week in Washington and a night in Philadelphia), have done our best to rectify herewith.

A. To be an Elevator Attendant.

(1) Spend ten hours a day on a Coney Island switchback till you can be sure of taking all your intestinal machinery

with you at any speed whether up or down.

(2) Practise saying "Twanny-eight" till it sounds like "Twanny. Out." And then practise saying "Twanny. Out" till it sounds like "Twanny-eight." Then have fun over this with people in your lift.

(3) Cultivate short and pithy repartee with special reference to people who blame you when they don't get out at the right floor.

(4) Cultivate long and comprehensive repartee with special reference to people who blame you when they do get out at the wrong one—so long and comprehensive that their turn to reply doesn't come before you have slammed the gate and are off.

(5) In difficult cases practise accidentally missing that floor out on your way down.

(6) Learn to adopt at all times an expression of deepest gloom. Some of the Bessarabian, Monégasque or Ruritanian uniforms you'll have to wear will be pretty awful; and if you add a bright and mobile face to the ensemble Heaven knows what some sensitive passenger may not be driven to do to you.

(7) Cultivate an amused tolerance towards revellers who try to tell the time from the lift floor-indicator, and which floor the lift's at from the clock.

B. To be a Taxi-Driver.

(1) Pick on a name that will look well on the licence stuck inside your cab. Buy a good photo to go with it.

(2) Travel for a month on the Broadway Limited till any speed over twenty still looks to you like twenty.

(3) Be able to do ten blocks on a green light before getting stopped by a red.

(4) Be able to do two blocks on a red light before getting stopped by a bull.

(5) Develop the artistic sense of curve, swerve and line for elevated pillar work without slowing down sufficiently to let the craven in the back get out.

(6) Acquire fluency of diction for (*a*) a nickel tip, (*b*) a rival's morals, (*c*) theatre-zone traffic regulations.

(7) Be able to tell instantly by touch a dollar bill from a five-dollar bill. Be unable to tell at all a five-dollar bill from a dollar bill.

C. To be a Policeman.

(1) Go to Ireland and get born there.

(2) Grow to a new high.

(3) Get a shield for your lapel. Any friendly gangster will sell you one.

(4) Take a course of whistle-blowing and gum-chewing, learning to keep them separate. If you don't, not only will you lose a bit of gum with several days' wear yet in it, but you'll probably have to get a new whistle.



"HELLO! ARE YOU JONES?" "YES."
"YOU THE JONES *I* KNOW?" "YES."
"HOW DO *YOU* KNOW?"

(5) Practise not swallowing your gum when a taxi goes within a foot of you at thirty. Practise not swallowing your whistle when Vice-Presidents' cars go within an inch of you at forty. Practise stopping anything that goes past you at fifty. When you come out of hospital practise some more. Insure your life.

(6) Practise socking Communists, *N.Y. Times* reporters and selected lawbreakers with a night-stick—plain and fancy-work, and, for damaging results, learn the hip-pocket thrust in tierce.

(7) Know the nearest good place to get it.

(8) Go, get it.

A. A.

Things Which We Could Have Said More Nicely.

"Tallulah Bankhead appeared last night at the Garrick theatre, in 'The Lady of the Camellias.' This is the first costume part which Miss Bankhead has played."
Scots Paper.

"LINER 27 HOURS LATE THROUGH GALE, SUNSHINE AND FOG"
Headlines in Daily Paper.

What was the matter with the sunshine?

THE SKIPPER'S LIBRARY.

THE public (they say—and "they" of course are always right) want everything short and snappy these days, and especially their reading. Sentences must be short and stories swift and full of action.

But there are still, it appears, crass sections of the public who refuse to want what "they" say they want. These undisciplined readers want meat for their money, long descriptions of scenery, philosophical reflections, psychological analyses of motives, purple passages and all. The difficulty of satisfying both these sections with the same book has long baffled the novelist and the publisher. It is of course always open to the short sharp section of the public to skip the long and wordy passages; but even skipping requires a certain mental effort, and life is so busy these days that many readers have not even time to skip.

The result is that the reading public and the skipping public are now two different publics. Messrs. Heather and Thatch, therefore, who publish all the reflective writers, are making a determined effort to capture the skipping public, and in their next books, by an ingenious printing device, the bored or lazy reader will find that his skipping is done for him; thus—

"**HE** drove the punt with long powerful strokes into the backwater. What was she thinking of, he wondered, so cool and quiet on the cushions? Had she forgiven those bitter words on the train? Ah he had been a fool! But love is not wise. Even now it could not be true that their dream was over. True, the ring which she had tossed back to him across the poker-table was in his pocket; true, there had been something in her voice which told him her *volte-face* had been no momentary woman's whim. What if he braved her anger, took her in his arms and **KISSED** the love-light back into her eyes? Von Maggot? It was impossible that she should care for the financier—she, a gently-nurtured English girl. With an impetuous gesture he flung away the punt-pole and his strong arms were round **HER**.

His jaw sharp-set, **GEOFFREY** faced his enemy. In the company-promoter's mean little eyes was a rancid gleam of hatred and defiance. Strange that they two should meet thus—there at Brinton, in the old grey court-yard where they had been schoolboys together. What memories **KNOCKED** at the door of his mind—the click of the mowing-machine, the hum of bees, the rattle of bat on ball, the queer cries of the masters! "Nine wickets down," murmured **THE FOREIGNER** with an evil leer, "and one minute to go." Was that the gleam of a knife in the clenched fist? Was it some trick of the light? If he, Geoffrey Fanshawe, were out of the way the affair of the Artificial Eel Syndicate would doubtless move much more smoothly. He saw it all—the forced liquidation, the waiting yacht, and a quiet life for Von Maggot at a certain villa not a thousand miles from Naples. And Estelle Silver perhaps would be one of the fair occupants of that yacht, that villa. Not if he, Geoffrey, had a spark of manhood in him and a certain flick of the wrist which had stood him in good stead on field of cricket and war. One quick step, a short scuffle, and Von Maggot, powerless in that muscular grip, was **DOWN**.

"How green the wood, how yellow and fresh the daffodils were! **ESTELLE** buried her face in the moss and opened her heart to the song of the birds. All her life she had loved Nature. And now her large blue eyes took in every detail of the scene—the pale blossom of the stichwort, the purple bells of harefoot, the climbing duckweed and delicate nut-vine. Squirrels played in the holm-oak, hares were busy at their nests and once a baby musk ran across the glade. The cry of the tree-hopper, the placid pipe of the daffinch—all these sights and sounds responded to some hidden chord in the girl's heart. The very flowers seemed to know that she was going to be **MARRIED**. Estelle pondered long on the mystery of love. Was love a madness or some distilled essence of a higher life as to which at present we had no other key? Old Nanny had always said that love was a conundrum. Dear old Nanny, what a fuss she had made when the boys put beetles in her bed! Happy childhood! And now Roger was a schoolmaster, little Annie had twins, and Henry was an Ambassador, but she, Estelle, she, the baby, was going to link her life before the altar with **GEOFFREY**."

It is even possible that by this system our busy readers might be induced to skip through some of the wordier classics. Here, for example is a passage from Miss JANE AUSTEN rendered suitable for the Age of Speed:—

"**FANNY** seemed to herself never to have been **SHOCKED** before. There was no possibility of rest. The evening **PASSED** without a pause of misery. **THE NIGHT** was totally **SLEEPLESS**. She passed only from feelings of sickness to shudderings of horror; and from hot fits of fever to cold. The event was so shocking that there were moments when her heart revolted from it as impossible—when she thought **IT COULD NOT BE. A WOMAN MARRIED ONLY SIX MONTHS AGO, A MAN**, professing himself devoted, even **ENGAGED TO ANOTHER**—that other her near relation—the whole family, both families connected as they were tie upon tie, all friends, all intimate together. **IT WAS TOO HORRIBLE** a confession of guilt, **TOO GROSS** a complication of evil, for human nature not in a state of utter barbarism to be capable of! **YET** her judgment told her **IT WAS** so. *His* unsettled affections, wavering with his vanity, *Maria*'s decided attachment, and no sufficient principle on either side, gave it possibility. Miss Crawford's letter stamped it **A FACT**."

A. P. H.

"HUNGERIAN RHAPSODY.
Drama in 8 Parts.
Cinema Notice in Midland Paper.

We usually find that the ecstasy goes after six or seven courses.

"AHMEDABAD, Monday.—Mr. Gandhi announced to-day that if he could find 70 lakhs of dupees . . . he could promise Indian Swaraj almost instantaneously."
Daily Paper.

We should be surprised if he meets with any lack of credulity.

CUTHBERT TO HIS TYPIST.

[It has recently been suggested in evidence before the Royal Commission on the Civil Service that a number of women civil servants conceal their marriage, and so avoid the necessity of resigning their posts. In fact, as Lord TOMLIN, the Chairman of the Commission, remarked, "For all we know, they are all married."]

WHEN you first "took down" from me,
With your notebook on your knee,
Phyllis, I was not, I own,
Stern, official, hard as stone,
But gladly sandwiched, in between
Slabs of tedious routine,
Topics of the lighter sort—
Plays and dancing, books and sport
(Rests like this, once known as "miking,"
Recently have been, by striking
Scientific progress, found
Psychologically sound).
So our converse grew until
I resolved to call you Phyll.,
Noting on your vestal hand
No proprietary band;
This was when I had a hunch
To ask you to a spot of lunch.

But just then Lord TOMLIN'S vital
Query as to your marital
Status in a brace of shakes
Made me jam on four-wheel brakes
(Caution—'tis an ancient gibe—
Is the badge of all our tribe).
So good-bye to all our pally
Interludes, no more we 'll dally.
Scorning frivolous digressions,
I 'll dictate throughout our sessions:
You can concentrate meanwhile
On stenographic art. Yet I 'll
Mourn your metamorphosis
From a marriageable Miss
To a much suspected Ma'am—
A flower to a cryptogam.

"ASSOCIATION WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX ONE OF THE PROCTORS' WORST DIFFICULTIES."
Oxford Paper.

Ever since we caught our tutor reading FREUD we have feared the worst.

"SLIPPER WELL BACKED."
Daily Paper.

Most nurseries will agree that this is a capital inversion.

"Wanted, experienced Heel Scourer."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

A size too small in shoes makes a good makeshift.

"Ruling machine for sale, cheap."
Evening Paper.

Surely Lord ROTHERMERE is not tired of *The Daily Mail*?

"Examples of astonishing adventures in the use of our mother tongue by the 'University Society for Correct English' has been sent by readers to *The Daily Mail*."—*Daily Mail.*

Was you one of these readers?



Visitor to the Pump-Room. "These baths, my dear, were built by the Romans."
Little Girl. "Did you know them, Grandpapa?"

"O WAD SOME POWER . . ."

I have been reading in Dibelius, the German professor, whose great book called *England* explains to us so much more about our own country than most Englishmen ever care to learn. I have been reading also M. Maurois' *Byron*, another excellent book. I have read both, I am sorry to say, in translations. But it occurs to me that there is not nearly enough opportunity, even by way of translation, for the English reader to observe through foreign eyes the literature, the history and the manners of the island in which he lives. There is, for instance, no popular Japanese account of the Great War translated into the English tongue. We have hardly the faintest idea what Milton means to a modern Arabian or Persian *littérateur*. No learned Senegambian has published for our delectation a history or even a vivid character-study of either Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII. And it is only with the greatest difficulty and by the kind assistance of the Finnish Legation, the P.E.N. Club and the British Museum that I have been able to obtain the following eulogy of a great English writer written by one of the most eminent Lapps, or perhaps I ought rather to say Samelats, of his age. The translation in this case was peculiarly difficult, and much of it had to be done with a chisel. But the result, in my opinion, amply repays the toil.

M. Edgar Walluck.

By Vadsö Mursk.

There is no English author, not one, whose writings are so popular amongst Lapps in every rank of society as M. Edgar Walluck, the playwright and novelist. To gain an idea of the hold which his work has over the imaginations of my people, you must picture to yourself the conditions in which we dwell. "Most

of the Scandinavian portion of Lapland," has cried one of our greatest poets, "presents the usual characteristics of the mountain plateau of that peninsula—on the west side the bold headlands and fjords, deeply-grooved valleys and glaciers of Norway; on the east the mountain lakes and great lake-fed rivers of Sweden."

I am quoting here from the lovely saga of HAGA, who goes on, a few lines later, to say, "All the eastern part in Sweden, Finland and Russia is part of the ancient, worn-down, Scandinavian land-mass of Archæan rock, comparatively low-lying and with innumerable lakes and swamps infested with mosquitoes."

My own home is at Mo, where the mosquitoes are almost incredibly numerous. The village consists of wooden cottages, surrounding a wooden church and a wooden inn. The cottages have no doors or windows, the church has no steeple and the inn has no beer. The whole village in fact is only used in the winter-time; but the winter-time in Lapland lasts from September until June. In summer we move to the uplands in order to herd our noble reindeer, which require now lichens and now mosses to nourish them, so that we have scant time for literature. We take perhaps with us the works of SHAKESPEARE or HEINE or VICTOR HUGO; but just as we are about to read a passage there is a cry from the reindeer. He has eaten all the moss he can find and wishes suddenly for lichens. We have then to lead him to a fresh pasturage. This alternation between moss-pasture and lichen-pasture forms the only excitement of our nomadic days in the summer-time; but it is so constant that we have little time to read.

When the winter sets in, however, and the Aurora Borealis begins to light the sky, we crawl into our huts by the chimney and read the works of M. Edgar Walluck. They are brought to us from Helsingfors by steam-launches, which contain also herrings and pickles.

Can you wonder at the fascination which these romances exercise over us during the long dark months when we must lie in our huts, which are never cleaned, chewing the dried flesh of the reindeer and rubbing ointment on old mosquito-bites—these tales, with their vivid adventures of city life, of mystery, of crime, of travels in Southern lands? We build a small fire of lichens, and one of us reads aloud to the rest. It is in such surroundings that I first became familiar with the strange happenings in the underworld of London, so strange that were it not for the writer's magical power of presentation I could almost believe them to be a fairy-tale.

To me, and perhaps to most of my fellow-countrymen, the most entrancing are those which deal with Chinamen, because we Lapps ourselves are of Mongolian origin. "Brachycephalic," as our great poet HAGA sings in another of his poems, "with high cheek-bones, flat noses, and chestnut hair, we have been driven to the furthest north of successive migrations of kindred Ugro-Finns, but cherish the memory of the hospitable Southern lands we traversed in our pristine wanderings." I shall never forget the rapture with which I first made the acquaintance of M. Edgar Walluck's *Yellow Snake*. It was a hard winter and most of the reindeer were dead. The lakes were frozen, the lichens had become mildewed and scarcely any food could reach us, but sledges drawn by dogs brought this book to us over the ice, and we read it by candle-light in the hut of Narvik the moss-dealer at Mo.

The book was almost entirely about the Chinamen who are the chief inhabitants of London and run about there with knives and revolvers shooting and stabbing as they please. I obtained a picture then of your great English capital which will never be effaced from my mind. But there was one fierce Englishman in this book who used to shoot the Chinamen whenever he found them in his house or his grounds or interfering with his plans in the City. He had revolvers always about him. He went once into a house at Sunningdale where a beautiful girl had been kidnapped by Chinamen. She tried to throw a little bomb, which she kept near her bed for the purpose, at the Chinamen, but they tied her up before she could reach it, and they were about to strangle her when the strong hero—did he arrive too late? He did not. He arrived in the nick of time. "Clifford Lynne," your M. Edgar Walluck has written, "was standing in the doorway, hands on hips, and each hand held death."

Those are fine words. But it is in the art of characterisation that M. Walluck is perhaps supreme. The virile hero, the vivacious yet virtuous young female, the sinister crook, so subtle yet so full of sangfroid, the calm and resolute officer of the law. And how swiftly they hurry from incident to incident! Sometimes it may be that in the rapid transition of events an episode that has happened in a previous chapter slips from M. Walluck's mind. Yet how cunningly in the last paragraph is not the whole mystery resolved, and with so dramatic a *dénouement* that the reader himself forgets the small lapses to which I allude! Indeed, are not these very lapses a feature of life itself as it is lived in your wonderful land? Sitting here amongst the dead reindeer and the moss, we in Lapland feel that it must be so.

A whole school of literature which imitates M. Walluck has arisen already amongst us, and our small boys may often be seen trying to depict the heroes and heroines of these great stories with lamp-black on pieces of the bark of fir. In the forests far to the south of us we sometimes hear the sound of the elk bellowing in springtime, and it seems to us like the call of English civilisation ever so far away. "It is the voice of Edgar," we say to one another and smile.

Scandinavian literature is mournful, macabre and gloomy, but we of Lapland, far, far to the north, already experience a new quickening of the mind, a new stirring of the romantic pulses. And this renaissance we owe to M. Edgar Walluck and to M. Edgar Walluck alone.

EVOE.



TO LET NOW, FISHING ON MAGNIFICENT SHEET OF WATER. BUNGALOW CAN BE ARRANGED FOR.



TO LET, NEXT SUMMER, DESIRABLE BUNGALOW, WITH CHARMING GROUNDS, CONTAINING SMALL DECORATIVE DUCK-POND.

Another Inevitable Apology.

"SITUATIONS VACANT.

Reliable Intelligent General required, Aldershot."—*Hampshire Paper.*

"The second bill on Friday is a Pure Beer Bill which would compel brewers to make beer from malt and hops with the addition of not more than 15 per cent of sugar."

Manchester Paper.

In any case we shall continue to drink in hope.

OUR FANCY-DRESS WEDDINGS.



HOW POOR A FIGURE THE BRIDEGROOM CUTS ON THESE OCCASIONS!



WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE IN THE PICTURE?

SIMPLE STORIES.

The Pearl.

Mr. Mooter had made a lot of money in his business, but he didn't want his son Percy to go into it, he said he would rather turn him into a gentleman, which he wasn't himself but he admired them. So he turned Percy into a gentleman, and when he died he left him all his money and quite a nice house to live in, and Percy liked living there by himself at first and doing what he wanted to, but he couldn't do everything that he wanted to because the servants wouldn't let him, and he didn't like to give them notice because of his father, and besides they wouldn't have taken it. And the people in the town didn't think much of him because he wasn't in any business, and being a gentleman didn't make any difference because they didn't care about that themselves, they only cared about being rich and belonging to the Town Council.

Well one day Percy Mooter was eating some oysters for his lunch which his housekeeper often let him have when there was an "r" in the month because they were no trouble to cook, and when he had opened one of them he found quite a large pearl in it. And he was rather excited about it, and rang the bell and told the house-parlour-maid to go and fetch the housekeeper, because he wanted to show it to her. But she sent word back that she was just going to have her afternoon nap and didn't want to be disturbed about anything until four o'clock, and would he kindly not bang the front-door when he went out, she had spoken about that before, but she might as well speak to the winds of heaven.

Well Percy found a little box with some pink cotton-wool inside it, and put the pearl in it, and it looked so valuable that he thought he would like to take it into the town and show it to a jeweller. So he went out, and forgot not to bang the door until after he had done it, but he said to himself oh well I don't care, it will show her who is master.

Well he went to the jeweller whose name was Mr. Pilstein, and Mr. Pilstein said well Perce what can I do for you, you don't seem to be much good to this town, can I sell you a diamond-necklace?

And Percy said no thank you Mr. Pilstein, and he showed him the pearl and told him all about it and asked him what it was worth.

And Mr. Pilstein was quite interested, and he said it was the largest pearl that he had ever seen come out of a private oyster, and he offered to buy it from him as a curiosity, but he said it wasn't worth much because its colour wasn't good and it wasn't round, it was more the shape of a loaf of bread that hadn't been baked properly.

But Percy said he didn't want to sell it, he would rather Mr. Pilstein made a tiepin out of it for him, and Mr. Pilstein said he should be glad to do that, and he called Percy Mr. Mooter and showed him out of the shop and said that the weather was more seasonable.



"And he said I do want to drink wine and spirits and smoke tobacco."

And as Percy was going back he met the Vicar and he stopped him and told him all about the pearl, and the Vicar said well Percy you will have something to talk about now, why don't you write to the newspapers about it?

Well Percy thought this was a very good idea and he would go straight home and do it. But when he got home and rang the front-door bell nobody came to answer it, and he got angry at that and went on ringing at the bell and knocking with the knocker till at last the housekeeper herself came to open the door, and she was very angry too, because she had told the house-parlour-maid not to let Percy in until four o'clock for banging the door, and she had been woken up out of her afternoon nap. But before she could say anything Percy said to her I will be master in my own house, bring me father's latchkey.

And she laughed scornfully and said you with a latchkey, why you'll be wanting to drink wine and spirits and smoke tobacco next, what is the world coming to I should like to know.

And he said I do want to drink wine and spirits and smoke tobacco, send out to the grocer's for half a bottle of claret for me to drink some of it this very evening, and for a sixpenny packet of cigarettes, and bring the latchkey and put it on this table.

So then the housekeeper knew that her reign was over, and she wasn't altogether sorry because she had quite enjoyed getting the better of Mr. Mooter, but it had been too easy with Percy.

Well the next thing that happened was that the newspaper in the town wrote about Percy finding the pearl and called him our esteemed fellow-townsman, and he was very pleased with that and bought several copies of the newspaper and sent them to important people with the bit about him and the pearl marked with red pencil. And then it got copied into other newspapers and Percy felt that he was doing the town good, and when Mr. Pilstein had made him the tiepin he used to walk in the town every afternoon and show it to people he knew, and once he heard a perfect stranger say to another one I believe that is Percy Mooter.

And then one day the Vicar met him and said to him why Percy you are getting quite a public character, and he told him that his daughter who was taking a holiday in Mentone had sent him a French newspaper which had copied the piece about him finding the pearl, and it had mentioned his name but left out about our esteemed fellow-townsman. And after that it got into several foreign newspapers, and Percy subscribed to a press-cutting agency, and he put up a map in his hall and marked off all the places where the pearl had been mentioned, and if any country hadn't heard about it yet he wrote to the Ambassador, and sent him particulars about the pearl and a photograph of it, and one of himself that he had had taken. And he got cuttings from places as far away as Kenya and Australia, and he felt he was

getting known all over the world, and was much more important than all the people in the town who had looked down on him before.

Well when this had been going on for about a year Percy Mooter fell in love with the Vicar's youngest daughter, and he wouldn't have dared to say anything about it before, because the Vicar was very particular who his daughters married, but as he had become so important he didn't a bit mind asking him if he could marry her. And the Vicar said well she will have to live with you, I shan't, so if she doesn't mind I don't.

And she didn't mind because Percy wasn't really bad-looking, except for his chin and the way his teeth stuck out, and she thought she could keep him in order all right. But she said I am sick and tired of hearing about your pearl, there is only going to be one pearl in our house and that will be me, so you had better send it to the British Museum, I would wear it myself but it is too ugly.

So Percy did that, because the papers had about finished with the pearl by this time, and he thought this might be a way of making them begin again. And he was very happy in his marriage, although his wife said she would rather he were a teetotaler and gave up smoking, and she didn't see what he wanted with a latch-key. A. M.

RECESSIONAL ELEGY.

(With acknowledgments to the author of the old ballad, "Who Killed Cock Robin?")

WHO muzzled the Beaver?
"*I*," said BALDWIN of Bewdley:
"I handled him shrewdly;
I muzzled the Beaver."

Who burst the Balloon?
"I," said Printing House Square:
"With my 'pars'—just a pair—
I burst the Balloon."

Who blew the gaff?
"We," said the apes,
"With our timely escapes
We blew the gaff."

Who cooked the goose?
"I," said *The Post*;
"I served it on toast;
I cooked the goose."

Who smashed the Crusade?
"I," said the Referendum,
"With my deadly addendum;
I smashed the Crusade."

Who 'll mop up the mess?
"I," said *The Mail*;
"I 'm a regular whale
At mopping up mess."



"COMING HOME I HAD A COUPLE OF BIRDIES."
"LEONARD, DEAR! AND YOU PROMISED ME FAITHFULLY YOU 'D GIVE UP COCKTAILS."

Who 'll pay back the subs?
"I," said the Trustee.
"All Wee Girls of Three
Shall get back their subs."

But who 'll dig the grave?
"Oh, I 'll dig and I 'll delve,"
Said "A Mother of Twelve";
"I 'll dig the grave."

Who 'll be Chief Mourner?
"I," said MCCURDY,
"With my hurdy-gurdy
I 'll be Chief Mourner."

And who 'll sew the shroud?
"I," said Miss Stitch;
"My hands simply itch
To embroider the shroud."

And who 'll sing the dirge?
"I," said JAMES DOUG.
"I can sob a full jug:
I 'll sing the dirge."

EPILOGUE.

Some Mothers of Triplets wept sadly and sighed,
And one Centenarian Dowager died;
But the national grief has been largely allayed
By the list of recruits for Prince ESMOND'S Brigade. C. L. G.

"MR. J. H. THOMAS'S EXCUSES FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.
MR. LLOYD GEORGE DEMANDS TIME FOR FEARLESS REVUE."
Daily Paper.

Will this mean Cabinet rank for Mr. COCHRAN?

"Like cats gives his little senate laws."
Sunday Paper.

There seems to be a confusion here between *Cato Major* and Catus Felix.



Mother. "NOT READY YET? YOU KNOW YOU'RE COMING TO TEA WITH ME AT JOAN'S."
Child. "IF THERE'S MUCH MORE OF THIS SOCIETY BUSINESS YOU'LL DRIVE ME OVER TO THE LABOUR PARTY."

BINGO THE DIPLOMAT.

ON his walks abroad on Sunday afternoons Bingo has made several firm friends who appear with the regularity of recurring decimals. There is the wise old Aberdeen whom he adores, and the two mastiffs who apparently permit him to swing from their ears, and the little girl whom he has cured of being "afraid of dogs." But even when he meets all these and others with whom he has scraped acquaintance Bingo thinks the afternoon utterly wasted on which he does not meet the Lovers.

This acquaintanceship began over a bag of toffees in which She was foraging one hot afternoon last summer. Bingo is very susceptive to paper-bags. He can detect them a mile away. Of course he postured before Her in his most winsome and pathetic "haven't-had-a-bite-nor-sup-for-days" attitude, and of course She lost Her heart to him, and fed him with many more toffees than were good for him. The next Sunday they were there again, and since then they and the toffees have been a regular feature of his Sunday-afternoon walks.

Many fond hopes has She whispered into Bingo's silky ears, while Bingo's mercenary nose has probed about for paper-bags, and her companion has striven to quell his faint jealousy.

But on our first afternoon of real spring, when a young man's thoughts are turning to love, and Bingo's to the hypothetical rabbits of Hampstead Heath, we were confronted with an embarrassing situation. We met the Lovers indeed, but under what tragic circumstances!

She was settled in a deck-chair, gazing wistfully over the top of an unread magazine at the spires of Highgate, while He was firmly planted in a little straight-backed green chair, scowling at London Town. Such a clear case of "I shan't speak first" we had never met before.

Bingo was utterly disconcerted. He looked appealingly at me, but I took refuge in a chair mid-way between them and dived hastily into a book.

After a little hesitation Bingo advanced upon the maiden. She picked him up and popped sweet toffees into his mouth and whispered sweet nothings into his ears, nearly driving the dignified youth distracted. But Bingo was unhappy. After comparatively few toffees he wriggled down and trotted over to Him. He decided that under the circumstances it was quite impossible for him to see anything nearer than the dome of St. Paul's.

But Bingo's resource never altogether fails, and suddenly he seized upon His hat—His immaculate, Sunday-best, dove-grey trilby, which lay on the grass at his feet—and dashed off with it. I was just about to deal severely with Bingo when his tactics became clear to me. The hat was carefully deposited in her lap, and Bingo cavorted back to me and remarked distinctly, "This is no place for us."

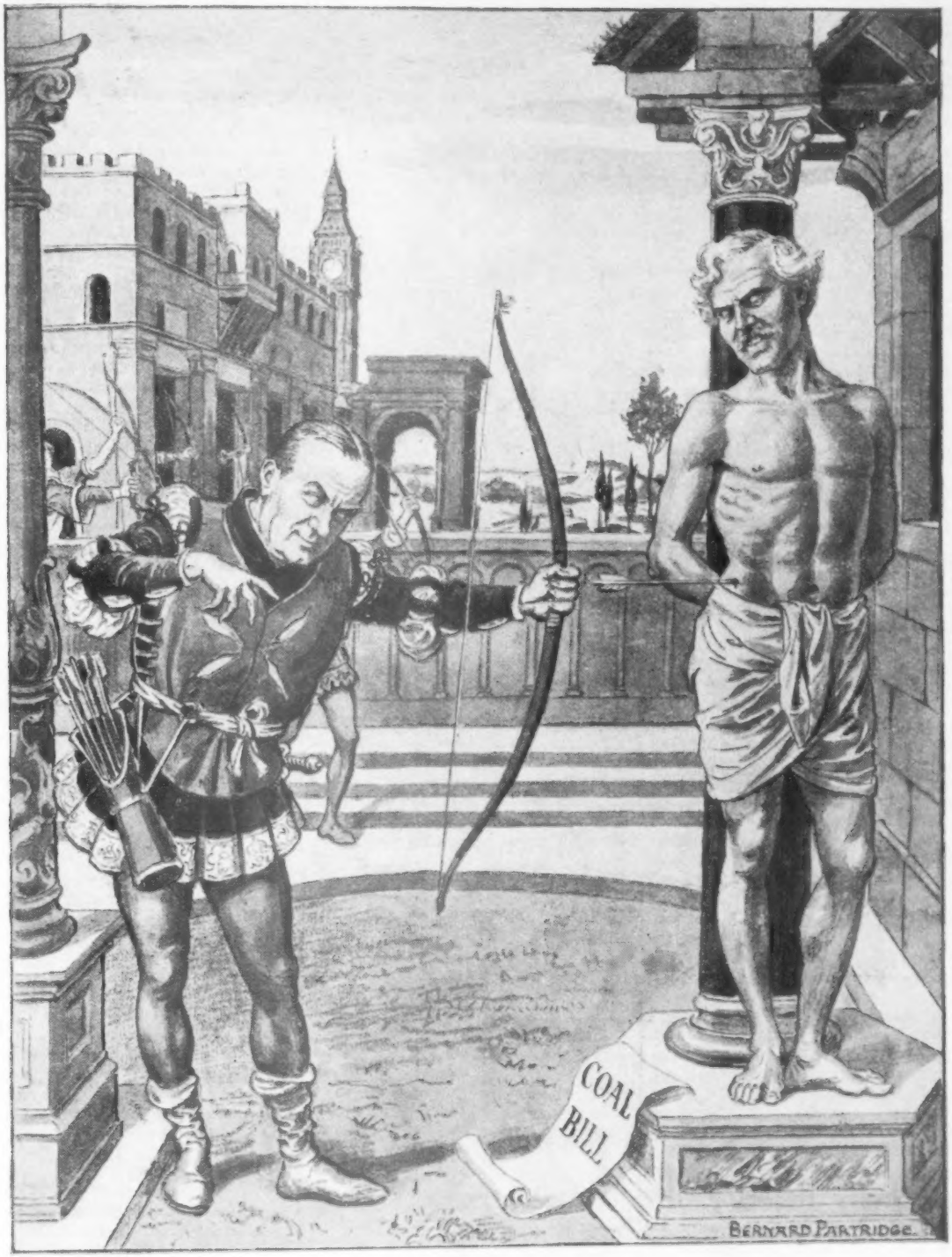
The chair-man put a bad construction on my motives for moving off just as he bore down on us, but I paid my twopence and departed without a look behind.

* * * * *

Last Sunday we came upon the Lovers in a dell of uncurling bracken. It was unfortunate that the extra allowance of toffees should disagree so violently with Bingo; but it 's a poor heart that never rejoices.

"DERBY DAY AMONG THE LAYERS."
Evening Paper.

You really ought to see our poultry run.



THE DIE-HARD.

SEBASTIAN MACDONALD. "AH, WELL, ONE ARROW—IN A NON-VITAL SPOT—DOESN'T MAKE A MARTYR."

CHORUS OF INDEFATIGABLE ARCHERS. "PLENTY MORE TO COME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 10th.—How should a Viceroy subscribe himself in a letter to a pious Mahatma who is about to launch a campaign of civil disobedience? Sir G. DALRYMPLE-WHITE suggested that "Yours very truly" was going altogether too far—a suggestion that the SECRETARY FOR INDIA chose to regard as "a piece of impertinence." Strictly speaking, of course, Lord IRWIN can hardly be GANDHI'S very truly. On the contrary it is expected that at any moment GANDHI will find himself very truly Lord IRWIN'S in the most possessory sense of the word. But a Viceroy must respect the decencies, even when writing to a revolutionary. It would never have done for Lord IRWIN to end his letter "Yours more in sorrow than in anger" or "Your prospective incarcerator."

The impracticable nature of this discussion did not prevent Lieut.-Colonel HENEAGE from trying to raise a still more academic issue by asking Mr. HENDERSON if he did not think that in dealing with the Soviet Government the British Government was suffering from an inferiority complex. Mr. HENDERSON made it quite clear that the only complex the Government is suffering from is a determination not to treat the revolution-mongering activities of the Third International as a cause for breaking with Russia unless the provocation becomes intense. That is not an inferiority complex, but what the psychologists describe as an inverted ostrich complex.

Further evidence of the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S determination to suffer and be strong under the bludgeonings of Bolshevist provocation was provided when Mr. HENDERSON described the Soviet persecution of Christian and other religionists as "anti-religious pressure." "Sorry to disturb you," said the steam-roller to the worm, "but my business is pressing."

Mr. HENDERSON intimated that even if the "pressure" might be best described as persecution he did not see how the British Government could help even the exhaustively-pressed co-religionists of Mr. A. M. SAMUEL. Nor had he much comfort to offer Sir KINGSLEY WOOD in the matter of the Roman Catholic Mission at Kwangsi which the Chinese Communists recently pressed into a state of non-existence.

In the debate on Unemployment that followed, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was billed to come in like a lion freed from the trammels of a restraining truce. Instead of that he frisked in with lamb-like inconsequence, a mildness that could not be even partly accounted for by the fact that he had subsequently to leave the House in considerably less than his usual robust health. The Liberal leader was content to point with alarm to the rising tide of unemployment and the corresponding futility of the LORD PRIVY SEAL'S Partingtonian broom, while he



ON THE BRAIN (L.).
MR. J. H. THOMAS AS SEEN BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

made play with Mr. BALDWIN and his "squaring" of Lord BEAVERBROOK and twitted Mr. THOMAS with a passion for playing trains. Mr. WHEATLEY, deriding the baffled Government from that point of comparative vantage, the rear, would have done better if he had



THE MAD MONTH OF MARCH.
HAVING BEEN ADVERTISED TO COME IN LIKE A ROARING LION, MR. LLOYD GEORGE PLAYS THE BLEATING LAMB.

not been obsessed with the belief that all that is necessary to make this country prosperous is to increase purchasing power and stimulate production by raising wages and doles all round. Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND argued that Mr. SNOWDEN, by keeping the business world in a state of uncertainty, was making unemployed faster than the LORD PRIVY SEAL could unmake them.

Mr. THOMAS blamed the situation on a "world reaction in trade," and pointed out that other countries had high unemployment figures. A slump in the price of raw materials and silver had slowed up production, but he refused to despair. Anyway, shipbuilding was looking up. The plea of circumstances over which the Government had no control was not accepted by Mr. WISE, who thought it was high time the House saw Circumstance wincing in the fell clutch of the Government.

Tuesday, March 11th.—It is not often, of course, that a Scotsman has a slate loose, but when he has he knows whom to blame. For in spite of the fact that Scottish slates are more durable, as Mr. TOM JOHNSTON admitted when pressed by Mr. MACQUISTEN, the Town Councils of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Dundee all bought foreign slates by the million in the last two years.

There is one country to which the Lancashire cotton industry has no need to look with an apprehensive eye. Last year's importation of Russian cotton goods into this country, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE informed Sir NAIRNE STEWART SANDEMAN, were of the total value of one pound. Mr. GRAHAM would not admit that such goods might be seeping into the country in devious ways, but said he had the matter under inquiry. Incidentally the rumour that the pound's worth of Russian cotton goods in question consisted of a red shirt imported (*viâ* India) by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY is unsubstantiated.

This hon. and gallant Gentleman, by the way, lacks the prophetic sense, else he would not have pressed Mr. GRAHAM to say whether coal-bunkers for fishing-vessels and the coastwise trade would be exempt from levy under the Coal Mines Bill. Mr. GRAHAM was more circumspect. "Assuming Clauses 2 (3) (*a*) and 3 (2) (*g*) of the Coal Mines Bill are accepted by Parliament . . ." his answer ran.

They were not accepted. On an Amendment moved by Colonel LANE FOX to omit paragraph (*a*) of Clause 2, (3) the Government found itself defeated by eight votes. The rejected part of the Clause, it may be explained, sought in effect to enable the central council

to levy on the districts for the purpose of subsidising export coal. Some attacked the provision on the ground that it ought not to be compulsory, and others because it was in fact charging the domestic consumer more for his coal in order that the foreign purchaser might get *his* coal cheaper. Mr. GRAHAM defended the provision with no great warmth, but evidently expected that Liberal abstentions from the Lobby would see it through.

The announcement of the Government's discomfiture mightily pleased the Conservatives and cast a corresponding gloom over the mercurial supporters of the Government; but a sense of proportion was restored when the PRIME MINISTER, replying to Mr. BALDWIN, declared the defeated provision to be of no great consequence and that they would proceed with the Bill. If the Opposition wished to do so they could try to turn the Government out on the forthcoming Vote of Censure.

Whereupon the tumult and the shouting died down and the House soberly resumed its task.

Wednesday, March 12th.—As a relief from questions about Russian persecutions and Russian propaganda the House turned to the subject of fishing in the Parks. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY asked the FIRST COMMISSIONER if he would issue a limited number of licences to anglers to fish in the Serpentine. Mr. LANSBURY, who has no wish to be known to posterity as the founder of the London Ananias Club, replied austerely that children are allowed to fish for tiddlers. He doubted if there were other fish worth catching. Were there not some fine big fish in the Serpentine? asked the gallant and optimistic Member for Central Hull. Mr. LANSBURY, evidently unwilling to discuss the theory of relativity in relation to "whoppers," made no reply.

Mr. FREEMAN, who thinks that M.P.'s ought to wear identity discs, asked the FIRST COMMISSIONER if he would consider supplying Members with suitable badges. This led to the following spirited if irrelevant dialogue:—

Mr. WILL THORNE. Will the Right Hon. Gentleman consider the advisability of a referendum badge?

Sir F. HALL. You will not be here long enough for a referendum.

Mr. WILL THORNE. I shall be here when you are dead, my son.

Sir F. HALL. You were nearly dead last night.

Thursday, March 13th.—The Lords gave a Second Reading to a Bill to promote the safety of reservoirs. Owners of reservoirs will under the Bill be required to keep them chained up and not merely pay damages when they get loose and savage the neighbours.



BRER FOX TACKLES OLD MAN TARRYPIN.

"'Well, I 'm gwine ter out you,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. . . . Sho nuff, Brer Tarrypin he went dowa ter de bottom—ker-blunkity-blink!"—*Uncle Remus.*

(But old man Tarrypin don't get drownded he don't.)

COLONEL LANE FOX.

A Performing Animals Regulation Bill, sponsored by Lord DANESFORT, also got a second reading, though Lord JESSEL and others voted it superfluous. It prohibits the exhibition of performing anthropoid apes and the larger felidæ and incidentally perpetuates the vulgar error that a panther and a leopard are two different animals.



ON THE BRAIN (II.).

MR. SNOWDEN AS SEEN BY MR. CHURCHILL.

After Mr. BALDWIN had humbly petitioned for something on account for the Old Lady of Bloomsbury, and Mr. GREENWOOD had treated the House to a fit of the tantrums and Mr. GILLETT had explained why the Government could protest no further against higher Indian duties on Manchester cotton goods, the House settled down to a Vote of Censure on the Government for not extending Safeguarding or letting our perishing industries know what it meant to do about those now in existence. Mr. BALDWIN was statesmanlike, historical and Council-of-State-ish. The real duel was between the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Mr. CHURCHILL.

Mr. SNOWDEN was ineffective as the spirit of Cobdenism, but highly effective in rebutting the Conservative charge of shovelling out public money and getting nothing for it. Mr. CHURCHILL has said too much in the past to be able to attack any Free Trader effectively, but his quotation of "That 'll larn 'em to be toads," as epitomising Mr. SNOWDEN'S spleen against the safeguarded industries for daring to prosper, was worth waiting to hear.

The most solid contribution to the debate was perhaps that of the Member for North Belfast, who stated that the House of Commons tea-room had tablecloths which had been made in Czecho-Slovakia.

The Government, assured on this occasion of Liberal support, easily defeated the motion.

"BLACKHEATH v. BRADFORD.

Blackheath.—A. F. H cmfwyp cmfwyp cmfwyp pywfmem Bishop. . . ."

Team List in Daily Paper.

A Welsh sporting prelate, we suppose.

"The case was one in which an Exeter firm of motor healers had obtained judgment."

Devonshire Paper.

Our baby speaks very highly of the children's wards.

At the Lingfield meeting Lord BEAVERBROOK'S Miscou was beaten by half-a-length in the Baldwins Selling Hurdle Race. Our Sporting Correspondent rejects the rumour that Lord ROTHERMERE'S Miscue also ran.



A NEW SONG OF ARABY: THE COMPOSER TRYING IT ON THE CAMEL.

HURTS.

WE were late for the family tea, which is such a splendid institution at Tarcross.

"You golfers who prefer the last four holes in a howling gale to hot tea must just fit in where you can," said our hostess sweetly. "You 'll find some places at the end."

I slipped with rather indecent haste into the chair which stood miraculously vacant beside Miss Cherry Hat (I hadn't caught her name at lunch). She begged me not to be polite and set a large plate of bread-and-butter before me. I began to eat greedily.

"Do you like Hurts?" she asked, turning the cherry hat suddenly so that I could see quite a lot of her face.

"Not awfully. This large blister which is coming into being on my right hand is not contributing much to the pleasure of my tea. And as for the major disablements—they do depend so much on your nurse, don't they, and in these days, insurance. . . . Which company do you represent?"

"You 're being perverse. When I said Hurts——"

"Sorry for being so slow. Of course I know that Herts *ought* to be pronounced like that, but I 'm temporarily unnerved by a drive into the tee-box at the seventeenth, which I 'm going to describe to you as soon as I 've finished this bread-and-butter. To tell you the truth, I think it 's a horrid county. Most of it is now arterial road, along which one always seems to be racing in order to get somewhere else. And. . . ."

Miss Cherry Hat was looking at me so severely that I broke off.

"You don't know Surrey very well?" she asked, with a certain meaning in her eyes.

"I wasn't born here," I answered guardedly.

"If you had been you 'd probably know the name of that jam you 're treating so—so approvingly."

"Tell me," I said.

"Hurts," she answered and moved the pink Dresden pot well out of my reach.

"It sounds too harsh a name for such a magical substance. Is much known of the domestic life of the Hurt?"

"It 's purple, and grows wild in the woods. All over the place. You must have seen it in Scotland. I live near here, and in the season we have terrific parties and go Hurt-hunting. Great fun, only they stain so."

"I 'm very glad to hear they do. Do you mean to tell me," I demanded, turning and looking very straight into what the cherry hat left of her blue eyes, "that you, who probably call yourselves country-lovers, have so little respect for the glories of Nature and so little understanding of the magnificence of the Wild and Untamed that you band yourselves together into vandal hordes and roam the dells and boscage to ravage the infant and defenceless Hurt in its—its bassinette?"

The American professor on the other side leant benevolently across the table.

"You look as though you 'd lost something. What can I do?"

"You might push me the jam. Thanks awfully. Tell me," I said sternly, returning to the charge, "do the Anti-Blood Sports or whatever they call themselves know about this butchery? If, as I suspect, it has been kept from them, I shan't hesitate to take it up and insist on a strong movement for the protection of the Hurt. Surely," I cried, "in the mute innocence of the little Hurt there is something infinitely pathetic, something which would move even the toughest M.F.H. to pity, if not to tears?"

Miss Cherry Hat's little nose wrinkled up.

"As a matter of fact I 'm not awfully keen on the sport. Mother makes us do it, but they do ruin your hands. I think it might be easier to protect than to pick."

And so over our tea-leaves and cigarette-ends was formed the Society for the Compulsory Cessation of That Pur-

suit Commonly Called in the County of Surrey Hurt-Hunting. We roped in the Professor and several others, swore the oath over the empty Dresden pot to stand loyally by the Hurt of all ages, and there and then got the Professor to jot down our manifesto on a bit of *The Observer*.

We called upon all those who had been giving themselves thoughtlessly and wantonly to the pastime to consider, amongst other things:—

(1) The feelings of the Mother Hurt, who, surviving the slaughter, mourns over her stained and empty cradles.

(2) The unimaginable horrors of the last moments of one of these little creatures when it is finally committed to be boiled. Plainly out of all comparison with those of the lobster or cabbage, both relatively insensitive organisms.

(3) The agony in the breast of the young Hurt who has given his heart and knows that the odds against the escape of one so fine and plump as his beloved are negligible, to say nothing of his own predicament.

(4) The matchless civic beauty of the Hurts, living tranquilly and inoffensively together in a highly-developed community of their own. (A tear trickled down the nose of the Professor as he wrote this, for his subject was political science.)

With many other moving clauses the manifesto was drawn up and we all signed it.

"You don't think it would be better to call them just plain whortleberries?" asked the Doctor, whom I disliked.

"Whortleberries?" I demanded.

"Huckleberries, we call them," the Professor said.

"Ay, or blaeberries," the Scots barrister suggested.

"Or bilberries," said someone else.

"Or cranberries."

"Or *Vaccinium Myrtillus*," John put in a little self consciously, having just crashed heavily in his Medical Schools in Botany.

"Am I to understand," I demanded of Miss Cherry Hat, "that you have been deluding me into the belief that those nasty messy things that I've had to pick ever since I was——?"

"Of course they're all the same thing. Only in Surrey we call them——"

"Yes," I said, "I know what you call them." And, as the first President of the Society for their Protection, with some dignity I declared its dissolution.

A Special Matinée of *Marigold*, with Miss JEAN CADELL and Mr. ATHOLE STEWART in their original *rôles*, will be given at the St. James's Theatre, at 2.30 P.M. on Tuesday, April 1st, in aid of Mrs. STANLEY BALDWIN'S Appeal for Anæsthetics for Maternity Cases (National Birthday Trust Fund). Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. STANLEY BALDWIN, 10 Upper Brook Street W.1 (Mayfair 2007), or the Box Office, St. James's Theatre, King Street, S.W.1 (Gerrard 3903).

The Ups and Downs of Stardom.

"Margaret —— rises to great heights as she depicts Josie Drew's degradation."
Devonshire Paper.



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE."

AT THE PICTURES.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS A TALKIE COMEDIAN.

MY recollection of *Sleeping Partners* on the stage—"in the round"—is that it was a naughty play, but not excessively so. It is curious that as a talking



She (*Miss* EDNA BEST) *to He* (*Mr.* SEYMOUR HICKS). "IF YOU LIKE ME SO MUCH WHY DON'T YOU CALL ME 'IT'?"
It (*husband of She*) . . . MR. LYN HARDING.

film its naughtiness should be intensified; but this is due, I suppose, to the concentration of the screen, where the eye is unrelieved by colour or accessory and every moment bears upon the matter in hand, which is adultery and deception. I seem to remember that on the stage there was some pretence of hesitation and virtue on the part of whatever lady played the tempted wife; but Miss EDNA BEST in the film version is reluctant only in parting with her words, which she withholds till the last possible moment, almost as though she were obeying a sign from the wings. Thus the licentiousness and perfidy of the seducer have a prey that really needs no winning—is already won—and not a little of the scheme of the farce is lost. I am doubtful if Miss BEST is well cast here: someone to suggest more *ennui*, more sophistication, would probably have been better; Miss BEST is so obviously an innocent that we can be shocked as well as surprised to find her not only completely amenable to the seducer—in whom humour (which women dislike) is always so much more powerful than their heart's desire, romantic love—but also the wife of her unfaithful and bearded husband.

As for this mixture of profligate and dupe, played by Mr. LYN HARDING, the insistence on his beard, by no means a triumph of the art of make-up, gives us one of the many differences between England and France. I did not see M. SACHA GUITRY's play from which Mr. HICKS made this adaptation, but I should be prepared to bet that the husband's beard was not a steady subject of jokes. The French disregard oddities in faces, clothes and hats: they have other things to amuse them; but in the English version this grotesque assemblage of hair provides too much of the fun.

Of Mr. HICKS let me say at once that he has mastered the screen technique, and it serves him well. All his amazing mercurial gifts are here, save one: his restless activity. Lacking the amplitude of the stage, he cannot when in perplexity ramp and prowl and fling himself into chairs, as we have learned to expect. But all the cadences of his voice, from mockery to entreaty and back again, are minutely registered.

Mr. HERBERT WARING has a small part. But why, in his gentle old age, should his name be spelt WARRING?

I wonder if the directors of films, after their work is finished, ever sit in front as members of the audience. It is pretty clear that Mr. SIDNEY FRANKLIN, the director of *Devil-May-Care*, did not, or he would have made it all over again; for in his effort to do two things at once



REALITY THAT RECALLS ART.

Fan. "I CAN'T HAVE TOO MUCH OF THIS. IT TAKES ME BACK TO THE CLATTER OF HOOFS AT THE OLD 'ELEPHANT.'"

he has, like every other dual-minded experimentalist, failed. These two things were to exploit RAMON NOVARRO as a new reckless DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in a drama of escapes, pursuits and thrills, and to exploit the same gentleman as a sentimental singer. This means that at the most critical moment of what might have been quite an exciting story the action goes all to pieces while *Armand* (Mr. NOVARRO), the hero, is warbling of his love to *Leonie* (Miss DOROTHY JORDAN), the heroine. Since (with no one left to hold his horse—and never did horse's hoofs make such a clatter



NAPOLEON (*making early appearance*). "ARMAND, I'LL RETIRE FROM THIS FILM RIGHT NOW. AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE MY CONQUESTS COMPARED TO YOURS?"
Armand . . . MR. RAMON NOVARRO.

as in this film) *Armand* is most vocal and most dallying when his foes are most dangerous and his own comrades most need him for the success of their conspiracy, our annoyance and consequent depression can easily be imagined. I never heard such a salvo of coughs.

Mr. NOVARRO's singing in *Pagan Love* was exactly fitted to the requirements of that excellent picture; in *Devil-May-Care* it is tiresome; but his speaking voice is agreeable and he makes a good romantic figure. To English ears a Napoleonic play (*Armand* and his fellow-intriguers are supposed to be working to bring the exile back from Elba), presented entirely in American accents, would probably be a little unconvincing no matter how well constructed (to hear a French Countess who has been boasting of her high degree addressing her butler as "gasson" is rather a blow); but this is a very casual affair, devoid of historical research. As to whether or not we deserve more considerate treatment I have not made up my mind.

E. V. L.

"Disturbances broke out in several districts, the rioters using knuckle-dusters and the police wielding luncheons."—*Indian Paper.*
A table-d'hôte makes a very formidable weapon.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS" (GARRICK).

THE most churlish of Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD's critics should approve the modesty of her refusal to emulate BERNHARDT or DUSE. For, in the revival of this heart-rending old drama with young and engaging principals, her performance, like the production, is brave enough to be taken seriously and judged on its own merits. DUSE, no doubt, would more readily have unlocked the fountain of our tears, and SARAH might have defied the chaste surroundings in which Miss BANKHEAD looks so much at home. Neither the elegant interiors nor the sun-drenched prospect at Auteuil designed by Mr. GEORGE SHERINGHAM are at odds with her fragile beauty. Her voice, it is true, has a dying fall reminiscent of *Old Virginia*, and its husky timbre is perhaps better suited to less transpontine grief than that of *Marguerite Gautier*; but her beauty fills the eye and her art has its moments.

By *Marguerite* the play stands or falls. She is always the centre of interest. Her court of lovers, protectors, spongers and friends live only in the light of her countenance. Some compromise was obviously called for between her parlous physique and her febrile spirit. For, though she dies of tuberculosis, the stage cannot be turned with any comfort to us or help to the play into a sanatorium. So, while *Puccini* sobs in the entr'actes, TALLULAH just hints a cough and hesitates a hæmorrhage. The galloping consumption that, tradition says, carried off her more downright predecessors is here a true decline, the cough a tactful clearing of the throat that puts us under no necessity to clear our own.

This is *La Vie de Bohème* without a vengeance. And one can picture the stalwarts of the past—those barn-stormers who tore the play's passions and the spectators' heart-strings to shreds—watching their young successors with something of the interest and not a little of the wonder vouchsafed by the shepherds of Versailles to the sports of their royal mimics. One or two of the present players might seem free of their company. Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH in particular, who plays the *Baron de Varville*, has the gift of gesture and the courage of his buskined convictions. He can strike and maintain a pose and declaim a speech in a manner to awaken more than local echoes. Mr. CECIL HUMPHREYS too is a dignified *Comte de Giray*, and Mr. C. V. FRANCE, in a lovely silk-hat and beard of poodle-cut, is an authoritative *paterfamilias*. But for most of the rest—other times, other methods.



A MAD SUPPER-PARTY.

Marguerite	MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.
Armand	MR. GLEN BYAM SHAW.
Prudence	MISS RENEE DE VAUX.
Gaston	MR. HAROLD WARRENDER.
Olympe	MISS VIOLET MARQUESITA.
Saint-Gaudens	MR. RICHARD GOOLDEN.

We laughed when *Marguerite* combed her top-knot in the heyday of her love, had a pricking of the eyes perhaps for her renunciation. We sympathised, despite his flamboyant trousers, with that suckling sentimentalist, *Armand*, whose person, if not his passions, Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW naïvely projected. And we enjoyed those ran-tan-tan songs at the piano with which Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER Britannically enlivened the supper-party that launched the play. This party and the Third Act rout at *Olympe's* house, with its period beaux and belles—here a WINTERHALTER, there an INGRES—and its shower of gold and silver with which *Armand* released his despair and basted poor *Marguerite's* goose—these two massed assemblies gave Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR his most effective opportunities and the production its liveliest passages.

This revival may not move us very deeply, but it does provide much that is pleasant to look at. Note how dutifully the sun-soaked champaign seen from the terrace at Auteuil deepens into dusk for *Marguerite's* sad litany with *Armand's* papa and the one pure kiss of her life. How *Armand*, poor boy, is left alone there with his ruined romance in the lamplight and the dew. The hush of the twilit bedroom in Paris where *Marguerite's* fitful fever is stilled for the entrance of *Harlequin*, apt harbinger of such a death. That death is long protracted and seems to demand the histrionics Miss BANKHEAD abjures. To die by inches, trailing clouds of silken glory, in limelit state, set off by anguished friends, with angelic voices stealing from the convenient chapel and a time-honoured sprinkle of snow, would seem to call for more than such modest discretion. But—other times, other tears.



LOVE IS BLIND, BUT NOT A LOVER'S FATHER.

Marguerite	MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.
Duval (Armand's Father)	MR. C. V. FRANCE.

And all in one short year! As *Armand's* papa so sonorously put it, this union, which had "neither chastity for its foundation nor religion for its support," could never have prospered. He knew it, and so did we; and yet we remained unmoved. Whose fault was it that our eyes were so dry? I wonder. One thing seems certain. Queens, whether historic or histrionic, preserve no unbroken dynasties, and BERNHARDTS and DUSES are rare. But in the intervals between their accessions it is both right and proper that their thrones should be kept warm by such young pretenders as TALLULAH. H.

THE CANALSNIPE.

THE gondolier of Venice is familiar to most of us. Not that we have all met him in the flesh; not that we owe very much to the printed word. But he has beamed down upon us out of the posters of so many Tourist Agencies and languished up from the lids of so many chocolate-boxes that even Judges of the High Courts refrain from asking who he is. Also we have heard him described. And, according as the description is furnished by Millicent or Jones, so do we know him as the swarthy, graceful, smiling Southerner who paddles young ladies from St. Mark's to the Rialto and back, or as the hoarse-voiced, slovenly, foul-mouthed catchpenny with the volcanic temper and the reach-me-down sailor outfit who plies at top speed through the foulest narrowest canals or crawls at his very slowest to the view-points, according as you engage him for the journey or by the hour.

But what of the canalsnipe? Unhonoured and unsung he takes his precarious way upon the face of the waters, his craft a simple egg-box; his paddle a scrap of wood, a cupped hand or the domestic soup-ladle.

And does he keep to the side canals where traffic is scarce or of the humbler variety? Does he hug the land, so to speak? He does not. On the contrary you will find him ruffling it with the best of them along the Grand Canal or far out on the lagoon below St. Mark's. His humble craft may not float on an even keel—as a matter of fact it never does; the design is all against it—but as he passes on his lawful occasions, one corner of his box well down beyond the Plimsoll mark and the other three more or less above the water-line, he moves with all the nonchalance of a London guttersnipe negotiating Park Lane on his home-made scooter.

Along the Grand Canal, where the soundest egg-box rolls dangerously to the swell of passing steamers, you hold your breath at times. But you needn't; the canalsnipe doesn't. He knows that every captain will slow down, or deviate from his course, or even stop rather than aggravate the danger. Nor does our intrepid young navigator lose his head when he "ships a green one" over his port quarter. He just lays his paddle aside, falls calmly to bailing with his cupped hands or an old tin, then continues serenely on his way. And your respect for his resourcefulness mounts when you observe him to be sitting snug and dry in his mother's washing-up basin.

It is unfortunately given to few of us to be present at the commencement or finish of such a voyage. We can only visualise it. For my own part I like to picture the boy, eager to be off, setting forth from his own scullery door under the watchful eyes of his mother.

"You're sure you've got everything, Beppo?" I imagine her calling down from her bedroom window as she runs a critical eye over the equipment.

"Mother of mine," cries the intrepid one, fitting himself as comfortably as Nature will permit into the narrow confines of the wash-up basin, "all is to hand!"

"Good," says she; "and don't lose that soup-ladle whatever you do. And if you should meet your father in the Canal of the Hundred Scents ask him to come home by way of the Rialto and to bring in a cabbage."

"It shall be done, mother of mine,"



She. "YOU THINK I 'M BEAUTIFUL BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME."
He. "OH, NO, MY DEAR, YOU HAVE YOUR QUALITIES QUITE APART FROM THAT."

the musical reply floats back, the little craft having already bobbed away from its moorings.

"And don't cross the Grand Canal without looking."

"Oh, all *right*, Mother!"

"But there are so many canal-hogs about. And don't go too far, and be home early, and don't associate with the Sopratis; and if they ask you to paddle home with them——"

"*Sapristi*! woman," comes the boy's voice as he passes out of range.

Then the home-coming. Darkness has fallen. Peppo's father, stern of countenance and breathing hard, sits in the scullery waiting. A slipper dangles purposefully from his bronzed right hand.

Ten o'clock sounds from a distant steeple. A grating bump is heard on the scullery door, followed by a pause. Then the latch is lifted gently and Beppo enters ladle in hand.

"So you've come home?" says the father.

Beppo hangs his head.

"Yes, father of mine," he mutters.

"You know the time?"

Beppo nods mutely.

"And didn't your mother tell you not to be late?"

"I met Giordano Soprati at the Palazzo Vendramin Calerghi——"

"But you were seen over towards the Lido, saucing a gondolier."

"That was just below St. Mark's, father of mine."

"And where have you been for the rest of the time?"

"Watching the carnival."

The usual pause follows; then the customary remark about an imminent pain about to be shared by father in disproportionate measure. And as Beppo limps bleating to his bed the voice of his father rolls after him, bidding him remember that if he means to grow up and be a fat man with curly hair and an ice-cream business in London, *this* is not the way to carry on.

A WORLD RUGBY XV.

WE have all from time to time indulged in the fascinating pursuit of selecting teams, but I venture to wonder whether anybody has ever selected a team on the ground of qualifications not necessarily physical or technical but rather based on personality. This method of natural selection, if I may so call it, possesses interesting possibilities, and I am venturing to give my choice, made on these lines, for a World's Rugby Football XV.

I start with the full-back, a position requiring coolness, resourcefulness and courage, for which, after some deliberation, I select GENE TUNNEY. For my wing-threequarters I choose CHARLES LINDBERGH and WINSTON CHURCHILL—the former reliable and cool with plenty of thrust and speed, the latter brilliant and unorthodox, a permanent source of danger to the opposition.

To partner LINDBERGH I choose ADOLPHE MENJOU—not a showy player, but highly effective, with a quick eye for an opening and quite imperturbable. For CHURCHILL's partner I select MAURICE CHEVALIER—a dashing player, not lacking in strength and physique. (I shall never forget seeing him expectorate half-way across a Paris stage.) I should expect great things of this line, especially the CHEVALIER-CHURCHILL combination.

For my fly-half I have GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, a very artful and sparkling performer, whose constructive play would rise at times to inspired heights and who would never let his opposite number get the better of him. As his partner at scrum-half I cannot do better than select a Welshman, the well-known wizard, DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, a brilliant tough little player, able to give and take hard knocks and very dangerous near the line.

Now for the forwards. First of all the hooker, who must be able to secure the ball against all opposition. My income-tax collector nearly got the place, but I finally discarded him in favour of PHILIP SNOWDEN, who seems ideal for the position.

For the rest of the front row I have President HOOVER and E. W. BARNES (Bishop of Birmingham), both real stolid workers and fighters, with the latter probably a bit more useful in the loose. These three would make a strong front line.

Two powerful players are needed for the second row, and I think I have them in BENITO MUSSOLINI and FÉODOR CHALIAPIN. They would both push well in the tight and be useful not only in any hearty rough-and-tumble, but also in the more delicate points of the game, while I am confident that MUSSOLINI would excel in open work. In fact his only fault would probably be an uncontrollable passion for packing in every position at once.

For the middle of the back row I choose Lord ALLENBY, a strong, vigorous, thrustful skirmisher and good in defensive work. To support him, I have on one side Colonel LAWRENCE, who would revel in his roving commission; and on the other Lord BIRKENHEAD, a very enterprising and effective player, who would be constantly testing the opposition with what the Press would call "characteristic bursts."

This, then, is my team, and I maintain that it would be difficult to select a better:—

Full-back.

G. TUNNEY (U.S. Marines).

Three-quarters.

C. LINDBERGH (St. Louis, U.S.A.).

A. MENJOU (Hollywood and France).

M. CHEVALIER (Racing Club du Casino de Paris).

W. CHURCHILL (The Navy, The Army, The Treasury and England).

Half-backs.

G. B. SHAW (Malvern and Ireland).

D. L. GEORGE (Versailles and Wales).

Forwards.

H. HOOVER (U.S.A.).

P. SNOWDEN (Yorkshire).

E. W. BARNES (Birmingham and the Lambeth Conference).

F. CHALIAPIN (Russia).

B. MUSSOLINI (Europe).

T. E. LAWRENCE (Oxford and Arabia).

Lord ALLENBY (Jerusalem and England).

Lord BIRKENHEAD (Birkenhead and The City, Inner Circle).

MUSSOLINI is of course captain of the side; he inevitably chooses himself.

OUR CONQUERORS.

THE Pekinese
Disdain to please
By any set design,
But make a thrall
Of one and all
By simple Right Divine.

The Pekinese
Our houses seize
And bend them to their mind,
For every one
's NAPOLEON
And WELLINGTON combined.

The Pekinese
Demosthenes
Requires no voice to plead;
Those shining eyes,
So soft, so wise,
Get everything they need.

The Pekinese
Adore their ease
And slumber like the dead;
In comfort curled
They view the world
As one unending bed.

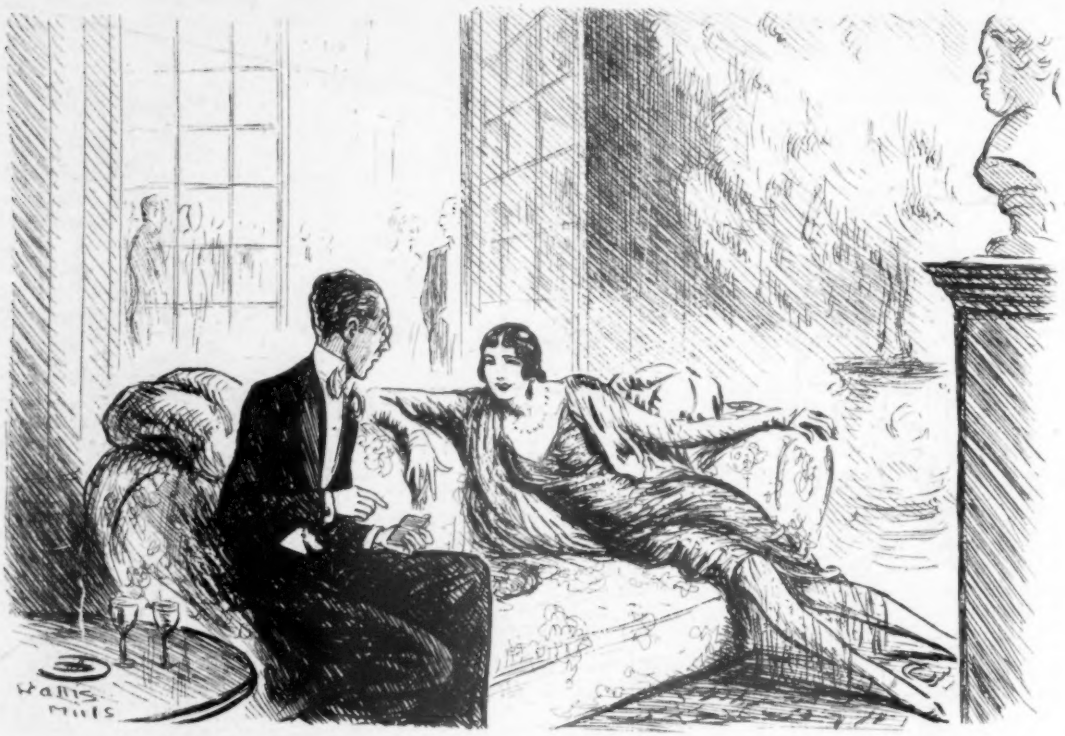
The Pekinese
Abstain from fleas
And doggy things like that,
But hate it when
Unthinking men
Compare them to the cat.

The Pekinese
On China's seas
Embarked to win the West;
A piece of Ming
's a lovely thing,
But oh! the dogs are best.

E. V. L.



SPRING IN THE BANK.



Youth. "I SAY, WHAT ARE ALL THESE NOTCHES IN YOUR CIGARETTE-CASE?"
Vamp. "HUSBANDS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN critics, like diplomatists, take it upon themselves to readjust a frontier, they not uncommonly push back the old inequitable line to the same degree of inequitability on the other side. Thus Miss EDITH SITWELL, in seeking to enlarge the boundaries of our sympathy for *Alexander Pope* (FABER AND FABER, 15/-) leaves ample occasion for an irredentist campaign of outraged romantics. "A good and exceedingly lovable man," "One of the greatest of our poets"? Well, I am so far persuaded by Miss SITWELL'S advocacy as to admit that, given the handicaps of POPE'S age and circumstances—which made neither for lovableness nor for goodness nor for great poetry—her hero was a far braver figure than I had thought him. A somewhat nebulous introduction, in which vague (and I suspect mainly chimerical) forms of ancient and modern British "artist-baiters" are seen fleeing before the Amazonian biographer, leads to an attractive picture of the child who "lisped in numbers," and of the domestic circle that so speedily widened into a literary one. POPE'S parents are admirably drawn; so are the two BLOUNT sisters, and WYCHERLEY and PETERBOROUGH and ATTERBURY. But avowed opponents, such as the "dilapidated macaw," Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, are given a truly Augustan mauling. In fact the main disability of the book is its incessant declension from high serenity to the coterie spirit. Little or nothing of this affects its final inquiry into the poet's technique. And here Miss SITWELL, following Professor SAINTSBURY'S system of "equivalenced" feet, has added notably to our understanding and appreciation of POPE'S heroic couplet.

That great advocate for the defence, the late Sir EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, once started to write his autobiography, proposing to call it by some such name as *The Story of a Failure*, but on second thoughts he laid down his pen, with which indeed he was never so ready as with the tongue. In a sense perhaps he was a failure, though the world never regarded him as anything but a favourite of Fortune—perhaps a thought too apt to quarrel with the authority on the Bench, but probably from the point of view of his client none the worse for that venial indiscretion. The fact was, his were the qualities that make enemies as well as friends: he knew it and regretted it; he made even tremendous efforts at reconciliation, but he was not always successful. He was too keen; he identified himself almost too closely with the interests of a client. Take for example the quite trifling case of Miss HETTIE CHATTELL, sometime "principal boy" at the Hippodrome, for whom he secured the comfortable sum of two thousand five hundred pounds in damages against *The Daily Mail*, which had inadvertently suggested that she was the mother of a well-known actress perhaps half-a-dozen years her junior. This triumph proved in the end more costly than many failures, for it brought him into conflict with ALFRED HARMSWORTH and embittered his existing quarrel with Mr. Justice MATHEW. But a biography would be nothing without an occasional fight against great odds, and in this *Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall* (GOLLANCZ, 25/-) Mr. EDWARD MARJORIBANKS does not confine his attention to the *causes célèbres* in which his friend was so frequently briefed. They make an imposing list, and they had to be chronicled; but the author has not given us a mere case-book. His volume is a worthy memorial to a brilliant personality.

In *Slowbags and*—such is the name of the tale—
Arethusa you 'll find there 's p·ovided
By ADRIAN ALINGTON stuff that you 'll hail
As a winner—or, anyhow, I did.

A curious point in the novel (his first)
Is the fact that he carefully traces
The lives of a pair from the day they were nursed
In entirely different places.

He starts us with *Slowbags* as boy, youth and man,
And, having got him well displayed, he
Deserts him as though he were out of the plan
And switches us on to the lady.

Then, starting afresh, he engagingly treats
Of her life in its opening stages
And on to the time when she suddenly meets
The man of the earlier pages.

Thenceforward the stories are finished as one
In a fairly adventurous manner;
And I 'm of opinion it 's jolly well done
(*Per* CHATTO at seven-and-a-tanner).

There is no doubt that the debit side of the romantic artist's account has recently received some nasty accessions, and one of the nastiest I have come across myself is *The Truth About Wagner* (CASSELL, 7/6). This is not so much a portrait of WAGNER as a portrait of WAGNER'S first wife. Had his second, the redoubted Frau COSIMA, held her tongue and the tongues of her claque about the luckless MINNA, had she refrained from doctoring WAGNER'S reputation with the assiduity only required by the very sick indeed, the retribution of which this volume is evidently but an instalment would perhaps have been spared her legend. But, while Frau COSIMA was buying up *Wagneriana* for her own purposes, an English collector entered the lists against her. The Hon. Mrs. BURRELL—distinguished in Dublin society sixty years ago by her beauty as well as her musical gifts—owned, at the time of her death (1898), not only a unique copy of WAGNER'S autobiography but one-third of his love-letters to MINNA and a mass of other material. This is now catalogued and may later be available for the student. For the present Messrs. P. D. HURN and W. L. ROOT have conducted the first stages of MINNA'S appeal on the strength of it. Their book makes no pretence to impartiality, and a palimpsest of discredited fiction is hardly the best ground for a fair presentment of truth. Yet, if WAGNER'S warts are given undue prominence, MINNA, I think, receives only her due, the sympathy owing to a successful young actress who became a drudge in her husband's service and was abandoned in the hour of his success.



Sailor (who has been handsomely ticked off by Petty Officer). "MY CUP OF 'APPINESS WOULD BE OVERFLOWIN' AT THE BRIM IF I COULD BLOW THAT BLIGHTER OUT OF A FIFTEEN-INCH GUN—NO, A SIXTEEN-INCH GUN."

Politics would be a much more cheerful game if only the players could be content to let old episodes lie forgotten. In his grimly straightforward essay, *Mr. Lloyd George—A Study* (BENN, 9/-), Sir CHARLES MALLET, finding himself unable to take the present leader of his party at the official valuation, has unpleasant things to say in regard to almost every bygone incident of a meteoric career. Himself at one time a member of a Liberal Administration, he talks with terrible precision about not only one or two but a score of contrasting topics—Free Trade and Safeguarding, say, or the Sale of Honours and the Control of Party Funds—which really ought not to be set side by side, but only con-

sidered separately and at decent intervals, if statesmanship is to be a pleasant game going no deeper than platform plausibility and a zeal for office. The writer does not suggest that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE could not find a reply to his charges. He rather suggests on the contrary that the charge is unimaginable to which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE could not reply. He admires his endless versatility, indomitable energy and personal charm, only feeling that the Welsh wizard is rather like certain novelists who, having plunged their heroes into direst distresses, extricate them to their own satisfaction, simply by saying it has been done, without specifying how. That is the way of the charlatan. Sir CHARLES will have it that England has already paid a price for methods of charlatanry.

Miss E. M. DELAFIELD has taken a step in a new direction in her latest novel, *Turn Back the Leaves* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), and a long step. I expected that brilliant, almost cruel dissection of character which she has often made extremely amusing; I found instead a book which is brilliant but not unkind and, though perhaps the best she has written and full of humanity and understanding, by no means funny. As a matter of fact it is almost tragical, the story of children brought up in one of the strict old Roman Catholic families with a father whose asceticism passes over the border into religious mania, and a half-sister—the child of their mother's unfaithfulness, adopted as an act of atonement for that mother's sin—to add to the circumstances which cut them off from ordinary life. One daughter makes a runaway marriage with a Protestant who will not give the required promises as to his children's religion; one enters a convent to expiate her mother's fault, and another is left the lonely attendant on her father's grievous old age. They and their brother, killed in the War, are clearly seen and well-drawn; but their step-mother, *Lady Floyd*, is the triumph of the book; with all her limitations a lovely character, tenderly and truthfully portrayed.



Mother. "LATE FOR BREAKFAST AGAIN, BOBBY. WHY IS IT?"
Bobby. "I FINK I MUST HAVE OVERWASHED, MUMMY."

Miss SYLVIA THOMPSON belongs to that subtle school of modern writers of which the late KATHERINE MANSFIELD was a principal exponent. That is to say, her art consists largely in the accumulation of details which singly seem irrelevant and trifling, but in the sum are revealed as of portentous significance: or, at any rate, we, our minds having by long usage been subdued to this method, assume that they are. And Miss THOMPSON is a mistress of the method. Also, like nearly all contemporary writers of whatever sex, she is an ardent feminist. In *Chariot Wheels* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) the guarded daughter of one of the best houses in Wimbledon becomes the wife of a rising novelist who is the son of a provincial undertaker. She suffers accordingly; and, watching her distresses through her own eyes and those of a post-war and therefore of course candid daughter, we are obviously expected to take it for granted that her husband's creative efforts, however brilliant, are no justification of the assaults which their gestation involves on her pampered susceptibilities. Very likely they were not—he was certainly a bit of a cad; but would it not be interesting if Mr. ANTHONY LUDOVICI or somebody were to put the case for the other side?

The sub-title of *Clues of the Caribbees* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is "Certain Criminal Investigations of Professor Henry Poggioli, Ph.D.," and the five tales in which the *Professor*, whose ardour exceeds his discretion, acts as investigator are always well told and sometimes most amusing. *Poggioli* is a ridiculous person, but Mr. T. S. STRIBLING has drawn him so skilfully that when he makes colossal errors you may laugh but you will not jeer at him. "Cricket" is the story in which *Poggioli's* self-confidence receives the shrewdest blow, but it is no wonder that his *rôle* in "The Governor of Cape Haitien" was on reflection a little obscure to him, and his efforts in "The Prints of Hantoun" were certainly more determined than successful. *Professor Wells* would not, I fear, accept *Professor Poggioli* as a colleague, but nevertheless he is a welcome recruit to the ranks of fictional detectives.

You will need no great skill to guess, and that right soon, by whom the murder in *Wild Justice* (METHUEN, 7/6) was committed; but this fact will not in the least interfere with your interest in the tale. Indeed, when I discovered that Mr. "GEORGE BIRMINGHAM" had allowed a man to be hanged who was innocent (at any rate, of the crime for which he was convicted), I wondered mightily how he was going to bring the story to a satisfactory conclusion. Of this conclusion I will only say that it placed no undue strain on my powers of belief, and that it most fully explains the novel's title. Possibly Mr. "BIRMINGHAM'S" humour is not as spontaneous as it used to be, but it still bubbles up freshly from time to time and adds to the entertainment of an ingenious yarn.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Both Sides of Suez* (NOEL DOUGLAS, 4/6), a collection of verses by HILTON BROWN, all but one of which have appeared in his pages. As the title indicates, the author seeks inspiration impartially in both the East and the West, and his accomplished verses should make a special appeal to all those who owe a double allegiance to the spirit of the Scottish moors and to the glamour of India.

Commercial Statements which Arrest the Eye.

"This service has been much appreciated: not only does it ensure distinctiveness but it also ensures unnecessary expenditure."
Pamphlet of Furnishing Firm.

"We regret to learn that Supt. E. —— is suffering from an influenza cold and is confined to his bed."—*Bucks Paper.*

The compositor himself had better be idoculated.

CHARIVARIA.

A MAN who was arrested recently in London told the police he was a politician. It takes courage to make a confession like that.

* * *

The reconstruction of *The Daily Herald* is understood to have been necessitated by a growing feeling that the interests of the Socialist Party required a more consistent organ than *The Daily Mail*.

* * *

According to a Sunday paper Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is not so young as he used to be. We are tempted to ask how long this has been going on.

* * *

A Hollywood film actress has remarried her first husband. Several other film-stars are furious that they didn't think of this first.

* * *

Some astronomers are reported to have cheered like schoolboys on hearing of the discovery of the new planet. KEATS would never have attributed such behaviour to a "watcher of the skies."

* * *

A lady-writer objects to certain words in the marriage service. Many people take exception to the words "I will."

* * *

Prisoners in Bedford gaol are now taught folk-dancing. BUNYAN wasn't.

* * *

With reference to the official statement that the oscillation of the moon from side to side, reported by a Sheffield meteorologist, was not observed at Greenwich, the suggestion in Yorkshire is that it occurred when Greenwich wasn't looking.

* * *

A newspaper observes that there are phone-hogs as well as road-hogs. A more familiar nuisance is the phone-snail.

* * *

Fossilized remains of the woolly rhinoceros which have been dug up in Fleet Street are regarded as evidence of the antiquity of journalism.

* * *

Delegates to the recent conference of African witch-doctors spoke in terms of condemnation of practitioners who are not members of their association. They regard them as quacks.

The decision of a Glasgow magistrate that a "glass" of whisky is not necessarily half-a-gill has cast a gloom over Clydeside.

* * *

Motor-cars specially designed and equipped for the use of anglers are suggested. Our fear is that confusion of ideas would result in descriptions of whopping pedestrians that had got away.

* * *

The Hungarian who asked to be sentenced to death for murdering his wife, in order that he might join her in the next world, as he considered that to have killed her once was not enough, has displayed a spirit which, if it is at all common among Magyars, arouses misgivings as to the consequences of the Treaty of Trianon in the Hereafter.

* * *

The ghost of a lady in a rustling silk dress is reported to have been seen at an ancient castle near Nuneaton. Of course it isn't real silk.

* * *

Business-men are alleged to be taking longer over their luncheon. In some quarters this is welcomed as a sign of returning confidence.

* * *

In seeking to aid the farmer by means of the supply of certain data, such as the times of the first appearance of the swallow, the white garden butterfly or the audible cuckoo, the Ministry of Agriculture would appear to be usurping the functions of the Press.

* * *

Daily Express readers have been invited to suggest their ideal Sunday B.B.C. programmes. They have, of course, their ideal Sunday newspaper.

* * *

"I was not at Eton," observes Viscount CASTLEROSSE. In spite of this admission Eton has decided to carry on.

* * *

A gossip-writer mentions a music-hall comedian who has gone into the building trade. The usual complaint is that so many of this class go into the music-hall comedian business.

* * *

A Soviet official says that England's trouble is money. Russia has been trying for years to share that anxiety.

* * *

Timbuctoo is reported to be slowly dying, in spite of French efforts to revive it. The "Come to Timbuctoo" movement is thought to have lacked pep.

* * *

With reference to the reported discovery that COLUMBUS was of Spanish origin, it is not so much his birth that matters; it is what he did afterwards.

* * *

A Member of Parliament suggests that every motor-car should have two horns. A new dilemma for the pedestrian.

* * *

In the opinion of a novelist there are many needless things in this world. This applies particularly to notices in Aberdeen shops telling customers to examine their change before leaving the counter.

* * *

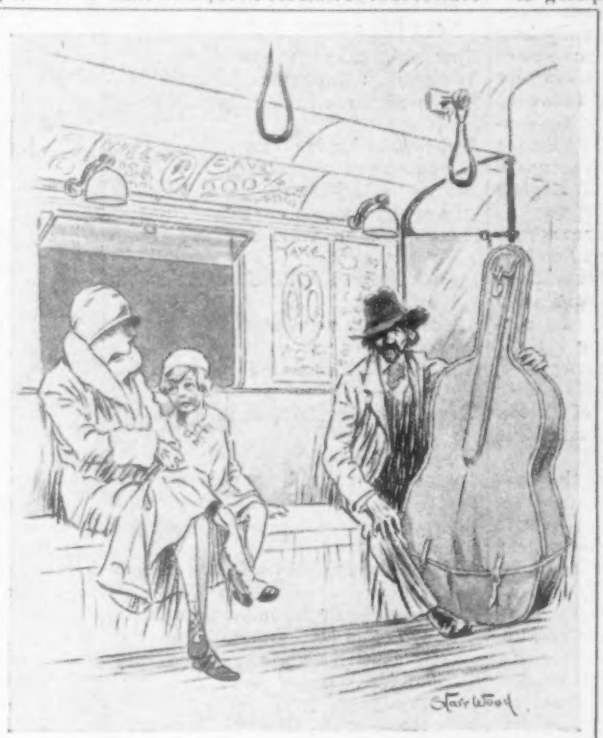
There is much to be said for the short skirt of to-day. For one thing it shows which way the wind is blowing.

* * *

A protest has been made against English motorists who race and beat the Blue Train. A similar complaint used to be made about a one-legged man who made a habit of running along by the side of a South Coast train and chatting to the passengers.

* * *

A scientist says that London water is very hard. Many ice-rink beginners have noticed this.



"MOTHER, I THINK THIS MAN MUST BE A MUSICIAN."

FORTHCOMING BIOGRAPHIES.

SUCH is the popularity of iconoclasm that there is grave danger of the supply of idols running short. The great figures of secular history have crashed from their pedestals and their demolishers have advanced in triumph over their shattered remains to assail the heroes of the Old Testament. MOSES, SAMSON, JOSEPH and SOLOMON have already been ruthlessly exposed, and NOAH, with the opportunities his story offers for a mordant study of human frailties aggravated by weeks of incessant rain and close confinement in uncomfortable quarters, can hardly long escape. There remains but one source untapped—the favourites of the nursery and the schoolroom. The following items, amongst others, may be confidently expected to appear in the Spring Lists of those great firms who guard so jealously the heritage of English Letters.

Lost Sheep: a brilliant reconstruction of the life of the notorious *Bo-Peep*, in which the squalor and brutality of existence on a mediæval sheep-station are unflinchingly portrayed. In contrasting vein is the charming idyll of her traditional love-affair with *Boy Blue*, under the spell of which she is shown as drifting into that policy of *laissez-aller* which has proved so disastrous to British agriculture.

The Horatii: a history of the celebrated *gens*, in which the defeat of the Curiatii is revealed as due to a more than questionable piece of chicane, and the much-boomed hoding of the bridge as an act of foolish bravado inspired solely by a desire for self-advertisement. We also meet the famous lady-swimmer, Cloelia, inflamed by professional jealousy; the *fausse prude* Lucretia, her brainless husband and their unfortunate victim, the empty-headed but good-hearted young spark, Tarquinius Sextus.

The Stolen Fleece: a realistic account of Jason's career of piracy and fraud. The wrangling and selfishness of the crew of prize-fighters, quacks, assassins and professional toughs, most of whom sooner or later deserted, and the horrors of the voyage, are described with a frankness which need fear no comparison with the most violent of German war-novels. Medea is shown as the innocent victim of the handsome adventurer, and there is a touching picture of her little brother, Absyrtus, quite cut up with grief at her departure.

A New Life of Perseus. The story opens with a vivid picture of the tedium and petty intrigues of Court life on Seriphos. After a critical examination of Perseus' alleged adventures and the considerable assistance afforded in them by the cap of darkness and the magic sword, the author shows us the Andromeda episode as a very ordinary *affaire* with a bathing-beauty on a Mediterranean *plage*. We finally leave the returned hero boring his friends and relations to the point of petrifaction with his perpetual "Gorgon's head."

LINES

On the inappropriate coincidence of the arrival of Spring (perhaps!) with the decision to lengthen women's skirts and thereby remove so many graceful and flowerlike ornaments from the earth.

Now is the time that one
Associates, I think, with jocund hearts
And small birds tuning up their roundelay,
And various kinds of fun.
For now by fits and starts
His gentle Majesty the Sun
(Hurray! Hurray!),
Returned from travelling in foreign parts,
Pushes through Winter's curtain cold and grey
Almost at any moment of the day
His gradual darts,
And almond-bloom is shining on the tree—
Where else, in fact, should almond-blossom be?
Crocus and squill
And other types of bulb, no doubt,
Which I do not intend to write about,
Being a man of simple purpose and sincere
And not disposed to waste the reader's time
By endless catalogue and useless rhyme
(Though others can and will,
Or so I greatly fear),
Come out,
In fact, appear.
Now (to be brief), although too soon I know
Some set-back may occur to stop the thing
And make it all no go,
For instance, snow
(There was a hint of it the other night),
Still, as I write
It is the Spring.
Is this a season, then, this time of flowers
And mating turtle-doves,
Meet to be chosen by the powers
Who dominate the earth
With guidance grim
(The awful PAQUIN, the unpitying WORTH),
To slay the Loves?
To put it less obscurely, is it well
In this sweet hour of mirth
To banish to some cavern dark and dim
Beyond the reach of any prayer or hymn
The mooned calves, or lithe and slim,
The stately calves that ran or walked or strolled,
The countless twins
Of curious shins
That looked so lovely, if a trifle cold,
And made a garden pleasaunce of the street—
Being so neat
Mostly, if not quite all—
Is it well seen to have them lopped or polled,
And in some pale of Proserpine
Or overhanging pall,
Fold upon fold,
Their joint activities confine,
Saving of course for what
Suggestion of the actual make or mould
Emerges from the owner's what d' you call
When they sit down and rest?

Oakwood and rosewood, amber, beige and nude,
Nigger and bronze and flesh,
Ah, paler than the wild white rose,
Yellow as sand and silver as the dust,
Dear hose!
With tiny ladders running through the mesh
Where it was bust!
Shall the strong Fates your elegance occlude?
Clearly they must.

Still, it is Spring,
And, though it seems a most extraordinary thing
(Now when the earth from Nature begs
Her sweetest garments and doth make more fair
The field and more divine the air)
To cut out legs,
Apparently the thing is done.
No loud appeal to Flora and the sun
Will move the tongueless warders of the modes
To lift by one small inch the inevitable hem.
We must go out upon the roads,
Which, as I stated, various flowers do gem,
And strive to make the best,
Although it hurts,
Of life (ah, life!) how lorn of episode,
How robbed of zest
By lengthier skirts.
And ye fair shapes, although the loss may rankle,
Silken and artificial, fare ye well!
Knees are no more;
The mode may change by some sublime endeavour
Of those who buy and those who sell
To what it was before,
And the dull days give o'er;
But if for ever, then, ah me! for ever
Stockings, at least the part above the ankle,
Fare ye well!

EVOE.



NOT BEFORE THE LADY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*to Mr. MACDONALD*). "A WORD IN YOUR EAR, SIR. THE PRESENCE OF THE LADY PROTECTS YOU. OTHERWISE I SHOULD CALL YOU OUT, WHICH I RESERVE THE RIGHT TO DO LATER ON."

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SUCH is the popularity of iconoclasm that there is grave danger of the supply of idols running short. The great figures of secular history have crashed from their pedestals and their demolishers have advanced in triumph over their shattered remains to assail the heroes of the Old Testament. MOSES, SAMSON, JOSEPH and SOLOMON have already been ruthlessly exposed, and NOAH, with the opportunities his story offers for a mordant study of human frailties aggravated by weeks of incessant rain and close confinement in uncomfortable quarters, can hardly long escape. There remains but one source untapped—the favourites of the nursery and the schoolroom. The following items, amongst others, may be confidently expected to appear in the Spring Lists of those great firms who guard so jealously the heritage of English Letters.

Lost Sheep: a brilliant reconstruction of the life of the notorious *Bo-Peep*, in which the squalor and brutality of existence on a mediæval sheep-station are unflinchingly portrayed. In contrasting vein is the charming idyll of her traditional love-affair with *Boy Blue*, under the spell of which she is shown as drifting into that policy of *laissez-aller* which has proved so disastrous to British agriculture.

The Horatii: a history of the celebrated *gens*, in which the defeat of the Curiatii is revealed as due to a more than questionable piece of chicane, and the much-boomed ho ding of the bridge as an act of foolish bravado inspired solely by a desire for self-advertisement. We also meet the famous lady-swimmer, Cloelia, inflamed by professional jealousy; the *fausse prude* Lucretia, her brainless husband and their unfortunate victim, the empty-headed but good-hearted young spark, Tarquinius Sextus.

The Stolen Fleece: a realistic account of Jason's career of piracy and fraud. The wrangling and selfishness of the crew of prize-fighters, quacks, assassins and professional toughs, most of whom sooner or later deserted, and the horrors of the voyage, are described with a frankness which need fear no comparison with the most violent of German war-novels. Medea is shown as the innocent victim of the handsome adventurer, and there is a touching picture of her little brother, Absyrtus, quite cut up with grief at her departure.

A New Life of Perseus. The story opens with a vivid picture of the tedium and petty intrigues of Court life on Seriphos. After a critical examination of Perseus' alleged adventures and the considerable assistance afforded in them by the cap of darkness and the magic sword, the author shows us the Andromeda episode as a very ordinary *affaire* with a bathing-beauty on a Mediterranean *plage*. We finally leave the returned hero boring his friends and relations to the point of petrifaction with his perpetual "Gorgon's head."

LINES

On the inappropriate coincidence of the arrival of Spring (perhaps!) with the decision to lengthen women's skirts and thereby remove so many graceful and flowerlike ornaments from the earth.

Now is the time that one
Associates, I think, with jocund hearts
And small birds tuning up their roundelay,
And various kinds of fun.
For now by fits and starts
His gentle Majesty the Sun
(Hurray! Hurray!),
Returned from travelling in foreign parts,
Pushes through Winter's curtain cold and grey
Almost at any moment of the day
His gradual darts,
And almond-bloom is shining on the tree—
Where else, in fact, should almond-blossom be?
Crocus and squill
And other types of bulb, no doubt,
Which I do not intend to write about,
Being a man of simple purpose and sincere
And not disposed to waste the reader's time
By endless catalogue and useless rhyme
(Though others can and will,
Or so I greatly fear),
Come out,
In fact, appear.
Now (to be brief), although too soon I know
Some set-back may occur to stop the thing
And make it all no go,
For instance, snow
(There was a hint of it the other night),
Still, as I write
It is the Spring.
Is this a season, then, this time of flowers
And mating turtle-doves,
Meet to be chosen by the powers
Who dominate the earth
With guidance grim
(The awful PAQUIN, the unpitying WORTH),
To slay the Loves?
To put it less obscurely, is it well
In this sweet hour of mirth
To banish to some cavern dark and dim
Beyond the reach of any prayer or hymn
The mooned calves, or lithe and slim,
The stately calves that ran or walked or strolled,
The countless twins
Of curious shins
That looked so lovely, if a trifle cold,
And made a garden pleasaunce of the street—
Being so neat
Mostly, if not quite all—
Is it well seen to have them lopped or polled,
And in some pale of Proserpine
Or overhanging pall,
Fold upon fold,
Their joint activities confine,
Saving of course for what
Suggestion of the actual make or mould
Emerges from the owner's what d' you call
When they sit down and rest?

Oakwood and rosewood, amber, beige and nude,
Nigger and bronze and flesh,
Ah, paler than the wild white rose,
Yellow as sand and silver as the dust,
Dear hose!
With tiny ladders running through the mesh
Where it was bust!
Shall the strong Fates your elegance occlude?
Clearly they must.

Still, it is Spring,
And, though it seems a most extraordinary thing
(Now when the earth from Nature begs
Her sweetest garments and doth make more fair
The field and more divine the air)
To cut out legs,
Apparently the thing is done.
No loud appeal to Flora and the sun
Will move the tongueless warders of the modes
To lift by one small inch the inevitable hem.
We must go out upon the roads,
Which, as I stated, various flowers do gem,
And strive to make the best,
Although it hurts,
Of life (ah, life!) how lorn of episode,
How robbed of zest
By lengthier skirts.
And ye fair shapes, although the loss may rankle,
Silken and artificial, fare ye well!
Knees are no more;
The mode may change by some sublime endeavour
Of those who buy and those who sell
To what it was before,
And the dull days give o'er;
But if for ever, then, ah me! for ever
Stockings, at least the part above the ankle,
Fare ye well!

EVOE.



NOT BEFORE THE LADY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*to Mr. MACDONALD*). "A WORD IN YOUR EAR, SIR. THE PRESENCE OF THE LADY PROTECTS YOU. OTHERWISE I SHOULD CALL YOU OUT, WHICH I RESERVE THE RIGHT TO DO LATER ON."



ANOTHER CHERISHED MALE ATTRIBUTE GOES THE WAY OF THE REST.

BRITISHERS ON BROADWAY.

XII.—VISITING A PUBLISHER.

YESTERDAY Percival deserted me. He said that an American friend in London had given him in great confidence the address of a little place in New York that he simply must visit. He wouldn't take me along, but I heard him tell the address to the taxi-driver and I made a note of it. It was 233 Broadway. Sounds good.

Meanwhile I filled in time by visiting a publisher. Doing this in America is very different from doing it in England. In London it is a simple, almost homely affair. In New York it has not only a luxurious dignity, but also an unexpectedness which, more often than not, brings you face to face with the President of the Eighth Avenue Chasm Exploration Corp., Inc., on the floor below.

This is the way it goes in London. You think to yourself at breakfast: "By Jove, I must go and see Margin and Galley to-day," and with no more to it than that you trot off. Inside Margin and Galley's front entrance you find three glass doors. One is marked "*Margin and Galley: Publishers*" and leads to a dungeon full of parcels and uncommunicative shirt-sleeved men making up more parcels. The second has nothing at all on it and leads either to a counter where you are ignored for ten minutes and then treated with the utmost disdain because you can only be a traveller selling binding cloth; or else to a staircase at the top of which you find a lovely but embarrassed young lady patting her shingle before a mirror. The third glass door, which you leave till last because it is marked *Private*, spills you into a room full of young men and maidens working busily at desks.

One of them, however, at once asks whom you want to see. You say, "Mr. Margin," and he replies, "Have you an appointment?" You, being wise, say, No, you just dropped in. Whereupon Mr. Margin sends word that he will see you at once, the English principle being that the man who has an appointment will undoubtedly wait, whereas the fellow who hasn't may go away again, and, anyway, is probably the more important.

You are then conducted up a dark stairway in the older part of the building (which of course was a publishing house not so very long after CAXTON), and there you and Mr. Margin sit and do business for a quarter-of-an-hour, and you say good-bye and go, and come back for your hat, which is still under your chair, and say good-bye again and really do go.

Simple and homely, as I said. Now here is the New York way. You have an introduction with "Call up and make appt." on it to Mr. Proof of Proof and Binding, whom you do not yet know personally; but you spend so much time and temper and money calling up to make the appointment and failing to do so that at last you take a chance and go without. You find yourself in the main floor hall of one hell of a building, staring at an inconceivably long list of the firms which inhabit the rookery and musing on the infinite variety of American commercial life. This is a swell game to play and you will probably hang around the whole day playing it. . . .

When you come back the next day you put aside temptation, discover right away that Messrs. Proof and Binding are on the 24th floor and make for the

elevator. You are whirled in a state of trance, punctuated with severe hiccups, right up to the top of the building, tell the elevator attendant, who has started to be funny, where you really want to get off and where he does get off, and make the 24th on the way down.

After this your personal worries are over, for you are decanted into a corridor which contains a desk, a bunch of flowers, a ticket reading "Information" and a capable young lady who devotes to you a slight portion of the care she has just been giving her finger-nails. She takes you through a door and leaves you in a large room where is a bigger desk, a telephone and another young lady with extremely short skirts.

This damsel says, "Have you an appointment with Mr. Proof?" Now the American principle is that, if a business man sees a visitor without an appointment, the visitor will think he is (*a*) idle, (*b*) inefficient and (*c*) soft. So you look her guilelessly in the eyes and say "Yes," and Mr. Proof, thinking his secretary must have forgotten to make the date, will immediately agree to see you. If you say, as in England, "No, but I just dropped in," the chances are either that the young lady will get fresh and say, "Well, just drop out"—and there is no good answer to this one—or else, "I'm sorry, but Mr. Proof is tied up in conference," and you know from your study of the local humorous papers just what "tied up in conference" really means.

So within a few minutes you are being led along a passage by a third damsel. She has rolled stockings and even shorter skirts, and as she walks ahead of you you can't really concentrate on where you're going till she leaves you in a room about the size of the Aquarium, but furnished with armchairs instead of fish.

In a few minutes a door opens and a gentleman, Mr. Proof, enters very rapidly, looking behind him and saying, "All right, all right—if you're not interested. . . ." or some such business line, probably designed to impress you. You greet him effusively and instantly open up the sales talk. You soon discover that he is a man of considerable charm but apparently more interested in undeveloped oil estate than in publishing books. You humour him about his hobby—for are you not trying to do business?—and even promise to buy some really oily estate in Texas.

Luckily at this point the door opens again and you are, surprisingly, asked to step right in and see Mr. Proof, while the other gentleman with a weak and baffled grin sneaks out a side way. You don't tell Mr. Proof about Texas, as it will give him the idea you are going to be even easier to make a contract with than you subsequently are. And anyway Mr. Proof is too busy saying he's verry pleased to meet you and he never works in the office, so won't you join him at lunch, and wondering to himself just how much Scotch at $9.50 the bottle he will have to invest in you.

So you go out and hit it up with him for the rest of the day and probably most of the night. Which by the way is why I prefer visiting American publishers.

* * * * *

Later—Percival has returned in a peevish frame of mind, muttering nasty things about his American friend in London. It seems that 233 Broadway is just the official name of the Woolworth Building. A. A.



Female (to Friend). "ALTHOUGH I LIVE IN BALHAM, I FEEL THAT SPIRITUALLY I BELONG TO WEST KENSINGTON."

"Nouns of Assemblage."

A correspondent sends us a further example, suitable for use in training-camps on inspection-days: A Blether of Generals.

Necking-Control.

"The Ministry of Transport is now building a chain of illuminated posts at the cross-roads along Oxford Street for traffic direction. Red means 'stop,' amber 'get ready to love' and green 'go.'"—*Indian Paper.*

"ROUGH OR SHINY."

"I'm ordering some more writing-paper," said Barbara casually; "have you any views on the subject?"

I cast aside the Prosperity Party and sprang to my feet.

"Any views!" I said excitedly; "why, I have been waiting for this moment for months."

"Well," proceeded Barbara unemotionally, "do you prefer rough or shiny?"

"Don't," I implored—"don't be so superficial. Surely there is more in writing-paper than appears on the surface?"

"What?" said Barbara.

I regarded her with pity.

"You have been writing and receiving letters now for—er—how many years?"

"That is not relevant," snapped Barbara.

"Well, a distinct number of years, anyway, and you ask what there is in writing-paper beyond roughness or shininess. Deplorable!"

"Tell me what you want," said Barbara shortly, "and I will order it."

"I refuse," I said with dignity, "to be rushed in this matter into a decision which I might afterwards regret."

"You mean you don't know what you want? Very well."

She picked up her pen and turned to her desk.

"Stop!" I commanded. "You have placed an entirely wrong construction upon my remark. What I meant was that in discussing a question of this magnitude we must first arrive at a basis for argument."

Barbara turned and looked at me unkindly for an uncomfortable time.

"We are ordering writing-paper," she said at last.

"Yes," I said, "I appreciate that."

"Oh! as long as you realise it. I thought perhaps that you were getting mixed up with the Naval Conference."

That hurt me.

"My dear," I said sadly, "surely civilisation has reached a point where a decision on notepaper *and* navies can be reached without confusing one with the other?"

"I wonder," remarked Barbara cynically.

"Anyway we will concentrate on notepaper," I said firmly.

"Then with any luck we ought to be finished first," observed Barbara.

"We will," I went on, "take size first. I crave for a large sheet on which with a bold hand one can get up a good swing with the pen."

"On the contrary," retorted Barbara tartly, "I prefer small paper on which you can be brief without appearing rude."

"Good," I said, brightening visibly. "A deadlock! Let us explore every avenue."

"Let us have large sheets and have done with it," said Barbara.

The brightness left me.

"Very well," I said gloomily, "I had hoped that it would have taken longer to discover a formula, but still——"



Lady. "AND OF COURSE WE SHALL TREAT YOU AS OUR EQUAL HERE."

New Cook. "WELL, I 'VE ALWAYS BIN BOSS EVERYWHERE ELSE."

"Any other points?" asked Barbara curtly.

"Several."

"Well, do hurry up."

I didn't like her tone, but I was determined to keep the debate at a high level. I determined upon a gesture.

"I was wondering," I said, "if you felt at all drawn towards the kind of paper that has evidently had its edges sucked by the stationer's children?"

"Were you indeed?" said Barbara.

"Or, again, there is the variety which appears to have been torn at random from some larger sheet. Does that appeal to you?"

"Writing-paper never appeals to me," said Barbara.

"Quite. Still, that sort does suggest haste."

"How?"

"Well, somehow nobody could expect you to write a long letter on a jagged sheet."

"Don't be——," began Barbara, but I held up my hand.

"One moment. Let me explain. Psychologically it fits both our requirements. It suggests at once that *you* have not time to write much, but that *I* feel that I *must* write even though it be on a scrap of paper. It——"

"Don't be a fool," said Barbara, which was, I think, what she had intended to say before.

"You have no soul," I sighed.

"It's lucky one of us hasn't," she replied. "We will have plain edges."

"It is so commonplace," I groaned.

"So are we," she retorted.

I turned and faced her bravely.

"On one thing I am determined," I said boldly, "our envelopes shall really envelop. The flap shall be long and strong and sweep nobly down to the bottom edge."

"I hate a lot to lick," observed Barbara crudely.

"You have no stamina," I replied brutally. "Give me the book of samples and I will grapple with the arrangement of stamping."

"What else can one put but the address and the telephone number?"

"What," I asked, handing her a sheet of our existing notepaper, "does that stamping convey to you?"

"The truth," said Barbara.

"Just so. The unvarnished truth that we live in a small provincial town. Now let us take the name of the town from its present position and put it under the word 'STATION' in the left-hand corner. That leaves the name of the house followed simply by the county. Truth transformed!"

"Ye-es," said Barbara, "that would be all right if we ourselves were 'followed simply by the county.'"

"Oh! you're hopeless," I said. "I try to improve your social position—at least on paper—and all you do is to quibble."

I flung down the book of samples angrily and stalked to the door.

"Rough or shiny?" called Barbara after me.

I stopped and examined her. "Shiny," I said nastily. "Why don't you powder it?"



Visitor. "I'M TERRIBLY BOTHERED ABOUT A COSTUME FOR THE SIX ARTS CLUB BALL NEXT WEEK. COULD YOU SUGGEST SOMETHING THAT WOULD SUIT ME?"

Artist. "WHY NOT GO AS 'TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA'?"

MR. PUNCH'S LANGUAGE LESSONS.

THE ICE-RINK.

Expert Skater (kindly). What is that on your foot?

Stranded Novice. It is my skate. See, I have another just like it.

E. S. How long have you owned them?

S. N. They were my uncle's.

E. S. Why have they strips of wood along their length?

S. N. Because things were made better in those days. Look, they fasten with two straps and a buckle.

E. S. Are they fast?

S. N. No, but they are very strong.

E. S. Shall we begin?

S. N. Yes, but I will not release my hold on the rail.

E. S. Look how well that dark man is skating.

S. N. I do not like dark men.

E. S. And these two little children.

S. N. Yes, I hate them also.

E. S. Have you fallen over?

S. N. Yes, my hand slipped.

E. S. Do you like skating?

S. N. I worship skating.

E. S. Falling over is half the game.

S. N. No, about seven-eighths.

E. S. Have you fallen over again?

S. N. No, I did not get up in between.

E. S. Look, there is a woman who cannot keep on her feet.

S. N. How dangerous! She should not be allowed here.

E. S. Here comes that dark man again.

S. N. Ah!

E. S. How dreadful! He has fallen over as well.

S. N. I know. I tripped him.

E. S. Let us go on.

S. N. I cannot. The rail has two obstructions. One of the obstructions has fallen down.

E. S. It does not matter. There goes the gong.

S. N. Why does the gong go?

E. S. It is time for the skaters to reverse.

S. N. So the fallen bodies will now lie in the other direction?

E. S. Yes. Look at that man skating in circles.

S. N. See. I also can do it.

E. S. Are you hurt?

S. N. No, I am not greatly injured, thank you.

E. S. Will you introduce me to the lady whose waist you are holding?

S. N. I do not know her. She does not like me. Why has that man his arm round your neck?

E. S. I also do not know him. Neither do I like him. Let us introduce your lady to my man.

S. N. See, united they stand.

E. S. Divided they fall.

S. N. Why goes that gong again?

E. S. It is to clear the ice for dancing.

S. N. Do we dance?

E. S. No. There stands an attendant on skates. The attendant's business is to remove persons who interfere with the dance.

S. N. Why does he not remove that tall girl in yellow?

E. S. She is an instructress. She skates faultlessly without a partner.

S. N. Nevertheless I will offer my services.

E. S. Do not. Rough play is not allowed. Listen: again goes the gong.

S. N. Why? They are dancing already.

E. S. It is now time for us to skate again.

S. N. Oh! Shall we have tea?

E. S. Yes. It is obtainable upon payment at the buffet.

S. N. Let us go then.

E. S. Are you not skating there?

S. N. Thank you, I prefer the tow-path. It is easier. There is less danger. It is more rapid.

Mr. Punch's Indisputable Verities.

"Poona is about 70 miles from Bombay, and south of that city. As Ahmedabad is roughly 150 miles north of Bombay the Poona marchers and Mr. Gandhi's marchers should approach one another from opposite directions."
Evening Paper.

OUR BIG FIGHT.

II.

Wych Minor.

OUR match for the Lout-weight Championship of the World has focussed globe-attention on this quiet corner of Sussex. We are in fact the lens of the planet. Eight thousand newspaper-men are now encamped on the Downs. Every newspaper worthy of the name has sent one boxing expert, one cartoonist and one descriptive writer to cover the combat. This morning's arrivals include the Editor of *The Guardian* and Mr. Silbery of *The Penang Times*, who has been travelling for two years in order to be present at the shambles-side on the great day.

A rather disagreeable note has been struck in camp by the Society for the Cessation of Conflict, which has chosen this moment to issue a protest against our action and has circulated an offen-



MAN OF IRON.
LEW SWAB (BLOOM'S MANAGER).

sive manifesto, of which the following are a few characteristic segments:—

"*To the Promoters of the Bloom-Gecko Lout-weight Battle.*

"Is this the time," the undersigned inquire, "to organise a public entertainment, the essence of which is physical conflict and the infliction of bodily pain? We draw your attention to the Kellogg Pact, the Locarno Treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations. All these solemn documents express in different degrees a world-distaste for the employment of physical force. As we write there is still sitting in London a Conference of which the published objective is a reduction in the instruments of force.

"If our statesmen are to be successful in their efforts to narrow the area of conflict, it is essential that they should have behind them the support of peoples whose minds are unanimously antagonistic to conflict, whether between States or individuals. Your action must lead the minds of the peoples in an opposite direction. The peoples will not think *Peace* if the papers are full of *Fights*. You have chosen two persons of doubtful antecedents and lacking in spirituality to exhibit in a public conflict their capacity for the infliction of pain. You have offered to each of them money-rewards enormously in excess of the salaries enjoyed by the statesmen who are labouring for peace; and to the winner of the conflict, to him, that is, who shall exercise the greatest force and inflict the most pain, you have offered a special prize of thirty thousand pounds, a sum which would finance a whole Peace Conference for five or six years. Further, you have so widely advertised the proposed conflict that boys and girls all over the world, to whom the names of KELLOGG, BRIAND and CECIL mean nothing, are affectionately familiar with the names of 'Gouger' Gecko and 'Biting' Bloom. You have exalted the idea of conflict, the value of force and the fact of victory. Can you therefore expect the unformed minds of the youth of the world to apprehend those truths on which the peace of the world must be founded—that force is odious, that conflict is barbarous, and that the party successful in a conflict does not in the end reap any advantage worth having?"

To this egregious and flat-footed communication we replied in a carefully-worded telegram:—

"No."

We have also had trouble with the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who maintain that our two combatants are practically animals, and therefore deserve the protection of the Society.

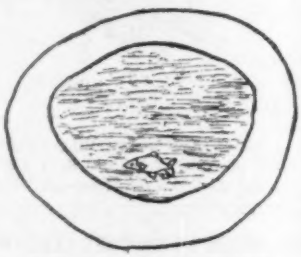
We have now decided to issue a manifesto in reply to these and other mean objections. Our humane purpose does not seem to be generally recognised. We are out to improve the breed of the race. Our flabby civilisation is paying too much attention to Art, Literature, Music and all that muck. What is important is the production of Bigger and Better Louts. Great size has always, and rightly, captured the imagination of mankind. What child would look at a humming-bird if he had a chance to see an elephant? As soon as the Lout-Weight World Title is definitely awarded we shall stage a series of Fat Women Competitions, with the object of discovering the World's Fattest Woman. That done, we shall hope to arrange a marriage between the World's Lout-Weight Champion and the World's Fat Woman Champion, after which the future of the Lout breed should be assured.

As for all this talk about "conflict," it is by no means certain that Our Big Fight will involve any conflict in the usual sense. It is extremely doubtful whether any actual blows will be exchanged, and the spectacle of two champion louts lying about the ring and gently biting each other should not put the lust for battle into any child's head.

Latest Weights, etc.

Gecko now weighs three-quarters of a ton. "Biting" Bloom has put on so much weight in training that there is no machine in camp which will look at him as a whole. He has, however, been weighed in sections; and astronomical calculations (the square of the distance multiplied by the estimated volume *plus* circumference measurements) put him at about seven-eighths of a ton.

The customary reaction from a long



BITERS PLAY TRUANT.

An aeroplane view of the dew-pond where the two champions were found, showing Bloom's goldfish enjoying a swim.

(This picture was made by the new Haddock process specially for "Punch," wirelessed to Manchester, rushed to New York by aeroplane, photographed under the sea and dashed to London by submarine in time for this issue.)

period in training has set in. To-day both Bloom and Gecko disappeared. Panic reigned in the camp. After an anxious search the trainers were horrified to find the two combatants *together*, chatting in the friendliest way beside a nearby dew-pond. Bloom was giving his gold-fish a little exercise in the dew-pond, while Gecko showed his rival his stamp-album. Since it is only a day or two before the customary pronouncement of defiance and threats of bloodshed will be issued by the two men, their managers took a serious view of the incident. Lew Swab, the "Biter's" manager, has confined him to his camp and has ordered an exclusive diet of raw meat to bring back the biting spirit. Seth Snout took a different line and has promised the "Gouger" two unused Durbar five-anna stamps in return for an undertaking not to fraternise with Bloom before the big bite.

(*Next issue—we hope—"Why I Shall Win!" by both the toughs.*) A. P. H.



APPLIED ART; OR, THE GLASS OF FASHION.

A FLAPPER AVAILS HERSELF OF BOTTICELLI'S VENUS AS A MIRROR TO REFLECT HER NOSE.

TABLEAU DE LONDRES.

An Italian lady having kindly sent me from Rome a French guide-book to London, published in 1841 (it is in some such way that I usually gather that intimate acquaintance with local history and topography that so astonishes my friends), I am now enabled to point out in some detail how our wretched metropolis has declined in all that makes life worth living during the past ninety years.

The book was published chez F. Coghlan, of West Strand, but I don't think Mr. Coghlan wrote it, although he did write

"THE IRON ROAD BOOK
AND
RAILWAY COMPANION TO BIRMINGHAM,"

which contained an account of towns, villages, mansions, etc., on each side o the line. It contained maps also, and in order to compile it the author walked the entire line of railroad himself at great personal fatigue. A noble and high-spirited man. But it was a Frenchman who undertook the fatigue of writing the *Tableau Portatif de Londres et de ses Environs* for Mr. Coghlan. I feel certain of this, because he says that the Arches of Triumph of Hyde Park are unworthy of this imposing name. And after speaking of the statue colossal in bronze of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, he adds that the idea of representing this shrewd and fortunate General in the guise of the valiant Achilles appears to Frenchmen a little too complimentary. I feel sure that it would.

But what a London! I turn naturally to taxicabs: I should say, to *fiacres* and *cabriolets*. And here I find that

every coachman who refuses to march or demands a higher fare than he ought to receive will be condemned to a fine varying between ten schellings or three pounds, and I find also that it is not the usage to give a *pourboire* to any driver of a fiacre or of a cabriolet, as is done in Paris, but that it is usual to give a few pence to the man who opens the door at the place where one takes the *voiture*. I find also that it costs the voyager four schellings to go by cabriolet from the Admiralty to Islington church, though why any Frenchman should want to do this I cannot imagine. A fiacre, says my guide, is capable of receiving four great persons, and a domestic behind or in the driver's seat; and the voyager is recommended to remember the number of his fiacre in order, if necessary, to make complaints. If anything was left behind in a fiacre, the driver had to return it within the space of four days to the bureau. If he failed to do this he was fined twenty pounds or more. Those were good times for voyagers.

Coaching into the country or the provinces, unless of course one took the Iron Road to Birmingham, was doubtless more leisurely and more fatiguing than it is now. Nor was the service of coaches to certain places quite so frequent as I should have supposed. There was, for instance, only one coach a day to Brighton from the Eagle Hotel in Gracechurch Street. But there were eight to Oxford. And what intelligent foreigner would want to go to Brighton when he could go to Oxford instead? And if one was weary or travel-stained there was no lack of baths in the London of 1841. Baths hot and baths cold, not to speak of douches, could be obtained at quite a long list of addresses. There were baths of sea-water in Pall Mall, and river-water baths at Blackfriars Bridge. They cost from one schelling to three schellings-and-sixpence, according, I suppose, to the type of water employed, and all the baths were conducted with great care and with extreme propriety. England was already beginning to earn her reputation as the best-washed nation of the world.

Food of a simple Britannic kind seems to have been available to the foreigner in the richest abundance. Fish of all species cost a schelling each, venison and jelly one-and-sixpence, pigeon-pie a schelling, harico-mutton tenpence, roast pig and eel-pie a schelling, and plumb-pudding fourpence, no more. But one could have French beans and new potatoes, according to the season, for a penny, and salad with eggs and oil for sixpence. And afterwards it was possible to enter one of the divans situated in different parts of the capital, which offered agreeable relaxation to the idle, who might there peruse the daily journals or periodical sheets, smoke the veritable Havana, and take a cup of coffee, for a schelling again—apparently an inclusive charge.

As a sightseer the Frenchman must have been a little morbid in his tastes, if morbid is the word I mean, for there are no fewer than nine-and-a-half pages on prisons in the *Tableau Portatif de Londres*, which, except for cathedrals and palaces, is the largest space allotted to any of our great institutions. But there were plenty of other delights. There were balls at the "City of London Tavern" and the "Crown and Anchor," Strand. There were bazaars at which it was impossible not to be charmed at the propriety, and even the elegance, with which the divers merchants disposed their various articles for sale. There were billiard-rooms situated in a most advantageous manner, though it was necessary to take care not to play or speak with strangers, even if the strangers had the appearance of *gens comme il faut*. There were gardens to wander in, especially the Zoological Gardens of Regent's Park, which, independently of their zoological end, presented delicious promenades frequented by the best society. The animals were seen there more agreeably than in a menagerie. For there, in breathing an air fresh, one had not the inconveniences of the unhealthy odours which prevail when the creatures are confined in a hall or a vehicle.

There was a tunnel partly dug under the Thames. One could go and look at that. It was destined to establish a communication between Rotherhithe and Wapping, and one was permitted to see the part already finished at the price of a schelling a head.

And what of the Colosseum? Where is the Colosseum now? Let Mr. LANSBURY answer that if he can. The Colosseum comes under the heading of "Expositions," and, like the Zoological Gardens, it was in Regent's Park. It was a mighty pile, filled with panoramas and works of art. In its grounds were hot-houses, water-chutes, fountains, a Swiss châlet, a grotto. There was a diorama also in Regent's Park and a cosmorama in Regent Street. And if you cared for music there was the Apollonicon at 102, St. Martin's Lane, a great musical instrument, playing by mechanical devices the most celebrated overtures, airs and duos. If art allured you, there was a magnificent collection which belonged originally to M. ANGERSTEIN and was bought on his death by the Government. It was known, of course, as the National Gallery.

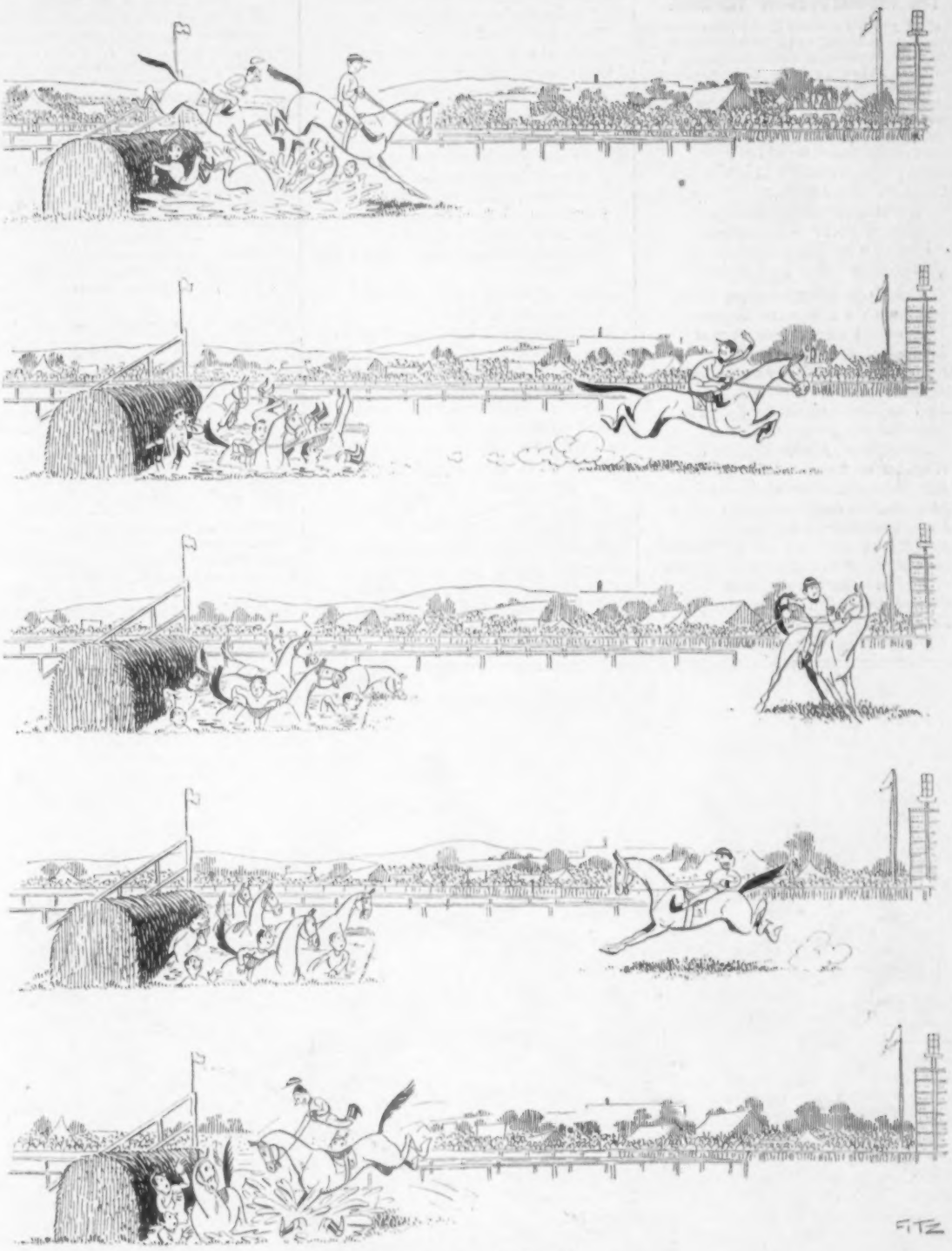


AMERICA CLAIMS TO HAVE DISCOVERED A POTION WHICH CAUSES PEOPLE TO TELL THE TRUTH. OLD-FASHIONED NEWS EDITOR SERVING DAILY DOPE TO HIS STAFF.

But it is the environs of London that charm me most and make me look back regretfully over the years. Oh, Clapham! village three miles from London, which was at one time an almost impracticable marsh, but consists to-day of a kind of park planted with all kinds of trees and surrounded by a great number of agreeable country residences! Chelsea, village on the banks of the Thames, two miles to the south-west; Kensington, village a mile-and-a-half from Hyde Park Corner! Paddington, village a mile from London, with your beautiful church on a little eminence, rendered umbrageous by a great number of tufted trees! How I sigh for you!

If there was anything at all lacking in the London of 1841, as recorded in the *Tableau Portatif*, it must be sought for in the list of weekly papers. There were *The Atlas* and *The Age*, *The Argos*, *The Examiner* and *The Englishman*. But as yet, though this was the very year of its birth, there was no *Punch*.

EVOE.



THE GRAND NATIONAL.

THE HORSE WHO CONCLUDED IT MUST BE THE PROPER THING TO DO

THE VICISSITUDES OF TRAINING.

[The President of the O.U.B.C. was recently reported to have said in an interview with the Press: "We are to be allowed champagne twice a week. . . . We get awfully fed up with living together and only seeing each other. . . Champagne is a wonderful tonic. A drop of it overnight makes you wake up in the morning full of the joy of life and ready to see all the faces you are getting to know so well."]

ONE day the President O.U.
B.C., the 7 of his crew,
In training for the boatrace,
Addressed his fellow-oarsmen so
(Or I believe he did, although
Of evidence there 's no trace):—

"Your vacuous expression, Bow,
Reminds me of a lovesick cow.
The more I have to see of you
The less I like you, No. 2.
Four times is quite enough for me
To hear a pointless story, 3;
And singing bass is hardly your
Intended life's vocation, 4.
Your humming is enough to drive
A fellow crazy, No. 5;
And racing jargon—stakes and sticks
And Aintree entries—pains me, 6.
I can't appreciate a joke
The rotten way you tell it, Stroke,
But can depose that life with Cox
At conversation distance
For weeks on end (thirteen approx.),
Day in, day out, severely shocks
One's ardour for existence!"

Next day, before the eight were gone
To "smite the sounding furrows" on
Their matutinal outing,
Our friend continued his address,
I think, as follows (but confess
That this admits of doubting):—

"The more I see of you, I vow,
The handsomer I think you, Bow.
To know you is to love you, 2;
I 'm very fond indeed of you.
Your tales are simply priceless, 3,
I fear they 'll be the death of me.
And may I mention, No. 4,
Your songs delight me? Sing some more!
Your humming too is tuneful, I 've
A liking for it, No. 5;
And, though I can't distinguish sticks
From stakes, they thrill me, No. 6.
Your ways of cracking jests evoke
My warm appreciation, Stroke,
And so does our inspiring Cox,
Whose smiles on everyone shine,
Who pulls his weight (9 stone approx.)—
Although it sounds a paradox—
By radiating sunshine!"

With one more word the story is
Complete—upon your memories,
Ye crews that train, engrave it:
The night before the second chat
They drank champagne (and as to that
I 'll give my affidavit). C. B.

The Cynic at the Buffet.

"As to the refreshments they were perfect, and the claret cup, which was a feature of the evening, appeared, like the widow's curse, to be endless."—*Mesopotamian Paper.*

Robert Vindicated.

"STAINLESS PEELERS."
Notice in Shop.

"For long stays and large parties special arrangements can be made."—*Daily Paper.*

Correspondingly higher charges will of course be made by the corsetière.

"Picture-goers who can appreciate a rapier-like interchange of wit, and a Gaelic *risqué* flavour, are advised to see 'Sleeping Partners.'"
Film Paper.

Mr. Punch has always set his hump against the more abandoned forms of Highland humour.

"C. E. S. Gordon cleared 6ft., a height which has, in the whole history of the sports, only once been equalled by the Cambridge Blue, J. W. S. Pendlebury, in 1927."
Sunday Paper.

Even with PENDLEBURY the bar eventually came unstuck.

"The Lord Mayor of London and Lady Waterlow were also present, the Lord Mayor in his robes of office reading the lessons, while Dr. Norwood preached the sermon."
Daily Paper.

Our wireless set has lately been giving us a lot of trouble with these concurrent programmes.



PLAYS FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.
"MISALLIANCE."

WHEN MEN WERE MEN.

THE recent account of a nineteen-year-old girl who had made a big break at billiards was sad reading. It looks as though there will soon be nothing of importance that a man can teach a woman.

In the old days, to teach a woman a scientific game such as billiards was generally recognised as a Purgatory through which a man must pass before qualifying for the Paradise of matrimony. It was also a test by which the girl might tell whether she had hooked him for better or worse. If his mind held out and he did no more than smile fond approval when she stood on one leg, shut her eyes and scored nine off a mis-cue, it was obvious that he was a rock on which the foundations of the Temple of Hymen might well and truly be laid.

If, on the other hand, he threw his cue through the window and gnashed his teeth at her, these signs and portents pointed to the advisability of her uttering the few haughty words necessary to relieve him of his vows.

If the young gentleman of the latter part of the nineteenth century was not teaching his young lady billiards he would probably be staggering about shady lanes and secluded suburban side-roads while she sat precariously on a bicycle and wobbled nervously but happily along the course of true love until his strength gave out or he tripped over the kerb. Or else he would be showing her how to roller-skate or play tennis, for she saw to it that he ran no risk of putting on weight through eating the Lotus.

Ah, the dear, slow-moving, laborious days of not so long ago, when it took a fellow a month to become acquainted with a girl, another month to get invited to her home, and the rest of the year to reach the stage of holding hands on the sofa! Nowadays a man trips over the feet of a perfect stranger at a dance and the next morning he rings her up and says, "What about a spot of marriage, old thing?" and if she does not happen to be doing anything in particular he probably gets it.

The life of the modern young man engaged to be married is one of slothfulness and ease. It is, in fact, difficult to tell when a man *is* engaged nowadays, even though the girl has got him with her. If it were not that she occasionally addressed him in terms of slangy and contemptuous abuse you would never know that he was all the world to her.

How different when our grandmothers and mothers and aunts were engaged! It was almost as much as any other man's life was worth to go near them, even with a plate of trifle or other innocent and conventional offering. Their fiancés either brooded darkly over them with a threatening air or sat looking at them like stuck pigs.

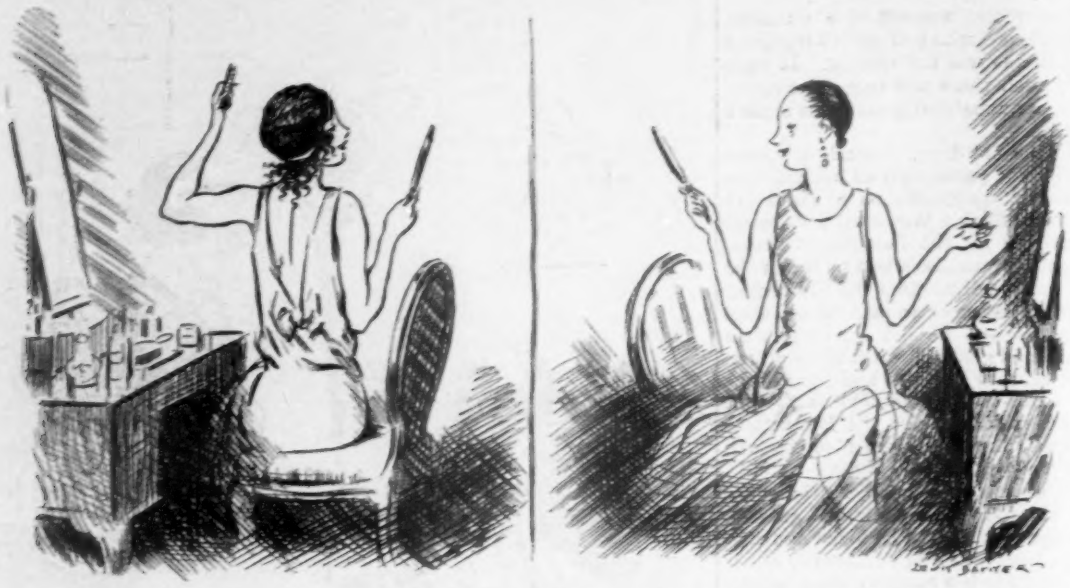
This all means, of course, that the modern girl takes much more risk when she gets married. Her man, not having had to teach her anything, has served no arduous apprenticeship; he has endured none of the Herculean labours, none of the frightful tortures, none of the harrowing uncertainties which purged the lovers of the past of their weaker and vainer elements. Many a good young man in the nineteenth century must have suffered agonies of mind after giving his girl a lesson in billiards or chess. "Can I stand it?" he must have cried within his soul; "is she really worth it?"

Then, after a quiet unfevered afternoon with his RUSKIN or his SAMUEL SMILES, he would arise strengthened and ready to face life again and hold the girl up for a couple of hours while she zigzagged about on a bicycle.

I wonder whether the modern man appreciates all that the emancipation of woman has done for him! D. C.



Customer. "HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN MY POACHED EGG—OR DIDN'T I ORDER IT—OR HAVE I EATEN IT?"



JUST AS WE ARE BEGINNING TO GET USED TO (AND EVEN LIKE) HER GROWING LOCKS, THE YOUNG PERSON IS DISCOVERING, TO OUR HORROR, THAT THEY ARE LONG ENOUGH TO "DO UP" AGAIN.

In Memoriam.

LORD BALFOUR.

BORN 1848. DIED MARCH 19, 1930.

NOT the desire of fame—he cared for none,
Who better loved the Muses' shadowed glades—
Drew him to face the arena's dust and sun
And the clash of ringing blades.

To put his knightly honour to the proof,
This was the call that made his destiny clear—
Service that claimed a mind serene, aloof,
And a heart too great for fear.

No triumph moved his spirit's inward calm;
Lightly he met defeat and paid the cost,
Content that other hands should bear the palm
So the game were cleanly lost.

Noble of manners, touched with nothing base,
He, when his bright lance laid a rival low,
"Forbore his own advantage"; such the grace
That has passed and left no foe.

And we, whose wondering pride the charm confessed
Of that fine courtesy of speech and thought,
We bring the tribute, where he lies at rest,
Of a love he won unsought.

O. S.

A BOOK-LOVER.

MOST of us in our village belong to a Circulating Library and get our books sent to us by post, but Angela is so popular that she gets all she wants given to her and wouldn't say thank you for the present of a library subscription however fully guaranteed. Her books are her constant companions, and those she has she likes to keep and to read over and over again. She doesn't even care to lend them, and there was a rather painful scene the other day when a friend of hers took up one of her favourites and she snatched it away from her. But much may be forgiven to a genuine book-lover, who knows how careless other people are apt to be with her cherished possessions. Angela will always share her appreciation of some masterpiece of literature with you. She is not really selfish, but her books themselves she will not let out of her hands.

I was pleased to have a friendly little book-talk with Angela yesterday morning. She was leaning back against the cushions of her carriage enjoying her latest acquisition while her attendant was engaged in the post-office. She was not too engrossed to give a fellow-bookman a gracious welcome and at once bade me share her appreciation of the volume in her hands. It was a work of Natural History, illustrated in colour, and her knowledge of the subject was such that she could name several of the animals depicted in it without reference to the accompanying text.

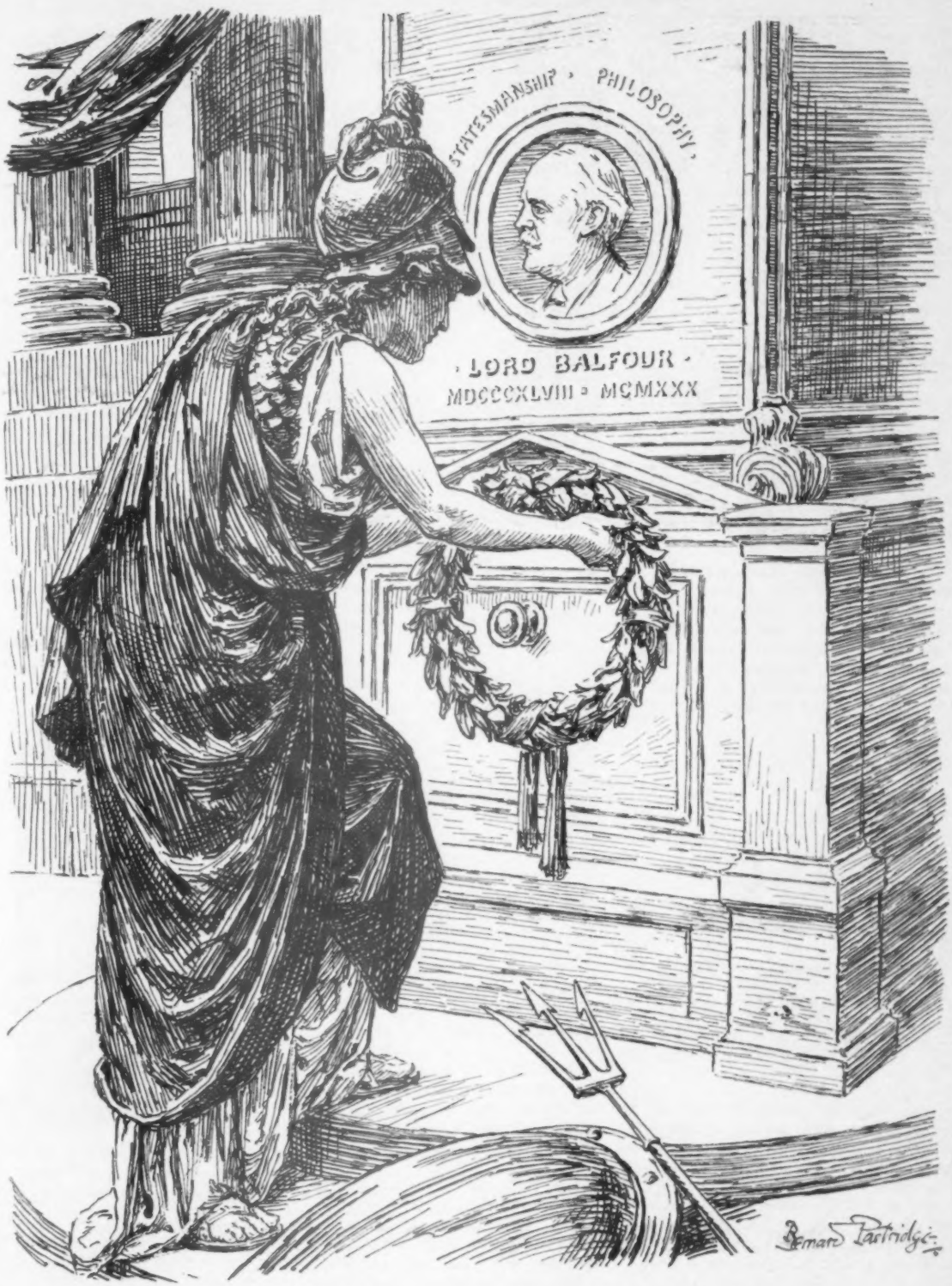
What particularly struck me about this latest addition to her library was that it was printed not on paper but on rag. Wearing white woollen gloves without fingers to them, Angela finds it difficult to turn over the leaves of an ordinary book without tearing them. But these rag books she can take out in her pram, and, as her nurse told me when she came out of the post-office, she even insists upon having this one in her bath. Few of us are so wedded to learning that we should wish to pursue our scientific studies under those conditions. But Angela at the age of three is a real book-lover, and it speaks well for the race of publishers that they are prepared to meet her peculiar requirements in this way.

A. M.

Down on Pollity Farm.

"Lord Beaverbrook's reply was as follows:—'I shall continue to pursue as before the policy of Empire Free Trade.'"
Manchester Paper.

Mr. Punch ventures to hope that Lord ROTHERMERE is finding it equally diverting.



TO A GREAT SERVANT OF HIS COUNTRY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 17th.—Time was when St. Patrick's Day saw the shamrock flaunting in the House of Commons its challenge to the Saxon oppressor. Now Kathleen ni Houlihan has her own Parliament, but even there, it seems, the dear little shamerogue is not the plant it was. How could it be with never a drop of liquid to be had to revive the poor distressful vegetable?

Not persecution in Ireland but religious persecution in Russia was the topic of the day. The Conservatives put a power of Questions to the FOREIGN SECRETARY, and Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON was more determined than adroit in his evasion of them.

Then the question of opening the Zoo on Sundays cropped up, a matter on which the Government, as the Zoological Society's ground landlord, has something to say. It is a favourite theme with those who aspire to be regarded as the friends of the populace and who picture the Zoo on Sunday as deserted by all but a handful of decorous Fellows in top-hats. Actually the existing arrangement is one that should appeal to the proletarians, for not only is it the most crowded day of the week, but the crowd have all got in for nothing, with tickets given them by Fellows. The really curious thing is that no humane M.P. has ever demanded a day of rest for the Zoo animals, to whom the constant sight of inane human faces must be, in the case of many sensitive creatures, a form of refined torture.

Naval Estimates are not the thrilling things they once were when Britannia ruled the waves. Fewer keels on the brine and more sailors in Whitehall are the fare that every First Lord nowadays dishes out. He explains that war is unthinkable and that we have made this or that gesture of willingness to disarm, but that as long as other nations have navies we must have one too. He then explains in detail why the Whitehall staffs are larger and how much is being saved by not laying down a couple of projected cruisers or a school of new submarines.



The Headmaster (*Mr. HENDERSON*). "IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH YOUR CLASS, MR. THOMAS, JUST DO AS I'VE DONE AND SPANK THE LOT."

Mr. THOMAS. "BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY PARONETS IN YOURS."



"*SOME* TALK BY ALEXANDER."
(*After* "*The British Grenadiers.*")
THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

The critics fall into two classes. Either they charge the First Lord with endangering the safety of the nation by his amiable gestures of disarmament, which other nations accept in a spirit of cynical mirth as an invitation to increase their own fleets; or they roundly condemn the unhappy Minister for endangering the peace of the world by wantonly snapping a brace of war-boats in the faces of friendly nations.

The real fight for more warships is of course waged not by fire-eating ex-commanders or apprehensive patriots but by the dockyard Members of all parties. It must be admitted that Mr. ALEXANDER largely disarmed the critics, and the Unionist Amendment, calling for "the maintenance of adequate Naval forces," was most circumspect. So also was the speech of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who behaved as *suaviter in ALEXANDRUM* as he behaves *fortiter in PHILIPPUM*.

Tuesday, March 18th.—Recruiting for the Army, Mr. TOM SHAW revealed, in answer to a question by Mr. HACKING is not what it ought to be. It is no longer Tommy this and Tommy that and chuck 'im out, the brute! The single man in barracks is a young man of varied accomplishments, who is his own master in his spare time and can go on leave, if he chooses, in plus fours.

Why then is there no rush to become one of him? Mr. SHAW had no explanation to offer but declined to accept the theory that a smarter uniform would provide the necessary stimulus. As for the supplementary suggestion that all the army should be dressed in kilts, Mr. SHAW properly passed it over in silence. The Scots are quite capable of giving Scotland all the advertising she needs.

International abstention from the use of gold commends itself to Mr. BOOTHBY, and Mr. SNOWDEN also approves of it, though he does not think any active interference in the matter by this country would be judicious. It is an open secret, however, that after Mr. SNOWDEN has unfolded his Budget a lot of people will be giving the stuff up.

It appears that, whereas fifty-six mail-bags were stolen or tampered with in the year 1929, no fewer than forty-six have fallen among thieves in the last six months. Mr. LEES-SMITH insisted nevertheless that the figures remain steady, the apparent increase in the last six months being due to the Christmas spirit. It is so difficult to know whether Santa Claus has sent one a mail-bag or whether it has just dropped off the tail of a P.O. van. As the total amount the Post-Office had to pay in compensation last year was only five hundred pounds, the immediate recruitment of an army of mail-bag defenders, as advocated in certain quarters, would hardly make for economy.



PAINTING THE GLOBE RED.
MR. L'ESTRANGE MALONE LAYS ON HIS FAVOURITE COLOUR.

Mr. MONTAGUE is only Under-Secretary for Air—the Upper-Secretary

being, as is right and proper, in the upper air of the Upper House—but he knows what is expected of a Minister who introduces Air Estimates. He is expected to stress the unprovocative nature of our air armaments—an easy task since they stand at about twenty-five per cent. of the strength of those of France, our nearest neighbour—and slightly over-exaggerate, if exaggeration is thinkable in connection with an Under-Secretary of State, the strides that civil aviation is making under the Air Ministry's beneficent tutelage. In particular Mr. MONTAGUE's account of the punitive but never unkindly activities of the Air Force in Palestine and elsewhere was so tactful that even Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY's blood did not boil.

It was Mr. MALONE, rather curiously, who came out as the champion of All-Red Routes and further insisted that money for Imperial and national defence would never be properly spent until we had a Ministry of Defence. He also charged the Air Ministry with "complete lack of imagination." With considerable point he declared that if we were safe in the air with 1,292 fighting airplanes against France's 4,730 it seemed rather unnecessary to "stick out" for a Two-Power standard at the Naval Conference.

Wednesday, March 19th.—On this day no business was done, both Houses rising at the close of private business as a mark of respect to the late Lord BALFOUR, who passed away shortly after eight o'clock this morning at his brother's house at Woking. He was in his eighty-second year. Mr. Punch, whose volumes contain a full record of the political life and achievements of this great parliamentarian and most lovable man, pays the tribute of old friendship elsewhere.

Thursday, March 20th.—Dead statesmen are happy in the lofty panegyrics with which their peers take leave of them. To Lord BALFOUR, old friends and colleagues in Lords and Commons alike paid eloquent tributes of admiration and affection. Lord PARMOOR, Lord SALISBURY and Lord BEAUCHAMP in the Lords, the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. BALDWIN and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the Commons, left no word of praise unspoken and uttered none that was not deserved. To the PRIMATE, who also spoke, it may appropriately be left to summarize all that was said:—

"Are there any words which can better describe our thoughts of him than the words of SOCRATES: 'Having zealously applied himself to understanding and having adorned his soul not with any foreign ornament, but with her own proper jewels, temperance, justice, courage, nobility and truth, he awaits thus prepared his journey to the unseen world'?"

The Lords in Committee amended Lord DANESFORT's Performing Animals' Bill so as to exclude the Zoo from its operation and any other institution whose animals perform primarily for educational or scientific purposes. This will be very flattering to those inmates of Regent's Park—I name no names—whose performances are all too obviously undertaken with a view to promiscuous sustenance.

In the Commons Mr. CLYNES explained, in answer to Mr. DUKES, that the police would not interfere with the Stock Exchange Sweep or any other sweep provided it was a strictly private affair. Mr. CLYNES did not explain on what moral ground he proposes to enforce the law in one case and leave an outraged citizenry to do it in the other.

Hopes that the Government might have something to say about the Channel Tunnel were dashed, the PRIME MINISTER replying that they were still studying the Report.

When the House resumed consideration of the Coal Bill in Committee, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE clearly stated his conviction that for the Government to be defeated at this stage would gravely imperil the prospects of success of the Naval Conference. Therefore in the national interest the Liberals had decided to let the Bill amble on unamended into the Report stage.

Conservatives guffawed derisively. It was not Disarmament but Liberal unity, they said, that was at stake, but as they could offer no valid reason why the Liberals should be more eager for unity at this time than at any other time or suggest any *quid pro quo* that was to reward Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's exhibition of high-mindedness they perforce had to let it go at that.

The Committee stage of the Bill accordingly passed smoothly to its conclusion and the Bill as amended was reported to the House.



THE END OF THE DAY.

"FROM SPUR TO PLUME A STAR OF TOURNAMENT."—*The Passing of Arthur.*

Reproduced from "Punch" of November 15, 1911.

Official Action about Male-bags.

"(ii) Dress for all ranks going ashore.

. . . Officers will carry revolvers and ammunition and may wear trousers if desired."

Army Orders at Eastern Port.

MY GOLF TEMPERAMENT.

You hear on every side that golf is a game of temperament. But did you ever hear of a golfer who consistently failed to carry off cups because his temperament for the game was too *good*? Of course you didn't. Listen, then, to my sad story (I'll promise to listen to yours afterwards—if there's time).

I began, like most earnest novices, with a dreadful temperament. In the ordinary way I would scratch round happily enough, but on competition days everything put me off. A cow swishing its tail in the next field, a little bird uttering love-notes to its mate, the heavy breathing of my opponent and his caddy—all seemed to me to be parts of an infamous conspiracy to disturb my concentration. My hysterical condition reacted on my unfortunate partners, and how I escaped being knocked on the head with a niblick and buried in a bunker by one of these sorely-tried men is more than I can understand.

Then one day, in a medal competition, I happened to be paired with the world's most obstinately cheerful golfer. My nerves were twittering as usual, but that did not seem to worry him. His first drive landed him in a deep bunker, and that did not worry him either. Nothing worried him. Hole after hole he did in shocking scores with an air of intense enjoyment, and gradually I found that I too was enjoying myself. My nerves steadied and so did my play. I returned the best score of the day.

"Obviously," I told myself, "all I need is a happy partner, and, since my partners cannot be happy so long as I throw fits all round them, I must dissemble."

And dissemble I did. I nursed my partners as if they were invalids and excitement was unhealthy for them. When they played badly I comforted them, and on their good shots I showered applause. I smiled when my own drives went astray, and laughed—a little hollowly, perhaps—when my approaches plumped into bunkers.

The effect was magical. My partners began to play their shots more confidently and to tell me the stories of their lives. As for myself, I found, like a new "Happy Hypocrite," that if you assume a virtue you may acquire it unawares. Soon I no longer needed to pretend calmness. I *was* calm. Competitions no longer unnerved me—they stimulated me. A large collection of useless silver trophies accumulated in my room; and the housemaid, to my wife's open despair and my own secret pride, gave notice.

If only I could end my story here, what a salutary lesson it would inculcate! But ponder the sequel before you draw your moral. To-day I get beaten in every important match, not because I have gone off (I am playing better and better), but because I overdo the cheering effect upon my partners and inspire them to incredible feats.

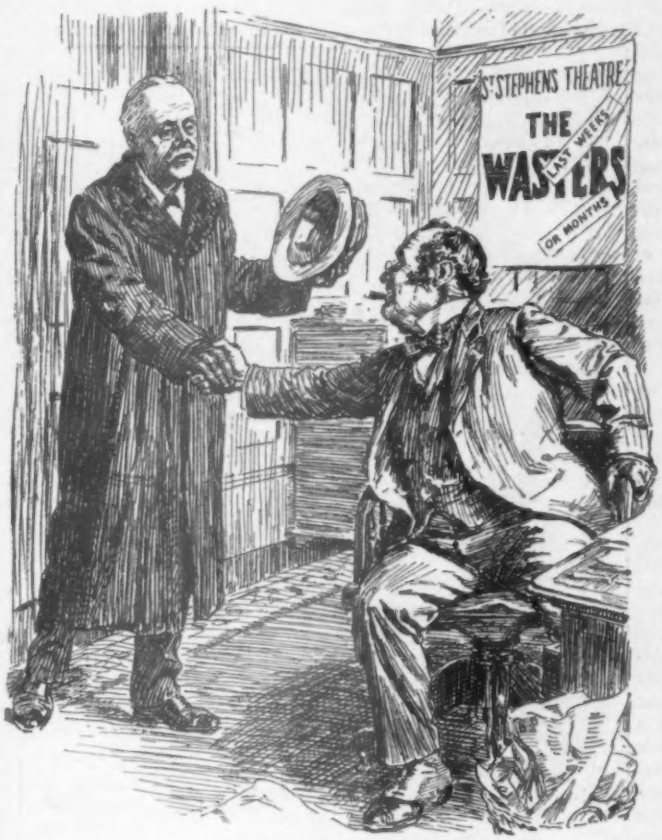
Paired with me, rabbits behave like tigers, old men regain their vigour, and nervous men, ceasing to shimmer at the outline, hole immense downhill putts. Having beaten me, they all assure me that they don't know how it is, but they haven't played so well for months, and on any other day I should have won. But I know better.

However, there's going to be no more of this. I propose to adjust myself to the new circumstances. It will be a more delicate operation than before, because I must not run the risk of losing my hard-won imperturbability. I must still be calm but no longer encouraging.

I had thoughts of adopting a morose silence or, alternatively, a slightly patronising expression designed to sap my opponent's confidence and to make him press. A gentle hiss through the teeth was to have intensified his shame when he made a rotten stroke.

But after a little reflection I discarded these methods as likely to irritate my opponent and so recoil on my own head. I have now decided that the simplest and safest attitude to assume is absolute indifference. In future I shall take no notice of the other fellow's game at all. I shall turn upon him a face devoid of all expression and talk evenly of the political situation or the last new play.

You may say that such self-mastery will be beyond the compass of weak human nature. Very possibly; but then I am not going to depend on human nature. Lest one or other of my old temperaments should betray me, I shall go on competition days to Mr. CLARKSON and get him to affix to my features a look of ineffable serenity, washable but weatherproof. I'll give 'em temperament!



THE JEUNE EX-PREMIER.

THE MANAGER. "HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON THE WAY YOU PLAYED 'THE STATESMAN' ON YOUR AMERICAN TOUR."

Reproduced from "Punch" of January 18, 1922.

"Engrossing Clerk (male or female) required."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

Many employers privately consider the latter to be the more engrossing.

MISLEADING CASES.

XXX.—WHAT IS EDUCATION?

Rex v. *Bloggs.*

THE Court of Criminal Appeal gave judgment in this case to-day, which arose out of the conviction of a canal-boatman for failing to send his children to school.

The Lord Chief Justice said: "This case is simple but important. The appellant, Samuel Bloggs, is a boatman owning and navigating a pair of boats (erroneously described by Sir Ethelred Rutt as barges) on the Grand Union Canal. Mr. Bloggs is a married man and has three children, who reside with their father and mother on the two boats, which are loyally entitled *George* and *Mary*. Mr. Bloggs was summoned by the Education Authority for the County of Middlesex for failing to send his children to a school for the purpose of receiving elementary education, and he was convicted.

"Now in the course of his trade or occupation as a carrier of goods and raw materials Mr. Bloggs travels continuously up and down the canal between Birmingham and London; and he put forward the reasonable defence that it was difficult for him to send children who were constantly in motion to a school which remained stationary. He also questioned the right of a Middlesex authority to intervene in the private affairs of a family which spent more than half the week in Warwickshire and other counties. But a defence founded on nothing more than reason and practicability was easily brushed aside by a public authority, and Mr. Bloggs was driven to that second line of defence which has perplexed and divided the Courts below.

"'What is Education?' says Mr. Bloggs. But it is not necessary for this Court to add one more to the many answers which learned men have made to that question. The question for us is, What is meant by Elementary Education in the Education Acts of this country? We find, after careful research, that the expression 'elementary education' is nowhere defined in that long series of statutes. The omission is a wise one, for the notion of what constitutes elementary education must obviously vary in every age, country and class. But, though Parliament has been discreetly vague, the Court in this case is compelled to be definite. The respondents ask us to say that by elementary education is meant education in those elementary subjects which are commonly taught to our defenceless children, as reading, writing and arithmetic. But it has been argued for Mr. Bloggs that the words mean education in the elements of any subject which may be useful or necessary to the citizen in that state of life for which he is destined by Providence, heredity or inclination.



Timid Householder (to burglar). "BE A GOOD FELLOW AND HOP IT BEFORE MY WIFE SEES HOW SMALL YOU ARE."

"Now the children of Mr. Bloggs, though they have not attended a school, have already acquired the rudiments of their father's and grandfather's trade, that is to say, the navigation of canals and the handling of boats. They are able in an emergency to steer a boat into a lock, to open or close a lock-gate, to tie bowlines and reef-knots, clove-hitches and fisherman's bends and to do many other useful and difficult things which this Court, we admit, is unable to do. Further, it is common ground that the children are healthy, sufficiently fed, well-behaved and attached to the life of the water, as their forebears for three generations have been. Mr. and Mrs. Bloggs are instructing them slowly in reading and writing, and even, with reluctance, it seems, in arithmetic. It is not contended that in these subjects they are so far advanced as children of the same age who attend the public elementary schools; on the other hand the evidence is that those children are quite unable to tie a bowline-on-a-bight, to distinguish between the port and starboard lights of an approaching vessel or to steer the smallest boat into the largest lock without disaster, while in health, discipline and practical intelligence they are inferior to the little Blogges.

"Now Mr. HERBERT SPENCER said that if we give our pupils the knowledge which 'is of most worth'—that is, the knowledge which has indispensable practical value in regulating the affairs of life—we shall at the same time give them the best possible mental training. And Mr. Bloggs (who, by the way, can read but not write) is an unconscious follower of Mr. SPENCER. It may well be that education authorities exaggerate the value of reading, writing and arithmetic as aids to citizenship. In these days a person unable to read would be spared the experience of much that is vulgar, depressing or injurious; a person unable to write will commit neither forgery nor free verse, and a person not well-grounded in arithmetic will not engage in betting, speculation or the defalcation of accounts. At any rate it will not be denied that the spread of these three studies has had many evil and dubious consequences. But the practice of navigation is at the bottom of our national prosperity and safety, and has played no small part in the formation of the British character. The charge against Mr. Bloggs is that he has given his children an elementary training in the arts of this noble profession to the neglect of certain formal studies, which are not, in my judgment, essential to a virtuous, god-fearing and useful life in the calling of their forefathers. They are unable, it is true, to read fluently the accounts of murder-trials in the Sunday newspapers; they cannot write their names upon walls and public monuments; they do not understand the calculation of odds or the fluctuations of stocks and shares. But



Road Hog. "DASH IT, THAT WAS A TOUGH 'UN—HAD TO CHANGE GEAR TO GET OVER HIM."

these acquirements may come in time. Meanwhile, as day by day they travel through the country, the skies and fields of England are their books, their excellent parents are their newspapers and the practical problems of navigation are their arithmetic. As for writing, there is too much writing in our country as it is.

"It cannot have been the intention of Nature, which fashions the flowers and fishes in such variety, that Men, the noblest works of Nature, should be all exactly alike, shaped in the same mould and fitted to the same ends. But that, it appears, is the principle which has prompted this prosecution. What is in the mind of the Education Authority, however, is no great matter. The short point in this case is that Parliament does not support them. Parliament has nowhere said that the first essentials of an elementary education are reading, writing and arithmetic. I hold therefore that Mr. Bloggs, who is carefully, lovingly and without cost to the State equipping his children for a useful career, is providing for them an "elementary education" within the meaning of the Acts. He was wrongfully convicted and the appeal must be allowed. Costs to Mr. Bloggs, and a lump sum of one hundred pounds by way of compensation for his time and trouble.

Wool J. and Batter J. concurred.

A. P. H.

THREEPENNY BITS.

(A Tale of the Sea.)

Captain Ben Featherbed was a mariner bred
And his crew were none of the worst,
And we rose and shone, as per invoice, on
His good ship *Safety First*;
And never you met (once tea was set)
With a heartier crowd and haler.
Oh, the wind that blows and the ship that goes
And the lass that loves a sailor!

Now it fell this way of an April day
That our Mister Mate fair spits
His muffin out as he gives a shout,
"Land ho! an' threepenny-bits!"
For the beach blinked white with the shiners bright,
And when Fortune calls who'd fail her?
Not the wind that blows and the ship that goes
And the lass that loves a sailor!

Then our Old Man said, "But what if instead
Of King's good coin them discs
Was 'orrible scales off 'orrible tails
Of 'orrible basilisks?
An', if suchlike roves in them green groves,
Why, family men grows paler."
Oh, the wind that blows and the ship that goes
And the lass that loves a sailor!

So we puts a-back on the family tack
(Who'd pass, like the grass, premature?)
And the Captain said, "Brave boys, by Ned,
It 's worse to be sorry than sure;
An' a basilisk is an 'orrible risk—
A regular tooth-an'-nailer."
Oh, the wind that blows and the ship that goes
And the lass that loves a sailor!

Still in dreams I sits on threepenny-bits
In minted silver mines,
Though the Captain said, "By Ned, boys, Ned,
It ain't all silver that shines,
An' 'orrible tails may shed glittering scales,
An' a basilisk's tail is a flailer;
But, come, tea 's wet an' I seldom 'ave met
With 'eartier chaps or 'aler.
Ho, the wind that blows an' the ship that goes
An' the lass that loves a sailor!"

P. R. C.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ARTIST AND THE SHADOW" (KINGSWAY).

THIS is the story of *Peter*, a painter, and *Lelia*, his Bohemian girl, whose chequered romance is staged among the skylights and the stars on Montparnasse. When first we meet them a noisy party is in progress in the annexe to *Peter's* studio, at which party budding genius in search of patrons is casting pearls before Philistines. Through the studio window we overlook the roofs of the Latin Quarter, and from the little gallery where *Lelia* platonically nests the inevitable plaster mask of "The Drowned Girl" gives the scene a dusty smile.

From the arena, while *Lelia* is butchering Terpsichore to make this Philistine holiday, two guests drift in. Their back-chat is crisp and sub-acid—are they not cognoscenti? *Peter*, morose and laconic, shows his pictures to an American dealer, who seems to find them no more impressive than we do, for he turns to compliment *Lelia* on the art with which she has concealed her art from the rabble while revealing the charm of her person to him.

The party over and the Philistines dismissed, each with a flea in the ear, *André* arrives. He, a pianist of no present importance, comes band-escorted and wearing—is it not mi-Carême in the world below?—*Cyrano de Bergerac's* nose and his own wistful smile. And when *Lelia*, clothed now and in her right mind, has fried the pancakes for supper, the quartet, completed by *Betty*, a young singer with the bloom of the Vicarage still on her, falls to.

Even faster falls the eventide, flushing the roofs with crimson while the pancakes and the aims of Art are discussed. From the distant fête a posthorn gives the mournful call we are to hear again and again. It is the *motif* of *Trent*, a painter of genius, who comes in the last stages of pneumonia and penury to rest by the stove on his way to the hospital from which he will never return. "Tick-tick," says the clock as he sips his coffee, thus giving him the make-your-hay-while-the-sun-shines text for a pitiful valediction ere *Peter* and *André* assist him to the waiting ambulance.

Fired by *Trent's* reminder that life is short and love is fleeting, *Betty* runs off to burn her boats with *André*, while *Lelia* strips *Peter's* bed on the sofa and carries off its pillow to her eyrie in the gallery. *Peter* collects *Trent's* belongings—a paint rag or two, an opium-pipe and an unfinished masterpiece.



L'ESPRIT PARISIEN.

André Charieu . . MR. GEORGE DE WARFAZ.
Peter Ingram . . . MR. EDGAR NORFOLK.

But, before he discovers the flight of his pillow or *Lelia* can make clear its touching significance, the genius of *Trent's* picture holds them spellbound.



ART AND THE HAT.

Abel Klein (*Mr. LYN HARDING*) *to Lelia Gardella* (*Miss BEATRIX THOMSON*). "PARDON MY APPARENT DISCOURTESY, BUT I MUST BE COVERED IN THE PRESENCE OF A MASTERPIECE."

And Nemesis, having manœuvred into position, gives the first curtain its cue.

Thenceforward, although PUCCINI suffuses the entr'actes, the play moves stiffly. Another visit from the dealer gives *Lelia* the chance to ensure her own career by persuading *Peter* to sign and sell *Trent's* picture as his own. This regrettable bargain is preceded by a tedious, if topical, discussion of the Italian Masters, and, as *Peter* speaks the tag, "Thirty pieces of silver," the second curtain falls.

Three years pass and much happens in the interval. *Lelia* in America has become the art-dealer's mistress, and *Peter* has gone to the devil and brought back some magnificent loot. In the gallery where *Lelia* once nested and "The Drowned Girl" smiled stands a Chinese giant in gold. *Trent's* opium-pipe, now in active commission, has made him the master of *Peter's* fate and the captain of his soul. The simple unsaleable landscape that had been all *Peter's* song is discarded for that other market created by the sale of *Trent's* masterpiece. But fame established on a lie gives him wealth without peace, and he has arranged to recover the forgery by exchanging it for the self-portrait on which we see him at work.

When he invites his friends to view it, each recoils from the easel in horror. The eyes that look out at them from *Peter's* effigy are the eyes of *Trent*. With the lights lowered *Peter* puffs courage out of the opium-pipe, the shadow in his soul takes form and voice, and we see the spirit of *Trent* asserting its retributory possession of *Peter's* soul and palette. But with *Lelia's* return, gorgeous in the gold *lamé* of sin and very remorseful, *Peter* atones by painting out his signature from *Trent's* picture, and *Lelia* repudiates the dealer. So we leave them clasped in each other's arms as the ghostly echoes of the post-horn sound from the realms of *Petroushka*.

The play gives poor scope to the actors. Mr. EDGAR NORFOLK plays the part of *Peter* with an attractive assurance and wisely refrains from stressing its treacherous accents. Miss BEATRIX THOMSON can do little for *Lelia* but speak in her affecting way and come pictorially up to the mark. The most effective part is that of *Suzette*, a model, whom Miss CELIA JOHNSON, vying with

Mr. GEORGE DE WARFAZ as a *virtuoso* in broken English, plays with charm and vivacious intelligence. Mr. LYN HARDING defines the dealer as firmly as if he were a projection from Scotland Yard. Better in intention than in achievement, the play dies of its own inertia. Some of the writing is good, but the realism and fantasy are not reconciled. And, while the studio atmosphere convinces, it is a tiresome tale—stray pages from *La Vie de Bohême* that one turns over and as quickly forgets. H.

"ENCHANTMENT" (VAUDEVILLE).

Mr. J. JEFFERSON FARJEON is not as other dramatists. His native wood-notes wild express a boyish genius that is both blood-thirsty and bland. Their effect upon the friendly critic is like an offer of the freedom of the Theatre Royal Day Nursery; for Mr. FARJEON's themes are such stuff as nursery dreams are made on, and only the enforced gusto of a boy could conceive and carry them through to their illogical conclusions.

I dare not think what this present tale of gore and gossamer might be like reported in cold blood. None but deep-dyed villains would attempt it. Yet—such is the chilling effect of applying the laws of reason to a problem that defies them—I confess that I watched the earlier phases of this play with eyes that burked "enchantment" and a wonder that was not benign.

This snow-bound but enchanted cottage must be entered, as Mr. FARJEON's characters enter it, without ulterior prejudice. It offers to the eye neither engaging mystery nor any beauty that we should desire it. The furniture is wrapped in winding-sheets and the larder is ostensibly empty. Outside its latticed casements falls the snow—which commonsense too glibly informs you is precipitated by a magic-lantern—in an astigmatic and much too regular shower.

Enter two shivering waifs, the *Lady Ermyntrude Carstairs* (*née Elsie Brown*) and *Lord Marchester* (still more obviously *né Arthur Bowen*), who, being just nice young actors in masquerade, take your kind regards for granted. The things they say, the joys they feel and the adventures that befall them are stanzas from a Song of Innocence that invites no cynics' chorus.

The magic spell works slowly, since Miss MADELEINE CARROLL is too single-purposed a young actress to palter with your grudging sympathies, and Mr. JACK HOBBS has his work cut out to extract enchantment from his what-ho! idiom. So that, old though you may be in guile, you must become young at heart to give this wayward fantasy the chance it needs. The genii of the nursery whom Mr. FARJEON so spontaneously controls must be your mentors if the evening is to be happy.

"Thrice," you may remember, "the brindled cat did mew"; Mr. FARJEON's spell also is triple-headed. In Act I. (I quote the programme) the spell is "Imagination," in Act II. "Illusion," in Act III. "Dreaming"—positive, comparative, superlative degrees, as it were, of invocation—and the Third Degree is, of course, the strangest.



THE ENCHANTED DINNER.

Elsie Brown . . . . . MISS MADELEINE CARROLL.
The Duke of Porthurst . . MR. RICHARD GRAY.
Arthur Bowen . . . . . MR. JACK HOBBS.

With the weaving of the first spell the company, five casualties from a snow-bound train, seek shelter in the cottage. They are *Elsie* and *Arthur*, two of London's submerged millions, who proclaim their noble aliases in the true spirit of nursery make-believe; Mr. CHARLES GROVES, whose assumption of the name and blood-curdling privileges of *Charlie Peace* does not hide but positively enhances his excellent comedy; *Detective Blood*, clearly of Baker Street, who is *Charlie's* natural complement, and the owners of the cottage, the *Duke* and *Duchess of Porthurst*, whose sense of sociable symmetry leads them to pose as *'Arry Jones* and *Sally Perkins*, and to offset *Elsie's* Belgravian grandeur by feigning ignorance of any higher society than that of the Seven Dials.

Even the best regulated séance runs the risk of distractions, and here restless reason may ask how this cottage is lighted, forgetting that none but fairy lights could give it so comforting a glow. Or the sudden, possibly dubious, laughter of your neighbour may break the spell as echoes from the workaday world will penetrate a dream. Or the characters, obeying none but their self-made laws, may cause you to realise how narrow is the borderline between the ridiculous and the sublime. Or some capricious twist of Mr. FARJEON's magic wand may leave your attention winded.

The crown of the feast is the Feast itself, such a banquet as is seldom served outside the *Arabian Nights* or beyond the nursery's fantastic table. The old-world pewter turns into gold, and strange courses such as LUCULLUS never knew follow one another from the hands of the powdered genie with a celerity that gives defrauded appetite hardly time to be provoked. And, when the feast is over and *Elsie's* cloud-capped towers have dissolved, and Cupid, who has toyed with rather than fleshed his arrows, returns them to his quiver with a sigh that such hearts are scarcely worth the shooting, commonsense takes a deep breath and exhales it in "Well, well!"

Do not think this unkindly criticism; for even the best of us nursery drama has its longueurs. The spirit behind this play is puckish and elusive; the play itself is a searching test both of your taste for enchantment and of the sort that will satisfy. To analyse it more scrupulously would be to break a butterfly on the wheel. It is always a tricky business to follow the lead of a Will-o'-the-Wisp, and a Will-o'-the-Wisp is what Mr. FARJEON's genius pre-eminently is. H.

An Apology which will be Universally Demanded.

"Mr. and Mrs. Snowden have been hard and happy fighters for twenty-five years. I wish them many more years of blissful combat."—*Evening Paper.*

MEMORIES OF MAGYARGATE.

(From a Musical Correspondent.)

THE success of the Choral Festivals held all over the country rightly ministers to our national complacency, but there is a danger of our overlooking other recent developments not less fruitful in their influence on the regeneration of the Empire. Foremost amongst these should be placed the extraordinary spread of Hungarian bands in Thanet, and it is nothing short of a tragedy that they should have entirely disappeared in the last few months. For this seemed to be no transient or fleeting fashion, based, as it was, on the remarkably close ties which united the noblest families of the two races, the similarity of the *Hinterland* of Pegwell Bay to the Puszta and the intensive Magyarisation of Margate which had been carried on for several years to the mutual profit of both countries.

It was necessary at first to import musical instructors and conductors, but they found such apt pupils that two years ago there was hardly a cottage in the Minster Marshes where the strains of the czimbalom were not heard from dawn till dewy eve.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with this remarkable instrument, it may be observed that, while belonging to the dulcimer group, it has qualities peculiarly its own. Its timbre is entirely devoid of the nasal quality of the zither, which prompted TURGENEV to say that it (the zither) always reminded him of a Jew singing through his nose. It combines the plangential plunk of the banjo with the exotic ululations of the ukulele and the tarantulating delirium of the balalaika.

Personally I shall never forget the marvellous entertainment I was privileged to attend in 1928 when the massed Rakóczian bands of Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs and Ramsgate serenaded the Hon. ESMOND HARMSWORTH on the heights of the North Foreland. Clad in their picturesquely particoloured uniforms, all playing their czimbaloms with miraculous virtuosity, the four thousand players produced a volume of sound quite encyclopædic in sonority.

The Hon. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, who addressed them through a klaxophone in fluent Hungarian, was deeply moved. He said that never since the days of MIHÁLY VÖRÖSMARTYO, FERENCZ KÖLCSEY and FERENCZ KAZINCZY had there been such a triumphant demonstration of tripudiant tintinnabulation, and he wound up with the impressive words, "Hunyadi Janos, Az aranykesztyüs asszony, A tegnap, a ma, és a holnap!"

The storm of "Eljen! Eljen!" that broke from the assembled Thaneto-Magyars was so terrific as to cause a landslide in the cliffs. Happily there were no fatal casualties, though the drum-major of the Birchington Blue Hungarian Bombardoniers Band had a narrow escape of a Gadarenian exit. But I am assured that the profile of the North Foreland has never been quite the same since.

A LUNAR PHENOMENON.

[An observer in the North of England recently noted a strong oscillation of the moon. The movement was repeated, and at one time he thought it might be returning to the earth.]

A PERSON gazing at the sky,
Lately, about the night's high noon
Swivelled a scientific eye
On the sedate and ordered Moon,

When as in restful mood he gazed,
Looking for things upon her face,
He was considerably amazed
To see her wobbling out of place.

Thinking his vision must have erred,
He looked more carefully; again
That striking incident occurred;
He says it was as plain as plain.

He adds, though anxious to be kind,
Th' occurrence could not but produce
A strong impression on his mind
That She was fairly on the loose;

Indeed he felt a pang of fear
For at the time it looked as if
She were about to crash down here;
Which would have been a bit too stiff.

However, there She drew the line
And left things as they were before—
Herself above the world to shine,
And us unflattened as of yore.

Moon, one has read in ancient books
A story said to be correct,
How once Endymion's fancy looks
Had on you much the same effect;

How, stirred by his unusual charms,
Out of the throne whereon You sat
You gave one leap, and in his arms
Found a new heaven, and that was that.

I trust it is not so to-day;
That no Endymion lies asleep
To catch your eye and, as men say,
Strike you all over of a heap.

Things are not as they were of old;
And the results would not be light
If you romantically rolled
Down on the world one sudden night.

It would not have the same success;
Nor have You any notion how
Our rapid, un-Idyllic Press
Would ring with such a scandal now.

DUM-DUM.

"OUR CONQUERORS"—AGAIN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As your Pekinese National Anthem does not, in my opinion, quite cover the ground, I am venturing to add some stanzas which your own poet can either repudiate, as he probably will, or, having rewritten and immeasurably improved them, insert among the others where he thinks most fit.

My first stanza touches upon the fluffiness of the Pekinese and their peculiar undulating quality of progress, after they have ceased to prance and begun to streak. These are characteristics that ought not to be overlooked. I venture to put the case thus:—

The Pekinese
Have feathered knees
And plumes where tails should be,
And when they race
About the place
They ripple like the sea.

Next we come to the courage, stamina and speed of these little creatures, always so surprising to those who are strangers to them. To be so small and yet so swift, tireless and unafraid is amazing. In other and jingling words:

The Pekinese,
Although such wees,
Are destitute of fear;
Both fleet and strong,
They bound along
As buoyant as the deer.

Next, their hue: every shade of tender brown. I speak of course of the rank and file. There are also all-blacks, a few, and an all-white was on exhibition only a fortnight ago amid ecstatic murmurs of admiration from thousands of feminine throats. But russet is the only wear of the majority.

The Pekinese
From autumn trees
Their colour scheme obtain,
And all their lives
The frugal wives
From any change refrain.

Finally, food and devotion to routine. "Fastidious but not pernickety" would perhaps best describe them as eaters; and they have always, as the blessed hour approaches, one ear on the gong.

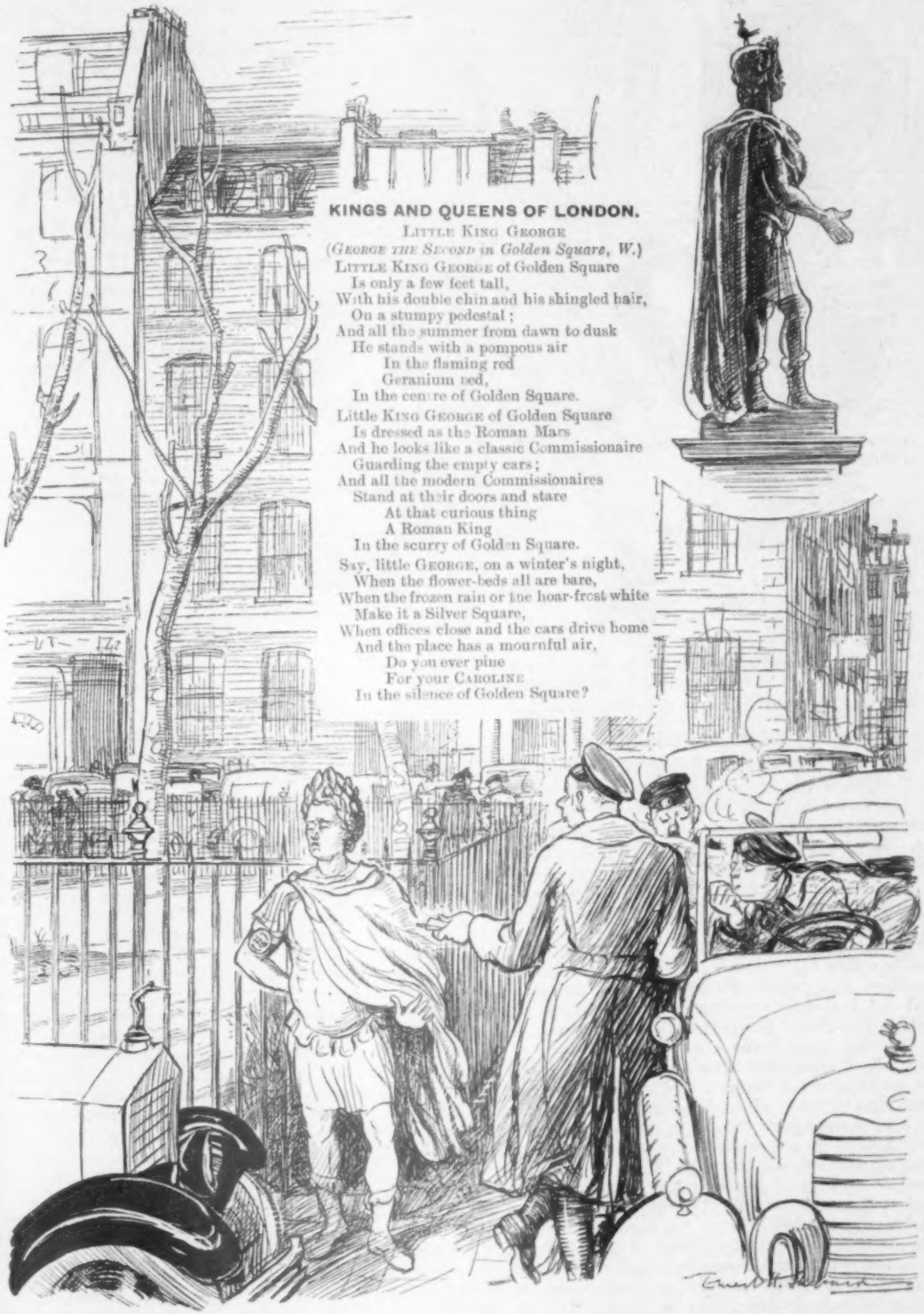
The Pekinese
Say "Bread and cheese
Will do for such as you;
For us a fare
More choice and rare,
And jolly punctual too!"

Again expressing the hope that I am not transgressing too discourteously in thus invading your own contributor's territory,

I am, Yours faithfully, X. Y. Z.

Things which might have been said more quietly.

"With the exception of a few years in America, the deceased lived faithfully before God in this neighbourhood."—*Irish Paper.*



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

LITTLE KING GEORGE

(*GEORGE THE SECOND in Golden Square, W.*)

LITTLE KING GEORGE of Golden Square
Is only a few feet tall,
With his double chin and his shingled hair,
On a stumpy pedestal;
And all the summer from dawn to dusk
He stands with a pompous air
In the flaming red
Geranium bed,
In the centre of Golden Square.

Little KING GEORGE of Golden Square
Is dressed as the Roman Mars
And he looks like a classic Commissionaire
Guarding the empty cars;
And all the modern Commissionaires
Stand at their doors and stare
At that curious thing
A Roman King
In the scurry of Golden Square.

SAY, little GEORGE, on a winter's night,
When the flower-beds all are bare,
When the frozen rain or the hoar-frost white
Make it a Silver Square,
When offices close and the cars drive home
And the place has a mournful air,
Do you ever pine
For your CAROLINE
In the silence of Golden Square?



Mistress (severely). "YOU 'VE HAD EIGHT YOUNG MEN CALLERS THIS WEEK."
Maid. "FANCY YOUR BEING SO INTERESTED IN THEM! I NEVER THOUGHT OF COUNTING THEM MYSELF."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. THORNTON WILDER's new novel is a novel in the Boccaccian sense, a series of incidents as true to their dimensions and framework as the panels of an Italian *cassone*. It is, moreover, as fascinating for its content as its form, having with Elizabethan audacity and skill plundered a well-known plot and improved upon it. TERENCE, whose first play, the *Andria*, provides not only a title but a cast for *The Woman of Andros* (LONGMANS, 6/-), himself adapted his comedy from MENANDER. But Mr WILDER has done more than adapt, for the jam and judicious advice with which TERENCE sauces his story of paternal and filial marriage-schemes yield here to a vein of speculative pity almost Euripidean in its tenderness. Three out of the four women who are "off" in the *Andria* are "on" in *The Woman of Andros*, and the scene is laid on Brynos, an obscure but happy island to which *Chrysis*, the courtesan, has retired. Here, recalling *Circe*, though with a difference, she banquets the young men whose minds are her chief but by no means her sole preoccupation. Here she schemes an orthodox marriage for her innocent sister, *Glycerium*. And here *Pamphilus*, heir to the rich *Simo*, is captured by the noble rhetoric of the elder woman and himself subdues the untried heart of the younger. The issue, so different from the easy snip-snap of the Latin catastrophe, is tragic but not unbearably tragic. For the whole story, in so far as it has meditative completeness, is the story of a philosophic dawn seen in retrospect by an inheritor of full sunshine.

If from time to time Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA has used words for the conveyance of ideas, in *The Missing Muse* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) he has developed his more delightful aptitude for employing ideas merely to carry a number of cheerful and irresponsible phrases. When he says, for instance, that all nations get the ambassadors they deserve —the distinguished gentlemen who serve them abroad serve them right—it is pleasantly clear that the double meaning of the familiar colloquialism, rather than a "Distant Prospect of the American Embassy," is the true starting-point for the essay to follow. The happiest thing in this collection of about three-dozen verbal top-spinnings is his description of the "procession" that is Mr. BELLOC, and, if his notes on "The Death of the Novel," say, or "The General Strike" seem to be tainted with a definite intention to say something, more often he joyously abandons futile attempts at edification, betaking himself to a kind of swashbuckling through the streets of modern literary and political life, looking for patches of sunlight on the wall with which to cross epigrams. If at times he becomes just a little too laborious for firefly dancing, as when, in his study of Mr. CHURCHILL as "The Buccaneer," he employs a page of apparently careful analysis to draw out a rather sickly pun, like a stick of early rhubarb from the bottom of a substantial drain-pipe, yet it will be observed that he commonly inspires his reviewers to mix their metaphors, which circumstance may console him for the slight bewilderment of a general public wondering what in the world it is all about. One feels with sorrow that a crisis must come in Mr. GUEDALLA's career when he will have to decide finally whether he will be a stabilised MACAULAY, or perhaps a BIRKENHEAD, deliver-

ing plain fare, or merely a current loafer dispensing currant loaf. He would have employed that phrase himself if he had happened to think of it, and looked round afterwards for something or someone to hang it on.

FABER AND FABER (at ten-and-six)
Produce this box of a hundred tricks—
H. A. VACHELL's nutshell book,
The Best of England, where at a look
A learner learns in the fastest of fast times
Of all things English in sports and pastimes.

Would you fish, play croquet or stalk a stag,
Hunt the fox or a partridge bag,
Race, try racquets or get wise quick
With a cricket-bat or a polo-stick?
Well, if Mr. VACHELL but be your master,
You're wise in a winking—possibly faster.

Yet Mentor surely is at his best
If you'd buy a *bibelot* or dine "up West";
And, though I think that I safely can
Say, "Here is a book for an Englishman,"
It's a fitter one still, if for us it 's fittish,
For a visitor prone to be truly British.

When five men commit a burglary to secure a recipe that has built up a colossal fortune, it should not prove too difficult to make a profitable use of the booty. But, if you have been forced to eliminate a chemist and a night-watchman in the original enterprise, how are you going to turn your formula to account without implicating yourself in the murders? This pretty problem arose for *Mr. Thomas Ryde* and his five associates who, having secured the unique formula by which *Boothroyds* dominated artificial silk, were left without visible means of bargaining for its transference either to the bereft firm or a rival. A kindred difficulty beset young *Lord Dutley* in his efforts to reclaim the source of his firm's prosperity. The Yard cared little what became of the formula provided it laid hands on the murderers; and unofficial help proved too terrified of the lethal efficiency of *Ryde* to act openly for the opposition. How the gang secured *Boothroyds'* recipe from *Boothroyds*, the police and each other is the initial secret of *The Million Pound Deposit* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), a secret which is exploited to admiration in the course of that excellent yarn. Two chinks I admit I perceived in Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM's otherwise unexceptionable armour: the part played by *Dutley's fiancée* and the extraordinarily efficacious offices of his gun-maker. Apart from these slight concessions to mechanism, I am ready to maintain that, whoever did or did not forfeit his deposit in the course of the narrative, it was not "The Prince of Story-tellers."

The longest as well as the most interesting of the five short biographies brought together by Commander TAPRELL DORLING ("TAFFRAIL"), under the title of *Men-o'-War* (PHILIP ALLAN, 15/-), is that which deals with the extraordinary and complex personality of THOMAS Lord COCHRANE. COCHRANE'S career is one of those the narrative of which reads more like romantic fiction than sober fact. He was at once one of the best-hated and best-loved men of his time. Brave and reckless to a fault, his exploits were of the kind always calculated to capture the popular imagination; while he showed a kindness towards his subordinates which was exceedingly rare in his day, especially where the lower deck was concerned. In Parliament, on the contrary, and in his dealings with his superiors, he was quarrelsome, tactless and self-assertive, and even when, as frequently happened, his case was a perfectly good one he managed more often than not to put himself hopelessly in the wrong by his



Considerate Helper (to diver caught in wash of speed-boat). "'AVE THEY WET YER MUCH, 'ARRY?"

manner of stating it. Lastly, his undeniable streak of covetousness was a grave stain on an otherwise fine character. Commander TAPRELL DORLING's remaining subjects are that grim old reformer and disciplinarian, JOHN JERVIS, who may truly be said to have forged the weapon with which NELSON's victories were won, and his modern counterpart, Lord FISHER; Captain MARRYAT, whose distinguished professional career has been all but forgotten by a generation which knows him as the author of *Peter Simple* and *Mr. Midshipman Easy*; and, finally, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, who, alike for his valour, his indiscretions and his immense popularity with the public, may perhaps fitly be described as the Cochrane of his day.

Mr. T. S. STRIBLING made his mark as a novelist with *Fombombo* and *Teeftallow*, two sufficiently remarkable names. *Strange Moon* (HEINEMANN. 7/6) is by comparison simple, but I confess freely that I quite failed to discover why it should have been chosen for this story of love and adventure (and high finance) among the Venezuelan oil-concessions. Not that this made any difference to my enjoyment of the book. Mr. STRIBLING may not be a great writer, but he has the art of constructing an interesting story. He never slackens the pace. From the moment when *Mr. Eugene Manners* leaves his car at the point where the old Spanish highway out of Maracaibo degenerates into a path, and orders the peon *Pacheco* to carry into *Señor Ramon Valera's casa* the bag of dollars with which he intends to buy that gentlemen's oil-field on behalf of his company, there is always something happening or something threatening. Generally too it is something just on the line dividing tragedy from comedy. The difficulties of *Mr. Manners* in trying to get his machinery through the Venezuelan Customs, his endless troubles with his Dutch rivals (who have a pull with the Government), his adventures with enemies, human and other, in the jungle, his unspeakable sojourn in a Maracaibo dungeon—these tremble on the verge of tragedy. But then he is extricated so delightfully in the most unlikely fashions—first by *Sola Merida*, that charming dancer, and then by *Mr. Jack Crowe*, the helpful American from Oklahoma, who proves himself indeed a friend in disguise—that the tragedy turns to comedy after all. A really excellent and high-spirited yarn, with a laugh or a thrill on every other page.



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, BEFORE YOU COME OUT, DO YOU THINK THAT WOULD BE A PRETTY GOOD SPOT TO FIX THIS NOTICE?"

The Game of Wei-Chi (LONGMANS, 3/6) is a clearly-written and most intelligently-illustrated explanation of a game which is apparently the Chinese original (some five thousand years old) of the Japanese game of Go, which has been played regularly by some few adepts in London for the past two decades. This book does not deign to make any reference to the rival game; Mr. TONG SHU, who shares the authorship with Count DANIELE PECORINI, a former Commissioner of Customs in China, may indeed have insisted on this omission as a matter of Nationalist principle. Wei Chi—played on a square board with nineteen horizontal and nineteen vertical lines, the pieces being placed at their points of intersection and not in the resulting squares—is in principle a war game, the object of the player being to detach, surround and capture his adversary's men, according to certain rather complicated but easily intelligible rules. Wei-Chi, it is suggested, is an even better game than chess, and it certainly needs as quick wits and as long a head. Champions in China are held in the honour accorded by us to film-stars and footballers; and there is a legend of a wood-cutter watching a famous game and looking down at the end of it to find that his axe helve had rotted in its socket and his beard grown to his toes, so masterly was the strategy and so grim the determination of the opposing generals.

The opening scenes of *The Wishing Stone* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) are laid in England, but Mrs. F. E. PENNY wastes no time in arranging a quarrel between *Dick Dangerfield* and his young wife which sends him off post-haste to Southern India. There, as a tourist eager to see sights and get impressions, he develops a keen interest in animism, and his pulses are set beating rather hectically by a "country-born" girl, the owner of the wishing stone. No contemporary novelist writes with more knowledge and understanding of India than Mrs. PENNY, and, although *Dangerfield* is not one of her most successful creations, she relates his experiences with a vividness which never allows one's attention to falter. India indeed and its problems dominate the story to such an extent that the domestic squabbles of the *Dangerfields* sink into insignificance.

The pattern of *Eldest Miss Collingwood* (METHUEN, 7/6) may be a little old-fashioned, but that will not prevent Mr. W. PETT RIDGE's loyal adherents from enjoying the tale. *Ellen Collingwood's* mother had fled from the family shop in Blackheath, her father was a miserly eccentric, and her sisters were flibbertigibbets. Life was drab and difficult for the estimable *Ellen*. But an excellent brother, a staunch lover and a remarkably broad-minded friend of her own sex helped her to remain cheerful and brave under depressing conditions, and in the end she obtained the happiness which she deserved. So all was well in a world that Mr. PETT RIDGE convinces me is more kind than cruel.

The Dangers of Mal-de-Souterrain.

"The Channel Tunnel . . . displays a contingent hope of profit to the undertaker. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

"Brussels, at which Napoleon stayed on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, has been put up for sale."—*Harrogate Paper.*

We trust that no American will transplant the room in which the famous ball was given on that occasion by Madame SANS-GÊNE.

CHARIVARIA.

Conjecture has been rife as to the precise nature of the bargain between Mr. Lloyd George and the Labour Party. The rumour is persistent that there is also some sort of understanding between Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberal Party.

* * *

At the invitation of a daily paper a number of people have given their ideas of what Heaven is like, but it will have been noted that our contemporary offered no prize for the one which proves to have been most nearly correct.

* * *

Under the auspices of the G.P.O., experiments in dropping mail-bags from aeroplanes by means of parachutes have been carried out, but it is not thought that this scheme would add greatly to the facilities already provided for snatchers.

* * *

The only thing to be said about the discovery by radio experts of an outer "Heaviside layer" which prevents our broadcasts from reaching Mars is that the Martians don't know what they are missing.

* * *

At the Conference of the International Hairdressing Trade Secretariat at Copenhagen in July the subject of hairdressers' tips is to be discussed. It is felt that they give an undue proportion of also-rans.

* * *

A daily paper points out that the number of the winner of the first flat-race of the season was thirteen. We are afraid this will deter more people than ever from backing winners.

* * *

A lady naturalist discusses the question whether talking-birds understand the significance of the words and phrases they use. We ourselves incline to the charitable view that parrots don't.

* * *

The claim of Lundy Island to be a self-governing Dominion, like Canada, is understood to be receiving the consideration of Lord Beaverbrook.

* * *

With reference to the development of the juvenile sections of *The Daily Express* and *The Daily Mail* a report is current in Fleet Street that our enterprising little contemporaries are preparing to dispense with grown-up readers altogether.

* * *

Talkie-producers who arrange what are termed "laugh gaps" in order that the voices of the performers may not be drowned by applause would be well advised to adopt some means of dispelling any doubt among audiences as to the purpose of these pauses.



SENDING-IN DAY FOR THE R.A.

Artist. "IF THEY DON'T CARE FOR IT I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE IT BACK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE BECAUSE IT 'S PAINTED ON MY SHAVING-MIRROR."

A school for brides is being opened in New York. Many a young married woman over there hardly knows how to set about her first divorce.

* * *

A clerical writer thinks that our highly complicated mechanical contrivances would have puzzled Sir Francis Bacon. So, we fancy, would our ingenious clues to the authorship of Shakespeare's works.

* * *

The Naval Conference would appear to have been affected by the French suspicion that America is losing its sense of obligation to Lafayette.

* * *

The vogue of lip-reading is said to be spreading. We can only suppose the talkies are responsible for this.

* * *

By means of wireless on his yacht at Genoa Marchese Marconi lit two-thousand-five-hundred electric lamps in Sydney town-hall. Later on the famous wireless pioneer will endeavour to ignite an automatic cigarette-lighter.

* * *

A one-pound-note has been found in a duck belonging to a Hereford farmer. It isn't everybody who can afford such rich stuffing.

* * *

The Southern Railway has placed a new engine at Windsor station so that the boys of Eton may have a chance of seeing it. The same company also places trains in stations so that people may have a chance of catching them.

* * *

Horticulturists are said to be searching for the pure white daffodil. They are naturally anxious to find it before the albino swallow dares to come.

* * *

The latest invention is a motor-car which obeys the human voice. We look forward to the invention of a telephone-girl who will do the same.

* * *

From the statistics of the Ministry of Transport it appears that one person is knocked down by a motor-car every twenty minutes. It is not made clear whether he is allowed time off for lunch.

* * *

A man has been fined for using bad language over the telephone. We understand that his excuse was that he was using the telephone.

* * *

A woman in a London restaurant was observed to be sewing between courses. It is quite usual for Soho patrons to knit their spaghetti.

Journalistic Candour.

"Science of Keeping Fit.

We regret that owing to indisposition our Medical Correspondent has not been able to send us his usual fortnightly article. . . ."

Weekly Paper.

A PACIFIST LOVER.

[Being by way of a parable of the Naval Conference.]

When to the altar we repair
To be united flesh and soul,
A sprig of olive in your hair,
Another in my button-hole,
It constitutes a solemn act
Impossible without some sort of Pact.

But of the vows that men rehearse
When picking up the parson's cues
There's one—"for better [or] for worse"—
I feel it safer to refuse;
Because it might turn out to be
Better for you, my love, but worse for me.

Entangling treaties I distrust.
If somebody assailed my wife—
A burglar (cat- or plain)—I must
Defend her body with my life;
My darling sees the risk, how fat,
Involved in such a guarantee as that.

But there 's a pledge I 'd gladly make
Based on a bond of co-trustees,
Whose counsel you could always take
In violent emergencies;
I 'd sign to anything, in fact,
That calls itself a Consultative Pact.

No pains (in reason) I would spare
To save a wash-out of our dreams—
The wedding-gifts, your bridal wear,
Our turtle-dovecote with its schemes
Of modest furniture and fitments—
But, dearest, I will make no rash commitments.

O. S.

MY CHRONIC CHRONICLE.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. Arnold Bennett in "The Daily Mail."*)

London.

I walked along the Strand. There was a man in front of me. He walked into a tobacconist's while I turned into an hotel. Lunch. A very distinguishd gathering, including Carnera and Tallulah Bankhead. I was introduced to Carnera and stared at him, but couldn't think of anything to say. Finally he said, "How do you do?" I collected myself and replied, "How are you?" He made no reply, and I was glad to talk to a middle-aged man of about forty-nine wearing spectacles. He sat beside me at lunch. He ate a very hearty meal. I ate a *sole Colbert* and a small tournedos with potatoes and vegetable marrow. Cheese. The cheese was good and so was the service. I offered Tallulah Bankhead a lift in my taxi, but she said, "No, thank you," and I drove away alone.

That evening I went to a "Surprise Party." Each person brings something to eat or drink. I arrived late and brought in a lemon. Everyone looked astonished and embarrassed, because it seemed so stingy in comparison with their offerings, but of course it was only my joke. I am funny that way; and when I produced a bottle of ready-mixed cocktail as well (explaining that the lemon-peel should be floated on the top of each glass) everyone laughed and said how clever I was. I think I am clever, although I can be terribly dull. We ate sausage-rolls and sandwiches. I ate quite a number. The host ate several. The hostess ate hardly any. She is slimming. We had a lot of drinks. I had vowed (as I do every morning of my life) to give up drinks, but as usual I felt myself becoming so dull that I yielded again to the temptation.

Nice.

I am doing myself exceeding well here. I have a large bedroom with a bathroom attached, and it is a delight to keep pushing the bells marked Valet and Femme de Chambre and to note how quickly these servants are on the spot. There is hot and cold water, a telephone by my bed and fourteen electric-light switches. I shall remain here much longer than I can afford because, apart from the luxury of my apartments, the food is truly wondrous and champagne cocktails cost no more than a Martini in London. When one thinks of an English seaside hotel here one shudders at the comparison. Last night I ate a distinguished meal at the hotel and afterwards I danced at the Perroquet. Then I danced at Maxime's. After that I danced at the Orienta. After that I forget. I awoke this morning at eleven o'clock and swore that nothing would ever induce me to have another champagne cocktail. But that has proved an abortive vow again.

The Casino—"The Palais de la Mediterranée"—is a remarkable institution. I played Chemin de fer. Beside me was a beautiful French girl with bright red finger-nails and crimson lips. The women here dress much better and more individually than in London. They all have crimson lips and brilliantly-rubied finger-nails. The girl next me at the Casino lit my cigarettes for me with a dainty little *briquette* which must have cost at least a thousand francs. She looked very rich and she won a considerable amount. I lost. Otherwise I might have asked her to supper at the Perroquet. Strange why women never invite men to meals.

London.

I went to the Golf Club. It rained all day. I played Bridge. There were four of us at the table. The bell in the card-room doesn't work, so we had to go and call the waiter when we wanted tea. I ate a good tea, with brown bread-and-butter and jam and water-cress. Then I revoked. Strange how we intellectuals revoke, but it is our partners' fault (as I told mine) for not saying, "Having none, partner?"

I got into a bus in Piccadilly to-day. The conductor said, "Fares, please," and I tendered him sixpence with the remark, "Knightsbridge." He gave me fivepence change. That is because the fare to Knightsbridge is a penny. We pulled up at the Ritz. I wondered how many of these passengers had ever been inside the Ritz. I have been there many times. The man beside me in the bus had a beard. Ought I to grow a beard? What a lot of time and money I should save! I wish I had more money. I wish I could make half-a-guinea a word by writing my diary.

In Knightsbridge I had an inspiration. I drove it away. It came back again. I drove it away again, but it has returned. I will turn this chronicle into a weekly feature and . . . .

[Drive it away again, please.—Ed.]

L. B. G.

MY LAST RUBBER.

In days ere whist had grown *vieux jeu*,
Ere bridge, embraced with sudden passion,
Came with fresh glamour of *beaux yeux*
To win the heart of fickle fashion;
Ere yet our solemn rite went west,
By cigarettes and cocktails flouted,
I played the brave old game, nor guessed
How soon it would be outed.

Not mine the lore of bid and bluff,
Of scores above the line or under;
The rules of Pole for lead and ruff
From modish play are poles asunder;
The laws of Cavendish and Hoyle,
Long learned, were links I could not sever,
And so I shuffled off the coil
And cut the cards for ever.

Until last night, a fated hour
'Twixt schoolroom-tea and bedtime, found me
Caught in the spell of witching power
Which Joan and Tamsie cast around me,
The brown-haired sylph, the blue-eyed queen,
Confiding nine, imperious seven,
And I was dummy in between,
Back in my ancient heaven.

What matter if revokes were rife,
And no one was above misdealing?
I played the rubber of my life,
And lost, mid laughter silver-pealing;
So, Joan and Tamsie, please to take
The love that was our simple wager;
Take all, my latest biggest stake,
The heart of this old stager!



"TO-DAY'S DOUBLE."



Country Policeman (to lady who has been driving to the public danger). "I VERY NIGH BROKE ME NECK FOLLERING YOU ROUND THOSE CORNERS."

Lady. "THAT 'LL 'LEARN' YOU TO CHASE ROUND AFTER EVERY PRETTY GIRL YOU SEE!"

OUR ORNAMENTAL POND.

AT one side of the Sergeants' Mess there was for some years a waste piece of ground. It was too small for what the sergeants call tennis, and if you have ever seen Sergeant-major Magazine using the "run-back" to receive what he terms "'ostile 'owitzer-fire," or Sergeant Haversack's first, or "long-range," service, you will understand why. At the same time it was too big to be whitewashed over, which is our only method of barrack decoration. So nobody bothered about it much till one day the presence of some workmen in the barracks, doing things with cement, gave Lieutenant Swordfrog an idea. He said, "What about having an ornamental pond there?"

We told him that that was entirely the sergeants' affair and rather laughed him to scorn. Swordfrog therefore got on his mettle about the whole thing and went and interviewed the Regimental Sergeant-major.

The R.S.M. didn't think anything of the scheme at all, so he agreed politely with everything, said the idea was just grand, swore that it was exactly what the Mess wanted, and was altogether as thoroughly enthusiastic and insincere about ornamental ponds as a warrant-officer can be who has learnt from experience how to deal with junior officers when they get ideas below their rank. He then dismissed the question of Swordfrog's pond from his mind as settled.

Nevertheless Swordfrog was wise beyond his years. He got Captain and Quartermaster Ledger interested—always an infallible method of attacking a Sergeants' Mess. Within a week, therefore, a bevy of troops (making humorous remarks about extra storage space for sergeants' beer) had excavated a pond, and were proceeding under Corporal Foresight's instructions to make it ornamental. The R.S.M. was still holding himself aloof from the whole business, even refusing to notice anything at all unusual in the vicinity of the Mess.

Now Corporal Foresight, though himself enthusiastic about the scheme, had a military rather than an artistic mind, and when the pond was completed the ornamentation reflected his influence.

The pond was a perfect rectangle of uniform depth all over and was surrounded by exactly similar squared paving-stones. A ten-inch-wide borderline of whitewash was drawn round the edge. In the centre of the pond was a pedestal built up of what Corporal Foresight referred to as rocks, but which looked very like bricks cemented over—and were; because real rocks, Foresight explained, were so irregular in size and shape. At one end was a "Form, barrack-room, 6 foot, soldiers'," on which to sit and admire the pond from east to west. At the other end was another "Form, barrack-room, 6 foot, soldiers'," whereon to get the beauty of it from west to east.

At one side of the pond were several concrete owls, originally designed to ornament an officers' garden and discovered in the back of the store by Captain Ledger. Swordfrog's idea had been that they were to be stuck haphazard about the place, but he was away on two days' leave at the critical moment, and so Foresight had had a

free hand. The result was that they were arranged in a squad, dressed accurately by the right, in an impeccable line that would have made even the Guards envious. One was placed in front, in the officer's position, and we suspect Private Pullthrough of being the humorist who with a skilful clasp-knife had given it such a distinct resemblance to Lieutenant James's "on parade" expression.

Finally, as that one touch of nature that was to make the whole thing kin, there had been disposed in the water of the pond, when we came down for a formal inspection, two newts, an elderly frog, a dead smelt (tummy up), a pair of kippers and a celluloid duck purloined from Private Butt's youngest.

It was hardly what we had been led to expect in Swordfrog's first flush of enthusiasm, and the R.S.M. was standing near with the happy smile of one who is saying, "I told you so." Even Corporal Foresight looked awed in spite of his obvious pride and showed an inclination to shift responsibility on to someone else.

To Lance-Corporal Scabbard, however, who, while supervising the working party in Foresight's temporary absence had contrived a little surprise of his own, fell the real triumph of the day. Captain Bayonet, by way of breaking the dazed silence that had descended upon us, asked mechanically how one got rid of the water. Whereupon Scabbard stepped forward, saluted modestly, and indicated a chain at the side of the pond. One end of the chain was fastened to a staple in the cement; on the other was an out-size bath-plug fitting a waste-pipe.

Even Corporal Foresight was staggered at this revelation. He was heard later telling Bayonet that Scabbard didn't understand artistic ornamentation—"You see, Sir, 'e ain't 'ad the same eddication as what you an' me 'ave 'ad. . . ."

The pond is now called "The R.S.M.'s Bath," and there is talk among the ruder spirits of fitting a soap-dish and sponge-rack. Swordfrog and the R.S.M., I may say, are now hardly on saluting terms.

(*To be continued.*)

A. A.

Careers for our Girls.

"The heavy hand of the Customs and Excise Authorities has fallen upon the proposed hospital carnival and Lady Godiva profession at Coventry."—*Manchester Paper.*

"Sun-Bathing in the Snow. This party of children wear little in camp in the Burmese Oberland."—*Caption in Natal Paper.*

It must be indescribably pretty to see the little pets sliding down the mountain-side on their many-coloured pagodas.



Tactless Barber. "I'm afraid the Rangers have struck a bald patch, Sir."

TO MY LADY OF THE KENNELS

(Describing a dog-show, a writer in the daily press calls attention to the "alarming assimilation of the faces of the various owners, men and women, to those of their precious exhibits").

Release me, Amanda, my plighted,
Restore me my troth and my trust,
Our vision of wedlock is hopelessly blighted,
Our marriage-bond destined to bust;
A menace malign and unchancy
That totally alters the case
Appears in the pets you so ardently fancy,
Affecting your face.

Your charms that I thought never-ending,
Your beauty that touched the divine,
Could I bear to see daily and hourly descending
To qualities merely canine?
Would devotion outlast, and not tremble,
The shock of beholding you more
And more nearly approach and more clearly resemble
The dogs you adore?

Had you fallen for Airedale or collie,
On breeding Borzois were you mad,
Were setters or Skyes or St. Bernards your folly,
Were Clumbers or Dandies your fad,
I yet might envisage my fate with
Stiff lip and the shoulder that shrugs,
But what looney would link him for life to a mate with
A passion for pugs?

THE FREE TRADE BREAKFAST.

No official report of the famous Free Trade breakfast at No. 11, Downing Street, has been issued, but a special correspondent sends us the following account (for which, of course, we accept no responsibility):—

Mr. Snowden (who was in sparkling form): Well, Lloyd George, I'm glad you have come. I thought perhaps you would like to have a chat about our old friend Richard Cobden. Eighty-four years of Free Trade—isn't it marvellous? Have one of these French eggs?

Mr. Lloyd George (who was bursting with fettle): Thank you, no, Snowden. I will take a little of your capital Danish butter on some of your excellent Argentine bread, and I shall put it on with one of your nice German knives.

Mrs. Snowden (contentedly): How cheap everything is!

Mr. Lloyd George: Yes, when I look round at the condition of the country I feel like giving a yell of gratitude to dear old Richard. Our exports bounding up——

Mr. Snowden: Mills working overtime——

Mr. Lloyd George: Blast-furnaces at full blast——

Mr. Snowden: Lancashire can't keep pace with her orders——

Mr. Lloyd George: Not a man out of work——

Mr. Snowden: Not a woman in want——

Mr. Lloyd George: Factories springing up everywhere——

Mr. Snowden: British stocks booming——

Mr. Lloyd George: New issues every minute——

Mr. Snowden: The Stock Exchange go singing to their work——

Mr. Lloyd George: The people rush back to the land——

Mr. Snowden: Even the farmer purrs.

Mr. Lloyd George: Well, can you wonder? Wheat, wheat everywhere! Bulging corn-bins, bounding balances, happy farm-hands——

Mr. Snowden: Quite. But look here, Lloyd George—what I thought was, we might run a Cobden Crusade together, just to let the people know who it is they have to thank for their prosperity——

Mr. Lloyd George (breaking into the Free Trade hymn):—

"Cobden, by whose unerring helm
We guide the fortunes of the realm,
Still orthodox and still devoid
Of poverty or unemployed;
'Cobden!' the merry mill-girls cry,
'Cobden!' the miners' fond reply,
While Yorkshire's energetic thanks
Almost compete with those of Lancs.;
And hark! the tillers of the soil
Pass resolutions as they toil
That in their view it is to you
That their prosperity is due.
Cobden——"



Old Lady. "And what is this darling little child doing in the team?"

Captain of Street-footballers. "When the ball goes through a winder 'e knocks at the door an' asks for it."

Mr. Snowden: Very nice. But what I think is, the time is ripe to go further. Labour is in office, and Labour, as you say, is all for Free Trade. Let us join hands and make Britain a really Free Trade country, sweep away every artificial interference with economic laws—

Mr. Lloyd George: Abolish the Trade Unions?

Mr. Snowden: Of course. And the Factory Acts. Dear old Cobden detested them. If people want child-labour in factories, well, let them have it.

Mr. Lloyd George: Quite right. Trade must be free. And all those stupid Shop Hours Acts must go.

Mr. Snowden: Yes. And I tell you what, the pubs must be open as long as they like. The Trade must be free.

Mr. Lloyd George; Capital! And of course no doles.

Mr. Snowden; No doles?

Mr. Lloyd George: Well, obviously not. They bolster up artificially the economically unfit.

Mr. Snowden: True. Still, I'm not sure that my Party are quite as Free Trade as all that. However, we must be consistent.

Mr. Lloyd George: By the way, this Coal Bill of yours is pretty Protectionist, isn't it?

Mr. Snowden: Foully. That will be dropped, of course.

Mr. Lloyd George: And all the restrictions on alien labour. We must buy our labour in the cheapest market, like everything else. They say that Chinamen are deliciously cheap.

Mrs. Snowden: Oh, what fun!

Mr. Lloyd George: If we let in foreign goods why keep out foreign labour?

Mr. Snowden: Why indeed? We must be consistent.

Mr. Lloyd George: On the other hand it may not be necessary to have the Chinamen in.

Mr. Snowden: You mean we shall have no more industries?

Mr. Lloyd George: Exactly. We must buy in the cheapest market. And, as foreign goods get cheaper and cheaper, in the end I foresee we shall close down our factories and get everything abroad. We'll all live on the dole.

Mr. Snowden. But I thought we were going to abolish the dole.

Mr. Lloyd George: So we are. Well, London will still be the money-market of the world. We'll live on that.

Mrs. Snowden (contentedly): And everything will be *so* cheap. A. P. H.

Another "Noun of Assemblage."

A Wobble of Bicycles.

Trunks to the Nether Regions.

"Foxholes is being linked up with the other world by telephone, the wires for which were connected to the Post Office last week."
Yorkshire Paper.

Our own telephone grows more infernal every day.



THE DRIVER WHO PLAYED THE GAME.

THE FAIRY FOX.

Oh, the artful rogue and the artful rogue
And the artful rogue you 'd call
The fox that kennelled in Tir-nah-Ogue
And a Fairy Fox an' all!
And they made collogue in Tir-nan-Ogue,
Where he jumped like Jack-o'-the-Box,
For to follow the vogue and hunt the rogue
And follow the Fairy Fox.

The beautiful Queen of Tir-nan-Ogue,
She 's white as the curd, curd-white,
And her voice has a butter of Irish brogue
And her hair 's like the veils of night;
And says she to her Court (and it 's fond of sport
And stylish from spurs to stocks),
"Let 's ask a some of our cousins come
And follow a Fairy Fox.

"For amn't I Queen in Faërie, then?"
And the courtiers bowed, "Herself."
"Then the galloping ladies and gentlemen
Of my lands in the bound bookshelf,
My diadem! but I 'll whistle of them;"
And she whistled like ousel-cocks,
And they flew like rooks out of shelves of books
To follow a Fairy Fox.

Now first-come Kathleen Mavourneen was,
An' the grey dawn breaking—who else?
An' me delicate Lady of Banbury Cross
That rides like a charrum of bells;
Came Bahram bould an' Nimrod ould
An' Florence Macarthy Knox
And an illigant lot that I 've clane forgot
Who 'd follow a Fairy Fox.

And there in his roundabout red-coat rig
Was *Handley Cross's* pride,
And there as lean as a Connacht pig
Rode Pigg at his master's side;
And, digging his knees into Hercules,
Bewhiskered and firm as rocks—
But ah! you 'd have met all that Saxon set
Had you followed the Fairy Fox.

Now the Queen 's to horse in Tir-nan-Ogue,
She nods to her huntsman—bail
I 'll be that he found and he ran the rogue
To the end of the fairy-tale,
Where, the hounds at his brush in a bristling rush
And his hour on the stroke of the clocks,
Into Munster's prince, that was missing since
Some time, turned the Fairy Fox.

"Sure you 've chased me out of his skin," he cries,
"And the spell of the Witch this day!"
"And welcome, me jewel!" Herself replies;
But 'twas *Handley Cross's* J.
To a one of the Three Jovial Huntsmen he
Says, "'Anged if it 's horthodox
To 'unt a prince till he 's a'most mince
An' call 'im a fairy fox!"
But t' other (bedad, 'twas the fine ould lad!)
He answers his honour, "Nay,
But we 'm powlert it up an' down a bit
An' had a rattlin' day, i' fey,
An' had a rattlin' day.
Look ye there!"

P. R. C.

MORE ABOUT ENGLISH.

I WILL now turn to a rustic narrative from the U.S.A. It is called *Homeplace*, and the title, if anything, understates the truth. It is a good book, but a sad book. I have read a lot of English dialect novels with tears streaming from my eyes, but the language of the old farm in America, if this book is to be believed, is much more heartrending than the worst that Loamshire can do to us. It seems hard to acquit any of the characters of a desire to baffle the reader and force him to look at the little clues printed at the bottom of the page. A man could confess to a murder in this language and get away with it entirely, unless there happened to be a copy of SKEAT'S *Etymological Dictionary* in the bookshelf of the homicide bureau.

"And right on top of her thought, Fayre said, 'Well enough to Waits Lowe that he heired to a homeplace for his wife-woman. But where at am I going to keep you? A lone man like me gets perfectly embrangled striving how to come by his needs.'"

True, no doubt. But not more embrangled than a lone man like me gets trying to read a book like this. What is worse, disbelief creeps in.

"And they fell wordless again while the sun streaks crept over the floor and glirred up the wall."

There is a note to explain "glirred." It means "gilded." Does it? Possibly it does. But supposing we wrote, "drigged up the wall," and put a note at the bottom of the page to say that "drigged" meant "gilded," would the reader be any less wise or less happy as he moved onward with his awful task? I doubt it.

I feel that this man Fayre Jones was not playing the game with us. Instead of earning his living by the honest sweat of his brow and the labour of his hand on the ploughshare, I have a suspicion that he sat up nights in his homeplace thinking of queer words; and when he had got about five or six together he would pack them like a charge of pellets into an arquebus and fire them off at the reader all at once. And most of the other characters in the book are privy to his fell design.

Let me take a simple instance. On page 126 Dena asked Uncle Shannon where he was hirpling to. "Hirpling" means "hastening." On page 170 Uncle Shannon said he was in a powerful swivvet. "Swivvet" means "hurry." On page 171 Fayre himself took up one of Uncle Shannon's wasted sticks and went kurling down the road. "Kurling" means "hurrying." What I wish to know is, why Fayre could not swivvet down the road like Uncle Shannon, instead of kurling down it; or indeed why either of them should swivvet or kurl when they could hirple quite as well. In a land of labour-saving appliances like America it seems to me simply ridiculous to get embrangled in three distinct dialect usages to express one and the same thing.

I don't pretend that Fayre Jones always had it his own way with the dictionary.

"They called me nidget," he said bitterly on page 125. This was just after a man named Ed had made the statement that talk would not be content until it had blossomed in a rippit. A "rippit" means "a fight." "Nidget" means "chicken-heart." You will notice, however, that Fayre Jones spoke bitterly after hearing those two words. They were ones that he had not thought of himself, and it is fairly clear that the neighbours were growing mutinous. They were beginning to question his lead.

But a worse, a far worse thing occurs on page 183.

"'As well,' Bess said—'as well you got better sense than to come around this house with any trace of that moldwarp to smirch you.'"

"Moldwarp," according to the note at the bottom of the page, means "wastrel." It doesn't. It means a mole. It can be spelt *mouldwarp* or *mouldiwarp* or *muddiwarp*, but it means a mole, because that is what a mole does. It turns up the ground with its paws. I have heard the word too often in Lincolnshire to have any doubt on this point. In trying to work this word off as meaning a wastrel on Fayre Jones, it seems to me that Bess was skating on thin ice. She was perilously near the edge. But it passed. Fayre Jones accepted it, and the two young people were actually married at the end of the book. I should like to think they were happy together. Those who marry in a swivvet often repent at leisure. On other pages of the book Fayre Jones was called a jolterhead, a dummock, a noggen and a flinch; and I cannot but feel that these words were all too true.

Bess, on the other hand, as we have seen, was deceitful to him before their bridal-day. A woman who has called a man a name which means a mole when she wanted it to mean a word which means a wastrel is not likely to make a faithful spouse. And once the bearm[1] of first love was over I fear that they frogged[2] indifferently, made a bobble[3] of things and possibly even came to a trag[4] end.

But I could pass, I think, all these embranglements in the speech of Fayre Jones and his friends if the writer would not humour them and truckle to them in the narrative itself instead of pulling them up sharply and showing how differently a well-educated person can talk from a mere hick or rube.

"A hantle of days thereafter, in the thick of the afternoon, Fayre Jones came shogging over to Sam Ewart's house."

This was the moment, it seems to me, for letting Fayre Jones know how far he fell behind the ordinary amenities of the English tongue, and, pointing out to him that it was not a hantle of days thereafter, but a few days afterwards, and that, so far from shogging over, he merely walked. But no. The author lets him go on in his own wild Bœotian way, and I can only be thankful that no funny word for "days" was introduced, no rough racy dialect for "afternoon," no quaint agricultural synonym for a "house." Fayre Jones might, in fact, have shogged over a hantle of sun-ups thereafter, in the thick of the noongone, to Sam Ewart's steading or igloo or shack, in which case I should have despaired of civilisation altogether.

It is for us writers, I think, with our cultural endowments, to teach a lesson to these ignorant dummocks (thickheads), instead of burrowing like a mouldwarp[1] with them in their linguistic loam.

EVOE.

[1] Excitement. [2] Got along. [3] Mess. [4] Evil.

RHYMES OF DOMESTIC PROSE.

FANCY AND FACT.

I WOULD like
To dance on the Spring-tide waves
And run with the mad March wind;
But my feet are sluggardly slaves,
For the grocer's bill
Is heavy upon my mind.

I would like
To sing to a tuneful lute
Of lilies wet with the rain,
But I whisper with voice grown mute,
For Cook in a rage
Has given notice again.

I would like
Proud sheiks to kneel at my feet,
Fierce men the Sahara nursed,
But the man I am doomed to meet
Is the plumber's man;
This morning the boiler burst.

W. M. L.

"Mr. —— stated that a portion of the milk taken contained seven parts of added water. On February 8th an appeal was made to the defendant's cows and the milk turned out extraordinarily good."—*Southend Paper.*

We know quite enough of her past to blackmail our Aberdeen-Angus into giving us of her best.

[1] Mole.



MANNERS AND MODES.

PROBLEMS FOR LOVERS: THE EVER-CHANGING WAIST-LINE.



Small Patient. "NEED I SEE THE DOCTOR, MUMMY? I DON'T FEEL WELL ENOUGH."

THE FORTUNATE HOLD-UP.

THE bus stopped with an air of resignation. I looked over the side. In front of us was a long stream of vehicles all equally immobile. I sighed. And then I sat bolt upright. Just ahead of us, wedged against the pavement, was a small runabout car, and, sitting alone at the wheel, was Margery.

"Hullo, Margery," I said breathlessly, leaning over the door of the car some five seconds later.

"Hullo," exclaimed Margery, "fancy meeting you!"

"It 's wonderful luck," I said. "I 've been wanting to see you for days."

"But you saw me only two nights ago at the hockey dance."

"Not alone. No, not for two minutes alone."

"Well," said Margery, waving a comprehensive hand at the surrounding traffic, "we 're not exactly alone now, are we?"

"Two people are never quite so completely cut off from the rest of the world," I said solemnly, "as when they are together in a traffic-block. That is why I sprang down from my bus and came to you immediately I spotted you. I recognised it as an opportunity not to be missed."

"Were you on a bus?" asked Margery with interest.

"Yes," I said. "That one just behind us. I boarded her at Marble Arch many hours ago and booked my passage through to Piccadilly Circus."

"It is tiresome, isn't it?" said Margery petulantly. "Being hung up like this, I mean."

"I would gladly suffer far worse trials if they brought us together alone."

"But why are you so desperately keen on seeing me alone? You often see me alone."

"Yes," I admitted. "Frequently I have had the time, the place and the girl all together, but never yet have I also had the courage; but now," I added resolutely, "I have the courage."

"Courage for what?"

"Courage to say the things I always want to say to you whenever I meet you, but never do."

"Oh," said Margery, a trifle uncertainly.

"I am a bachelor," I went on simply. "Young, strong and—er—single."

"Of course you 're single if you 're a bachelor. I mean, you couldn't very well be anything else, could you?"

"No, but I should like to be. Er—what I mean is I don't want to be either single or a bachelor any longer. I 'd rather be married. To you," I added recklessly.

"Are you proposing to me?"

"I have proposed," I replied with quiet dignity.

"How thrilling! Do you know, you must be the first man who ever thought of proposing in a traffic-block?"

"And if you accept me you would probably be the first girl to accept a proposal delivered in such circumstances."

"Ye-es," said Margery thoughtfully.

There was a sudden stir about us. Engines sprang to life and all was bustle and confusion.

"We 're moving!" cried Margery, suddenly alert. "Can I give you a lift?"

"That depends," I replied swiftly, stepping on to the running-board of the car as it moved slowly forward, "on how you deal with my proposal. If you accept me, I'll jump in. But if not—well, then, if you don't mind, I'll go back to my bus. For I would prefer to brood alone."

Margery turned her blue eyes to mine for a split second.

"Jump in," she commanded.

"You mean it?" I exclaimed huskily.

"Yes," said Margery demurely, her gaze fixed on the traffic-policeman.

I jumped in.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR AND THE COMPANY IDIOT.

A Fable.

In a time of Strife a certain Sergeant-Major of the Good Old School found himself in charge of some Amateurs who had offered their Services as soldiers for the Emergency and its Duration; and though they seemed a Likely Lot of fellows for Fighting they evinced too much Indifference to the Serious Side of a soldier's Calling, so that they often Vexed the Sergeant-Major by Crossing their Laces or by their Unwillingness to Make the Motion Tell.

On the occasion of a Night Attack the Company Commander lost his Way and led them with great Dash upon an Entirely Wrong Body of the enemy, who, having no previous Intimation of the Onslaught, were Dumbfounded and easily Discomfited. In the Intoxication of Victory the Company Idiot slapped the Sergeant-Major on the Back, crying jovially, "Have we not Gone Up in your Esteem?"

To which the Sergeant-Major replied: "You will never win my Esteem until you Realise that it is a Serious matter to slap a Sergeant-Major on the Back in any circumstances Whatsoever. By rights I ought to Hot it Up for you and make you Rue your Undisciplined act; but if I Pass it Over as Thoughtless Familiarity, in a moment of not inexcusable Hysteria, on the part of one who has not been a soldier long, do not Trade upon my Good Nature a Second Time, for I should promptly bring you On The Mat under the Section relating to Conduct or Neglect to the Prejudice of Good Order and Military Discipline, in that you, whilst on Active Service, Struck your Sergeant-Major. That, my Lad, would be a difficult Crime to Get Away With, and very likely you would be Shot At Dawn."

These words had a Sobering effect on the Company Idiot and he resolved, if only to save himself from Unpleasantness, to try thenceforth to be a good soldier as outlined by the Regulations. He was still Embracing his new Resolve when once again he came upon the Sergeant-Major, who was now sitting over his Repast in a Remote Spot with Perfect Cover from view; for, despite his fierce Exterior and unpleasing Bluntness of Speech, the Sergeant-Major was not without some inward Delicacy of Feeling, and he did not quite like to do himself Well with Maconochie Ration, White Bread and Rum, in the sight of the Troops with their Bully, Biscuit and Chlorinated Water.

It was not very long before the Company Idiot noticed that the Sergeant-Major's Face was much more Purple than usual, that his Eyes were Bulging, and that he was Struggling pitifully for Breath; and, suspecting that Something was Amiss, he bent down to catch the Sergeant-Major's Whisper: "Be so kind as to Thump me very Hard on the Back to Dislodge the Crust that has Stuck in my Windpipe."

"Unfortunately for you," rejoined the Company Idiot, "you Yourself have already indelibly Impressed upon my Mind the Heinousness of any kind of Physical Assault upon a Sergeant-Major. How can you reasonably Expect me to Thump you on the Back now that I know that the First Use of your recovered Breath must be to put me under Close Arrest?"

"Thump me as Hard as you can, my Lad," said the Sergeant-Major, now in very great Straits, "and I promise to take no Disciplinary Action."

"I regret," said the Company Idiot coldly, "that I find myself Unable to Abet you in Winking at a Breach of the Regulations. If I were to Thump you with successful Results I should know no Peace of Mind unless you did your Duty and had me Shot at an Appropriate Hour; and since you have had a good Innings whereas I am too Young to Die, I have decided to let Fate overtake you Now. I leave you to Perish with the Consolation that at least one of your Pupils excels his Master in his Loyalty to the Martial Code.

Moral: In the Newly-Converted we find Too Often a Tiresome Inelasticity of Principle.



SPRING IN THE DENTAL THEATRE.

Dentist. "She loves me—she loves me not—she loves me——"

"£500,000 for Mr. Snowden."
Morning Paper Heading.

Each to his taste, but it seems to us a high price to pay for this curio.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE WASHING.

ONE evening when Mr. Panicle came home from his business Mrs. Panicle said to him whatever do you think, those new people who have come to live next door hang up washing in their garden, I am sure I don't know what this road is coming to, I wasn't brought up to that sort of thing and I wonder at you bringing me to live in a place like this.

Well that afternoon Mr. Panicle had gone out to play at dominoes with a friend, and Mr. Footstep who was at the head of his office had come into the place and seen him doing it, and he had told him that he would dispense with his services on that day month. So Mr. Panicle wasn't feeling at all comfortable in his mind, and when he came home he wanted the comforts of a home and not to have Mrs. Panicle nagging at him.

So he said to her you are not nearly so grand as you pretend to be, your father was only an undertaker and some people wouldn't even call that being a gentleman, this place is quite good enough for you and you were lucky to get married at all considering your squint.

Well that made Mrs. Panicle simply furious, and she said you are a brute and I shall leave you and go home to mother. And he said yes do, it will be one less mouth to feed.

Well they often began like that when they were rather put out with one another, and Mr. Panicle generally got the better of it because he was more rude, but he was quite fond of Mrs. Panicle and she hadn't really got a squint but only a slight cast in the eye and even that had been put right since by a doctor who had charged quite a lot for doing it, and Mr. Panicle had put off buying himself a motor bicycle to pay for it, so he wasn't really so bad to her and he didn't mean it when he said she could go home to her mother, and she didn't mean it either because she knew her mother wouldn't have her unless she paid for her keep which she couldn't afford to.

So they soon made it up again and then Mr. Panicle said well what about the people next door hanging out their washing, is it only handkerchiefs and things like that, because I don't see how we can object to that, we do it ourselves.

And she said no it is a regular wash with everything the whole family has worn for a week and it stretches down the whole garden, I think it is disgraceful and we ought to send in a complaint about it.

And Mr. Panicle said well I might send in a note and say that we don't hang out washing in this road but perhaps they didn't understand that, what is their name? And she said it is Footstep junior.

And he said what, and she said I expect they are some relation to your Mr. Footstep and if they go on hanging out their washing you might say something to him about it.

Well Mr. Panicle had forgotten about Mr. Footstep sacking him that afternoon, but he remembered it now and didn't feel at all comfortable about it. And he wasn't ready to tell Mrs. Panicle about it yet, but he said well perhaps I had better not write to them yet, there is another week before they will want to hang out their washing again, I will think over what I had better do.



MRS. PANICLE THINKS IT DISGRACEFUL TO HANG OUT WASHING.

Well what he did was to find out in the office that Mr. Footstep junior was a nephew of their Mr. Footstep, but he was ashamed of him because he was so poor. So he went at once to Mr. Footstep and said to him I have been thinking over playing dominoes yesterday and I am ready to say I was wrong if you will give me another chance.

But Mr. Footstep was a very hard man and he said I shall not give you another chance. And he said well I thought you wouldn't, but if you had I shouldn't have said anything about your nephew hanging out washing in his garden.

And Mr. Footstep turned pale at that and he said what do you mean? And Mr. Panicle said well as long as I belong to this office I don't want to bring disgrace upon it, but if I am sacked of course I shan't mind telling everybody that your nephew hangs out washing.

And Mr. Footstep groaned and said this will ruin me.

And Mr. Panicle said well that was what I thought. I shall be ruined by playing dominoes and you will be ruined by your nephew hanging out washing.

So then Mr. Footstep saw a glimmer of hope, and he said if I overlook the dominoes do you think you could persuade my nephew to leave off hanging out his washing? And Mr. Panicle said well I might if you raise my salary.

So they arranged it like that, and when Mr. Panicle went home that evening he called in next door and made friends with Mr. and Mrs. Footstep junior and they were very nice and had three children who were all in bed. And Mr. Footstep junior told Mr. Panicle that he ought really to have been a partner in the business but his uncle had cast him off because he had married for love.

And Mr. Panicle said well I think I can arrange that for you if you promise to leave off hanging out your washing. And Mr. Footstep junior went a deep red and he said I never thought it would come to that but we are so poor that it had to, and if things don't improve we shall soon have to take in a lodger.

So the next morning Mr. Panicle told Mr. Footstep that, and he said you might live down the washing but you would never live down the lodger, the only thing for you to do will be to make your nephew a partner in your business, and I don't really see why you should have made such a fuss about him marrying for love, Mrs. Footstep junior is very nice and quite a lady, her father knew Latin, she told me so.

And Mr. Footstep said well I don't know anything about that, I am only giving way because I have got to, and if it doesn't turn out well I shall sack the lot of you.

Well it did turn out well, because Mr. Footstep junior was very good at business and they made more money at it than ever. And Mr. Footstep went to see him on Christmas Day just to find what his wife was really like, and the

three children threw snowballs at him and he quite took to them.

And the Panicles and the Footsteps junior became great friends, and Mr. Footstep junior persuaded Mr. Panicle to be less rude to Mrs. Panicle when he was put out with her, because he said it never paid. And the next year Mrs. Panicle had a little girl called Elfrida, and Mr. Footstep was godfather. So they were all quite happy, and they often used to laugh about hanging out the washing and say it was the beginning of better things. A. M.

OUR YOUNG VISITORS.

["The Australians have set sail."—*Evening Paper.*]

Once again as the good ship dashes
Gallantly on through the singing spray
Come you to joust for a heap of Ashes
Into the dawn of an English May;
Hark how this cricketing minstrel's tongue stirs
Into a lilt as I muse upon
The derring-do of those doughty youngsters,
Jackson and Beckett and Bradman (Don)!

Soon will the knightly lists be ready,
Soon will each bellicose Blade, or Bat,
Harry the foeman, or hear the heady
Cry from exulting throats, "How's that?"
Soon to your skipper we'll toss a bumper
And cry a health to the youthful three,
Heirs to the graces of Victor Trumper—
Beckett and Jackson and Bradman (D.).

Bearers all of a proud tradition,
Worthy you'll prove of your high emprise;
So Mr. Punch, with your kind permission,
Wafts you a welcome to English skies;
Fair be the winds that attend your journey,
Calm your repose in your cabin'd bowers,
And when we meet once more in the tourney
"May the best side win" (and let's hope that's ours). A. K.

"ALL THE WAY."

From time to time the Sporting pages of our glorious Press break out simultaneously with some *cliché* of exceptional ineptitude. At the moment it is "to go all the way." Before the University Sports we were gravely informed that if Pumphrey was to beat the Cambridge runners in the Three Miles he would "have to go all the way"—presumably to dissipate any false hopes he may have formed that he would be allowed to retire at the end of the tenth lap and claim the race. The same excellent advice was tendered to Gordon, though it is hard to see how a high-jumper, unless possessed of unusual powers of levitation, could avoid completing the return to earth. In the same way Huddersfield will be told that, if they wish to defeat The Arsenal at Wembley, they will "have to go all the way"—and not attempt to conduct the match by correspondence from Yorkshire. And in the course of the next few days dozens of "our special rowing critics" will be giving the same hint to the Oxford crew, thus discouraging the idea that, if they disembark at Barnes Bridge, the judge will take a favourable view of their performance.

Last week the phrase found its way into our own up-to-date and enlightened organ, which warned the village XV., *quorum pars minima sum*, that to register a win over Staunton Parva on their ground we should "have to go all the way." In our case, however, considering the extreme unreliability of the transport supplied by the local garage, the admonition is not quite so superfluous.



Park Orator. "An' that's why the 'ole of Europe is bankrupt, all except America."



"DON'T YOU ADORE HERRICK?"
"OH, YES, BY JOVE! HIS 'LITTLE BY LITTLE'!"

FELIS BARBARICUS.

I HAD for long in contemplation
Some helpful thoughts about taxation
When, my attention being drawn
To what was happening on the lawn,
I cast off hesitation. . . .

I wrote a letter to *The Times*,
Neatly expressed and all in rhymes,
And guaranteed, I thought, to stir
The soul of England. I said,
"SIR,—
Though many others, it would seem,
Have dealt with this tremendous theme,
I trust you will concede the grace
Of your invaluable space
For one more correspondent who
Desires to trespass on it too.
Why should a species of leopard
Not easy to be stopped or peppered,
Be still at liberty to ravage
Our decent suburbs with their savage
Combats and still more savage loves,
And range about in wanton droves?
What cause can common fairness
show
Why cats should be allowed to go
And dig about in people's gardens
Without apologies or pardons,
And ruin all the bulbs and things
By their promiscuous wanderings?
Or why the calm of night should be
Made hideous by their errantry?
To take an instance: five or more
Engaged in internecine war
Across my flower-bed at this minute
Have spoilt the crocus that was in it,
A purple one that lent a grace
To all the back of Polteney Place;
Nor have they left unscathed what still
May prove to be a daffodil.
One of these creatures (from Siam)
That forms the centre of the jam
And lives at Number Seventy-two,
Is always very hard to shoo
And seems to think my messuage is
Reserved for its hostilities.
A householder has no redress
For such insane destructiveness,
Nor for the periods of insomnia
Caused by loud yells *et cetera omnia*.
Your readers may not be aware
That cats were once extremely rare
And fetched considerable prices,
The compensation for their vices
(So far as we can now determine)
Being their use in slaying vermin.
But, now the need has largely gone
(Through altered sanitation),
Their prevalence appears to be
A monstrous case of liberty
Degenerating into licence—
The animals behave like bisons.
This being so, it seems most lax
Not to subject them to a tax,
While dogs, with far more sense and
beauty,
Are liable to an annual duty.
A smallish collar with a label
Would render all policemen able
To ascertain the residence,
Whether observed on wall or fence,
Of these ungovernable creatures
With retrograde Mongolian features,
And chase them even out of trees
Back to their own localities;
And fines, no doubt, could be inflicted
Upon their owners if convicted.
The burden of taxation weighs
So hard on all of us these days
That, when an impost can be found
Not only lucrative but sound.
No Chancellor can well afford
To miss it. As I write, the sward
Is still a struggling writhing mass
Of depredators. DIGNITAS."

I wrote this letter, as I said,
Making it all up in my head,
And sent it to *The Times*; but oh!
The Times refused to print it. So
I print it here instead. EVOE.

The Splendid Pauper.

"WINSTON CHURCHILL ON THE DOLE."
Newspaper Advt.

"An anti-cyclone centred over the Boy of Biscay is likely to move away eastwards."
Daily Paper.

On the other hand the depression centred over our office-boy seems permanent.



THE UNENTANGLED WEBB.

THE LADY. "OH, SIDNEY, YOU 'RE NOT GOING TO DESERT ME, ARE YOU?"
LORD PASSFIELD. "NOT EXACTLY. I SHALL STILL HOPE TO RETAIN A SLIGHT PREFERENCE FOR YOU."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 24th.—When the Indian Legislature claps a heavy duty on cotton goods and Manchester urges the British Government to do something about it, what is a poor SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA to do?

Mr. BENN harbours no doubts. "I am called upon to protect the fiscal rights of India," he told Sir W. DAVISON austerely, "and that I intend to do." The obvious rejoinder was to invite Mr. BENN to impress on his colleagues the necessity of protecting the fiscal rights of Great Britain in the same way, but nobody made it.

That the British Ambassador in Moscow should make representations to the Soviet Government about the plate stolen from the British Embassy in Petrograd sounds reasonable enough, though Mr. HENDERSON replied that no such representations had in fact been made. It is another thing to suggest, as Colonel HOWARD-BURY did, that Sir ESMOND OVEY should "keep his eyes open."

It would have a most unhappy effect on international relations if, while dining, let us say, with the Soviet Minister for Foreign Affairs, Sir ESMOND should suddenly be heard to mutter, "Our salt-cellars, I think."

Mr. HENDERSON had obviously something else in his mind when he replied (amid Conservative cheers) that the British Ambassador, since he had been in Russia, certainly had had his eyes open.

Mr. SHAW's Army Estimates showed that while the little British Army continues to become beautifully less there is no great diminution of the cost of it. Mr. SHAW was able to produce a net reduction in the Estimates of £605,000, but, as Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS pointed out, that sum was fattened out by the MINISTER treating £88,000, contributed by the Federated Malay States and New Zealand to the Singapore Base, as an appropriation in aid to the general Army expenditure.

For the Pacifist left-wingers of his Party Mr. SHAW had no comfort to offer save the news that the War Office had decided to give no more recognition, financial or otherwise, to Cadets and Church Lads Brigades. His reply in advance to their Amendment to reduce the personnel of the army by one hundred thousand men was that unilateral gestures of a high-minded desire to disarm had produced no corresponding results elsewhere, and there would be no more of them. Mr. SHAW explained that, although the physical tests had been scaled down, the army was still under strength, the percentage of candidates for enlistment rejected being over sixty per cent. Of the enlisted soldier, no plaster saint, but a sober, healthy, well-behaved young Briton, he had nothing but good to report.

Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS charged the MINISTER with "skimping" and pleaded for a better system of vocational training for soldiers, a plea with which the Minister expressed himself as entirely in sympathy; and Sir R. HUTCHISON suggested that there would be no real economy until a Ministry of Defence was created.



Mr. SHAW (to Mr. COVE). "MANY THANKS, BUT I 'VE ALREADY GOT A CHARGER THAT 'S BETTER SUITED TO MY FIGURE."

It fell to Mr. COVE to lead the rebel hosts of disarmers-while-you-wait into the Lobby to the number of 21—a stroke which may be regarded according to taste as a declaration of peace with all the world or of war with the Labour Government.

Tuesday, March 25th.—It was Lord ELIBANK who raised the question of West Indian sugar in the Lords this afternoon and urged the Government to be more magnanimous in their attitude; but it was Lord OLIVIER who asked for more in no uncertain tones, who charged the Government with pretending sympathy and using no intelligence, and characterised the Government's statement as "poppycock," an expressive if unlordly term. Under the bludgeonings of his irate fellow-Socialist, Lord PASSFIELD did the only thing possible—he suffered and was silent.

"British tars for British ships" is an ideal dearer to the hearts of Members of Parliament, if the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE is to be believed, than to the British shipowner, who is not above exchanging the lad with the tarry trousers for the less expensive Chink with the tarry pigtail. Urged by Mr. ALBERY and others to introduce legislation requiring British ships to employ a certain percentage of British seamen, Mr. GRAHAM declared that this would only result in the ship-owners who did not want to be so restricted placing their ships under another register.

The best is good enough for the Board of Revenue. Other litigants may be content with a paltry High Court decision or a judgment of the Court of Appeal. Not so the Board. It likes to hear what the House of Lords has to say and is quite prepared on occasion to pay the taxpayer's costs all along the line in order to hear it.

What could be more reasonable than that? asked Mr. SNOWDEN blandly when Sir C. CAYZER pointed out that twice recently the Board had been severely rebuked by the highest tribunal in the land for what *Kai Lung* would call its degraded persistence.

Members on all sides of the House who "do like a little bit of butter with their bread" sat up and took notice when Mr. OSWALD LEWIS asked leave to introduce his little Bill to require butter blended in this country out of largely foreign ingredients, and so wrapped as to give the impression that it is English dairy butter, to be plainly marked "Blended." As members of all three Parties backed the Bill and there was no opposition, it will possibly be given the "facilities" necessary to enable it to become law.

A relatively short spell of public business was taken up with the Report stage of Air and Army Estimates, the House concerning itself, in the case of the former, with the particular and delicate question of noise. Sir SAMUEL HOARE invited the AIR MINISTER to say what progress was being made with experiments in the way of making civil aeroplanes less noisy. This brought Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY into the discussion. He urged that no false impression should go abroad (to the detriment of civil aviation) that aeroplanes

are noisy. He had found that passengers were able to sleep peacefully in aeroplanes. Captain BALFOUR, himself an air pilot of fifteen years' experience, insisted that when the passengers woke up they would not wake up rested, to which the Member for Central Hull retorted that eleven years' experience of the House had perhaps inured him to noise.

Wednesday, March 26th.—The War Office's reductions in the instructional staffs of the Territorial Army (declared by Lord DE LA WARR to make for efficiency, but denounced by Lord TEMPLEMORE as merely bad economy) provided the Lords with food for a brief sitting.

In the Commons further Questions about Russia found the FOREIGN SECRETARY indulging once more in the wordless drama that we have come to associate with Russian ballets and Russian politics. The only difference is that, in the conceptions of DIAGHILEFF and others, motion is intended to convey some definite idea; Mr. HENDERSON'S wrigglings have but one purpose—to convey nothing at all.

The House debated the extremely debatable question of whether the Post Office should run its own long-distance wireless telephonic system or farm it out to the Communications Company, to be run in conjunction with beam wireless telegraphy. The question is so debatable that nobody present seemed quite to believe that the real issues at stake between the contending parties were even adumbrated.

Sir HILTON YOUNG declared that all that the champions of the Communications Company wanted was that the whole matter should be submitted to an impartial tribunal. The Government had consulted outside experts, but in such a restricted way that they could not pronounce upon the larger question involved. Sir HILTON urged that the Communications Company was fully equipped to get busy with long-distance wireless telephony without further delay or outlay. The Post Office had to make a large outlay before it could get to work and even then had to rely on the American systems to get into touch with Canada.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S argument was in effect that when it came to cheapness and efficiency the P.O., once it got into its stride, would carry all before it, and that all the complaints and protests and demands for an inquiry were the outcome of assiduous propaganda by the Marconi interests.



"HUSH! HUSH!"

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY DOES A DUMB-SHOW REHEARSAL FOR HIS FORTHCOMING RUSSIAN BALLET.

"I have nothing more to say on that subject."—*Mr.* HENDERSON.

Each side found other champions, and the House, undeterred by Mr. BENSON'S momentous declaration that the purity of the nation's political life was at stake, turned with obvious relief to the well-tried if somewhat futile topic of Soviet propaganda.

Thursday, March 27th.—It has long been suspected that there are men so lost to shame that they will not hesitate to encourage the light-minded to hazard sums of money on their ability to forecast the results of equine and other contests. That encouragement often takes the form of a communication thrust unostentatiously through the recipient's letter-box offering to accept his bets on credit. Lord CARSON urged the Government to put a stop to this reprehensible practice by a veto similar to that placed upon money-lenders' circulars. Lord PARMOOR, while intimating that credit betting is not illegal, sympathised with Lord CARSON'S view and suggested that he should make it the subject of a private Bill.

In the Commons a reference by Mr. SNOWDEN to Imperial economic unity as a "Protectionist stunt" shook the Conservatives to their very marrows. Even an answer of Dr. ADDISON to Mr. MORLEY, to the effect that the National mark had already been extended to cucumbers and would shortly be extended to mustard-and-cress, failed to cheer them.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL raised the question of the depression in the cotton trade. His speech was described as singularly lacking in constructive policy, and this was true of the whole debate. There seemed to be a consensus of opinion that Lancashire had got itself into the mess, but no eagerness to rush to the rescue.

The House passed on to survey the not less gloomy picture of the West Indies perishing by inches because Mr. SNOWDEN, "in his pride and prejudice," as one Member put it, refused to say whether or not he intended to abolish the Sugar Duties (and with them the West Indies' inadequate preference). Odium was properly heaped on this ghoulish attitude, but, as the principal ghoul had absented himself and all Dr. SHIELS had to say was "Wait till the Budget," indignation could not be long sustained.



OLIVIER ASKS FOR MORE.

THE TREASURY REFUSES LORD OLIVIER'S DEMAND FOR A FURTHER SUBSIDY FOR THE WEST INDIAN SUGAR INDUSTRY.

"Swinley Forest is the property of Lord Derby. The golf curse is private property."—*Canadian Paper.*

It must be jolly to be able to get right away from the old hackneyed cutbursts.



STUDIES IN CRIME.

Dope Traffickers removing drugs from their secret hiding-place in Trafalgar Square at sunrise.

MISLEADING CASES.

XXXI.—Blackmail.

Rex v. *Puddle.*

The Hammersmith Blackmail Case was concluded at the Old Bailey to-day.

Mr. Justice Wool, addressing the jury, said: "Gentlemen, this is a very grave case. The prisoner in the dock, a Collector of Taxes for the district of South Hammersmith, stands charged with the odious crime which is commonly described as blackmail. That expression dates from very early times, when it was the custom to pay tribute to men of influence who were allied with certain robbers and brigands for protection from the devastations of the latter. The practice was made illegal by a statute of Queen Elizabeth's time, and ever since it has been classed by our Courts among the most contemptible and dangerous offences. A person who, knowing the contents, sends or delivers a letter or writing *demanding with menaces and without reasonable cause* any chattel, money or other property, commits felony and is liable to penal servitude for life. The menace, the "putting in fear," as our ancestors expressed it, is of the essence of the crime. The spectacle of one man demanding money from another must always be painful to the civilised mind; but when in addition that other is made to fear for his safety, liberty or reputation the law steps in to protect and punish.

"Now Mr. Haddock, the prosecutor in this case, received a letter from the prisoner demanding money. The letter was printed in ink of a bright red colour, and that is a circumstance which you may well take into account when you come to consider the intention of the letter and the effect which it may have had upon the mind of the recipient. For red is notoriously the colour of menace, of strife, of bloodshed and danger; and it is worthy of note that the prisoner's previous communications to Mr. Haddock had been printed in a quiet and pacific blue. The letter was as follows:—

"'Previous applications for payment of the taxes due from you on the 1st day of January, 1930, for the year 1929-1930, having been made to you without effect, **DEMAND** is now made for payment, and **I HEREBY GIVE YOU FINAL NOTICE** that if the amount be not paid or remitted to me at the above address within **SEVEN DAYS** from this date steps will be taken for recovery by **DISTRAINT**, with costs. E. Puddle, Collector.'

"'Collector,' I may observe in passing, was in other centuries a word commonly used to denote a highwayman. But you will not allow that point to influence you unduly.

"Now the 'demand' is clear; indeed the word, as you will notice, is printed in block capitals. And you have to say, first of all, whether or not that 'demand' is accompanied by menaces. You will take everything into consideration, the terseness, I had almost said the brutality, of the language, the intimidating red ink, the picking out in formidable capitals of the words 'Demand.' 'Seven Days' and 'Distraint,' and any other circumstance which may seem to you calculated to cause alarm in the mind of the recipient. You will observe in particular the concluding words, 'Steps will be taken for recovery by Distraint, with costs.'

"'Distraint.' What is the exact meaning of that? It means the forcible seizure of a person's goods; it means the invasion of his home by strangers; it amounts to licensed burglary; it means the loss not only of favourite possessions but of reputation; it means distress to wife and family, and it is significant that the correct or common term for the process is 'Distress.' Evidence has been given that a threat 'to put the bailiffs in' brings terror to any home. The prosecutor has sworn that at the sight of that one red word he experienced alarm; that he understood



THE WANING SEASON.

M.F.H. "HI! YOU, SIR. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KNOCKING FENCES ABOUT WHEN IT 'S QUITE UNNECESSARY?"
Would-be Thruster. "SORRY, MASTER, BUT I ALWAYS PUT DOWN IN MY HUNTING-DIARY THE NUMBER OF FENCES I 'VE JUMPED, AND I 'M A BIT SHORT THIS SEASON."

from the letter that, without opportunity to state his case in a court of law, his goods would be seized and his wife and family alarmed by the prisoner. The prisoner says that that was not his intention; that the words 'steps will be taken for recovery' indicated a preliminary summons to the Court. You may think that in that case he would have done better to print those words in the same large type as the word 'DISTRAINT'; and you may think, as I do, looking at all the circumstances, that the letter was deliberately planned and worded with the intention of creating alarm, and through that alarm extracting money from Mr. Haddock, who is a sensitive man.

"You will then have to ask yourselves, Was this menacing demand for money made with reasonable cause? You will bear in mind that Mr. Haddock is not a debtor or criminal, he has not taken another's property or done any disgraceful thing. His only offence is that by hard work he has earned a little money; and the suggestion is now made that he shall give away a fifth part of that money to other people. That being his position, you might well expect that he would be approached not with brusquerie but with signal honours, not with printed threats but with illuminated addresses. But the whole tenor of the prisoner's communications suggests that in his opinion Mr. Haddock is a guilty person. Observe the strange use of the word 'recovery'—as if Mr. Haddock had *taken* money from the prisoner. Mr. Haddock has made repeated protests to the Collector and to his confederate, the Inspector, urging that even under the strange customs of our land the sum demanded of him was excessive, that due allowance had not been made for the particular hardships and expenses of his professional calling, and that in his judgment the prisoner and his principals have taken from him during the past years money which they ought in conscience to restore. While this dispute was still proceeding the prisoner sent this letter. Mr. Haddock, a public-spirited man, conveyed the letter to the police, and it is for you to say whether he was right. An official from the Inland Revenue Department has drawn your attention to the difficulties of a Mr. SNOWDEN, the prisoner's principal, it appears, who is in need of money. You will pay no attention to that. We are all in need of money; and if Mr. SNOWDEN has an insufficient supply of money he must spend less money, as the rest of us have to do. Neither his avarice nor his extravagance can excuse a breach of the law."

The jury eagerly found the prisoner guilty of blackmail, and he was sentenced to penal servitude for life, with solitary confinement for ten years, the sentences to run consecutively. The Court congratulated Mr. Haddock.

A. P. H.

THE CLOTHES-PEG.

My clothes in childhood grieved me sore
Because they never seemed to fit;
I always looked as if I wore
Some other fellow's kit.

And now that age my brow has scored
It has not checked unseemly cavil,
Although I really can't afford
The splendid Row of Savile.

I am not rich in stocks and shares,
Like one who in his golden prime
Was wont to order twenty pairs
Of trousers at a time.

No, let the well-creased dandy scoff;
Peg is the only man for me
To purchase raiment from (and off)—
Peg with a single "g."

News of the Cocoa-Naval Group.

"The Rev. —— —— in the evening spoke on . . . the famous picture of Fry and Jellicoe's at Savenor Rose Monastery in Florence."
Provincial Paper.

In addition he probably mentioned Mr. SAVONAROLA'S delightful CADBURY-BEATTY portrait.

AT THE PICTURES.

Lavishness as a Lure.

One has to assume that other people know their own business best, as the saying goes; although of course, if they did, or if the critic thought that they did, he would starve. None the less I make bold to put on record my opinion that the Warner Brothers, the devisers of *Show of Shows* at the Tivoli, the latest and greatest of technicolour talkie revues, could have obtained sufficient success with a much smaller company and a much smaller expenditure of money. At any rate in England. If America and the other countries to which movies are exported demand such an army of dancing-girls, so many changes of costume and so many Stars with almost nothing to do, well and good: the Warner Brothers' lavishness is justified. But for this country, no. Here we want to laugh more than to be dazzled; we want our tunes simpler and more rhythmical, and, after a reasonable time, we want to go home.



Mr. Richard Barthelmess. "Excuse me, but I've got to show a face or there would only be seventy-six stars."

Although the magnificence and profuseness of *Show of Shows* are excessive, let me hasten to say that never have I seen the drilling of a chorus brought to such a point of perfection, and never have I seen so much novelty in their evolutions. I would give honour where honour is due if the programme mentioned the producer's name.

As a whole, however, *Show of Shows* has more mechanism than mirth and more musicians than melody. I thought it significant that the most popular item in the whole evening is a "production" version of the old and very straightforward English song, "A Bicycle made for Two," here rendered by no fewer than fifteen Hollywood heroes and heroines, each with half-a-dozen words. Between this turn and the interminable and exhausting finale, in which three-hundred-and-fifty white girls and one-hundred-and-fifty coloured dancers take part, Mr. John Barrymore declaims the Crookback's famous battlefield speech in *Henry VI.*, getting so near us, with outsize features registering venomous malignity, that we shiver in our seats.



CLOSE-UP SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. John Barrymore as the *Duke of Gloucester* in *Henry VI.*

Some variety? You've said it.

I have referred to an omission from the programme; but what of a greater fault, the presence there of unfulfilled promises? The want of agreement between the programme of *Show of Shows* and the performance is indeed unfortunate. We are accustomed to the synopsis of a film plot differing from the film story, but when the programme is divided into separate turns, as at a music-hall, it is a shock when those turns do not materialise. Is there not a tacit understanding between management and audience that ought to be kept? Two public favourites were promised in the Tivoli programme, and neither of them appeared: Mr. Lupino Lane and Miss Beatrice Lillie. The performance needs both, for, although Mr. Frank Fay, as the introducer, is often funny and always ingratiating, the lack of comic relief is marked. Miss Beatrice Lillie has a vein of burlesque humour all her own (although it has been extensively imitated), and in this welter of sentimental song and eye-fatiguing spectacle a recitation by her, such as we were led to expect, would have been peculiarly welcome. No recitation by Miss Beatrice Lillie did we, however, have; but somewhere about the time when that recitation was due a wild Cannibal Island kind of song was sung by an American comedienne who shook herself more or less to pieces with her efforts.

Speaking as a diehard who prefers life "in the round" to photography however animated, and is still deploring the invasion of the music-halls by the talkie, I must say that this substitution of one turn for another fills me with alarm. If these whole-evening talking revues are to be made as flexible as this, so that the programme can be falsified and yet full measure be given, it looks very like their menace to the flesh-and-blood variety-performers becoming greater even than was feared, since by judiciously changing its items one miscellaneous picture of this kind will be able to fill a hall for weeks.



Rin-Tin-Tin. "Well, anyway *I've* not damaged my reputation in this show."

E. V. L.

Statements which Betray Distrust.

"The silver shield of the Bucks British Women's Total Abstinence Union has been won by the Gerrards Cross Branch, and the committee suggest that this year's outing shall be to Letchworth, where there is no public-house."—*Bucks Paper.*

"Ford Motors Jump."
City page heading.

We should never have dared to say that.

An Antique Oar.

"Older Men for Boat-Race.

Oxford is making use this year of Mr. R. H. A. Edwards, who rowed for his university in 926 . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"A SONG OF SIXPENCE" (DALY'S).

THE tales of Aberdonian thrift that charm us simple Southerners pale into mere records of economic prudence beside this picture of life in close-fisted Dumpherston. The characters to whom Messrs. IAN HAY and GUY BOLTON introduce us are a small but (since the love of money is the root of all evil) vicious circle. The war of the bawbees in which they are all engaged is fierce and internecine. Brother's hand is against brother, husband's against wife, even lover's against the beloved, to say nothing of *vice-versa*.

Misled by Southern sentiment and your own kind heart you might suppose that a wedding in the clan—at least for those most intimately concerned—would constitute an armistice; that Cupid for once would over-ride cupidity and call a truce. Not so. The marriage between *Chrissie*, the station-master's lovely daughter, and *David*, the rising young bungalow-builder, was within an hour of being solemnized; *Chrissie* had donned and come to display her wedding finery; *David* was hymeneally equipped from buttonhole to smirk; the bride's male relatives were in their deepest black and the minister was on his way. Then, one last fond whisper from *Chrissie* to her *David* on the subject of a marriage allowance, and bang went the fateful saxpence that reopened the fray.

The wedding-group broke up in jubilant confusion. The opposing ranks were quickly formed—males to the right, females to the left—and the slogan was "No quarter!" The subject of marital finance was one of universal interest, and *Chrissie's* allusion to it merely brought matters to a head. Deserted by their wives, the station-master and his son took up a commanding position at home and drank defiance to their revolting partners from the hearthrug; *David* dug himself in among the labour-saving marvels of the bungalow built for his errant bride, and the three insurgent Amazons retired to a temperance hotel five miles up the glen.

You are too familiar with the routine of life in the trenches to need details of the havoc wrought at the station-master's house in the absence of its womenfolk. You can picture the slovenly shifts to which the garrison was reduced, the canned fortuity of the commissariat, the ubiquitous empty bottles, the unmade beds ravished of sheets to furnish festal tablecloths, the chaotic domesticity. You will not fail to see *David*, turned misogynist in his lonely bungalow, brooding on suitable weapons with which to cut off his nose to spite his face. Nor will your experience of connubial farce mislead you concerning the tactics of the Amazons in their fastness up the glen.

Hear then how *David*, done with women for ever, thought to conclude the deal with *Chrissie's* brother that was to rid him of every Dumpherston asset, his bungalow estate, lock, stock and barrel. And how, but for a surprise sortie from the glen one Sabbath morning by *Chrissie* and *Luella*, her sister-in-law-and-arms, *David* might have been finally demobilised and the play have had a less happy ending.



WEDDING GARMENTS (SCOTS STYLE).

Robert Pringle . . . . . MR. JACK LAMBERT.
Adam Pringle . . . . . MR. CAMPBELL GULLAN.
David Ballantyne (bridegroom) . . . MR. IAN HUNTER.

Now *Luella* was not only an American by birth but a "wise-cracker" by instinct, and the purchase-money handed over by her husband for *David's* bungalow business had been too prudently banked in her name. So it was she who took possession, thus snatching the fruits of the first victory from the men and ensuring the Third Act of its amusing complications, though at some slight expense, I thought, to the rude idiom which is the play's chief charm.

The action changes to the Amazonian head-quarters at *David's* late bungalow which *Luella's* Sabbath raid had captured. There, with *Chrissie* as her chief-of-staff, a bemused but sonsie lass as adjutant, a wealth of wise-cracks for ammunition, and a mammoth box of candies for supplies, *Luella* administered the conquered territory and made ten bungalows grow where one had been before. But not for long. The strategy of conquest had been perfect; it was the simple arithmetic, neglected in her youth, that betrayed the Amazonian cause and dictated the terms of sweet surrender.

Farce hath her victories no less absurd than war, and *David* returned in the nick of time to rout the builder's men, who went on strike against the Amazons. The rigours of life on the home front had become unsupportable; the station-master's wife, missing the thirty-years' lullaby of his snore, was unable to sleep of nights and longed to surrender, and her husband's speculations with his own and everybody else's savings had produced a fortune. Besides, the hour was close on eleven. So Cupid and cupidity composed their differences, and the erstwhile enemies became once more true lovers-in-arms.

Both sides displayed conspicuous gallantry in the field, and I would single out for mention in these despatches Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN'S well-seasoned station-master, Mr. JACK LAMBERT'S finely-tempered performance as his son, and Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY'S superb command of every opportunity that *Luella's* wit afforded her. Mr. IAN HUNTER'S *David* had all my sympathy, and Mr. IAN O. WILL'S bleak old porter was as bracing as a month in Skye.

Said Dr. JOHNSON: "The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." This cruel comedy shows how far he was from joking. It delights more by its pawky backchat than by its dramatic art; and the accents of the players, covering the whole Gaelic gamut, convince rather than enchant the English ear. H.

"THE DAMASK ROSE" (SAVOY).

What gaps there are in one's knowledge of history! Before seeing and hearing this musical romance "based on the themes of CHOPIN" I knew little about the Poland of the past, save that its people were highly musical and combined a passion for independence with unpronounceable names. My visit to the Savoy Theatre confirmed these simple facts and amplified them considerably. I now know that Poland's kings of old differed hardly at all from Grand Opera tenors; that their gipsy subjects had so perfected community-singing as to be eager and able to greet all public events and persons with magnificent musical

honours, and that every Polish lady, from Queen to chambermaid, was mistress of the purest *coloratura*, and could release it at a moment's notice or less without so much as a glance at any conductor.

Polish history, however, for all that it is history with tunes not tears, is the last subject this entertainment prompts me to discuss. And, although CHOPIN is the fount from which the melody of this romance is drawn, I hesitate to recommend it to connoisseurs of that graceful and passionate genius. Such connoisseurs are rightly touchy. They prefer their music in the idiom in which it was written and without words; and CHOPIN was essentially a writer of lyrics which the heart alone should articulate.

This is not to say that this dynastic imbroglio does not draw all the charm it possesses from him. It does. Without the aid of CHOPIN neither *King Stanislas* nor *Wanda*, the maid he wooed but failed to win, could have shown us how far their singing transcended their other arts, nor would the choral populace have been put on their mettle nor the dancers have shown their pretty paces.

Under the spreading chestnut-tree that embowered her rural home *Wanda* met *Stanislas*, as yet a mere pretender to the throne, and was persuaded, less by him perhaps than by the exigencies of the plot, to elope to Warsaw, where the tuneful public awaited the proclamation of his accession to the throne of independent Poland. Their National Anthem, most inspiring, was sung at *Stanislas* with admirable loyalty and fervour. But neither the elopement nor the accession was without its snag, for *Wanda*, as we had seen, had already plighted her troth to another, and CATHERINE OF RUSSIA and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA were grim shadows about the throne.

But to retrace all the fits and starts and to recount each alarum and excursion by which these affairs of heart and dynasty, coupled and driven in harness with CHOPIN, were brought to their strange conclusions would be to recall to this history its expurgated tears. Moreover it would be to miss the wood for its incidental trees. It was not this stuttering and improbable narrative that caused the gallery to cheer, but the spirited singing of CHOPIN's melodies amid the colourful glitter of the stage *ensembles*.



KAROL OUT-CAROLLED.

Stanislas Poniatowski . . MR. JOHN MOREL.
Count Karol Tarlo . . . MR. HENRY MILLIDGE.
Wanda Volny . . . . . MISS WILMA BERKELEY.



AN UNCLASSIFIED DANCE OF CHOPIN'S.

Jan . . . . . MR. BILLY LEONARD.
Maryta Kremer . . . . . MISS NANCIE LOVAT.

Immediately *Wanda* took the limelight with the smile that too seldom waned, Miss WILMA BERKELEY released her coloratura in showers that never failed. CHOPIN at his most pizzicato had no terrors for her. She emulated the pianist's rippling fingers and the violinist's when they pluck. Mr. JOHN MOREL too was a *King Stanislas* of song whose voice had an agreeable timbre; and both were at their happiest when Court etiquette as well as that of musical comedy permitted them to sing rather than to speak or act the tender passions that possessed them.

None of the characters had any relation to life as we untuneful English understand it. They lived and loved and sighed and sang in the light that never was on sea or land but proceeds from the footlights alone. None of them? Well only one, the *King's* godmother, the *Countess Orzesco*, though even here it may be partiality for the admirable arts of Miss AMY AUGARDE that prejudices me in her favour. To see this experienced actress with a shred of lace lightly flirted in one hand, a tiny fan in the other, holding her own in competition with the two comedians who love her, and gliding as she does so graciously into song, is to realise how firmly the good actress supports the singer.

Mr. BILLY LEONARD and Miss NANCIE LOVAT fill in the pauses in the melody with below-stairs humour, and Mr. WALTER PASSMORE and Mr. TOM SHELFORD share that above-stairs.

At first one is bemused by the misalliance, as it seems, between the music of CHOPIN and the uses to which it is put. Nocturne and mazurka, polonaise and waltz, prelude and sonata all serve their turn; for Mr. CLUTSAM is an omnivorous adapter and composer. Such things, swears the connoisseur, should not be done, but the layman cheers them to the echo. So that, although CHOPIN carries off the honours of this show, it is at a price his lovers may grudge.

H.

Rods in Pickle.

"AQUARIUM FOR LAMU.

It is understood that the Aquarium will be commenced at once and it is designed to contain all manner of tropical piscators."

Weekly Oriental Paper.

EPPING FOREST: ITS SPRING BIRDS.

To Epping Thicks when comes the Spring
The throstle and the blackbird sing;
The blackcap also plies his wing
And hastes to join the chorus;
The herons nest in Wanstead Park,
O'er Whitehall Plain there soars a lark,
And sparrows get up in the dark
And, chirping dawn in, bore us.

These you were taught long years ago,
But there are other birds also
To be detected if you know
The how and why and wherefore;
For, if you stand in silence like
A hawthorn bush, a red-backed shrike
May hang his dinner on a spike
(This bird you may not care for).

But strive, as yesterday I strove,
To see the finches of the grove
And separate, as on you rove,
The haw-, chaf-, green- and bull-ones,
Distinguish wood- from willow-wrens
And wryneck cocks from wryneck hens,
And then, compared with other men's,
Your days will not be dull ones.

The Norfolk plover you may see
And recognize his massive knee;
The meadow-pip't or the tree-
Into your ken may hurtle;
Woodpigeons croon their notes of love,
A common buzzard floats above
The tree where rests the plaintive dove
(The stock-one or the turtle-).

These are some birds that coo and bill,
These you may see, as I too will,
But as they never sit quite still
I cannot tell which which is;
I got their names out of a book,
But you will find them, if you look,
By Epping's glades, her plain, her brook,
Her hedges or her ditches.

An Apology that Swaraj will Demand.

"Ahmedabad.

The bandits Motilal and Jawaharlal Nehru (father and son) arrived here this morning and conferred with Mr. Gandhi."

Indian Paper.

Testimonials which do not Compel.

"Remarkable stuff . . . I finished it with reluctance.—ST. JOHN ERVINE."

Publisher's Advt. in Sunday Paper.

"Mr. Simmons rose, stepped into the gangway, and contemplated a single-handed foray into the Conservatory territory opposite."

Daily Paper.

And then it seems that he suddenly remembered the tag about glass houses.

"Detectives arrested the occupier, Lum Wun, who will appear at the Thames Police Court to-day charged with being in possession of opium and opium-smoking apparatus."

Daily Paper.

There 's aye trouble with a reeking lum.

MY DUTCH UNCLES.

EVERY decent human being loves flowers, but the authentic garden fiend loves seed and bulb catalogues even more. Until a few years ago I was merely in the amateur class, knowing nothing of how bright and pleasant results in the garden are brought about; I avoided its English literature. And then a day came when a gentleman from Holland sent us an illustrated catalogue. And I read:—

"This fineflowering postparcel of bulbargains cannot fail to ensure you deligt."

"That alone is worth an order," I said; and we placed one, and the bulbargains duly arrived. Since then, as we hoped, the gentleman from Holland (Mr. Hook, as it were), has never failed us. We have grown to be quite fond of him; his biannual catalogue is hailed with joy. Many a strange and beautiful thought is enshrined in its pages.

"This plant," says Mr. Hook on the subject of Spanish Iris, "is a good bedder that will enjoy you in the spring;" and, writing of a side-line of vegetables, with a passing whiff of *lèse-majesté* conceivably forgivable in a foreigner, "King Edward is a fine handsome potato and a heavy cropper." Sometimes, to adorn the tale, Mr. Hook includes the little Hooks in the pictures. For years and years and years we have watched them grow. They have now long passed the frock and sock stage, but still they stand among the Darwin tulips in earnest of their willingness to send us a postparcel thereof.

There is, alas! a fly in the idyllic ointment in the shape of a Wicked Uncle, also bearing the name of (as it were) Hook. Uncle Hook is also a grower, also a sender of catalogues. He even has the bad taste to hail from the same village.

This has nearly slain the Original Uncle, and the latter's appeals to us not to confuse him with the other one make pathetic reading. For *he* knows the tricks of the Wicked Uncle, who indeed has already opened fire on us.

How, as we have never yet ordered from him, did he procure our address? Is it possible that he lurked about Mr. Hook's gardens and stole it from the potting-shed?

"The to-and-fro of the last fifty years has wrought no change in the supremary of my bulbs," writes the Wicked Uncle, and I can see him reaching for his meerschaum and re-reading the sentence with ever-increasing awe at his command of the English language. Grown bolder, he continues: "We cordially invited British visitors to Holland to give us a call and judge for yourself."

Well, what can one say to an invitation like that, save that she will be very glad to if I am ever over there?

He dwells on his Gladioli and calls them Summerbulbs. He says "they sport into almost every conceivable shade." Later he alludes to them as Gardenflowers. Writing of his Bulbous Begonias, he says, "This is the favourite in the public park and cemetary," and the tactless creature goes on, "The dwarf growth makes the Begonia also very appropriated," and warns us that later it must "be moved to the cold-frame or in warmplace."

And, describing his dwarf roses, he winds up with the information that Mrs. Aaron Ward is distinct Indian yellow, that Madame Chatenay is large and full and that Mrs. Charles Russell is flushed scarlet.

Meanwhile the situation for us is rather painful; the sense of rivalry and strain across the Channel very real. Will the Uncles never compose their differences? Would the gift, by us, of a small keg of rum or some stone flagons of distilled waters addressed to them jointly make matters worse? Or would they lean over the canal bridge and, smacking their lips, learn at last to pull together in mutual esteem? Finally, would not a letter from us, as third-party well-wishers, open their eyes to the essential pity of friction and strife? Could we not say:—

"DEAR MESSRS. HOOK,—Your prompt-sent and hardygrown cuttings arrived with delight in the Portharbour of Folkestone and were received by us with inexplicable pleasure.

We note with a fullymatured anxiety and regret that you and Mr. Hook are in rivalry, and beg to esteem you equally herewith. Where all is of so a uniform excellence in your varigated floripost-parcels, we beg to assure that these so trying family disuniteds are sharply to be lamented, and hope that it may be up-patched. Also that Time and Death (equally successful in their ways) will find the survivor willing to place your popular Bulbous Begonias upon the grave of the Firstdrawn. Yours, etc."?

All the same the Hooks are able men. I could not frame a single sentence in Dutch, my knowledge of that language being confined to Spruit, Stoep, Kopie, Uitspan, Veldtschoen, Sjambok and Ruinek.

My only wonder is that, as the Hooks write English so well, they do not write it a little better.

RACHEL.

Beaks at Play.

"Mrs. Margaret ——, who is 94 years of age, yesterday accompanied the Merthyr magistrates on the beach."—*Daily Paper.*



Superior Maid (*spring-cleaning her master's sanctum*). "We shall soon have the *status quo* for you now, Sir."

ALL FOG.

At the call of Science I tune my lute
In a most respectful way
For the Technological Institute
Of Mass. in the U.S.A.,
For there, I learn from our active Press,
They are doing a treatise on Fog, no less,
And I put in a word for the London Special
Known in an earlier day.

For then, if you hear the old men speak
Of the good old, brave old days,
The London Fog was a thing unique,
A matter of pride and praise;
To take a walk was a daring feat,
And a man who started for Regent Street
Might equally find himself down at Chiswick
Or, say, in the Inn called Gray's.

Yes, those were days when you lost the earth
As soon as you shut your door,
And all you knew was your own small girth,
A hole in the fog, no more;
And pavements vanished and railings fled,
And you found a lamp with your foot or head,
And stout hearts quailed when they struck a crossing
And cold feet clung to the shore.

And then they 'll say how the country folk
When caught on the spree in town
Would get blind staggers and feebly choke
As the fog went slowly down;
While London's scions, whom nothing funks,
Gratefully swallowed it down in chunks,
And knew by the taste if the kind was yellow,
Black, or the rarer brown.

But "where, oh, where are the fogs of old,"
You 'll hear the old men sigh,
"That shut you round in a blanket fold
As the blinded world went by?
Weakened, failing, and pale, alas!
Due to a decadent use of gas;
And the mildest yarn one can spin about them
Goes as a first-class lie."

So, while the wise men oversea
Are getting their treatise out,
I enter, I hope, a successful plea
For the old fog, strong and stout;
They may for preference cram their list
With newer vapour and later mist,
But the genuine pea-soup true Particular
Mustn't be gone without.

Dum-Dum.



Hatter. "IT BECOMES YOU VERY WELL, SIR, AND IS QUITE THE LATEST SHADE. I ASSURE YOU WE ARE SELLING THEM BY THE DOZEN EVERY DAY."
Very Rich Person. "RIGHT. I'LL 'AVE A DOZEN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HERR E. A. RHEINHARDT'S *Life of Eleanora Duse* (SECKER, 16/-), is almost, if not quite, the Life we have been waiting for. Literary grace apart (and certain infelicities of presentment may be due to hardships of translation), I cannot imagine the lovable and disastrous figure of the great tragic actress more eloquently communicated. Herr RHEINHARDT knows inside and out the poverty and *virtus* of his heroine's North-Italian stock, "the worthy heirs of the Risorgimento." He understands too the bourgeois romantic drama, concerned (by way of escape from the industrial respectabilities of the audience) with the illicit and luxurious. And he shows how this heiress to an almost Roman stoicism, with her immediately inherited gifts of the Venetian *improvisatore*, filled out the crude *rôles* of SARDOU and DUMAS *FILS* with the inspiration of her own sufferings. Undoubtedly DUSE used this poor stuff, as SHAKESPEARE did HOLINSHED or BANDELLO, as a starting-point for creative imagination. She made her name in it and was on the point of passing on to greater things when she met D'ANNUNZIO. She met, as PIRANDELLO said, "precisely the wrong author." You can understand her flinging away money, reputation, her exquisite art, on his plays. His genius, though certainly not a dramatic one, existed, and in *Francesca da Rimini* DUSE at least sponsored some fine poetry. Only on this ground is it possible to explain her tenderness for the man—a man who, not content with the capitalization of his own vices, could add to his turnover by making a side-show of his mistress.

Another of youth's illusions has been destroyed for me by Mrs. GEE NASH in her careful, learned but certainly not romantic account of *The Hansa: Its History and Romance* (LANE, 18/-). For years visions floated before my mind of bold seamen navigating the cold waters of the Baltic and North Seas in ships filled with cargoes of merchandise for the Hansa League. I had pictured the members of that League as grave and possibly rather boring elderly merchants, living in those marvellous old houses in Lübeck, Hamelin and Bremen that are now the sole surviving witness to the one-time wealth and power of the Hansa, and conducting their affairs both of commerce and high politics with a fitting courtesy and a nice regard for the employment of the proper phraseology. If a certain measure of dignity and grandeur attended the Hansa's conduct of its numerous diplomatic negotiations, it was most lamentably lacking from its own ceremonies. The rites of initiation into membership of the Hansa were brutal in the extreme, and would seem to have given an outlet to all the coarsest elements in the German nature. Death not infrequently overtook the unfortunate aspirant before the initiation ceremony was at an end, and even though wealth and power were the reward of the successful (and the tough) the price paid was a heavy one. The worthy HAKLUYT indeed goes so far as to dub them "pirates and malefactors of the Hans," while in the numerous wars that took place between the Hansa and the English kings the English sailors who fell into the hands of the Hansa were often treated with great cruelty. Yet with all their faults these German merchant-adventurers were a great power and a great civilising force amidst the chaos of the Middle Ages.

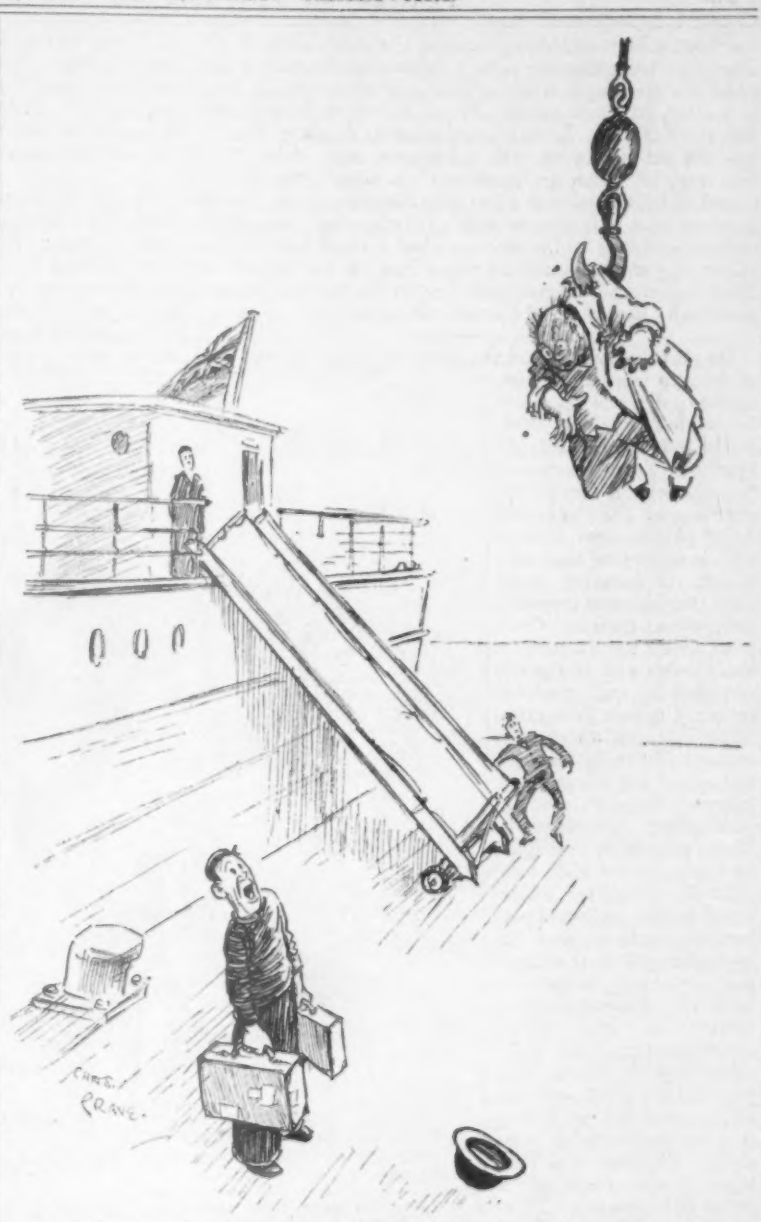
Early in life young SEELY found
Fear does not help when being drowned,
Or scaling cliffs, or if one rides
Unbridled steeds down mountain sides.
Since all such things may cook your goose
To be afraid 's no sort of use,
So he determined simply not to;
"Live dangerously" became his motto.

Thus SEELY, whom his friends call "JACK,"
Began, nor ever once looked back,
And rose in time, as you may see,
To Major-General, C.M.G.,
And half-a-dozen letters more,
Though but an amateur in war.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who after half this book is read
Will call for something else instead?
I think not—nor does BIRKENHEAD,
Who writes the preface. What we feel is
Most lives look drab beside JACK SEELY'S.
Read his *Adventure* (HEINEMANN),
Buy it (one guinea) if you can.

Mr. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is so inveterately the apostle of change that he not only holds change as change good, but appreciates the mutations brought about in his own personality by a constant shifting of scene. That contentment with incompleteness which gives something of a sub-human air to all Impressionist pictures is present in his latest book; but, given this set-off, I cannot imagine a more fascinating record. The book deals with wanderings in Burma, Siam, Annam and Tonkin, and borrows its apparently inapposite title from a volume of HAZLITT opened on the Irrawaddy. HAZLITT sought "on going a journey" the immunities of the voyager only known to his inn as *The Gentleman in the Parlour* (HEINEMANN, 8/6). If Mr. MAUGHAM ever attained a more conventional contact with the official British or Gallic world of his sojourn he is careful to overlook it, merely hinting what he might have said had he been tempted to deal with things political. He enjoys to the full not only the immunities claimed by HAZLITT but the privileges lavished on a receptive passer-by: confidences where confidences are for whole lifetimes unspoken, and the sweets of reverie. He paints wide milky rivers, strange and shabby pagodas, landscapes and towns with BREUGHEL-like crowds seen very small and swarming. Every now and then he draws an individual portrait; or a composite one, as of the English solitary abroad. These are all very good, and I am entirely grateful to him for having so far forsworn his passion for impermanence as to give them a new lease of life.

Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM'S latest biographical study, *Peter the Great* (BENN, 21/-), shows the most famous of the Tsars as a monster of clownish cruelty hardly relieved by a capacity for unlimited hard work, who blew off his friends' heads with amateur fireworks or pulled out their teeth with a sabre, who executed two hundred mutineers with his own axe for a day's sport, and employed a staff of officials to think out new and additional methods of taxation. This gross mad-house giant, an impossibility outside a nightmare or an autocracy, is shown playing school-boy games with actual armies and navies and developing a moral code not European or Asiatic but non-human. He shammed drunk or shammed dead to hear what was said about him, and his mildest amusement on a visit to London was to be hurled head-first in a wheel-barrow against a holly hedge. No brief summary can adequately picture his eccentricities,



Sailor (to passenger caught on hook of crane). "WHILST YOU 'RE ABOUT IT, SIR, BEST LET 'EM SWING YOU STRAIGHT ON BOARD. I 'LL BRING YOUR 'AT."

and I am a little unwilling, in spite of the brilliance of Mr. GRAHAM'S narrative, to urge a fuller acquaintance at first hand, for the simple truth is that on every other page there is matter for sheer nausea, PETER having been not only gigantic but vile. Even his torturing to death of his son was not out of keeping with the general tenor of his ways. The work on which his fame rests was mainly that kind of forced and artificial distortion of national boundaries which can lead only to further re-making of maps later on, and the author in adding up his score can but declare that, as the space of just two hundred years has, in the tragedy of Ekaterinburg, put an end to his line, so also has it obliterated practically the whole of his achievements.

On all those who realise that England stands in sad need of defence from the short-sighted policies of the speculative builder, the hard-boiled advertiser and the apathetic Town Council of the old school, I urge the purchase of *The Face of the Land* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 7/6), in order that they may thrust its damning pages under the noses of their less enlightened friends. Compiled under the auspices of the Design and Industries Association and prefaced by Mr. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS, it consists of brief surveys of the outstanding features of our countryside, followed in each case by contrasting photographs. These are highly damaging to the powers which have allowed straggling ribbon development, ugly and pretentious building, and the spoliation of English villages and scenery by vulgar and invariably uncompelling advertisement; and highly complimentary to those other powers which have put beauty first and are being rewarded by finding it a not unprofitable principle. England is a heritage. It has clearly got to suffer development. This book helps to show how such development can be effected sanely and artistically; and it comes at a timely moment when the Rural Amenities Bill has already passed its second reading.



Waitress. "I DREAMT ABOUT YOU LAST NIGHT—THAT I'D TAKEN YOUR ORDER AND FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT."
City Clerk. "THAT WASN'T LAST NIGHT; IT WAS HALF-AN-HOUR AGO."

I do not recall any book by Mr. WILLIAM J. LOCKE which is quite so engaging in its leisurely progress as *The Town of Tombarel* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6). It provides a series of separate stories ostensibly told by an English portrait-painter living at Nice, but, since they are given as the substance of conversations with a delightful old gentleman, *M. Alcide Tombarel*, the *Maire* of the little Provençal hill-town of Creille, and deal with the personages of that district, there is, if not exactly a connecting thread, at least an association of ideas through which in the end you have made the acquaintance of a very attractive group of people. The majority of their doings are in the vein of comedy, but there are also hints of tragedy, which, however, are never heartrending. There is moreover enough incidental information on local food and wines to make one anxious to go once more to Nice to explore and discover whether the dishes mentioned are really obtainable, and whether the town of Creille and its vineyards have originals in actual fact.

So grim is the picture of convict life in New Caledonia which Miss BEATRICE GRIMSHAW draws in *The Star in the Dust* (CASSELL, 7/6) that it is a relief to know that the story is dated back to the end of last century. A branch of the *Finian* family had settled in the South Sea Islands, where young *Piers Finian*, on the morning of his marriage to a beautiful French girl, has every reason to believe that she is dead. In agony of mind he flies at once from that island, changes his name and settles in Kalona, where presently he learns that the girl had been in a trance, from which she had awakened to suffer torments far worse than death. Having returned to France with her law-breaking father, she had been unjustly accused of crime and transported to New Caledonia. Thither *Piers* goes, and in a series of vivid scenes, unrelieved in their realism, Miss GRIMSHAW gives us opportunity to follow his efforts to secure her release. It is an opportunity which those in search of a harrowing tale with a happy ending should not fail to take.

Should you find pleasure in stories whose hero is an animal I can with confidence draw your attention to *Poo Lorn of the Elephants* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). *Poo Lorn* was born into captivity—his mother worked for a teak company in Northern Siam, but his father was a wild elephant that had never been brought into subjection—so, although he could be as tender as a child with those whom he loved, he was also what may be truthfully called a holy terror when he wished to be revenged upon those who had ill-treated him. In fact, when after various unhappy experiences he regained his freedom, he ran gloriously amok and roamed about destroying when and where he listed. The human interest is secondary in this story; *Poo Lorn* holds the centre of the stage and takes all the honours in a romance that Mr. REGINALD CAMPBELL has told with genuine sympathy and skill.

Nature as a Spoil-Sport.

"Tall and fair-haired, he could not take his place in the Scottish team against Ireland because of this mishap."—*Daily Paper.*

". . . A magnificent strain of hybrid lobelias, resembling the well-known Queen Victoria in habit."—*Horticultural Guide.*

This should be a lesson to those who deny the value of history in the nursery.

CHARIVARIA.

A SCHEME to drain the Mediterranean is put forward in connection with the idea of developing the Sahara, and not, as might have been thought, as a solution of Franco-Italian naval difficulties.

* * *

Analysis of five hundred recorded conversations is said to have shown that the vocabulary of telephone-users is extremely limited. This is greatly to their credit.

* * *

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT announces that the report of his last medical overhauling was satisfactory. It is reassuring to know that there was no dangerous constriction of the hat-band.

* * *

According to a news item Northampton has offered to make a pair of No. 16 boots for PRIMO CARNERA. If accepted we understand the keels will be laid down at once.

* * *

We read of a young woman in America who appears to breathe only twice a minute. Her prospect of getting an emotional part in a film is discouraging.

* * *

Lord CASTLEROSSE expresses the opinion that the thing to do is to mind one's own business. So much for the belief that the thing to be is a gossip-writer.

* * *

According to a motoring expert there is a fortune waiting for the roadside caterer. Another view is that there is a fortune whizzing past.

* * *

Lord MORRIS has pointed out that the Grand Falls of Labrador, which he visualises as a source of electric power, are of greater height and volume than Niagara. It is not generally realised how the water comes down in Labrador.

* * *

We are reminded that HOLBEIN'S portrait of ANNE OF CLEVES misled HENRY VIII. as to her personal appearance, which was a shock to him when they met. Some historians maintain that Bluff KING HAL'S comment on this occasion was the origin of the expression "Not an oil-painting."

* * *

An American scientist has discovered, as the result of a series of experiments in the effects of noises, that the explosion of a paper-bag behind a person's back dangerously increases the brain-pressure. The foolish practice of revolver-firing is equally to be condemned.

* * *

The discovery of a coiners' den of Roman times will have aroused misgivings among numismatists as to the genuineness of their denarii.

* * *

So many Scottish missionaries have gone out to Nyassaland that the natives speak English with a pronounced Scottish accent. Visitors can shut their eyes and imagine they are in Fleet Street.

* * *

A gas company retains a consultant dental-surgeon to attend to the teeth of its female employees, but it is not stated that for anæsthetic purposes he has the exclusive use of a laughing-gasometer.

* * *

Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE urges the people of Margate to make more of their town as a health-resort instead of endeavouring to vie with places like Blackpool. Thanet is in grave danger of becoming less select.

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In a pamphlet published by the Fuel Research Board it is stated that coal is, in fact, a rock. We ourselves have long suspected this.

* * *

Snails picked off the May dew and toasted form an ingredient of a magic eye-wash, described in a recently-published book on Welsh folk-lore and customs. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE of course has other recipes for magic eye-wash.

Spasmodic flat-foot, at one time prevalent among errand-boys, is nowadays less common, says a medical expert. He says nothing about spasmodic flat-whistling.

* * *

An architect thinks that the small houses now being built could be much improved. For one thing they might be arranged so that the rooms would fold into the walls when not wanted.

* * *

"Why do people stand in queues outside theatres for fifty hours or more?" asks a writer. One theory is that they want to see the play.

* * *

Arrangements have been made for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to broadcast an explanation of the Budget on April 15th. This will be good news for those in search of a little quiet relaxation after the shock of reading the facts.

* * *

Now that sixpenny all-day tram-fares for children are being introduced in some parts of the country, it is said that many Scotsmen are going in for the VORONOFF gland treatment.

* * *

The spirit of enterprise is abroad, says a writer. We should like to see some of it in this country.

* * *

As the cuckoo has not yet been heard by the correspondents of any daily paper, it is thought that it may have entered into an agreement with the Sunday Press.

* * *

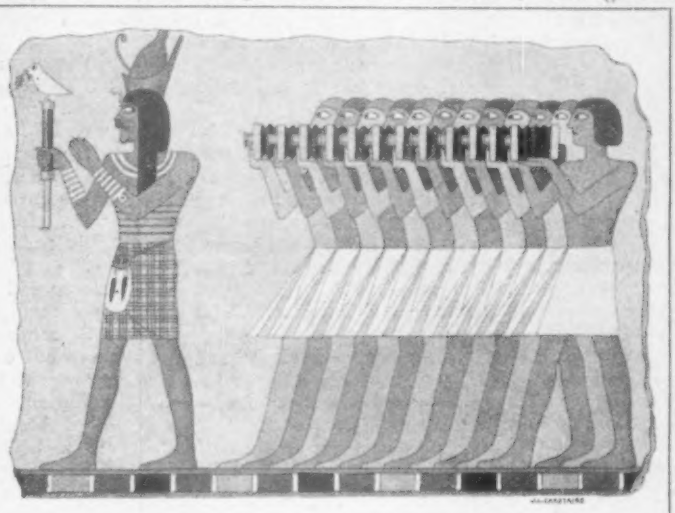
A *Daily Mail* reader says it gives him great joy to look down on his green-peas, which are now eighteen inches in height. We await an early announcement from a *Daily Express* reader that he has been looking *up* at his.

* * *

We read of a shop-girl who had such a bad cold that she was unable to call for help when the till was robbed. It is a disquieting thought that she should not have been able even to cry "Burder!"

* * *

By inadvertence a steam tractor recently spilled five hundred gallons of whisky into a Scottish stream. A little later several salmon leaned out of the water, sneered openly at some anglers and then swam unsteadily away.



ANTIQUITIES IN THE WESTMINSTER MUSEUM.

FROM AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE. EXPERTS HAVE DECIDED THAT IT REPRESENTS RAMSAYS I. PERFORMING, IN THE PRESENCE OF PICTORIAL REPORTERS, THE SECRET RITE KNOWN AS "MAKING THE GESTURE."

A PRICELESS POSSESSION.

"I CAN'T bear to see her go," said Barbara.

"You needn't," I replied manfully.

"But I shall hear," she protested tearfully.

"Not if you go to your bath and splash."

She bit her trembling lip.

"How you can do it I can't imagine."

"I am a man," I said simply.

"Poor darling Susan!" she gulped. "To think that I have washed her and—and greased her for the last time."

"Don't," I implored, "please don't go on. You will make me lose my grip on myself."

"As long as you don't lose your grip on her I don't mind," said Barbara.

"Enough!" I said harshly; "the time has come."

Barbara clung to me. "They will be kind to her, won't they? Make—make them promise."

"Of course—of course."

"And you 'll tell them that her favourite oil is——"

I was pained. "What do you take me for?" I growled.

"I 'm sorry," said Barbara penitently.

"Well," I said, bracing back my shoulders, "the longer I stay here talking to you the harder it——"

"Yes," said Barbara, "we must not shrink; but—but don't let them say anything too personal in her hearing."

"I will keep her engine running so that she can't hear."

"Is that wise," said Barbara, "or kind? It would be very painful for her if—I mean——"

"I see what you mean," I said tenderly and went down to the garage.

Like most ladies, Susan is usually rather a bad starter, but on this occasion half a turn of the handle set her purring—well, anyway, firing. That affected me strangely, but I would not give in. I lowered the muff over her eyes and navigated her down the drive. In spite of a nasty head-wind we arrived at the garage gallantly and drew up without a squeak.

"Good morning, Sir," said the sales manager. He had kind eyes.

"Good morning," I replied brightly—rather too brightly perhaps.

"Is this the—er——?"

"Yes," I said hastily and disembarked. "Engine ticking over nicely—what?"

He winced. "Er—yes," he said; "shall we stop it for a moment?"

"Just as you like." I laughed casually. "I started her this morning with half a turn of the handle."

"Indeed, Sir? Self-starter out of action perhaps."

"Well—er—in a way, yes."

"Yes, Sir," he said sympathetically, "I know the way you mean."

I warmed towards this man. "She 's been a wonderful little car," I said enthusiastically.

"Yes," he said, "she looks it."

"I 've been all over the country in her. Up hills——"

"Really?"

"And down."

"Quite."

"Only last summer she took me all the way to Cornwall."

"And back?"

"Well, no; as a matter of fact it was really I who brought her back, if you know what I mean."

"I know exactly, Sir."

"It was entirely my fault. I got so absorbed in the scenery one day that I forgot to give her her oil at luncheon."

"Ah! Then she is extravagant in oil?"

"Not extravagant, but—well—fond of it. I mean she doesn't throw it about or waste it or anything like that. She uses up every drop. I never grudge anything if it is really wanted."

"It is always nice," he observed, "to be generous if you can afford to be."

Charming man!

"And how about petrol?" he proceeded.

"Well, of course petrol *is* her staple food."

"Eats petrol—just so. And—er—easy to steer?"

"Not so much easy as fascinating."

He nodded. "I understand, Sir," he said.

"I knew you would," I replied warmly.

"Have you ever had an accident in her?"

"Nothing fatal."

"Oh, well, that's something, isn't it?"

"Speaking as an owner-driver, I think it is everything."

There was a pause while we stood side by side admiring Susan.

"Tyres seem rather worn," he remarked at last.

"Yes. Of course speed does that."

"Or the wheels not being in track."

"Really? How very interesting! I never knew that."

"You have never had your wheels tested for track?"

"Never," I said proudly.

He smiled wanly. "Perhaps," he ventured, "we might give her engine a little run now?"

"She would enjoy it," I assented cordially. "No doubt you would like to see for yourself how easy she is to start."

"I should," he said, and went to the starting handle.

"No," I explained after a bit, "I don't think you have quite got hold of the idea. Let me show you—— There! It 's more of a knack than anything."

"Did it take you long to discover the knack?" he shouted.

I shook my head. He came very close to me.

"Does—she—always—make—that—noise?" he yelled.

I nodded happily. He rushed to the dashboard and switched her off.

"Yes," I went on chattily, "that sound is characteristic of her; so much so that our dog knows her from any other car on the road."

People have often doubted me when I have told them that, but I could see that he believed it.

"But then dogs have such sensitive ears," I concluded.

"So have I," he said.

"You are lucky," I said; but he didn't seem to agree. An awkward silence ensued.

"Well," I said, breaking it self-consciously, "what do you—er——?"

"Would it," he interposed mercifully, "be a question of part exchange?"

"I 'm afraid not," I replied. "The fact is that I haven't got the other part."

He turned away. I could see that he was trying to master his feelings.

"Of course," he whispered at last, "these old cars really mean more to their owners than they do to us."

"You mean ——?" I said, the light of a great truth dawning upon me.

"I do, Sir," he replied solemnly.

"Thank you," I said gripping his hand, "thank you. You have given me fresh courage."

"You will need it, Sir," he said gently and went back to his showroom.

Barbara was waiting for us when we got back.

"I had a presentiment," she said softly, "that they would not be worthy of her."

I got out and kissed her—Barbara. While I was doing it Susan stopped. Barbara sprang forward anxiously.

"She has only choked," I said.

"Of course," said Barbara—"with emotion. What is that dripping?"

I bent down and smelt. "Petrol," I said.

"No," said Barbara wistfully, "tears of joy," and proceeded to follow suit.

Diabolism in the Dail.

"Following on yesterday's defeat of the Government in the Dail, a meeting of the Cabinet was held this morning, presided over by President Cosgrave."—*Dublin Paper.*

Commercial Humour.

"Kelso, Sitting-room, Two Bedrooms, To Let for Easter onwards; inside inconveniences."—*North-Country Paper.*



AT THE BAR OF THE FIVE NATIONS;

OR, A *CONSOMMATION* DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED.

M. BRIAND. "I WANT SOMETHING SUSTAINING. CAN YOU GIVE ME A 'MILITARY COMMITMENT'?"

MR. MACDONALD. "SORRY, WE DON'T SERVE IT. AGAINST THE RULES OF THE HOUSE. BUT I CAN RECOMMEND OUR 'No. 16 OLD GENEVA CLARIFIED.'"

[In order to appease the desire of France for guarantees of security, persistent research has been made for a formula based on a "clarifying" interpretation of Article No. 16 of the Covenant of the League of Nations.]



Charlady (who has dusted pastel-drawing in studio). "LUMME! IT 'S A MOVIE."

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

FILM FANCIES.

THE town of Ago, the official head-quarters of the Oga Province, was in a pleasant state of excitement. Mr. Alogie, who doubles the *rôles* of Universal Provider and General Impresario in this super-heated portion of the Empire, had invested in a cinema outfit; and this very night, for the first time in its history, Ago was to be given the opportunity of appreciating the beauties of the "Close Up" and other features of the screen.

Henry and I had censored the films to be produced; they were very ancient and quite innocuous; but my confrère had insisted on the withdrawal of one which showed Cambridge winning the boat-race by an indecently wide margin, on the grounds that it ill became the dignity of his defeated Alma Mater to be subjected to the derision of the native populace.

Curiosity amongst the local inhabitants as to the nature of this new wonder was intense.

"You go see what thing Alogie do this night?" asked my orderly of a crony outside the office.

"I tink I go; but I no savvy proper what thing he go do," replied the other.

"D.O. say Alogie get small box and when he put lamp for inside you see peoples for wall," said my orderly, thus summarising my masterly explanation of the cinematograph.

"How he go do so?" queried his friend.

"I tink say magic," answered the informative constable.

That evening the entire European population took station on the chairs provided by the enterprising Alogie. Behind them were ranged as many of the natives as could safely be crammed in.

After much whispering the lights went out and on the white-washed wall flashed the picture of a battleship upside down, steaming in mid-air at a terrific speed. This was quickly followed by a hurried vision of an Admiral and Staff leaving Portsmouth dockyard with their feet in the air. Darkness followed, and whilst the operator endeavoured to free himself from the film which had enveloped him audible comments passed amongst the audience.

"You see them big canoe?" asked one.

"I no tink him be canoe," said another.

"What tink he be, then?" replied Number One, nettled at having his explanation doubted.

"I no savvy, but I tink some kind of bird," answered the other.

"You blood fool," remarked his friend tersely but without malice.

The District Clerk, who fills the roll of sergeant-major among the lesser members of the Staff, turned upon the disputants.

"Shut up, you," he said. "You no savvy it was what they call an air directable? You no see how them men come down from 'm? You are an illiterate," he added contemptuously, silencing further argument.

By this time the machine had been adjusted and a film some six years old flashed on the screen, right side up this time. The greater part of it was concerned with a fashionable wedding. Crowds of bridesmaids and train-bearers and pages followed the happy couple from the church. This created a great sensation. It is no small part of the White Man's Burden that he is only allowed one wife, and has to uphold his prestige in competition with local magnates who possess a hundred odd.

"I tink he be big man for him country," hazarded one.

"He get plenty fine wives," answered another. "D.O. only get one wife."

"Look all them piccins, too," said a third. "They pay dowry for White-man country?" he asked.

"Stop noises," said the District Clerk sternly.

"Suppose D.O. go want they go dash him plenty wife," he added, zealous in support of his lord and master.

A Wild West drama with much galloping of horses and letting off of guns provided a certain amount of excitement; the death agonies of various members of the cast being greeted with murmurs of "He die-o; I tink police go catch 'em for murderer."

The last film of all displayed a scene in a yacht; heavy weather was experienced, and in the midst of it the villain slunk away from the party in the dining saloon, evidently bent on some fell design. For some reason this film excited great interest, possibly because some of the audience had seen steamboats on the Niger, and a subdued murmur of comment was kept up all the time.

"What place he go?" asked one, as the villain disappeared through the door.

"Perhaps he go catch breeze," suggested a neighbour.

The District Clerk, who had once travelled from Lagos to Calabar in a branch-boat, then made his final contribution to the evening's entertainment.

"Keep silence," he said imperiously to the seekers after information. "His absence is explainable. He goes to vomit."

There was a wealth of feeling in his words.

An Easy One for Lord Beaverbrook.

"But the United Kinkdom is a free trade country. . . ."—*Canadian Paper.*

And that of course is what puts the "kink" into the United Kingdom.

Statements which sound Incriminating.

"Wives of the Clergy.

. . . A Committee was appointed to see if anything more could be done to relieve the clergy of their burdens."—*Church Paper.*

". . . Alexander ——, who served one term in the British House of Commons."

Canadian Paper.

Much more pathetic is the large number of inmates who appear to have received life sentences.

"There is a proposal to buy Snowden for the nation. No cash is yet in sight . . ."

African Paper.

It seems more probable that after April 14th he will be in a position to buy us.



"I don't seem to be able to hit the ball properly with this steel shaft."

"You ain't supposed to 'it it with the shaft."

THE ROAD.

The road that runs over the hill
That 's the fine road to follow
In the cold of the gold daffodil,
In the days of surprise and the swallow;
And of all roads that be,
Anyhow, anywhere,
When the bud 's on the tree
And the bird 's in the air
And roads call with insistence,
Ah, there 's none to compare
For one moment's existence,
When the morning 's set fair,
With that road that, *see-saw*, goes, like *Margery Daw*,
Up and down, up and down to the distance.
There you 'll see the cloud-silver of gulls
Where the plough-team is ploughing;
There you 'll see the wind stir the green pulse
Of the wheat and set poplar-trees bowing;
There you 'll see the sun shine,
There I saw, white as snow,
Flutter clouts on the line
That a girl pinned a-row;
Oh! the shape that was in her
As she stood a-tip-toe,
Like a sunbeam, to pin her
Best petticoat—*so!*
Oh! you 'd sooner prefer to stand dreaming of her,
Of her than be eating your dinner.

P. R. C.

TEN TO ONE.

(A Play in three Acts, with apologies to the authors of "Nine Till Six.")

ACT I.—*The Manageress's office in a West-End Dress Shop. Saturday morning. Ten o'clock.* Mrs. Cardigan, *the Manageress, is sitting throwing the morning's post into the waste-paper basket. Enter* Nora, *a saleswoman.*

Nora. Excuse me, Madam, but there 's a young girl waiting to see you. She wants to know if you 'll give her a job.

Mrs. Cardigan. What experience has she had?

Nora. None, Madam; but she 's a very nice girl.

Mrs. C. Well, that 's much more important. Character 's the thing that counts in this world, Nora.

Nora (*obediently*). Yes, Madam.

Mrs. C. What 's her name?

Nora. Moira O'Grady.

Mrs. C. Irish? That 's good. We 've got enough Cockneys in the cast already. Show her in.

Nora. She 's brought her grandmother with her, Madam.

Mrs. C. Oh, isn't that nice of her? Show them both in.

[Nora *retires.* Mrs. C. *tears up six more letters. Enter* Moira *and* Mrs. O'Grady.

Mrs. C. Good morning. I understand your granddaughter wants to come and work here?

Mrs. O'Grady. She does that. Sure and begorra, but I don't know what the world's coming to.

Mrs. C. (*with a smile of infinite wisdom*). We none of us know that, Mrs. O'Grady.

Mrs. O'G. (*in hearty agreement*). It 's the truth ye 're speaking. Ye 'll be a grandmother yourself, maybe?

Mrs. C. Maybe. My married daughter is expecting a baby. I 'm waiting to hear any minute.

Mrs. O'G. Well, glory be to God, and it 's a fine bouncing girl it 'll be, if it 's not a boy!

Mrs. C. Well, I 'll take on Moira here, and I shall be very pleased to see you, Mrs. O'Grady, any time you care to drop in for a chat.

Mrs. O'G. It 's too busy you must be to be bothering with the likes of me.

Mrs. C. I 'm never too busy to talk about life, Mrs. O'Grady. Well, Moira, run along now. And remember—"whether work or whether play, always speak the truth."

Moira (*rapturously*). Ochone; but I'll do my best.

Mrs. C. The best can do no more. Run along, little headstrong.

Exit Moira *and* Mrs. O'G. *Re-enter* Nora.

Mrs. C. It 's a strange world, isn't it, Nora?

Nora. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. C. But it 's the little things that count.

[*She smiles bravely and goes on with her work.*

CURTAIN.



Young Wife (*in thrilling stage-whisper*). "GERALD DARLING, IT'S ALL RIGHT; THE NEW MAID 'S GOING TO UNPACK HER TRUNK."

ACT II.—*The rest-room. Eleven o'clock. A number of young ladies with various dialects come in, undress and go out again. Enter* Moira *and* Lady Ellaline Lanark, *a mannequin.*

Moira. One of the girls was after saying that it 's the daughter of a duke ye are.

Lady E. Oh, quite a measly one.

Moira. Think of that, now. You and me must be friends. Are all those pearls ye 're wearing real?

Lady E. Most of them; I don't remember which. Have you plenty?

Moira. My mother gave me a string from Woolworth's for me last birthday.

Lady E. (*taking off a few ropes*). Have some of these. Where do you live?

Moira. Bethnal Green.

Lady E. How repulsive! All that way out in the country! Why don't you come and stay with me in Park Lane?

Moira. Is it Park Lane ye live in?

Lady E. Oh, the dreariest house, my dear; only seventeen bathrooms. What sort of car have you got?

Moira. I haven't one at all, at all.

Lady E. Oh, my dear, how *too* infuriating to have to be dependent on taxis! I say, let 's run over to the Carlton and have some champagne cocktails and caviar. I 've got the Bentley and the Rolls outside—or I can phone for the Hispano, if you'd rather.

Moira. Me go to the Carlton!

Lady E. Why not? We both belong to the working-classes. But you can hardly go in that dress. Why not take that chinchilla coat out of the cupboard?

Moira. Oh, but that would be stealing.

Lady E. Nonsense! The firm can easily afford it. You want to look nice. I 'm meeting a few dukes there. I expect one of them would like to marry you.

Moira. My mother says titles are vanity.

Lady E. She 's quite right. They don't mean a thing nowadays. Come on.

[*They go out. Enter* Nora *furtively. She steals an ermine cloak, wraps it up in brown-paper and goes out.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.—*Same as Act I. One o'clock.*

Mrs. Cardigan *and* Nora *discovered.*

Mrs. C. Nora, there are two fur-coats missing. Both in one morning too. I hate to think such a thing of any of my girls, but I 'm afraid we must have a thief in our midst.

Nora. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. C. It 's an ugly thought, Nora.

[Moira *enters, wearing the chinchilla coat.*

Moira. Excuse me, Madam, I opened the wrong door.

Mrs. C. Just a minute, Moira. What are you doing in that coat?

Moira. It 's not meself as could say, Madam. I—I just put it on.

Mrs. C. (*very grieved*). So it 's you who are the thief. Oh, Moira! And you with such a nice grandmother too!

Moira (*wildly*). I am not a thief. I am not, I tell you. I am not!



The Winner. "Nah then, nip orf 'ome an' write a War-book."

Mrs. C. It 'll be much easier for you if you 'll own up, Moira. I 'm not a hard woman, really. I shouldn't like to send for the police, but I shall have to if you don't confess.

Moira. You can't. There aren't anny men in the play. I 've looked at the programme.

Mrs. C. I might find a woman policeman. Or at least I could tell your grandmother.

Moira. You wouldn't do that! Oh, you wouldn't do that, Mrs. Cardigan! It 'd break my grannie's heart, so it would.

Mrs. C. You should have thought of that before.

Nora. Wait! I 'm a thief, too. I stole the ermine coat. And let me tell you that it isn't fair to pay young girls starvation wages, take their youth and their looks and their vitality, and surround them with all this luxury, and then expect them to go straight, while you get all the profit. Aren't we human beings?

[*She proceeds to recite a passage from one of the earlier plays of* John Galsworthy.

Mrs. C. Just a minute, Nora. I 'd like you to have a look at our last balance-sheet.

[*She produces it from a drawer, and explains it, proving conclusively that the firm is running at a dead loss.*

Nora. Oh, I 'm sorry. I didn't understand.

[*A girl comes in with a telegram.* Mrs. Cardigan *opens it and breaks into benevolent smiles.*

Mrs. C. And now, you two. How would you like to keep those coats you 've stolen? I can afford to be generous to-day. I 've just heard that my daughter has triplets. You run along, Moira, and tell the other girls that they can each take one article out of stock to celebrate.

Moira. Isn't it the broth of a woman ye are?

Mrs. C. That 's how we do business, Moira. And when you go home you might tell your grannie that now I 'm a grannie too. (*Exit* Moira.) It 's a small world, isn't it, Nora?

Nora. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. C. But a little kindness makes all the difference. And after all we 're all women.

Curtain.

Offers which seem too Good to be True.

"A Small House and Large Garden, with few friendly neighbours around."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Things which might have been Phrased more Daintily.

"A sentence of two months' imprisonment in the second division passed on —— ——, a servant employed by the vicar of —— for shoplifting, was remitted . . ."

Daily Paper.

"Boat Race Practice.
Oxford Bursts."

Oxford Paper.

In our day we waited until Boat-Race night to break training.

There was a young lady of Hyères
Who spent all the day drinking *bière*,
Still it wasn't her fault
But was due to the salt
That exudes from the neighbouring sea-air.

OUR BIG FIGHT.

III.

Wych Minor.

THE week has been full of sensations in camp. It began with the legal bother. The Boxing Committee of Great Britain has applied for an injunction to restrain the fight on the extraordinary ground that neither of our Lout-Weights is able to box. Our defence was swift and sharp. "Who said they could?" we answered. They are two very large men well able to hurt each other in one way or another; and the people will pay any money to see two very large men in short pants hurting each other. Whether it is called boxing or biting, we said, "is to us a redundant consideration."

Frightened by the last phrase and by the appearance of Bloom and Gecko (who were in court) the Judge dismissed the application.

Then "Biting" Bloom and his manager began to make trouble. Bloom wants a Pact. It seems that somebody lent Lew Swab a newspaper on Sunday and the Naval Conference has gone to his head. "Gouger" Gecko, forecasting the issue of the fight in an interview reported the other day, said, "I shall go for the pituitary gland. The 'Biter's' glands are mushy." At a private meeting of the managers, attended by nine hundred newspaper-men, Lew Swab pointed out that it was against the rules of combat already agreed upon to go for the pituitary gland. Seth Snout answered heatedly that his principal had been misreported and threatened to call the fight off. The two managers then struck each other and were separated by the Press. Lew Swab said he would strike Seth again unless Gecko signed an undertaking not to violate his agreement to keep the rules. Seth Snout agreed to this and it was thought that all was well. But this evening a statement was issued from Gecko's camp pointing out that by Rule 7 there were no fouls. Lew retorted at once that the rule in question covered fair fouls, but that there was such a thing as a foul foul—for instance, the carrying of pepper in the hair (one of Gecko's favourite tricks).

Seth then demanded a signed covenant from Lew that Bloom would not bite Gecko twice in the same place. Bloom's manager agreed to this in return for a covenant from Gecko that he would not violate his undertaking to observe his agreement to keep the rules. Seth accepted this, and the covenants were duly signed. And now Bloom is asking Gecko for an over-riding Pact to keep the covenant to observe his undertaking not to violate his agreement to keep the rules. The managers are busy searching for a formula. There is no doubt that Bloom is rattled. Gecko says that the "Biter's" glands are cold.

But there is no sign of this in Bloom's



"GOUGER" GECKO (FACING EAST).
(*Note the powerful neck-muscles.*)

modest but confident pronouncement issued to-day:—

"WHY I SHALL WIN.

I shall kill Gecko. Listeners on the wireless had better tune in punctual if they want to hear the 'Gouger's' last gasp. First I shall bite Gecko in the rump, like I killed 'Scratching' Earwig. Then I shall kick him in the stomach. I have a secret stomach-kick I am keeping special for Gecko. The toe-punch I



GECKO'S MOTHER
(WATCHING AND WAITING AT ITCH).

flattened 'Toss' Wolski with was a mere caress compared with my new stomach-kick. Before the first round terminates G. G. will wish he had made friends earlier. But Gecko will do a world of wishing that night. Before the second round is over he will wish he had stuck to stamp-keeping. After the stomach-kick I shall bite him in the back of the neck. I know a spot north of the spine. Soon as Gecko feels my poisonous canines there he'll lick the linoleum. Then I shall fall on him, and Gecko's seconds will toss the wiper. I am sorry for the 'Gouger's' womenfolk (if he has one), but her troubles won't pause me. Gecko 's going to the Golden Gates."

Gecko received a mass-meeting of newspaper-men a few hours later, and from the text of his address it will be seen that both men are equally confident:—

"WHY I SHALL WIN.

I shall bash Bloom. Before Bloom knows he is in the ring he will be out of it. A quick settle-up with his manager and then Bloom's next bill will be the mortician's. I shall pinch Bloom's femoral artery. This will immobilise the legs. Next I shall go for the lymphatic glands. Wearing my man down, in the second round I shall whip off his ears. Unable to move or hear, I shall then go for his eyes. A spot of cayenne in the hair, a couple of head-shakes and the thing is done. Goodbye, Bloom!"

Gecko, interviewed later, confessed that he was dog-sick of boxing. "I want to get back to my stamps," said the big Dago. Bloom said that, once champion, he would settle down with his mother and his gold-fish. "And I mean to take up painting," he added.

A. P. H.

RHYMES OF DOMESTIC PROSE.

REVOLT.

"I WILL arise and go now"—but *not* to Innisfree,
For I should have no peace there from domesticity.
I 'd rather see my luggage in some well-run hotel
Where I might lounge at leisure and freely ring the bell.
And oh! the meals I 'll have there in glorious surprise,
Not yesterday's boiled mutton recooked in some disguise.
And no one will upbraid me because the meat is tough
And no fears will assail me that there is not enough.
I shall not as a duty look out for moth or rust
Or run a blameful finger across a plane of dust.
I will not slack the fire nor count the cost of coal,
For ease of mind and body shall be my chosen goal.
"I will arise and go now"—but where you may not guess;
So mind the house, dear husband; I'm leaving no address.

W. M. L.



Small Film-Fan (after seeing her first play). "Please, Daddy, can't we wait and see it round again?"

OUR ORNAMENTAL POND.

II.

I told you last week about the Ornamental Pond which our Battalion made on the waste ground near the Sergeants' Mess, and which was not half so ornamental as Lieutenant Swordfrog, its originator, had hoped. Well, everybody's spirit was rather broken by the affair, and so the pond was just ignored by all. Particularly by Sergeant Haversack, who ignored it so completely one dark night that he tried to take a short cut across it.

Then last week, when in the throes of smartening up the barracks and the troops for a grand inspection by General Deustaykit, we suddenly remembered the Ornamental Pond and wondered what on earth to do about it. Some of us were for piling earth up over it and calling it an Ornamental Mound, or an Ancient British Tumulus (omitted from the map), but the various schedules gave no authority for *Mounds, Ornamental, Sergeants' Messes'*, or even for *Tumuli, Sergeants' Messes', Ancient British, Map, Omitted from the.* Others were for erecting a wooden shed over it and calling it simply "Appropriation No. 42," but then the General might open the door and enter both shed and pond before anyone could stop him.

At last Colonel Howitzer put his foot down and said, "An Ornamental Pond it is, and an Ornamental Pond it 's damn well going to stay," or words to that effect; and so a squad under Lieutenant Holster's direct supervision at once set to work to include it in the general smartening up.

Holster did his job well. He cleaned it out and had fresh water put in and a lot of moss all round the edge, and then he went into Havershot and bought a pint of mixed goldfish. His batman, disappearing into the countryside under sealed orders, also bought some water-lily leaves and flowers. He returned saying he didn't have time to buy roots

with them because a gardener saw him; but as they had only to last out the General's visit it didn't matter.

Next, Private Muzzle, who has such a well-known affinity for livestock, was appointed by Holster to be Official Curator of the Battalion Goldfish. That he approached his job with both keenness and sympathy was evident when only the next morning he came up to Holster after parade, saluted smartly, and reported that Rosie seemed a bit off colour. Upon Holster's looking startled and asking apprehensively who Rosie was, Muzzle explained that it was the "mejum-sized one, Sir, with the sort of red marching order." He then continued, with some detail, to the effect that Prince and Yaller were tired after their journey, that Lightning and Sunbeam were inclined to hide in the central rockery, that Sergeant-Major Magazine II. was normal (knowing Private Muzzle's idea of humour, Holster at once realised that this was the large fat one with the open mouth), and that the 'Arf-Quid was as frisky as you like and fair nipping about. He also added darkly that that there Private Pullthrough had been seen with a home-made fishing-rod and that it would be advisable to set an armed guard on the pond that night.

When Holster had recovered, he issued a stern ukase that no one was to touch a single scale, fin or carat, and departed to tell the Colonel that the Ornamental Pond was now Ornamental enough for any General to see and enjoy on the following day.

* * * * *

It started by being one of those days. Apparently the General, looking over his records, had discovered that he had not found anything wrong with us for the last three inspections; moreover we think he must have been a trifle liverish. So, for the good of our health and his own, he came determined to find things wrong.

This of course is easy for any General. He merely arrives ten minutes early or, worse still, from an unexpected direction, and the damage is done. Your inspection is a total loss right away.

So it was with us. We had never had such a shaking up, and it was a very miserable procession that at last arrived apprehensively in sight of the Sergeants' Mess, where Private Muzzle was standing proudly to attention beside his charge. That Ornamental Pond we felt would be the finish of us.

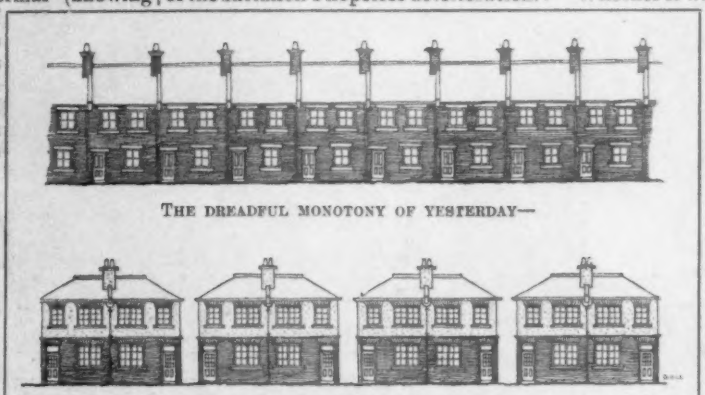
"What 's this thing?" snorted General Deustaykit, as we all tried not to notice it.

"A pon', Sir. With golefish, Sir," replied Muzzle before anyone could stop him.

"Never heard of such foolishness," remarked the General peevishly. "What d' ye want a *pond* for?"

Everyone at once racked his brains to find a good excuse for having such an obviously foolish thing.

"A pond with goldfish indeed!" continued the General. "Really the condition of this battalion is. . . ." He broke off to peer into the pond, of which the water, crystal clear, gave no indication of inhabitants. "And there aren't any goldfish, either," he added petulantly, as though this were the last proof of the battalion's hopeless deterioration.



THE DREADFUL MONOTONY OF YESTERDAY—

HAS NOW BEEN CORRECTED.

Holster was roused by this slur. "Yes, Sir, I believe there are," he said, and we were amazed at his temerity. "A pint of them—I mean seven."

"Humph!" went the General disbelievingly.

"They 're hiding in them rocks, Sir," volunteered Muzzle, also up in arms in defence of his charges and blissfully unaware of the General's state of temper. The rest of us just stood around miserably and wondered what was going to happen.

"Can't see a single one," retorted the General, but looking into the pond with a faint show of interest, for he was a fisherman.

"I put something in to clear the water like and it must have scared 'em," explained Muzzle, though we could think of another reason why the fish had scurried panic-stricken to shelter. In fact most of us were wishing we were goldfish.

"Perhaps, Sir," pursued Muzzle, still doing his best, "if I poured a drop of beer in, it might liven 'em up."

"Good Gad!" said the General, now with a distinct gleam of piscatory interest. "Does beer do that?"

"Yes, Sir," lied Muzzle.

"Is there any bee——" began the General, saw that we were near the Sergeants' Mess and did not finish the question.

Within half-a-minute a good quart of the best had been tipped in. Either by luck or else because they thought it was a ration of ants'-eggs the goldfish all sailed eagerly out of their dugouts.

"There, Sir!" cried Muzzle, vindicated; and, excited out of his usual deference, continued: "There 's Yaller and Sunbeam and Rosie, and that litt'e bloke is the 'Arf-Quid——" But before he could complete the Nominal Roll of Goldfish on the Strength he trod on a bit of Holster's best moss and with a mighty splash joined his charges. . . .

Whether it was the names or whether it was the inadvertent circus turn we shall never know, but by the time Muzzle, garlanded with waterlilies, had been dismissed to go and change, the General was no longer hostile, and by the time we had lured him into the Mess, under pretext of inspecting the Mess sherry, he was even friendly.

We agreed afterwards that the situation had been saved by Muzzle. Holster asserts that the Adjutant pushed the poor fellow in, butchering him to make a General's holiday; but the rest of us feel Muzzle did it on purpose. Not necessarily for the regiment's sake, but more probably to get free beer.

A. A.

More Social Sky-Scraping.

"Later the Duke and Duchess of New York dined with the King and Queen and then all four went to the theatre."—*American Paper.*

"Wanted to buy Monumental Shop: give full details in strict confidence."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

Our advice is to wait until Mr. TOM SHAW wants to get rid of the R.M.A.

"The bride wore an ivory georgette dress, with a Brussels net veil. The bridegroom wore the D.S.O. which he won in Irak in 1921."
Daily Paper.

We hope the ribbon was a warm one.

"If Jill hadn't pressed her hand to her mouth her heart must have fallen out—a golden, quivering thing, wet with tears."
Monthly Magazine.

Our diagnosis is cardiac displacement plus pernicious anæmia.

A FEARLESS DOCUMENT.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE flood of war-books is in full spate and scarcely a day passes without some poignant, stark, frank and fearless revelation. We peaceful women-authors must conform to the new methods. We too must be poignant, stark, frank and fearless. And why not? Peace has its horrors no less obscene than war.

In my great peace-time work, which will shortly be in the hands of my publishers, the reader is robbed of no detail however revolting, and at times the language is unbelievably indelicate.

I hesitated over the choice of a sufficiently harrowing subject. My family life had much to commend it, but I decided that, since revolting detail was to be the predominant feature, my golf club must have pride of place.

"Utterly fearless" will, I am confident, be the verdict of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, and utterly fearless, believe me, is the portrait of our secretary.

My climax is the description of the Autumn Meeting. All the incidents in the book are painful (some more so than others), but the Autumn Meeting is without doubt the most painful. Poignancy has here been given its head; starkness here has come into its own. Nothing could be starker, franker, coarser (in fact, more poignant) than Ethel Pinkerton's remarks on the eighteenth green. Kate Rumble's subsequent outburst in the ladies' cloak-room was in my opinion less searing, and it is only in deference to an ill-considered inhibition of my publishers that her observations are represented by lines of dots.

None of the characters or places in the book is real; that is to say, I have altered all their names.

HIS LADY'S LIPS.

NEVER did longing lover's fondness balk,
Bravely content to bear the many slips
Which keep us from the cup that Fancy sips,
Or Beauty's poet foot his garden-walk
To find his flowers heavy on the sta'k
That should have shaken incense from their tips,
Until some fool once praised a woman's lips—
"Vermilion-gashed across a face of chalk."

But then and there the feminine world saw red
And aniline dye went surging to the head,
While, finding kissing more and more in doubt,
Poets grew dumb, lovers left vows unsaid,
Waiting to catch unstained a smile or pout.
Thank Heaven! they say the craze is going out.

The Indian Problem in a Nutshell.

"People in India are often restless and bad-tempered because of peppery kernels and hot curries that give them indigestion."
Schoolboy's Essay.

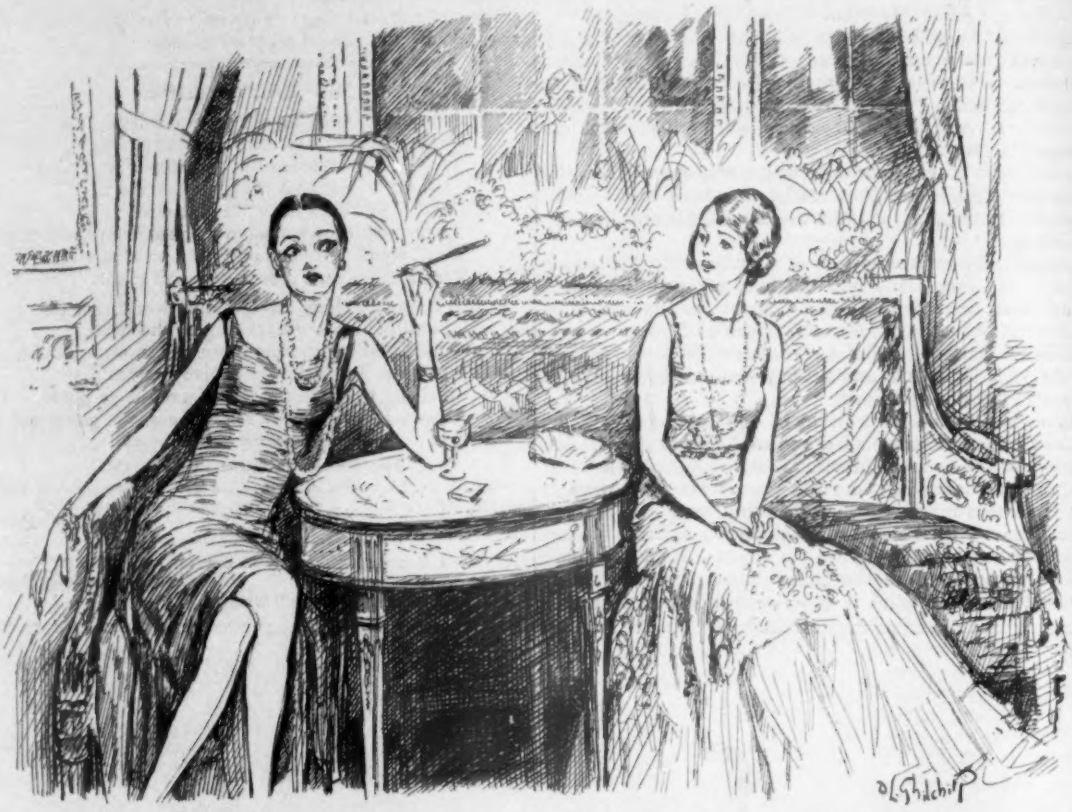
"A POWERLESS WIRELESS STATION FOR NANKING."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Obviously a misprint for "wireful."



Wife. "I'M WRITING A PAPER ON CALENDAR REFORM FOR OUR CLUB. DO YOU KNOW WHICH POPE IT WAS THAT GAVE US OUR PRESENT CALENDAR?"

Husband. "POPE? GOOD GRACIOUS! I THOUGHT IT ALWAYS CAME FROM THE GROCER."



"I WISH YOU WEREN'T SO MODERN, MOTHER. IT 'S TERRIBLY OUT OF DATE."

NAY PLOOSS OOLTRAH.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN.

I DO not say that the proper pronunciation of Latin will help Disarmament or reduce Mr. SNOWDEN's deficit, but it is a thing that wants attention.

I was at school at the time of the great change-over, when some frantic pedants persuaded the schools and universities to abandon the good old English pronunciation of Latin and substitute a kind of misbegotten Dago baby-talk. We boys did what we could by way of rebellion, and so, to do them justice, did some of the better-balanced masters. Little could be done in class, but we got our own back whenever there was a Latin hymn in chapel. There was a beautiful old favourite beginning—

"Jam lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,"

and I shall never forget the mutinous babel which resulted from the first few renderings of that hymn under the revolting New Pronunciation. You could hear the clever boys, the toadies, long-stops and new masters singing obsequiously a series of horrible sounds like—

"Yahm lukis orto seedairay
Dayoom prekaymoor sooplikayze,"

while the First Eleven, the small boys, the rackets pair, the cricket coach and the older masters would bellow defiantly the simple natural sounds which were good enough for our fathers.

Well, the cock-eyed innovationists wore us down, as they always will in matters of education. A determined gang of pedants can foist a new pronunciation on us as easily as the dance-instructors or fashion-mongers can get away with a new frock or foxtrot. But is it not time for another change? They have had a fair trial of their folly, and what is the result?

One result is that when my daughter and I have a little chat in Latin at the table we don't understand each other; we speak different languages. I like now and then (hoping I may secure respect in one way, if not in another) to throw off a Latin tag or two in the family circle; but they fall flat. Worse, they expose me to mockery and suspicion—the suspicion of being antique and out-of-date. Yesterday at supper I remarked rather aptly: "*In vino veritas.*"

One daughter looked at me blankly (but she has no Latin); the other said, "What?" (though she has a lot).

I said again, "*In vino veritas*, my dear."

"Oh," she said, "you mean 'In weeno wairitahss.'"

"No," I said, "I mean '*In vino veritas.*'"

"Well," she said, "Miss Loopy pronounces it 'In weeno wairitahss.'"

And it was clear that that settled it.

May mice breed in Miss Loopy's bedroom!

In my youth I was a classical scholar—well, exhibitioner. And to think that I should live to be put down by Miss Loopy! To think that there is a generation of children growing up who have never heard Latin spoken in the good old English way, a generation who solemnly believe that J. CÆSAR (or whoever it was) came home from a campaign and said to the intelligent Romans, "Wainee—weedee—weekee"! The Romans would have laughed.

I do not know how J. CÆSAR (if it was he) pronounced "*Veni—vidi—vici.*"

Nor, I maintain, does Miss Loopy. But Miss Loopy, it appears, and all the malignant legion of dons, do tell our innocent children that it was pronounced more like "Wainee—weedee—weekee" (my hat! it sounds like a patent-medicine) than my way. How do they know? And what does it matter if they do? They know the Romans wore curious clothes, but they don't think it necessary to put on togas for the Latin lesson. Nor, so far as I know, have they ventured to invent a New Pronunciation for Greek. No doubt that will come. I expect some frightful Cambridge gang is working it out now.

"J" in this tongue is pronounced "y," and Smith *major*, strictly, should be addressed, I understand, as Smith *mahyore* or *myore*. But is he? Have the dons the courage of their foul convictions? Do they say, "Smith *mahyore*, stop pinching Jones *meenore*"? If not, then let them scrap the horrid sham.

Thank Heaven, at least our Courts stand fast for sanity still. The lawyer is one of the few people who habitually uses Latin for practical purposes, and when I hear him murmuring his maxims in the New Mis-pronunciation I shall admit that the dons have really won. Is there a Judge on the Bench who would not order out of court a barrister who told him that the action of the defendants was, not *ultra vires*, but *ooltrah weerayze*? I hope not.

My favourite maxim is "*Nullum tempus occurrit regi*" (Time is no object to a Government department). I have too much respect for our Courts to believe that they will ever descend to "Noolloom tempooss occoorreet raygee." And I have too much respect for the Romans to believe that they went about making remarks like "Way weekteess" (*Vae victis!*), "Wairitahss praywahlaybeet" (*Veritas prævalebit*), and "See weess pahkem parah bellcom" (*Si vis pacem para bellum*). Nor do I believe that Julius Cæsar was known in the clubs as "Yuliooss Kayzar." And if he was I don't care. Shakespeare knew him as Julius Cæsar and that is good enough for my children and me. Do the dons talk about going to "Paree" for a week-end? No. Very well, then.

Un-English, fussy, erroneous and repellent pedants, give over! Your day is done. I give notice that from next Autumn, the beginning of the academic year, the schools and universities of this country will go back to the old pronunciation of Latin. I have the boys and girls behind me, and if the masters do not act I shall know what instructions to give to the pupils. Be very careful, dons. We have our eye on you. *Wairboom sahpientee.*

Feeneess. A. P. H.



Young Wife (to Friend). "Oh, yes, thank you, Cyril 's much better. But the doctor says he wants cheering up. I wonder if you 've got time to just pop in and show him your new overcoat?"

A Clear Case of "Rejobulation."

"When Sir Charles Madden retires in July from the post of chief of naval staff, Sir Charles Madden will succeed him in the highest position in the British navy."—*Vancouver Paper.*

Commercial Delicacy.

"Boccaccio Decameron. Revised translation. Few pages slightly loose. 7/6."
Bookseller's List.

"New Skating Material.
Felt is a novel material for skating purposes."
Daily Paper.

Still, we prefer ice.

Bovine Æsthetics.

"Chester —— attains fresh heights in his interpretation of Macdowell's 'To a Wild Rose.' Nothing could be more touching than this idyllic musical picture of kine lowing in ode to wayside blossoms."
New Zealand Paper.

We certainly have an indelible memory of the Shorthorn which last summer mooed its appreciation of our hollyhocks in elegiacs.

"Surefoot pursued his lips thoughtfully."
Daily Paper Serial.

A runaway chin must be even worse.



A GOOD CONVERSATIONAL OPENING.

Intense Young Woman (after a quite successful dance). "AND NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MEET MENTALLY."

THE DANDELION.

[Professor JOHN DAVIDSON, University of British Columbia, has praised the morals of the dandelion.]

O VERNAL suns, O vernal breezes blowing,
O, I repeat, ye winds and suns of Spring,
Is it a dandelion you set growing,
This ostentatious touzle-headed thing?
Though he be young, exhibiting but one flower,
'Twill instantaneously run to seed,
And I detest this low herbaceous sunflower
And for the most part treat him as a weed.

I may be wrong. The rose excels in beauty,
The lily is exceedingly refined,
But the imperative of moral duty
Appeals much more to his responsive mind;
Let the rose stray with raptured vice erroneous,
He has a probity beyond all praise;
His every part with all the rest harmonious,
He scorns delights and lives laborious days.

The roots and leaves of broom perform no function;
The dandelion may despise the broom;
His ungalled spirit has no need of unction,
He never gives a lazy leaflet room;
While parasites, like ivy, say, or dodder,
Leave other plants to labour in their stead,
And rob and murder to obtain their fodder,
The decent dandelion earns his bread.

Orchids are idlers, growing fat and fatter,
Owning no task, oblivious of toil;
Dining on half-decayed organic matter,
They draw no honest sustenance from soil;
The dandelion, who is not a shirker,
Stakes out a claim in any corner which
Affords him root-room; he is the hard worker
Duly self-made, and they the idle rich.

And yet no poet wreathes his brow with laurel
To sing of him, as far as I 'm aware,
And I detest him; though he may be moral,
For his morality I do not care;
He is a most uncomfortable neighbour,
He is a grasping money-grubbing soul,
And I shall lift this paragon of labour,
Blanch him and put him in the salad-bowl.

Satisfaction which Reveals a Buoyant Spirit.

"Sofia.—The elections for the communal councils were marked by disorders in the rural districts. Altogether five were killed.
The Prime Minister states that he was pleased with the results."
Penang Paper.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

". . . at the —— Town Council meeting Mr. —— said he understood that it took eight or nine hours to empty the swimming-bath, and he thought that this could be improved by increasing the size of the outlet-pipe."—*South African Paper.*

". . . the Swedish naturalist Linnaeus suggested the structural similarity between the anthropoid ape and man and grouped them together as the highest type of the mammalian order known as the Primate. The theory was long discredited by theology. . . ."
Indian Paper.

His Grace of Canterbury is above flattery of this kind.



THE EMACIATED MERCHANT.

JOHN BULL (*as Antonio*). "TAKE THEN THY FIFTEEN MILLION POUNDS OF FLESH—IF THOU CANST FIND THEM ON ME."

From an undiscovered Edition of "The Merchant of Venice."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 31st.—Nelson, it appears, had other things besides the Nelson touch. He had, for example, some furniture that is now on loan to the *Victory*, but is shortly to be sold. Mr. MacDonald expressed himself as deeply in sympathy with the idea of buying the stuff for the nation, but did not feel that the cause was one to which the national exchequer could contribute. It does look like a deserving case for one of our millionaire patriots.

After the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs had read out the names of the Egyptian Delegation to the Anglo-Egyptian Conference—some of which caused Members with a knowledge of Egyptian Affairs to look at each other with some uneasiness—the House divided on the Government's motion to suspend the eleven-o'clock rule.

Shouts of enthusiastic delight from the Opposition and looks of mingled astonishment and disgust from the Treasury Bench greeted the line-up of the Tellers which indicated a Government defeat. The Conservatives sought to consolidate their success later by a motion to adjourn, but by this time the Government Whips had gone out into the highways and hedges and compelled them to come in, with the result that Sir Austen Chamberlain's motion was defeated by a margin of ten votes.

This momentary discomfiture of the Government is attributable first to an unusually heavy Conservative attendance—the outcome of some pretty straight talking by the Whips; secondly to the absence of the Scottish Liberals at a junket of their own in Edinburgh; and lastly to the practice which is growing up among the Northern Socialists of stretching the week-end well into Monday evening. It seems likely that they will have to take an earlier farewell of their constituents in future or that the Government will have to forgo late sittings on Mondays.

There ensued a debate on the Government policy with regard to conscientious objectors which gave the hundred-per-cent patriots and the hundred-per-cent pacifists an opportunity of advancing their respective views with some heat, but amounted, when boiled down to bare facts, to nothing of any moment.

Tuesday, April 1st.—The Lords, led by Lord Onslow and the Archbishop of Canterbury, made an attack upon the Secretary of State for War to-day, the intensity of which seemed slightly out of proportion to the matter involved—the Government's decision to withdraw, after October next, its financial support from the Church Lads Brigade and other Cadet organisations.

In fairness to the Primate it should be explained that the assailants did not all display the same warmth. Lord De La Warr was not slow to take advantage of their divided outlook and point out that, while by some it was claimed that the movement had no military purpose, others were declaring that it constituted one of the greatest reserves of officers the country had.

His further remarks so exasperated another ex-War Office stalwart, Lord Peel, that he described the "moral and educational reasons" on which the Minister based his decision as "foul charges" calculated to give satisfaction to nobody but "passive resisters, conscientious objectors and other degenerates."

Impressive when all is well, the Lord Privy Seal becomes positively majestic in adversity. To-day he had to confess that the five 7,000-ton freighters that he had arranged should be built to carry British coal to Canada in return for grain cargoes had been *spurlos versenkt.* A steady fall in freights and an excess of idle tonnage was the reason he gave the House for letting the prospective owners of the keels in question off their bargain. It was unkind therefore of Sir Frederick Hall to intimate first of all that freights had not fallen, and secondly that no shipowner in complete possession of his faculties would nowadays contemplate building a 7,000-ton freighter.

As against that, Mr. Thomas effectively demonstrated his own financial sagacity by explaining to the House that in February last he had urged the Canadian Wheat Pool to sell at $1.47. The Pool had not taken his advice and wheat now stood at $1.03. Unless there is room in the same Cabinet for two financial wizards, Mr. Snowden had better look to his laurels.

Questioned from various quarters of the House about the adumbrated Mediterranean Pact the Prime Minister said that the Government did not contemplate commitments in excess of those imposed by the League of Nations Covenant and the Locarno Treaty. This answer did not satisfy Mr. Hore-Belisha, who wished to know if he was to understand that there was no difference between the French and British Governments on the matter of the Mediterranean Pact.

"Is it in order for the Liberals to badger the Prime Minister while the Naval Conference is sitting?" asked Mr. Bracken, a sally that even the Liberals greeted with wintry smiles.

There *may* be an income-tax payer or two who is not yet aware that it is the duty of tax-collectors in the early months of the year to "act vigorously." He may now take it, from Mr. Snowden's answer to a question, that it is so.

Members' faces fell when the Prime Minister announced that the Easter Recess would last from April 17th to April 29th only. They will be calling it the Workhouse of Commons soon.

Wafted by the now favouring Liberal gale, the Coal Mines Bill made progress through the Report stage. Only a cat's-paw of adverse wind, in the shape of a sharp reminder by the Labour Member for Wolverhampton that a Government is responsible for the results of the legislation it introduces, marred the even tenor of Mr. Graham's way.

Wednesday, April 2nd.—Religious oppression in Russia is a major theme,



The Anti-Cadet Bull. "I don't seem to get much sympathy from the other side of the barrier."
Mr. Tom Shaw, Lord Peel, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Onslow.

and the PRIMATE'S assault on the citadel of the godless was formidable with fact and full of dignified emotion. He concluded a speech couched in the language of extreme moderation with an appeal to the Soviet Government to found its new world on the elementary principles of religion and justice.

Other speeches took a more strenuous line. Lord BUCKMASTER, for example, offered the curious remark that religion had never had its roots deep in the hearts of the Russian people. Lord NEWTON accepted Lord PARMOOR'S view that remonstrance to the Soviets would do no good, but flatly declined to accept the view that Russia was a "friendly" Power. The quaintest speech of the occasion came however from Lord PONSONBY. They must, he declared, give up trying to understand the Soviet system or the Soviet character. We may well wonder what is the use of striving, as Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON would have us do, to have friendly relations with people whose methods and minds we cannot and must not hope to fathom?

The Commons in Question-time found themselves embroiled in a new conundrum: "When is a commitment not a commitment?" The answer is: "When it is an interpretation of Article XVI. of the Covenant of the League of Nations and not an amendment of it." Colonel WEDGWOOD continued to smell a rat.

The House is quite accustomed to hearing the PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES handing another little bit of the bird to the West Indian sugar industry. He varied the procedure to-day by giving the bird to Mr. C. WILLIAMS, the Unionist Member for Torquay. A piece of sugar sitting by the sugar-bowl's brim is not just a piece of sugar to Dr. SHIELS. It may be Barbados B.H.10.12 or it may be D.625. "Would the MINISTER say what were the parents of the last-named variety?" asked Mr. WILLIAMS, warming to his investigative work. The House craned its neck, expecting to hear that the sire of this promising entrant for the Saccharine Stakes was Champion Synthesis and its dam Lady Laevulose. Dr. SHIELS, however, grew suddenly uncommunicative, declaring that he had given Mr. WILLIAMS quite enough information to assimilate in one afternoon.

A further debate on the Coal Bill threw into lurid relief the essential division in the Liberal Party. Mr. RUNCIMAN pointed out with great vigour and clarity that by retaining the district levy in the Bill and permitting domestic bunker coal to be levied on for a subsidy to exported bunker coal the Government would be offering a strong inducement to ships to bunker abroad.

Mr. GRAHAM, knowing that the Liberal Party, though it might still bark, was pledged by its leaders not to bite, remained unmoved by this argument, and Sir HERBERT SAMUEL was forced to declare rather feebly that he accepted the MINISTER'S assurance that in his Ministerial capacity he would see that British bunker coal was not put at a disadvantage as compared with exported bunker coal.

Rejecting by a handsome majority these efforts to debunker the Bill the House set about the Third Reading. Mr. BATEY was understood to say that, though not ideal, the Bill had its points.

Thursday, April 3rd.—None of the heat and passion that are supposed to inflame the causeries of the Art critics communicated itself to the Lords' discussion of the BRANGWYN panels which the Select Committee has reported as unsuitable to adorn the Royal Gallery. Lord DONOUGHMORE spoke deprecatingly of his "ignorant opinion." Lord NEWTON referred to himself as "one of no authority on art." Nevertheless the House seemed unanimously of the opinion that, as Lord BEAUCHAMP put it, "it was almost an impossibility to get an artist of to-day to decorate the Gallery in harmony with the taste and the fashion of eighty years ago, and the best course was to leave the Gallery as it was."

Why under these obvious circumstances so great and un-Victorian an artist as Mr. FRANK BRANGWYN should have been commissioned to make the panels has not yet been explained.

A speech of Lord DUNEDIN criticising the Board of Inland Revenue's passion for making frivolous appeals to the House of Lords, brought the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord HAILSHAM about his ears in stern repudiation of what they clearly construed as a reflection upon the intelligence of the Law Officers of the Crown.

In the Commons the PRIME MINISTER declared the Government's unalterable determination to go on administering Palestine as a national home for the Jews under the League of Nations' Mandate, and added, not very encouragingly, that they would immediately provide the police forces required to secure civil peace. Mr. BALDWIN and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE expressed their satisfaction at the announcement.

The concluding stages of the Third Reading of the Coal Mines Bill were enlivened by a long and waggish speech by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Behind this smoke-screen of lively humour the Leader of the Liberal Party escaped into the obscurity that has at all times shrouded that Party's change of heart in connection with the Bill. The principal Conservative critics of the Bill, Mr. BALDWIN and Sir ROBERT HORNE, discovered in it at least one satisfactory element. Neither of the other parties, they said, could thereafter consistently decry Protection, for here was artificial Protection more extreme than any Tariff.

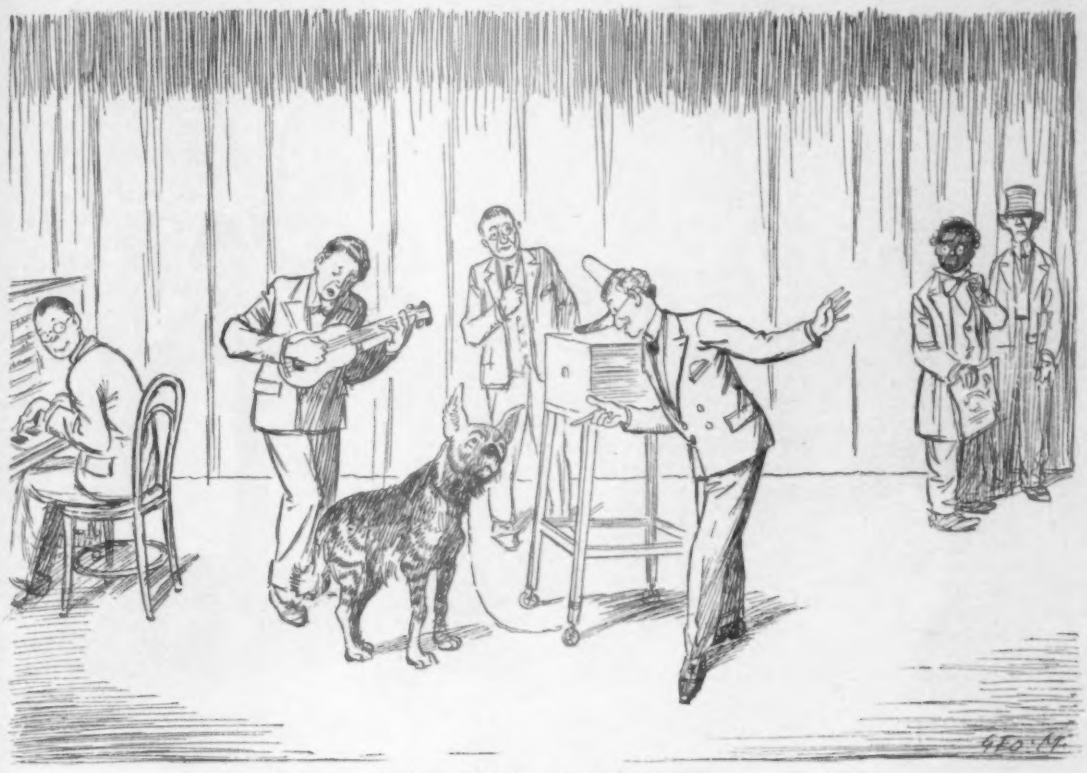
The Third Reading was carried by a majority of two-hundred-and-seventy-seven to two-hundred-and-thirty-four, the Liberals abstaining from voting, and the House passed to a topic more within the grasp of the Government's supporters—the abolition of the death penalty for military offences—and after a rather noisy debate rejected an Amendment to retain the penalty for the soldier who "induces others to show cowardice."



AN UNSYMPATHETIC ASSISTANT.

"I hope Uncle Arthur won't think that my testimony has queered his pitch."

LORD PONSONBY.



TROUBLES OF BROADCASTING.

The Hyena that refused to laugh.

PASTORAL.

[An evening paper calls attention to the fact that a campaign is to be conducted against the Worcestershire warble-fly by means of a newly-invented patent soap. Good results are expected, but there is danger, as the author of the following lines points out, of sentiment proving too strong for the would-be executioner.

Editorial Note: Our contributor informs us that he had intended to write this little song in the Worcestershire dialect, but it gave out and he had to fall back on Loamshire.]

Oh, as I wor drivin' down-along
By Upton Snodsbury
I seed a gradely warble-fly
A-warbling on a tree;
He warbled up and down the scale
And never off the key.

With his Do Re Mi
Fa Sol La Si
Do.

The breeze wor blowin' gorble-like,
The sun wor in the sky;
And still he warbled on and on,
That liddle warble-fly;
I give him a bumblesome sort o' look
And he looked back at I.

With his Hey nonny nonny,
His Hey nonny nonny
No.

I had my tin of patent soap
Beside me in the cart;
I meant to smear a dab on he,
But there! I couldn't start,
For he sang a song of Home, Sweet Home,
A song that touched my heart.

With his fol-de-rol-de-riddle,
His fol-de-rol-de-riddle
I-do.

Oh! take me back to Worcester,
For it 's there that I would be,
In fair White Ladies Aston
Or in pleasant Ombresley,
When the sauce is in the bottle
And the warble warbles free.

With his tiddley-iddley-om,
His tiddley-iddley-om
Pom, pom. P. G. W.

More Commercial Candour.

"Silk Stocking Sale.
5/11 a Pair. Last 4 Days."

"Patiala Prize for the best picture in the accidental style: 'New Year's Song,' by A. X. ——, Bombay."—*Indian Paper.*

The style of some of our modernist friends is so accidental as to be almost dangerous.

SLEEPING DOGS.

We were discussing road-signs, not, as you might think, as yet another means of taxation, but generally.

The talk had begun by one of the company saying that he had seen, on the Great West Road, not far from London, a notice which read—

ARE YOU GOING TO BRAY?

"Silly question!" he said. "What do they imagine a horn's for?"

Someone then developed a comic idea: "It would make a good extravaganza," he said, "if you took an impressionable man and made him follow the advice of all the hoarding advertisements. He would have not only to bray but to mix his drinks disastrously, from meat-juice and stout to many kinds of whisky and port; he would have to eat cereals, stay at a dozen different hotels, rush off to the Riviera, read the strangest Sunday papers and exhaust his income on things he did not want."

"For my part," said a saturnine guest, "there is only one notice that I



TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN-RIDER.

Lady (to jockey who has had a heavy fall, lost his horse and a good bet). "OH, HOW CLEVER! LOOK AT THE DEAR GOING ON JUMPING WITH THE OTHERS JUST AS IF YOU HADN'T FALLEN OFF."

would have on any hoarding, and that is:—

RESTRAIN THAT IMPULSE.

And I'll tell you why. A little while ago I read a book which moved me. It was a soppy book and I ought never to have opened it, but I was ill at the time. My defences were not what they should be; I was in short not myself, as we say. I don't know who I was, but some idiot.

"The result was that I took to reviewing my life, brooding on it, in fact, until I declined into that most deplorable of all mental activities—I began to make good resolutions. Directly I was well I vowed I would celebrate my recovery by becoming more human, less detached. For too long I had been living a selfish retired life, avoiding all contact with my kith and kin. I would now be gregarious and cordial. Very Dickensy, wasn't it? But I repeat I was ill.

"The first thing I did after getting better—but of course nothing like well enough—was to write letters to all sorts of relations I had been out of touch with for years and say I hoped they were going along all right and were prosperous and happy. The reformed *Scrooge* couldn't have done more than that."

He paused and glowered.

"I've been regretting it ever since," he continued. "You see, it hadn't occurred to me that they would answer. All I was thinking of was myself and my change of heart and the faces my kind words were going to gladden. No wonder I want the world covered with posters urging people to suppress their impulses.

"I had forgotten that such overtures as these, after so long a period of disregard, would probably bring forth replies. But they did. The first letter I opened was from my sister-in-law, my brother's widow, who said that, although she should continue to mention me in her prayers, she hoped that I should not again break the rule of silence which to her great satisfaction I had made for myself."

He drew some envelopes from his pocket. "I'll read you one or two of the others," he said. "Here's one:—

'DEAR COUSIN,—Your letter with its assurance of re-born interest in us touched us all intensely, and it emboldens me to ask if you would add to your kindness by making a small temporary loan of, say, fifty pounds, as we don't know where else to look for it, and, as your very unexpected letter implies, families should stick together.'

"That was one. Here's another, from a nephew:—

'DEAR UNCLE HENRY,—Thanks awfully for your letter, which came like a bolt from the blue. Since you are so keen about me and my affairs, let me tell you that I am on the brink of an invention which only needs a couple of hundred pounds to put me right on to my feet and very likely make a millionaire of me. To a rich man like you this sum is nothing, but to me it is all in all. In notes for choice.'

"But the next is the pick of the

bunch. Not from the relation I wrote to but from the governor of his gaol:—

'Dear Sir,—Your letter addressed to —— —— has been handed to me, as prisoners are not allowed to receive them. Your relation will be liberated at 8 A.M. on the thirteenth of next month, and I feel convinced that you will make it your concern to be at the gates to meet him and help him towards his new start in life.'

"There! That's what impulse has done for me." E. V. L.

In Memoriam.

COSIMA WAGNER.

1837—1930.

Daughter of Liszt, the Merlin of his art,
She gave her hand to Bülow, not her heart,
And, tiring soon of those domestic ties
Which unemancipated women prize,
She linked her lot with Wagner's at an hour
When Fortune frowned and Fame withheld her dower.

Others were crushed beneath his conquering car;
She was of steel and knew no wound nor scar.
Nor solely by reflected lustre lit
Her name on Music's golden roll is writ.
Hers was the firm indomitable will
That never fails its purpose to fulfil,
And in the madness of Bavaria's King
Found means to foster and preserve *The Ring*.
Therefore, "whatever record leaps to light,"
Whatever scribes or gossip-mongers write—
Tales of imperious intolerance,
Of semi-regal pomp and circumstance,
Undue adherence to outworn tradition,
Undue insistence on her sacred mission,
And lack of kindly humour which repels
The cheerful wearer of the cap and bells—
Nothing is here for censure or for blame;
Nothing can dispossess her of the claim
To have beyond all others held control
Of Wagner's dark ungovernable soul.

Fitly in Bayreuth, where till yesterday
She held her sovran undisputed sway,
In peace she lies at Wahnfried by the side
Of him whose fame all challenge has defied,
Nurse and enkindler of a flame divine
And jealous priestess of its central shrine.

C. L. G.

"Greyhound Director Criticises His Board."
Evening Paper.

Some of these directors develop *such* expensive ideas about food.



Lady. "Is it difficult to write well?"
Budding Author. "Not at all, but it *is* difficult to make people realise that one does."

Municipal Eugenics.

"Canberra's White Elephants. Effort to Make Them Reproductive."
Melbourne Paper.

"Ambassador —— was one of the most attentive listeners, with knit brows and biting off the nails."—*Manchurian Paper.*

Very manicurious behaviour.

"You will very rarely see anyone dining dressed in a grillroom. . . ."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

Or wearing a cafeteria on his head.

A Headache for Freudians.

"It is strange the effect that colour has upon the sex of animals. Witness the well-known fact that all black cows are bulls."
Sunday Paper.

"All classes of home railway socks are coming in for inquiry."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

Ours are frequently visible on the line.

"Trains Diverted by Breakdown."
Evening Paper Headline.

The passengers, on the other hand, saw nothing funny in it.

AT THE PLAY.

"Cochran's 1930 Revue" (London Pavilion).

In Scene 23, about which we were advised by the "announcer" that Mr. Cochran proposed to reveal us to ourselves—to show us, on the stage, what we looked like in the stalls—it was significant that our counterfeits only once broke into laughter. I don't know whether this was intended to reflect on the audience or the entertainment. For myself I think that we did our part, always laughing when there was reason, proper or improper, for laughter, but that we were not always given enough reason. I will not believe that the librettist-in-chief, Mr. Beverley Nichols, who, it may be remembered (or forgotten), claimed maturity a few years ago while still little more than adolescent, has already achieved dotage; my complaint is rather that he underrated our sense of humour. There were many good ideas which began by appealing to our intelligence and then, as though in fear of the effect of subtlety, were cut short, or declined to easy fun, or surrendered to one of the inevitable intrusions of "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies."

Thus we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves with a talkie, an admirable satire, in which the British aristocracy was interpreted with an American accent, when it was suddenly displaced by an inconsequent skirmish of the Chorus wearing a single trouser apiece. Again, after being told that English drama consisted chiefly of Irish and Russian plays, we had had about half a minute of what threatened to be a very happy burlesque of the two in combination, when the truckle-bed of the moribund *Nikolai Nikolavitch* collapsed and was followed a moment later by the curtain.

Or take the scene laid in Heaven, where the most unlikely couples met—Lady Hamilton addressing herself to Wellington (possibly because, though Nelson was there, she did not recognise his face any better than we did), and the Empress Josephine inviting Gladstone to tell her what it actually was that he said in 1878—an exhibition of curiosity which one would not have expected from anybody who at that date had been dead for sixty years and more. If full advantage was not taken of the large opportunities offered by such a setting, I should like to attribute this neglect to a sense of decency, but am not encouraged to do so by any reticence observed in the rest of a very frank show.

Most of the best things, to say and do, were given to Miss Maisie Gay, and her versatility could be trusted with them. In broad comedy, as "The Late Comer" who devastated the adjacent stalls; in light comedy, as a tough-skinned veteran of the shires who bored a non-hunting man to extinction; in a blend of humour and pathos, as a Piccadilly flower-seller (but for her, I should never have bought that bunch of violets in the Haymarket as I came away), she met all demands on her humanity. Even improprieties—in keeping with the character she was playing—came without offence from her lips.



MUSICAL CHAIR.

Mr. Jack Powell and his Drum-sticks.

I cannot say the same of the American Ada-May, who mostly played no particular character. When she sang of Mary and her little lamb that ate as much of her as it could swallow—

> "What became of the rest of Mary?
> That 's what we want tu know"—

hints of unnameable portions of Mary's anatomy seemed to be thrown off for mere wanton joy of indecorum. With her piquant personality and her lithe legs that looked as if they had come straight out of a sun-bath she did some very individual step-dances; but perhaps a little too much use was made of her.

M. Serge Lifar, partnered by Mme. Nikitina, gave a great display of virtuosity and of that obscure symbolism which the connoisseurs of decadent Russian ballet affect to penetrate without the key in the programme. In his dances with Mme. Tamara, Mr. Fowler got less than his share of credit for the ease with which he did the heavy work of throwing her about.

The most popular item was a remarkable demonstration with drum-sticks by Mr. Jack Powell. He could make them draw music even from wood, whether it was a kitchen-chair or the head of a spectator in the stage-box.

Mr. Roy Royston, gay or grave, was an excellent man-of-all-work, and Miss Jane Welsh made an admirable "announcer." I speak of her vocal gifts; but she also figured (with photograph) in the literary matter of "The Magazine Programme" as having made a "new discovery" of the restorative virtues of ——'s "Skin Freshener."

As for "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies," if his proprietory modesty will allow another reference to the Chorus under that description, again and again they came up smiling and tireless. But they were better with their legs than their arms; and in one serious scene, I think it was "The Wind in the Willows," their rather mechanical gestures betrayed a discipline which did not seem to have enforced the concealment of art.

A very passably good entertainment, but not so good perhaps as some that Mr. Cochran has given us. I judge from the name he invented for it that he may have thought so too. After *Wake up and Dream*, a title like *Cochran's 1930 Revue* hints at a decline of inspiration. It is the difference between *As You Like It* and *Henry VI., Part II.* O. S.

"The Three Musketeers" (Drury-Lane).

Enough of the original fabric of this well-worn and well-wearing romance shows through the musical, farcical and lavish scenic embroideries to give this adaptation, imported from America, a coherence that is unusual. The composer, Rudolf Friml, is in a mood definitely reminiscent of *The Vagabond King*, with one good rousing "pluggable" air, "The March of the Musketeers," and two-three sentimental ballads which pleasantly seduce the judgment.

Into the first scene, outside the "Jolly Miller"—an attractive set with back-

ground in a pseudo-pointillist manner—the ingenious adapter has packed much matter. The Three Musketeers break in upon the revelry of the care-and-work-free inhabitants; the ingenious braggart Gascon rides in upon his mild white steed, picks his quarrels in turn with *Porthos*, *Aramis* and *Athos*, has a brief preliminary passage-of-arms with the *Cardinal's* man, *de Rochefort*, enlists the inevitable comic retainer and falls in love with the fair *Constance*.

Thereafter, with such musical interruptions as are considered appropriate, we follow our hero to Paris, to his affair of honour with the Three Musketeers, interrupted by the brawl with the *Cardinal's* guard, in which the young man wins the eternal friendship of the three and of their kindly colonel. The *Queen of France* and the *Duke of Buckingham* having somewhat imprudently chosen the much-frequented courtyard for a romantic exchange, the young *d'Artagnan* is enabled, by skewering a few spies and scandalmongers, to render service to the great lady and win the enmity of the formidable *Cardinal*.

The rest of the story is concerned with the recovery of the *King's* token, which the *Queen* has rashly given to *Buckingham*, and which, at the *Cardinal's* malicious suggestion, the *King* wishes her to wear at the impending ball. The not-too-resourceful *de Rochefort* and the naughty *Lady de Winter* are finally foiled in as pretty and intriguing a bedroom scene and as vigorous a fight as was ever seen in a romantic medley. As for the sword-play, indeed it was impressive throughout. The fighting had an air of plausibility that is most unusual, and Mr. Dennis King, as *d'Artagnan*, in particular drew and (a more difficult thing, which has betrayed many a hero) sheathed his weapon with a readiness that betokened the familiarity of sedulous practice. His reward is the coveted uniform of the King's Musketeers, the hand (a lesser matter) of the faithful *Constance* and the open favour of the *King*, with the sinister *Cardinal* biding his time for the obvious counter-stroke.

A plausible and gallant affair. Sometimes one couldn't help regretting the musical pauses and wishing for more of the speed and swagger of the brawling scenes. Mr. Dennis King's *d'Artagnan* is a spirited performance, his playing perhaps better than his singing. The musical honours go to Mr. Raymond Newell's *Aramis* for his romantic ballad, "Ma Belle," and to Miss Lilian Davies for the *Queen's* "Love is the Sun." Mr. Arthur Wontner was a likely *Richelieu* when his rather poorly-written part allowed him to be. The embarrassment of playing a game of chess with the comic varlet is enough to disturb the balance of such a part.

The full company numbers one-hundred-and-eight—principals, ladies-in-waiting, ladies of the ballet, ladies of the chorus, gentlemen of the same—one of many proofs that no expense has been spared, which is generally supposed to be in itself a testimonial. The dances seemed rather ineffectively designed and had little relation to the period. No credit is given on the programme to the designers, painters and fabricators of the impressive scenery. The dresses were perhaps rather gaudy than rich. But regular patrons will find on the whole that there is little to complain of.

T.



CHEVAL POUDRÉ.

D'Artagnan's Horse. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SHIFT MY MAKE-UP WHEN YOU DISMOUNT."



A TYPICAL ENTRANCE BY D'ARTAGNAN.

Mr. Dennis King.

"Out of the Blue"
(Lyric, Hammersmith).

If you will take to Hammersmith a friendly uncritical mood you may reckon on being entertained by an original and elaborate, perhaps a slightly over-elaborate, theatrical joke imported from Vienna (the invention of Herr Hans Chlumberg), performed already with success at the Arts Theatre in the original German and now done into English by Michael Orme and duly presented by Sir Nigel Playfair in his most artful and confidential manner.

The scene is set in a small theatre in Hammersmith, in which such is the lack of co-ordination that business-manager, producer and audience are right in assuming that to-night is the night of the first performance of a new play, while stage-manager and hands, orchestra and cast are wrongly agreed that it is to-morrow.

"What is to be done?" says agitated *Mr. Fratton*, the producer (Sir Nigel) to the unhappy stage-manager, *Mr. Dummidge* (Mr. Norman Page). "We must apologise to the gathering audience and return its money." "Not on your life," counters the business-manager, hugging a bulging cash-box. "Put up some sort of a show. What I have I hold." "And why all this fuss?" says the resourceful, disdainful, professional reader of plays, *Mr. Crowley Tukes* (Mr. Eric Portman). "Of what value are plays, anyway? or players, for that matter? Isn't life seething and clamorous about you? Get your players from this pre-

sent curious audience. The play will come to life and make itself. Has PIRANDELLO lived and written in vain?"

And so, in response to the call for volunteers, *Mr. Charles Flaxman*, a prosperous insensitive solicitor, pushes himself forward, dragging after him his reluctant wife, *Angela*.

"Excellent" and "Thank you," says the affable *Mr. Fratton*, having now recovered his nerve. "And what shall our little play be? A domestic comedy, I think—the old triangular theme. Will any gentleman play the lover?" And *Captain Stanislaus Legarde* of the Royal Engineers strides masterfully on to the stage. He does not merely volunteer. He demands the part with insistent unreasonable vehemence. *Mr. Fratton* makes (with us) the obvious inference. This single-minded military gentleman is in fact the lover actual or in intent of the lawyer's wife. The affair promises well, then, and when a few pert giggling juveniles have been perfunctorily collected for purposes of padding moves forward with occasional promptings from the now much-intrigued *Fratton*.

The amateurs, beginning stiffly and hesitatingly, warm to their work; sometimes consciously acting in the imagined situation, sometimes unconsciously betraying their real selves, their desires, suspicions, jealousies. To us is left the not too easy task of disentangling the real from the pretended situations. One thing at least emerges, whatever we make of the plots and confusions of the impromptu play: the wife's shy significant, "There is always to-morrow," to the infatuated engineer as the players descend into the auditorium clearly informs us that the complacent solicitor's real domestic troubles are about to begin.

An unlikely but sufficiently engaging business. The awkward technique of the amateurs was well suggested by Mr. GEORGE MERRITT (*Mr. Flaxman*), Miss MINNIE BLAGDEN (*Angela*), and Mr. R. CLAUDE PASCOE (*Legarde*). There were false notes, as when *Mr. Flaxman*, handed by *Mr. Fratton* a revolver to shoot himself (OFF), affects a nervous dread of the weapon. There was nothing in the solicitor's make-up to suppose that he thought people really shot themselves on the stage. Nor would he be likely to mis-hear *Legarde's* Christian name as Santa Claus.

It is unnecessary to say that Sir NIGEL, in his famous brown velvet jacket, thoroughly enjoyed himself, and that his theatre was the predestined scene, and his method the appropriate vehicle, of this elaborate rag. T.

A Pageant of Italian Exhibition Pictures will be given at the Prince of Wales Theatre at 2.30 P.M. on Friday, April 11th, in aid of The General Lying-in Hospital. In addition there will be *Tableaux Vivants* representing pictures from *Punch*. Application for tickets should be made to the Countess of BIRKENHEAD, 32, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

MY TREAT.

"Timothy," I said cajolingly, "will you do me a favour?"

"What's a favour?" he asked. He is a kind-hearted child, but he likes to know exactly where he stands.

"It's an expression," I said, "meaning something like 'Will you give me a treat?'"

He looked puzzled.

"But little boys can't give treats to grown-ups, can they?"

The boundless humility of childhood! I suddenly realised why, in spite of all one's early misgivings, it is more fun to be a grown-up after all.

"You see," I explained, "there's a concert I frightfully want to go to, and grown-ups aren't allowed in unless they've got children with them. So I shan't be able to go unless you take me."

"I *was* going to play trains. . . . But still, I'll come if you like," he added kindly. "Do you think I shall like the concert too?"

"Well, of course it's rather a grown-up thing to like," I said with elaborate strategy. "But you might be old enough for it—one never knows. After all, you *are* five-and-a-half."

"Three-quarters," he corrected swiftly, with the kind of look that a Scotsman gives you when you refer to Great Britain as England.

"Of course—I forgot. Oh, *well*, then . . . ."

Observe, I beg you, how skilfully I had arranged matters. Timothy arrived at his first orchestral concert with the strongest possible incentive to enjoy it, yet under no sort of obligation to do so, since it was my treat and not his. So far I had rigorously carried out the principles of my handbook on "How to be a Good Mother" (for now-a-days, mark you, we approach our job in the proper professional spirit, and no longer rely upon our so-called maternal instinct to pull us through). But there was another precept very appropriate to this occasion which I knew I must be careful to bear in mind: "*On no account introduce music to children in the form of pictures. Allow the child to experience his own reactions without prompting. Visual interpretation should be studiously avoided.*"

This was easy enough at first, for Timothy was so much interested in the vastness of the hall and the presence of two thousand other children that his senses could take in nothing more. Presently, however, he turned his attention to the music, and then came the fateful question—

"But, Mummy, what's it all *about*?"

Resolutely I remembered my little handbook; inflexibly I resisted the temptation to make things easy for Timothy; firmly I took the programme away from him and sat on it, for the writer of the programme notes, to my secret uneasiness, evidently had other views on the subject of "visual interpretation."

"Just listen," I whispered, "and don't talk till afterwards."

So he listened. He listened to the whole of the "Jupiter" Symphony and looked interested but unmoved. He listened to WEBER'S Concert-Piece in F minor and looked happy but mystified. He began to listen to the "Fingal's Cave" Overture, and suddenly his eyes lit up, his whole face became alive with understanding; he wriggled like a sleeping dog who is dreaming of rabbits.

"I know what *this* one's about!" he squeaked excitedly,

How right, how triumphantly right had my handbook proved itself! A hundred years ago a boy of twenty heard the long Atlantic rollers breaking in a cave in the Hebrides; to-day his music is played, and a child of five, unaided by any suggestion, hears them too. How thankful I felt that I had left Timothy alone with his own reactions!

The waves swelled and gathered, thundered and crashed and echoed in Fingal's Cave. Two thousand children sat enchanted, and when it was finished four thousand small hands clapped and fluttered till the hall looked like a silver birch-tree in a wind.

I glanced down at Timothy.

"Well?" I said, smiling.

"*Trains!*" he exclaimed hoarsely, with shining eyes. "And did you hear that lovely axdident right at the end?"

Cynicism which Seems a little Out Of Place.

"England dearly loves her ancient churches. That was shown recently by the destruction by fire of the famous Howden parish church in Yorkshire."—*Brisbane Paper.*

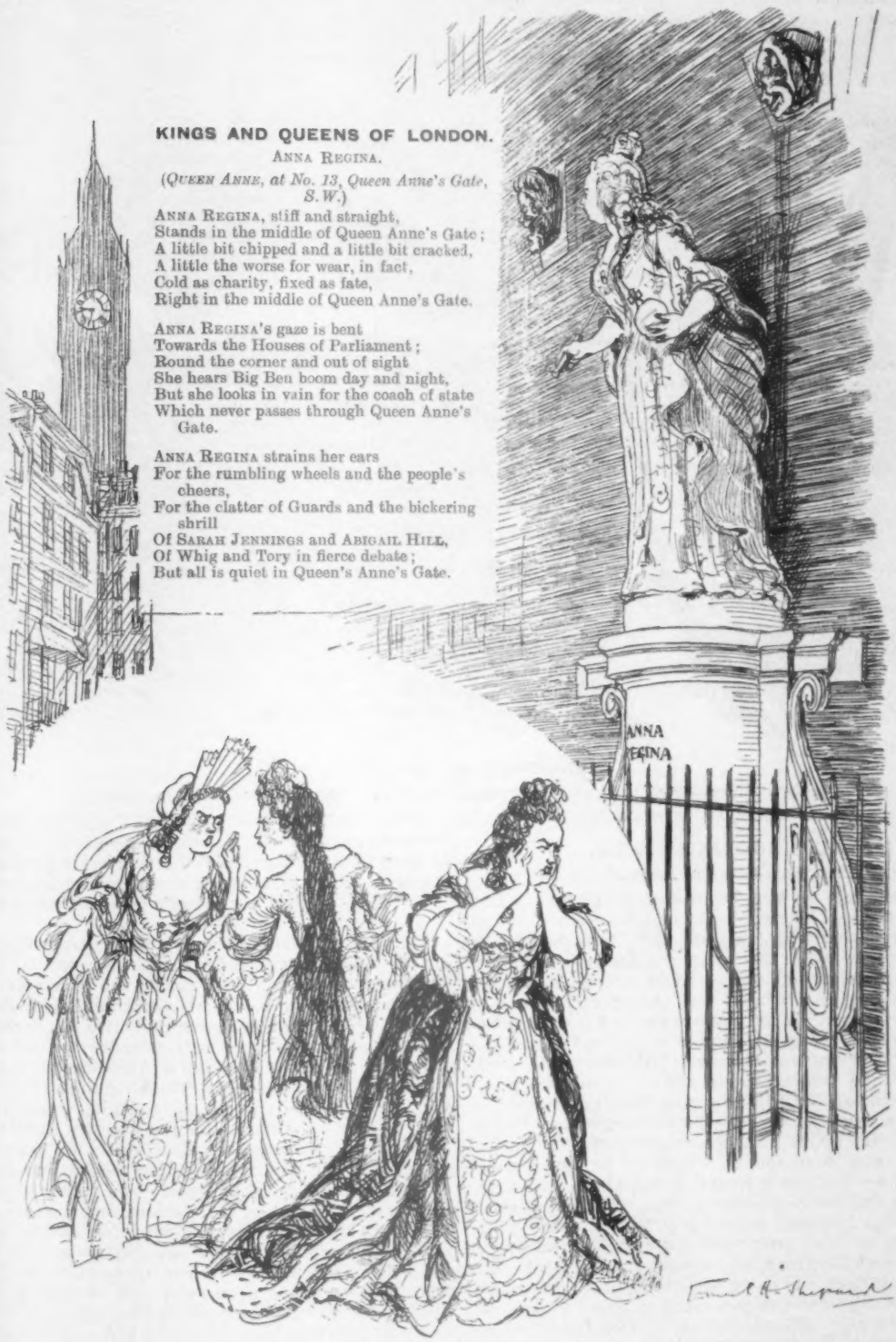
"LIVE STOCK.

Wanted, April, Experienced Nannie; sole charge infant."—*Lancashire Paper.*

We too called our Nannie a pig.

"Connie drew from her basket the thermos, full of scalding hot tea, tomato sandwiches, and a hard-boiled egg."—*Women's Paper.*

For ourselves we never really enjoy thick soup at a picnic.



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

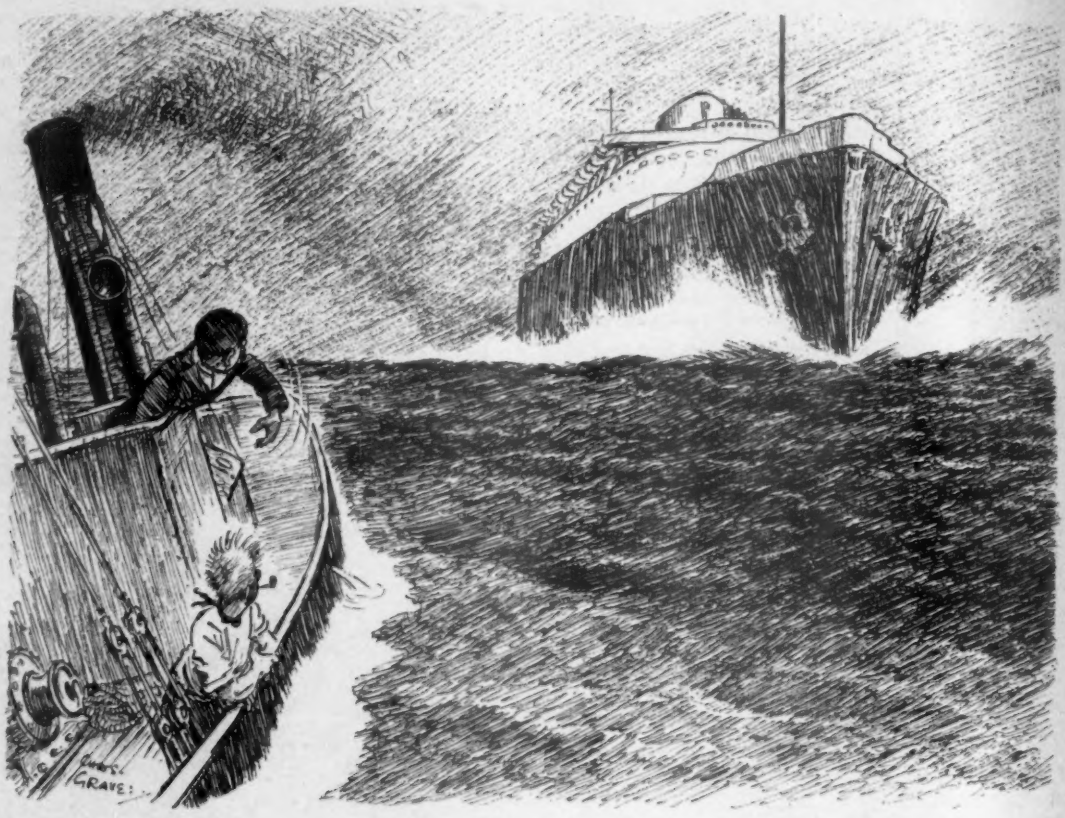
Anna Regina.

(Queen Anne, at No. 13, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.)

Anna Regina, stiff and straight,
Stands in the middle of Queen Anne's Gate;
A little bit chipped and a little bit cracked,
A little the worse for wear, in fact,
Cold as charity, fixed as fate,
Right in the middle of Queen Anne's Gate.

Anna Regina's gaze is bent
Towards the Houses of Parliament;
Round the corner and out of sight
She hears Big Ben boom day and night,
But she looks in vain for the coach of state
Which never passes through Queen Anne's Gate.

Anna Regina strains her ears
For the rumbling wheels and the people's cheers,
For the clatter of Guards and the bickering shrill
Of Sarah Jennings and Abigail Hill,
Of Whig and Tory in fierce debate;
But all is quiet in Queen's Anne's Gate.



COURTESY OF THE ROAD.

Skipper of tiny steamer ("waving on" liner out for the record). "YOU CAN COME THROUGH, MATE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF it be a fact, as Mrs. DREW once maintained to Lord ROSEBERY, that biographies should be written of the distinctive rather than the great, then Mrs. DREW's own biography—or rather the letters and diaries which, with editorial comment, do deputy for it—should receive the attention due to a modest but unique contribution to Victorian history. A contemporary is and is not the best editor for such documents; and in this capacity I find Mrs. CHARLES MASTERMAN more knowledgeable than enthusiastic. She is a trifle over-inclined to pity a woman who played second fiddle all her life, forgetting that the fiddling was, after all, a secure job and in a first-class orchestra. Personally I cannot regret that GLADSTONE's daughter had no technical education and no "career." A woman whose music drew compliments from GOUNOD, who had the *entrée* of Courts and pre-Raphaelite studios, who elicited ghost-stories from BALFOUR and Bishop WILBERFORCE, talked intimately to Lord ACTON and RUSKIN and diffidently to CARLYLE and TENNYSON, was a great lover of her kindred, a poor sight-seer, and hated to be thought a wire-puller—this is not a woman one can afford to commiserate nowadays. The only pathetic feature of *Mary Gladstone, Her Letters and Diaries* (METHUEN, 21/-) is the fact that MARY was surrounded by contemporaries who excelled her at their common accomplishments; but by way of set-off she never outgrew a fresh, almost childish zest in her father's political triumphs. Her intimate and enthusiastic picture of "the P. M." is only one of her record's many attractions.

Mr. C. E. HUGHES, whose delicate drawings illustrating Mr. EDWARD THOMPSON's *Crusaders' Coast* will not soon be forgotten, was himself busy during the War years in the Eastern Mediterranean. In his *Above and Beyond Palestine* (BENN, 10/6) he tells how a group of British sea-planes, based on Port Said, not only patrolled thousands of miles of water all the way from Aden to the Gulf of Alexandretta, but raided far inland into the driest dustiest crannies of Palestine, blowing up bridges and generally playing havoc with the Turkish communications. It was a pretty cheerful game on the whole, or, at any rate, Mr. HUGHES is a pretty cheerful narrator, but unfortunately after the first few pages he drops the personal touch altogether in favour of a rather more conventional form of statement, and one asks in vain what were his sensations when flying low for the first time over lines of camels astounded out of all pretence of Eastern immobility, or what was his own share when the *Ben-my-Chree*, the sea-planes' parent ship, was shelled and sunk at anchor in Castelorizo harbour. It is possible, however, to be pretty sure that his was the rash expenditure of a photographic plate on a subject of no military value whatever, a glimpse from above of a snow-filled pass snapped during

a most hazardous raid to Damascus; for, if he says little of what he noted in his capacity as a military observer, what he observed pictorially is most abundantly in evidence. Never was there a visitor to the sun-drenched East who could with more certainty require a space of white paper to reflect light and warmth simply by drawing a black line round it in the shape of a distant building, or bring back the illusion of a riot of positive colour after a few hours' wandering with pen and note-book among kaleidoscopic Oriental bazaars. Even Port Said, a town admittedly of no artistic value and a scene of dreadful boredom, attains something of dignity in his drawings.

Here comes a most workmanlike job
From the famed UNIVERSITY PRESS
Of OXFORD, that gives you for twenty-five bob
Fine work in a sumptuous dress.

'Tis the Life of the last of the batch,
BACH's Benjamin, last of his sons,
JOHN CHRISTIAN, who, though for his father no match,
Yet carried some notable guns.

And TERRY (CHARLES SANFORD), whose art
Finds "true joy" in "subjects severe,"
Has brilliantly told what a dignified part
He played in his London career.

So that, speaking for *Punch*, I am very
(To borrow from THEODORE HOOK)
Much pleased with "my friend Mr. TERRY"
For writing this excellent book.

Mr. E. B. OSBORN's small volume on *Socrates and His Friends* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 2/6) is so nearly a perfect example of what a volume for a popular series should be that it is worth while indicating, I think, where it appears to me to fall short. A thinker for all time who left no written word, yet an Athenian product with Athenian prejudices, it is of the utmost importance to SOCRATES that he should be well and truly set in the background of his own age and well and truly represented (as far as possible) by contemporary records. This has been so ably done that I think it should have been allowed to take its chance on its own merits, without the greater part of the topical allusions with which the Literary Editor of a certain paper has gagged his own interpretive part. Proffered with discretion, such side-glances can of course be helpful—witness the statement that the post-war condition of Athens and THUCYDIDES' comments thereon have their lesson for us; but when SOCRATES is called in to bless such "arch-sophists" as Mr. H. G. WELLS, Mr. OSBORN strikes me as underrating the intelligence not only of his subject, SOCRATES, but of his audience, the man in the street. Otherwise the small book is entirely enjoyable. The three portraits of its hero left by ARISTOPHANES, XENOPHON and PLATO are admirably collated; and I particularly enjoyed the stress laid on the homely aspects—XENOPHON's aspects—of the Socratic wisdom. PLATO's famous account of the end is preluded by an interesting inquisition into SOCRATES' spiritual discoveries and the relation—always so difficult—of the inspired thinker to the religious institutionalism of his day.



"EIGHTY-FOWER BE 'EE, HENRY? US BE GETTING UP TO THE VETERINARY STAGE."

Mr. FRANCIS HACKETT in *Henry VIII.* (CAPE, 12/6) has given us much more than a matrimonial chronicle. He has painted Europe, the brutal and splendid Europe of the Renaissance and the Reformation, when popes and emperors and kings were playing the games of craft and bluff on a scale rarely equalled and, in the midst of turmoil and terror, scholars were laying the foundations of new times. His canvas is crowded with figures; dialogue abounds, and with documentary justification, for in those days it was an excellent habit of ambassadors and secretaries to report conversations verbatim; and the whole effect of the book, with its colour and movement, its unravelling of intrigue and unmasking of villainy, is not unlike that produced by *Jew Süss*. There is perhaps some mild amusement to be got from the fact that Mr. HACKETT is also author of a novel called *That Nice Young Couple*.

Assuredly it is not the fault of our antiquarian authors if any of us still remain uninformed about this ancient and growing city in which we dwell. Looking through the list of Mr. WALTER G. BELL'S works I note that he has already been responsible for six separate books on London and its history. *London Rediscoveries* (JOHN LANE, 7/6) is the name of his seventh, and I see no reason to fear that his volumes on this so fascinating subject will not run in due course into double figures. Mr. BELL deals with a number of "finds" that have only been revealed of recent years, such as the recovery of the seal attached to WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S charter, the seal of RICHARD WHITTINGTON and the rhymed version of the Bible by PETRUS DE RIGA, lately returned after many years to the Guildhall Library. Also, as usual, the Tower provides him with several subjects, and he has a good deal to say on the funerals (and subsequent exhumations) of several historical personages, including EDWARD I., CHARLES I. and JOHN HAMPDEN. In his notes on "Masters of Fishing" and "The Man and the Dog" he is inclined to be mildly facetious, perhaps as a relief from his necrology. It is a tendency not uncommon among antiquaries, and it should be kept sternly in hand.

I am inclined to think that crime-stories at their best ought to be something like ideal cups of tea—not too strong, and with plenty of the milk of character to soften them and the sugar of love-interest to sweeten them, and served in an uncommon setting. *Life—and a Fortnight* (BENN, 7/6), Miss MARGARET PETERSON'S new novel, in all these respects fulfills my desires. In the very first chapter young *Dick Stanley* finds *Tom Bacon*, another visitor at a hotel on the edge of the wild in Africa, dead—murdered—on the threshold of his room, and after that, though the mystery as to who killed him is the theme of the book, it is pleasantly thickened with other matters. *Helen Dawson* and *Esther Blain* were both travelling with the dead man, the former as his mistress, the latter in some danger of superseding her; and *Dick* falls in love with *Helen*, and both women fall in love with him, so that all sorts of new and conflicting interests help to conceal the truth. Then *Major Staines*, an old admirer of *Helen's*, appears on the scene, and an enemy of the dead man is discovered and looks like a possible author of the crime. *Helen* eventually is tried and acquitted, and then the real murderer is revealed. The characters and their emotions and the local colour are all remarkably well done, and the book makes absorbing reading. I feel myself that the murderer—I refuse to spoil anyone's enjoyment of an entertaining story by giving any clue to his or her identity—was a little careless and slipshod in his or her methods and abnormally lucky in having such a long run for his or her money; and that is my only word of adverse criticism. And after all such things do occur in real life where crime is concerned, so Miss PETERSON has the best of excuses for letting them happen here.



Husband. "WHY DIDN'T YOU PLAY YOUR ACE?"
Partner. "I DIDN'T LIKE TO TAKE IT OFF BABY."

In *All Sorts of Dogs* (METHUEN, 6/-) Mr. ROWLAND JOHNS brings together half-a-dozen characters, including a rector, a doctor and his daughter, and an ex-naval commander and his sister, who engage in a series of debates as to whether a pure-bred dog is more intelligent than a mongrel. Whether this momentous problem is solved must be left to the reader to discover, but the end is not reached before the announcement of two weddings. Personally I find the dog stories rather more interesting than the people who tell them. The rector's humour is a bit too ponderous; the doctor's daughter is rather too flippantly lighthearted; and the commander, who, I am sure, would not talk about being *on* a ship, employs naval metaphors which seem to lack spontaneity. But there is no getting away from the fact that anyone who wants to prove the superiority of a favourite dog, however pure its breed or however blotted its scutcheon, will find here an adequate body of evidence.

So often have I been at variance with publishers' opinions of their wares that when I find a "blurb" with which I can entirely agree the temptation to quote it is irresistible. On the cover of *Pink Furniture* (CAPE, 7/6) you may read: "There are episodes in the book that might delight an infant-in-arms if it had the right sort of mind and the right kind of parent, and there are others that will interest those infants-out-of-arms on either side of fifty who haven't any parents and whose minds are tired of maturity." This is a statement of fact, for there are several plums in Mr. A. E. COPPARD'S charming story that can be picked out and given to children, though the tale in the main can only be enjoyed by grown-ups who, whatever their tally of years may be, have remained young of heart. Indeed, when *Toby Tottel* set out into the world to seek for Pink Furniture and the Book of Wisdom, he embarked upon an adventure that no one who wants to take holiday in the realms of phantasy should miss.

Without holding a brief for statesmen or politicians I find it difficult to believe that one of them could be as careless as *Lord Haughton* was in *The Bookshop Mystery* (APPLETON, 7/6). In fact the sensational tale whose theme is the search for documents which, if found, will affect the history of the world, is to me the hardest of all to swallow. Yet Mr. JAMES SAXON CHILDERS—whose *Laurel and Straw* I remember with pleasure—is so deft a workman that he has gone far to overcome the handicap which he has imposed upon himself. I dislike his theme, but unstintingly I admire his treatment of it, and I can assure the ever-growing band of first-edition hunters that they will find much in this briskly-told story to fan the flame of their enthusiasm.

"Opposite Haddock's they [the Cambridge crew] ran into a stiff breeze."—*Daily Paper.*

We hope *Topsy* was there to cheer them on.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT declares that the offer of the entire earth would not induce him to write another play. Any idea of bribing him to do so by an offer of the entire earth should therefore be abandoned.

* * *

The enterprise shown by the Inland Revenue authorities in sending out demands for particulars of income some weeks earlier than usual is stated in *The Times* to have evoked some admiration. That isn't what it has evoked from us.

* * *

Exhibitors of pekes are now required to make them gallop. The electric chocolate is bound to come.

* * *

To enable Italian transmissions to be heard in the Italian colonies a short-wave broadcasting-station has been erected near Rome. It should be a boon to Soho.

* * *

A fourteen-year-old boy, using a home-made wireless set, claims to have picked up Italy. We understand that Signor MUSSOLINI promptly told him to put it down again.

* * *

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON observes that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was never so spruce and well-turned-out before his son and daughter became M.P.'s. We still notice a certain untidiness in his politics.

* * *

In a review of Dr. FREDERICK TILNEY'S new book on the development of the human brain it is remarked that anyone who compares Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S photograph taken thirty years ago with his appearance to-day will see that his head seems to have swelled out. We should never have dared to say a thing like that.

* * *

The Los Angeles couple who recently were married under water in a hotel swimming-pool are believed to have been actuated by the feeling that the ordinary local marriage is not enough of a plunge.

* * *

It should be clearly understood that the motive for this under-water wedding has no connection with the efforts which are being made to humanise the submarine in warfare.

* * *

One of Mexico City's leading daily papers announces its intention to exclude crime news. Another instance of the change that is coming over Mexican journalism is the discontinuance of the "Stop Press" column devoted to Revolution results.

At a conference at Oxford Dr. C. DELISLE BURNS told of a young man whose experience is that before the girl of to-day consents to marry she stipulates that she shall have two evenings to herself every week and do no evening cooking. Nothing was said about "followers."

* * *

A heavy-weight pugilist who is starting a beauty-parlour expresses the opinion that people sleep too little in these days, but he doesn't say whether



ANTIQUITIES IN THE WESTMINSTER MUSEUM.

STELE FROM ANCIENT ASSYRIA. IT IS CONJECTURED FROM THE INSCRIPTION THAT THE FIGURE REPRESENTS AN ASSYRIAN CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, ABOUT 1930 B.C.

he considers that the appearance is improved by an occasional nap of ten seconds.

* * *

Leipzig railway-station buffet, according to statistics just issued, sells on an average sixty thousand brace of sausages a day. It is suggested that a large proportion is consumed by chain-eaters.

* * *

British music is said to be at the cross-roads. This would account for sounds suggestive of dirty work.

A motorist sees no reason why men should not give their cars appropriate names. People who buy second-hand ones often do.

* * *

The B.B.C. has arranged to broadcast the voices of the apes at the Zoo on May 13th, but it is anticipated that they will avoid the subject of Imperial fiscal policy.

* * *

As consecutive paragraphs in an evening paper referred to a Bill for the protection of the grey seal and to an answer given by the LORD PRIVY SEAL to a question relating to unemployment, it should be made quite clear that no close-season for Mr. J. H. THOMAS is contemplated.

* * *

A novelist thinks that every man should play bowls. Sorry, but we have just been inoculated against it.

* * *

With reference to the three Scotsmen who stated at Bow Street police-station that they had been robbed of their money, we think the thief should be made to explain how he did it.

* * *

It is stated that jazz performers will soon be on the pay-rolls of Naval bands, but it is hoped that Mr. MACDONALD will not press for parity in saxophones with the United States.

* * *

A trade journal declares that very few farmers listen to the wireless programmes. A pity to miss such good openings for a grumble.

* * *

M. Ass, a Paris jeweller, left eight thousand pounds worth of jewels in a taxicab. Silly Ass!

* * *

In view of the announcement that Angora is to be made a motorists' paradise, so that cars may travel at full speed through the city, we hasten to give assurances of our cordial support for any "Go to Angora" movement.

* * *

A manufacturer says the demand for toy-soldiers, cannons and ammunition increases every day. A miniature Kellogg Pact is indicated.

* * *

It is said to be characteristic of clowns to cherish a secret belief that they are born tragedians. On the other hand many of them make little secret of their belief that they are born comedians.

"ANTI-DRESSMAKER REVOLT.

. . . . They declare that the tuck might mean that tight corsetting would also return."
Indian Paper.

Smith Minor says cynically that it depends on the tuck.

PRIMAVERA AND THE BUDGET.

"To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man."
Wordsworth: Lines written in Early Spring.

It is the tenth of April and,
As from my windows I remark
Spring's pursuivants, a joyous band
Of lovers mating, bird with bird,
In the Embankment pleasaunce (hark!),
Tragic it seems, yet too absurd,
Being (I trow) a sort of silly treason
To Primavera in her early bloom,
That I, as innocent as that young season,
Four days from now will have to meet my doom.

As Wordsworth, "in a grove reclined"
And pleased with "Nature's holy plan,"
Suffered an anguish in his mind,
Noting the birds that "hopped and played,"
To think "what man has made of man"—
So is my vernal mood mislaid
By all I hear of Snowden's horrid measure
And what the man designs to make of me,
Pinching my overdraft to suit his pleasure
And make a holiday for such as he.

At breakfast, on the gallows' brink,
The doomed man makes a hearty meal;
So I propose to eat and drink
A massive lunch on Monday. Spring
Shall grace with flowers the board's appeal,
And I shall hire a thrush to sing;
And there, with Philip's beastly sword impending
Immediately above my blighted brain,
I mean to gorge till I am past distending,
As one who may not ever gorge again. O. S.

MELODY FARM.

With that consideration for the welfare of its employees which is so marked a feature of American business life the Detroit Creamery Company is regaling its cows with radio music from loud-speakers installed in the milking quarters.

"When the music is soft," states the chief herdsman, "you will see the whole line of cows settling down with every head turned towards the loud-speaker; they chew their cuds and look as contented as can be."

I could mention, to their shame, many human listeners in this country whose attitude during radio transmission rarely exhibits the mild gratification of these dumb beasts of the field.

Welcome as may be the news that the perfect listener has at last been found, it is even more pleasing to feel that fresh and encouraging opportunities are being offered to composers whose efforts so far have failed to win the appreciation of their human brethren. The animal and (since science is discovering moral attributes and emotional sensibilities in plants) the vegetable world would seem to be yearning to give of their best in return for the right sort of music.

I would warn the ambitious composer who upon reading these lines may feverishly desert the schools of Bach and Bartok for those of Orpheus and the *Pied Piper*, that his task is not one to be undertaken light-heartedly or without some sound preliminary study of animal and vegetable psychology.

It is not to be expected that a composition cunningly contrived to stimulate a cow to improve the quality of her milk will necessarily inspire a chicken with a rapturous urge towards increased egg production. Strains which may swell a cabbage to noble dimensions may blight a whole field of artichokes. The composer must indulge in much arduous introspection to discover whether he has the cow or the cabbage complex and compose accordingly.

Hard work, perhaps, but surely worth while. It may be that the revival of our agricultural industry lies in the hands of the music-composer. I like to think that my young friend Elgar Sullivan Snooks will be honoured with a public effigy of himself during his lifetime; and in anticipation of this tribute I have thought out the following inscription:—

ELGAR SULLIVAN SNOOKS
(Composer of Music to the Ministry of Agriculture).
He has laboured to increase by his Music
the food supply of his Country,
and
his inspiring Melodies are
known and beloved in
many a Field and
Farmyard.

"If music serve the love of food, play on." D. C.

NEW WORLDS TO WIN.

Mr. Edgar Wallace's motive in standing for Parliament in the Liberal interest is, as the popular Press would put it, the talk of the Clubs.

Perhaps, jaded by literary success, he hopes to recapture in his maiden speech the long-forgotten exaltation he experienced in knocking up his first century of novels. But it is rather strange that Mr. Wallace should choose to submerge himself in what is practically the right wing (without portfolios) of the Labour Party. Rather strange too that he should be content with the prospect of becoming, at the most, Home Secretary in the Liberal Shadow Cabinet, when his amassed royalties would entitle him to stand on terms of equality with any in the most exclusive Socialist set.

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Wallace by his peculiar gifts will be able to bring the sombre story of the Liberal Party to a glowing and thrilling *dénouement*. But at any rate we shall all look forward to seeing the incessant gossip paragraphs about Mr. Wallace in a new setting: "A special room has been fitted up in the House of Commons where Mr. Edgar Wallace can rehearse his plays whilst waiting for the division bell." "In the House of Commons, when not actually speaking, Mr. Edgar Wallace writes film scenarios on the backs of Order Papers." "During the Budget speech Mr. Edgar Wallace wrote the first two Acts of a play."

It is almost inevitable that Mr. Wallace will make the fullest use of his parliamentary experiences in his literary work, and as soon as he is returned we must make up our minds for a long series of House of Commons' thrillers. A good one would be about a mysterious gang who are hatching out a diabolical plot to steal Mr. Lloyd George's Fund. I imagine that the master-mind of these abandoned fellows would appear all through the piece in the guise of a stalwart Liberal of almost fanatical orthodoxy who, in the very last chapter (or in the climax of the last Act), would be unmasked as a desperado of the Conservative underworld.

"£1,000 Guineas for The Empire Crusade."
"*Daily Express*" *Headline.*

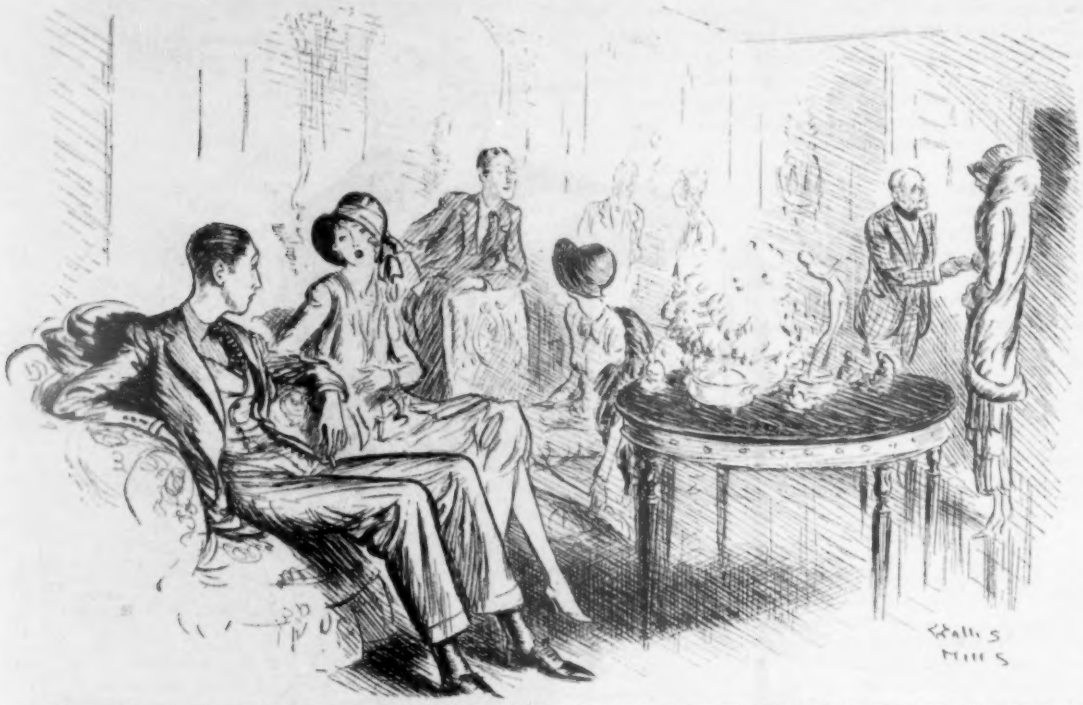
We believe Lord Beaverbrook is holding out for a higher offer.



EDGAR THE EVER-READY.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE *(soliciting the suffrages of Aylesbury).* "LET ME MAKE THE NATION'S LAWS AND WHO WILL MAY MAKE HER THRILLERS."

[Mr. EDGAR WALLACE has been adopted as the Liberal Candidate for Aylesbury.]



Young Woman. "IT REALLY IS RATHER SWEET IN THESE MANNERLESS TIMES TO SEE A DEAR OLD GENTLEMAN SPRINGING UP TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR A WOMAN."
Young Man. "OH, I DON'T KNOW; PROBABLY BEEN A FOOTMAN OR SOMETHING."

THE HUMAN ELEMENT.

I HAD half-an-hour to spare. I had something rather important to say to Eleanor. Also it was the first day that my automatic telephone had been declared open for play, though of course I am really above taking any childish pleasure in that sort of thing. So, carefully following the directions, I dialled the number, received my ear and mouth-pieced a "Hullo."

There was a noisy pause and then Eleanor's voice replied: "Hullo!"

Magic!

"Eleanor," I began in an earnest husky voice—though I expect the telephone spoilt the effect—"there's something important I want to say to you——" Eleanor always likes this sort of approach.

"Go right ahead, old thing!" encouraged Eleanor. "The quicker the better, because I'm just dashing out to lunch."

"Will you—that is, can you—that is——" There was a loud click and a strange female voice cut in with "Is that Gerrard 77077?"

"No!" I snapped.

"The Whitesheet Laundry?"

"Still no."

"Well, I want to know why you haven't sent back my——"

Eleanor saved my blushes.

"I'm afraid this is a private conversation," she explained. "I think your wire has got crossed."

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry! I was trying to get Gerrard 77077."

"Why, that's the number of the Whitesheet Laundry!" I said, to show I was up and about again.

"I'm terribly sorry. These telephone girls——"

"*My* line is automatic," I explained proudly.

"If you ring off," added Eleanor, "the exchange will put you on to your number."

"Yes, of course. I'm so sorry. . . . By the way, do pardon me, but I seem to recognise your voice. Isn't your name Link?"

"My name is Apple——" I was beginning haughtily—for we Apples have our pride—but Eleanor interrupted me.

"Be quiet, stupid! . . . Yes, I am Eleanor Link——"

"So you are, by Jove!" I cried, quite excited. I always forget Eleanor's surname, and anyway it doesn't interest me and ought to be changed.

"But who are you?" continued Eleanor patiently.

"Don't you remember Marjorie?"

"Not *Marjorie?* My *dear!* Why, I haven't seen you for years!"

"You're not seeing her now," I pointed out. "It's just——"

"Eleanor darling, I've been trying to get hold of you for days. Isn't this *too* funny?"

"I didn't know you were back yet."

"Yes, I've been back a week. Eleanor, I'm going to be married next month."

"*No?* Are you really?"

"Dammit," I put in, "she ought to know."

"There's someone interrupting," complained Marjorie. "These telephones are awful. . . . However, they've brought us in touch. . . . Will you come and help me buy my trousseau?"

"Of course I will, darling. Heaps of congrats! Who is he?"

"No one you know. But you'll love him! Now, my dear, I'm in a frantic rush. I must fly. I'll just give you my address and then we'll meet and have a nice long talk."

"I can't stop either. By the way, what are you going to wear for your wedding, Marjorie darling?"

Of course that started it. For two girls, one of whom couldn't stop and the other had to fly, they didn't do so badly. I listened with aching arm and throbbing ear-drum for eight minutes to the most intimate details of materials till I began to realise it was a marvel

any bridegroom ever got his bride at all. At last I ventured timidly:—

"I say, excuse my butting in, but I 'm not really wanted, am I? I mean, suppose I hang up and——"

There were two protesting shrieks.

"Don't you dare hang up!" cried Eleanor. "Why, that would disconnect us."

"You're our only bond. You mustn't ring off or it 'll stop our chat."

"All right, all *right*, all RIGHT. I only asked. Just wait while I get a chair."

I endured another eleven-and-a-half minutes when the woman Marjorie reluctantly broke away and hung up.

So, murmuring something about lunch, did Eleanor.

So, after a vain moment, did I.

I think this type of telephone is much overrated. It calls itself automatic, but there still seems to be a lot of the human element in it. A. A.

AN "IDEAL" EXISTENCE.

(*Visualised after a visit to the Ideal Home Exhibition. Domestic life in 1960. Time: Morning.*)

Wife of the Future (*looking through letters*). The air mail has just arrived, dear. There 's a notice saying they 'll cut off the diffused sunshine if the bill isn't paid within three days.

Husband of the Future. I wish you wouldn't be so extravagant with the sunshine. It was left on all night last Tuesday too. I don't believe anybody but me ever thinks of switching it off. If other people had the bills to pay. . . .

[*Bell rings.*

Wife. That 's a call from Edinburgh. (*Looks at the televisor*) Why, it 's Mother. (*In a whisper*) Do put on a more amiable expression; remember she can see you. . . . Hello, Mother, how well you 're looking! . . . About mid-day? . . . Of course. . . . Yes, we shall be delighted . . . splendid. . . .

[*Switches off.*

Husband. So your mother is coming again. She 's never off our roof since she got her new aerocar. You know she 's antagonistic to my aura; besides she turns the house upside down, making all the rooms octagonal when I prefer them to be square.

Enter Daughter of the Future.

Daughter. Mornin' everybody. (*Looks round.*) Why on earth is this room in brown? Can't I switch it on to yellow?"

Husband. Certainly not. You know the doctor has forbidden me a yellow room in the morning. And what is the meaning of your coming down so late?

Daughter. Had a rotten night. My electric blanket fused and I had to get up to mend it. Pass the tabloids, Dad. What! Vitamin D again? We 've had the same thing for breakfast for a fortnight!

Husband (*sternly*). What are you young people coming to? When I was a boy I was glad to have Vitamin D as a treat on a Sunday. [*Bell rings.*

Wife. A message from the kitchen. I expect the chemist's boy 's called for the order for dinner. What 's that? The ozone apparatus isn't working and you can't get along without it? I 'll have it put in order at once.

[*Rings off.*

Husband. If the apparatus has got out of order again, let it stay out of order. Pretending they can't work without ozone indeed! Why, when I was young——

Wife. That 's ancient history. You know perfectly well that you can't keep a domestic staff unless you provide the ordinary facilities. Why, Mrs. Smith has a home cinema in her kitchen. But it doesn't matter to you how worried I am. You can never realise that it 's getting more and more difficult to run a house in these days.

[*Bursts into tears. An ordinary 1930 row follows.*

CURTAIN. F. A. K.



Call-Boy (*interrupting rehearsal*). "YOU 'RE WANTED URGENT ON THE PHONE, SIR."

An Optical Obtrusion.

". . . and smiled again as she saw him shrug his shoulders out of the corner of her eye. . . ."
From a Novel.

"'Why I am 80.' By Silas Hocking."
Daily Paper Headline.

We suspect that being born in 1850 had a lot to do with it.

GIRLISH ALLURE.

Here have I been for many a long day supposing that the modern girl had bidden an eternal farewell to Victorian affectations and substituted frank *camaraderie* for flirtatious appeal and acquired self-sufficing independence, latch-keys and all the other things which one reads about next to Lady Babs' article on *lingerie* and just above the menu for to-morrow's lunch, and lo and behold! *chéries*, it appears that I was entirely wrong.

A little book, or rather a set of little pamphlets, has been forwarded to me. They bear the title *Fascinating Womanhood* and the sub-title *An analysis of the factors in the development of fascinating womanhood*, and I don't know that anything has thrilled me so much since I read Louisa Alcott's *Little Women* and *Nice Wives* when I was about fourteen years old. To my profound astonishment I discover that little womanhood and nice wifehood are precisely the same as they always used to be, or, if anything, more so. More so, apparently, because now the proportion of women to men in the world is greater and the need of getting a good man quickly and hanging on to him tight is far worse. The only difference between now and then appears to be that in those dusty Victorian days the fascinating young girl had no support from literature in grabbing her heart's beloved and holding his nose to the ground. The best authors frowned on studied coquetry, and little booklets were never, never written prescribing flirtation as the sole duty of a maid.

The Five Stages of Winning a Man appears as Section I. in the eighteen sections which make up the table of contents in *Fascinating Womanhood*, and in that section are included such charming subdivisions as—

Applying the Principles of Nature.
Is this Unmaidenly?
Johnnie returns for Sympathy.
A Moon, a Garden and a Lawn-Swing.

Not a golf-swing, mark you, but a lawn-swing. How idyllic it sounds!

In the second section of the Table of Contents the anonymous author calmly surveys the actuarial estimates as under:—

How many Eligible Men?
What your own Chances are.
How the Eligible List is increased.
Where the Steadfast Worshipper may be found.
Why the Girl must be worthy.
The Second Part of the Plan.
Revealing the Depth of your Character.
The Third Part of the Plan.

The third section contains notes on—

What Men see in Homely Women.
Why Elderly Men marry young Girls.
When a Big Woman attracts a Little Man.

And the eighth section, which is called *Revealing Your True Self*, explains, amongst other things, "How to Emphasise your Girlishness," "Fourteen Fascinating Actions," "How to Create Romantic Situations," "The Third Principle of Inspiring the Proposal" and "The Atmosphere that Encourages Romance."

There are lots of good tips in the "Fourteen Fascinating Actions." For instance, Number 12:—

"Arch-shyness or roguishness is also attractive in showing the mischievously human side of your nature. When you suspect a man of having some mischief up his sleeve or of having played some prank which he is keeping secret, to shake a finger archly at him as if to say, 'You wicked man!' is a good contrivance for bringing out this aspect of your femininity."

I expect it is. Anyhow it is a peach of a sentence and I would not have missed it for worlds.

Another Fascinating Action calculated to smite the young man where he lives and lay him low is imitated from the behaviourism of the spoilt child of the family:—

"Study the part where the Family Pet assumes a deeply injured air, as much as to say, 'You don't appreciate my kindness to you.' Practise this air until you can put it on whenever you are being teased or cajoled."

Fortunately for the reader the habits of the Family Pet are still more minutely analysed in a further paragraph. She appears, this Family Pet, at breakfast in a dainty boudoir cap and an adorably pretty dressing-gown, and for some time, strange to relate, nobody notices her. She is not, however, having any of that:—

"She waits a minute or two for her Dad to greet her, then creeps up to him and quickly snatches the paper out of his hands. Dad looks up in astonishment and beholds a pouting daughter looking upon him with rebukeful eyes. . . . 'I want to be noticed,' she informs him in affectedly hurt tones. What then could Dad do but chuckle and take her on his knee?"

He could take her on his knee, of course. Whether he chuckled or not would depend on the kind of dad.

Let me hasten to say that the Family Pet in *Fascinating Woman* has a remarkably patient, easy-going kind of dad. He is ready, so the author assures us, "to drop interesting news in order to fondle his daughter a while." And thus diverted from the murder story and the racing news he gains his curious reward.

"At the breakfast-table Our Pet is very archly and obviously attentive to her father's wants. She passes him this and that, presses him to take another helping of something else, insists upon his having another cup of coffee and refuses to let him drop his sugar in it. Big Brother, who has meantime appeared, looks at Dad with understand-



"Hi, Miss, you 've dropped yer drumstick!"



Butler (to maid). "THE MASTER SEEMS TO BE SUFFERING FROM THAT THURSDAY FEELING AFTER THE WEEK-END."

ing eyes and asks him what he thinks she wants now."

Apparently she wants a new hat. "I thought so," says Dad, pinching the little minx's cheek, and he provides the wherewithal. Afterwards the Family Pet accompanies Big Brother to town. They chance to meet "one of his business acquaintances," and introductions follow. Big Brother starts to stride relentlessly through the traffic, but not so the Family Pet. She stands trembling on the kerb till the business acquaintance, "amid much fluttering and trepidation, seizes her arm and steers her to the other side . . ." His blood surges with a realisation of his manhood, and simultaneously of her womanhood. . . . Big Brother secretly winks at Our Pet, as much as to say, "I see you have another victim," and "takes his leave."

What does Business Acquaintance do? Business Acquaintance doesn't feel it would be right to allow this soft little bundle of girlishness to steer through the crowds alone, and therefore he forgets two or three appointments in order to act as her guide for the morning. My own strong impulse, which would be to mislay the Family Pet for ever in front of the radiator of a motor-omnibus, doesn't appeal to him at all. So much for Family Pets.

Possibly the quintessence of *Fascinating Womanhood* is found in the section entitled *A Bewitching Little Act*, which runs as follows:—

"One of the most attractive little girls we ever knew won't even step into her back-garden without first standing before a mirror, eyeing herself carefully from top to toe, and practising for a moment the part she wishes to assume before her observing neighbours. . . . Even though only a few of them can possibly see her, she must first of all array herself in a spick-and-span bungalow over-all and a saucy little cap."

Is it much wonder that when she has arranged a garden, a moon, a lawn and a swing, she can get a half-nelson on the nearest eligible that nothing but death can sever? Pout on, little pets! Tooth drill, toilet drill and flirtation drill will carry you to the stars. Put on your bungalow over-alls and shake your fingers archly at Big Brother's business friend. Let no one say that through grudging a free advertisement to this valuable little book I have not helped you to get a stranglehold on the life-mate of your dreams.

EVOE.

THE PERFECT SALESMAN.

[The modern salesman, according to an expert, ought to be really aggressive.]

IT wasn't much I went to seek,
A collar-stud—no more,
When hurriedly last Friday week
I sought our General Store;
The modern salesman cast at me
A look designed to quell me
While asking what it next might be
His privilege to sell me.

At first all further pressing needs
I steadily denied;
His mouse-traps and his garden-seeds
I simply waved aside;
Although his tones approached a shout,
I scorned both white and red socks
And, heedless how his jaw stuck out,
Disclaimed a wish for bed-socks.

Still more aggressive grew his mien;
He would not own defeat
Although he found me far from keen
On prunes and potted meat;
Till, terror-stricken and cutfaced
By this commercial thruster,
In self-defence (and frantic haste)
I bought a knuckle-duster.

Another Monumental Knighthood.

"Even Sir Symeon Stylites, on the top of his ninety-foot pillar . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

MY BOOK.

I have just completed my book. The very last day of March saw the finish of it. I didn't actually write every word myself; I had a collaborator. Collaboration is quite fashionable at the moment. My collaborator was Jones, the sub-manager of our Bank. A nice fellow, Jones, and such a head for detail. That is so useful when one is writing a book.

Jones did all the actual writing; Jones or his minions. You see, he had minions and I hadn't. And he had adding machines and dictaphones, so it was no trouble to him to write a book. But he was extremely matter-of-fact; he reduced everything to pounds, shillings and pence, and this made my ideas look so cold and calculating. And his style was a little bleak and bare for a romance of human hopes and sorrows.

I supplied the human side, the romance, the passion, and Jones pulled me up when I went too far. It was good team-work, but sometimes I think he pulled me up unnecessarily. After all it was my story. Yes, I admit it was largely autobiographical. First books usually are.

My hero was a nice average young man, even as you and I. He had a job in an insurance office, used to catch the 8.30 every morning, and every month he used to put five pounds in the Bank.

("*Credit Sundries, £5,*" wrote my collaborator.)

A nice little girl named Phyllis, who was a typist in the City, also tripped along to the station every morning to catch the 8.30. Our hero and Phyllis occasionally travelled in the same compartment. Once he asked if she would like the window up, but afterwards conversation languished. One raw November morning she could not produce her season-ticket and she had left her purse at home. Ralph paid her fare. Before six months had flown they were chatting gaily about the rain and the fog as if they'd grown up together. And our hero made a special effort and paid into the Bank ten pounds every month.

("*Credit Sundries, £10,*" wrote my collaborator.)

Then one day, when there wasn't any fog or rain to talk about, he mentioned in a shy sort of way that he'd got three hundred Savings Certificates and a little in the Bank ("*Credit balance, £75*"); and what with this plain van system of buying furniture—in short, what about it? So he took her to a jeweller's and bought a ring, for which he paid seven guineas in cash.

("*Debit Self, £7 7s. 0d.*")

So in the fullness of time they were married and bought a tiny red-brick house with green shutters for twenty-five pounds down and the rest as rental—("*Dr. Jerry Bldg. Co., £25,*" noted my collaborator)—a stone's-throw from the railway-station, because Ralph must still catch the 8.30; set a few pieces of limp privet in the hope that sometime they would grow into a hedge; and every morning Ralph caught the 8.30 by the skin of his teeth because he lingered so long over his farewells.

As the weeks rolled by there were rifts in the lute. There were rifts in the roof too, for it was a post-war subsidy house, and workmen and bills were always coming in. Then the electric bells went wrong, the aerial fell down, a pipe burst. These cost money. So they sold their three hundred Savings Certificates which were just five years old —("*Cr. S.C., £300,*" noted my collaborator)—and for a time they were in clover.

Every Monday morning Phyllis studied the front page of the paper and found a real bargain, but of course bargains were out of the question now the proceeds of the Savings Certificates had nearly melted away. But Ralph said, "Have it, dear. Aren't you worth it?" And she would say, "It's such a lot of money." And Ralph would reply, "Will you please leave money affairs to me and do as you are told?" And Phyllis would give him a hug, and later in the day she would journey to Knightsbridge, not to buy anything, but just to look at the shops.

("*Dr. Self, £10,*" added my collaborator cynically.)

In time the little letter-box on the green door was hardly big enough to hold all the bills. Ralph said gruffly, "This must stop," and two pearl drops trembled in the corners of her blue eyes and dropped on the dainty little garment she was sewing. And when Ralph saw that dainty little garment he clasped Phyllis in his arms, declared she was wonderful, and said she mustn't worry any more. He'd sell their shares.

They were very attractive shares with a nice border and red seals, which were bound to realise a good price.

("*Cr. Hairpin Deferred, £20,*" wrote my collaborator.)

Yes, they only fetched twenty pounds, which wasn't much for a hundred shares of one pound each. And then my collaborator became very busy, recording nursing-home fees, doctor's fees, instalments on furniture, the price of the Rolls-Royce of prams, and little items like Self, Self, Self.

Quite a touching story, I thought it, until my collaborator had reduced it to pounds, shillings and pence. And how did he finish the book? Did he show Ralph with his head "bloody but unbowed," facing the future as a husband, a father and a breadwinner should? Did he show him eager and hopeful to carry on? He did not.

("*You are £35 11s. 9d. overdrawn,*" he decided, ruling a double line neatly in my pass book. "*The Manager would like a word with you if you can spare a minute.*")

I don't think that was a nice end to my little romance. W. E. R.

THE EASTER EGG;

or, He Stoops to Conquer.

When my cousin Charles asked me if I would like to go to tea in Chelsea with Scrapperley Ruffhouse the inducement was that he is "frightfully brilliant." I was further informed that in the highest literary quarters Mr. Ruffhouse is regarded as *the* coming man, but that, conditions being what they undoubtedly are, he is constrained too often to write for the Topical and more Lucrative Press.

"He's enormously unconventional and absolutely wrapped up in his work," continued Charles.

"Then is it any use trying to get tea out of him?" I asked.

"Oh, he'll like to see us awfully."

"Splendid! What sort of manner do I go in: tarletan and blue sash, or earrings and lipstick? Does he prefer being fluttered at or vamped?"

"Neither. Be yourself."

And in this character I was introduced to Mr. Ruffhouse.

He seemed, I thought, a little bothered to see us, which ruined the afternoon for me in advance. Meanwhile he was absently making tea, a plume of primrose-coloured hair occasionally disappearing into the kettle.

"Eggs . . . ," he murmured.

"No, oh, no, thank you," I answered; "we're having rather an early dinner."

"No, no, no . . . but for the moment I can see nothing beyond them. And they aren't *me*."

Now, the point about this conversation was that there were no eggs. Mr. Ruffhouse may have had some in his cupboard, but there were certainly none on view. His work had probably turned his brain—that and living alone. That was what Charles had meant when he hinted that Ruffhouse was enormously unconventional. He was one of those borderline cases that advertise on the front page for a place with a quiet, bright English family, and get back replies about home produce and constant hot water. He was probably sane on heaps of subjects, as these ab- (or sub-) normal people so often are. My obvi-



Old Lady (to Archæologist who has just delivered a lecture on his most recent and still unpublished discoveries). "Thank you so much. It has been so interesting. I really must look it all up."

cus cue was to humour him, and I tried, quite unsuccessfully, to convey this in dumbshow to Charles, for what is the mime that suggests that people are to be humoured? Even the Russian ballet never attempted a message so ambitious. Mr. Ruffhouse *was* perfectly sane between whiles, and one way and another we managed to dispose of a number of subjects; it was only every now and again that his eyes became fixed, his manner wandering, his remarks reminiscent of *Ophelia*. And the baffling part of it was that Charles seemed to be going the same way. It was like a ghastly game.

"Can't you be light and pleasant about the income-tax?" asked Charles of our host. The answer was a snarl. We were just fading out of a discussion of Galsworthy's last play when Mr. Ruffhouse murmured, "Or there is the egg of the Chinese."

"Oh, I shouldn't use *them*," I said earnestly, my housewifely soul outraged, for since the War we have run our home without servants, and what I don't know about the relative merits of imported eggs would go into a hazel-nut and still leave room for the butler's *rôle* in a Lonsdale comedy.

My host looked up. "You think the Chinese egg is overdone? I should not have said so. Up to now I have never handled it."

"Then don't. It's a horror."

"But—it is a very *beautiful* thing," answered Mr. Ruffhouse wearily.

"Oh, it *looks* all right outside, but it's apt to be rotten."

"Rotten, Madam? Do you not realise that it symbolises the re-birth of Nature? The Spring?"

"It's a very late Spring, then," I retorted feebly, for somehow I had succeeded in offending Mr. Ruffhouse. His

orange cravat was already a ruin and he had begun to call me Madam. But suddenly his face cleared as a fresh inspiration came to him. "Or," he said, "there is the spectacle of the great rush of the workers to the station, bent on even three days of grass and flowers . . . the crocuses, like gouts of palest flame . . . like gouts of palest flame . . . yes. I can see the astigmatic father . . . Sammons, or Soper . . . plain, quite unmistakable," orated Mr. Ruffhouse. "And the shapeless mother, her seamed hands grasping at beauty."

At this point I began to believe I was living in one of those Russian plays where everybody brews tea and compares notes about how thwarted they feel. But this conversation was possibly the latest game among the Younger Set. I resolved to join in too.

"I see," I said firmly, "a City clerk (Mr. Grigson or Mr. Harker) with dead sandwiches in a despatch-case."

"Ah, beautiful! and whimsical as well. . . . 'Dead sandwiches,' I must remember that," breathed my host.

I began to feel a success and became a little reckless.

"I see an unwanted child left in the stinking waiting-room——"

"No, no, not stinking," and my host came out of his trance.

"Oh, mayn't it stink *a little*?"

"No. We have shares in most of the railway companies, though that ought not to count."

"Have you? What fun!" I exclaimed.

"It is not fun. It is the knell of artistic liberty."

Here Charles chipped in. "Will there be an accident just outside the country station, or would that reflect on the management of the line?"

"And eyes that have never seen the fields will see them in one blinding clamour of green. And die. Smiling like little children. . . . No, Charles, no. There must be no death."

"It's got to be faced, Mr. Ruffhouse," I said gently; and so hypnotised was I by the whole conversation that I very nearly laid my hand upon his arm. "They were *ready to go.*"

"Go where? Oh, I see what you mean. No, no. No, no."

"Then they *shan't* die! The shapeless mother shall win a cokernut, and Mr. Soper a Kewpie doll at the houp-là, and Emma, the slavey, and Mr. Grigson miss the train home and spend the night in a ditch."

"No no! They would not tolerate that."

"He covers her anæmic figure with his coat and what a nasty mind you *have* got," I responded all in one breath, for I was beginning to get quite excited myself.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to catch you up like that. But I *must* keep wholesome."

"You talk as though you were an oatmeal biscuit," I stammered.

He loomed impressively. "It may seem strange to you, dear lady, but I have never attempted the illicit relation. Any form of free love is *passé* and is not expected from me."

I rose. "Well, unless Charles would like to tell us the story of *his* life—— my coach, sweet gentlemen. Here's pansies; that's for thoughts. They say the owl——," and I manœuvred Charles downstairs. He was the first to break the silence as we waited for our bus.

"Poor old Scrapperley! He's always like that at this time of year. It's monstrous that editors should expect a man like him to be 'topical' and 'bright' about Easter." RACHEL.

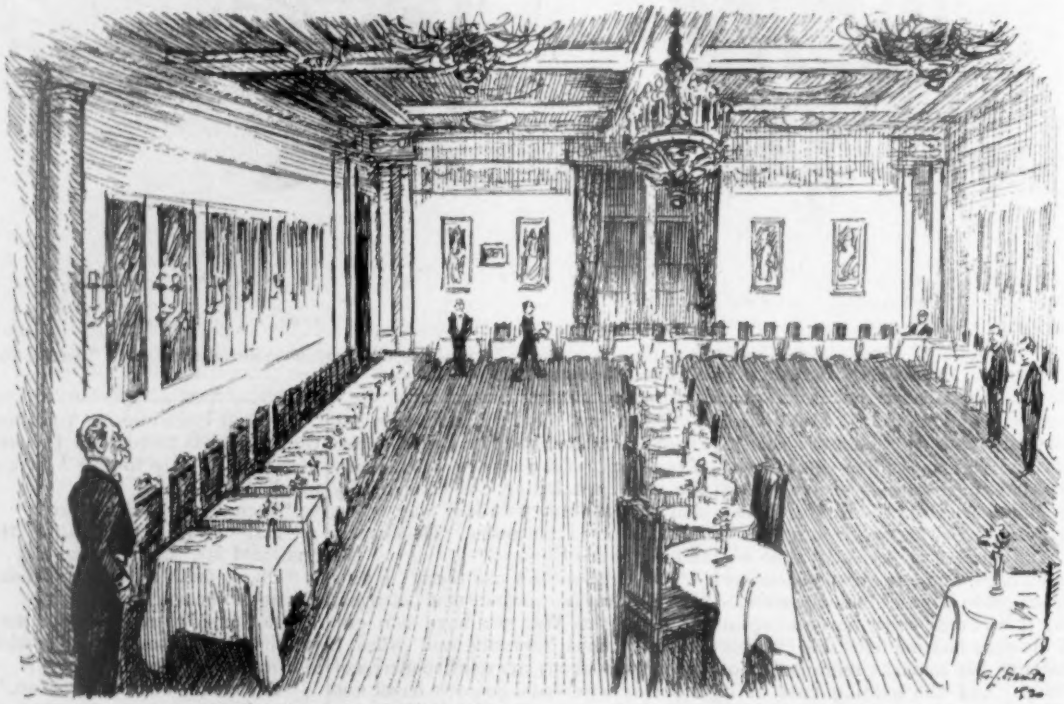
Statements which rather Tear Things.

"Built as an Opera House, for the perfect rending of sound, the —— is admirably adapted for Talking Pictures."

Bill of Provincial Cinema.

"M. Clemenceau, on that occasion, literally exploded."—*Gossiper in Evening Paper.*

It is typical of the Tiger's toughness that he survived this terrible experience.



Exclusive Person (entering dining-room of his club. "DAMMIT! WHERE THE DOOSE CAN I GO? THERE'S SOMEBODY GOT MY TABLE."

DISINFECTING THE SCREEN.

[In further reference to the newest and most surprising development of the cinematograph.]

Even as I said a while ago,
Speaking to Uncle John,
Who has a gouty toe
And lives at Little Pocklington,
Not very far from Lyme,
And writes those splendid letters signed
"Anon":
"Last born," I said, "of Hollywood and Co.,
Queer foster-child of talkies and quick time,
Fairest of all that brood and most sublime,
The smellies have come on!
What ho!"
Whereunto he replied,
Shaking a palsied fist:
"Talkies themselves are bad enough, I think,
To keep the loathsome public occupied
Without combining them with stink!"
But he is prejudiced.
I rather look to rich and rare perfumes
Stealing from Araby the Blest,
Spikenard and frankincense and lotus blooms
And new-mown hay,
Ready to be turned on me with a spray
And lull my sprite to rest,
So that the booming and the brazen roar
And the sad sights occurring on the screen
(And very dreadful some of them have been)
May shock me now no more;
But in between
The unending kiss of the seduction scene
And murder, with the red blood flowing warm,
Now, when the plot approaches to its worst
Over the startled air shall burst,
Cooling the hapless audience as they pant,
Some merciful deodorant,
Such as iodoform.
This is my notion—me
The thought of violets on a sunny bank
Breathing about me when the play gets rank
And throbs with foul allure
Delights, and marjoram and rosemary
Making the place so pure
That even little children may forget
The mind of the producer, which I bet
Was filled with bone-manure.
Shall not a sanitary blast
Distilled of all sweet essences combined
Squirted from squirts
Break on the movietone at last
And lift the mind
Out of these dins and dirts
To fields of hyacinth and daffodil
And jasmine blooming in the dusk
And the red heath that grows upon the hill—
Avoiding patchouli and chypre and musk,
Which are not so refined
And always make me ill?
I feel convinced it will.

And Uncle John
Had nothing, I submit, to go upon
In stating, as he did,
This was the merest kid,
In saying that the smell-screen would invent
Some darker type
Of fragrance, some intolerable scent
Such as might come from Hell's uplifted lid,
Or when a gorgonzola has been blent
With the long smoking of a very ripe
Old pipe,
Or garlic leagues with cabbage over-spent,
Accompanied by tripe.
My poor dear Uncle John
Never appears to move;
He lives from all his fellow-men apart
At Mon Abri
In Little Pocklington—
A mile or so from where the buses start;
Nor does his gout improve.
It seems to me
His mind has got into a rut or groove,
And no one can expect him now to see
The March of Progress ever moving on
Towards Eternity.

Evoe.



Infuriated Fowler (after his first experience of a steel shaft). "G-R-R-R-R-R! The cursed thing won't even break."

Commercial Humour.

"Our Fish are Unapproachable."
Cardiff Fish Stall.

"For Sale—Asbestos pony."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

An ideal mount for a hot finish.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE FUR BOA.

ONE morning when Miss Punshon was hurrying to catch her bus she saw a very expensive boa made of silver fox which somebody had dropped on the pavement, and she picked it up so as to prevent it being trodden on, but she didn't mean to keep it because that would have been stealing, and her father was a clergyman and she was particular about that sort of thing.

Well when she came out into the street where the buses ran there was a policeman there directing the traffic, so she thought she would ask him what she had better do about it. And she ran across the road to where he was standing and told him about the fur boa, and he pulled out his note-book and began to write down what she said. But she hadn't time to wait for all that because she could see her bus coming along, so she said well I can't wait for you to write your exercises, you must take care of the fur boa and find the lady who dropped it. And he was quite shocked at that and said she must take the fur boa to the police-station herself and tell them all about it, and if they were satisfied with her story they would let her go and she wouldn't hear any more about it.

Well by this time the bus had stopped and was just ready to go on again, and there was just time for her to jump on to it, so she threw the fur boa round the policeman's neck and said well you arrange it for me, my name is Miss Punshon, and she jumped on to the bus and was carried away.



"'I SHALL REPORT YOU TO LORD BYNG.'"

Well the policeman wasn't very quick in his movements and he had his note-book and pencil in his hand, and by the time he had put them back in his pocket the bus was a long way off and he couldn't do anything to stop it. And just then a lady called Mrs. Firefly came running across the road to him and said what do you mean by wearing my fur boa, I shall report you to Lord BYNG, give it to me at once. And she snatched it off his neck and said I shall send it to the cleaners and you will have to pay for it being cleaned, I am not going to wear it after it has been round the neck of a dirty policeman.

Well the policeman was very angry at being called dirty, and he said to Mrs. Firefly you come along with me to the police-station and I shall give you in charge for insulting an officer on point duty. But Mrs. Firefly was just as angry as he was and she said yes I will come to the police-station and I shall give you in charge for stealing a fur boa made of silver fox and wearing it round your neck, I don't know what the police force is coming to, they will be using lipsticks next.

Well there was quite a crowd by that time, and they were all laughing at seeing a policeman with a fur boa round his neck and at what Mrs. Firefly had said to him. So he got more angry still and took out a pair of handcuffs, and he would have put them on Mrs. Firefly but she said you dare. And the crowd was quite in her favour and said it would be a shame if he put handcuffs on a lady who was as well dressed as she was and could afford to buy fur boas made of silver fox. So he put the handcuffs back in his pocket and said if you come quiet I shan't use them. And she went quiet except that she was telling him all the time what she thought of him, and a good many of the crowd who hadn't anything particular to do that morning went with them and were very interested in what Mrs. Firefly said.

So they came to the police-station and gave each other in charge, and the head policeman didn't quite know what to do about it because he wasn't used to having policemen on point duty given in charge for stealing, but he went out and asked the most respectable people in the crowd about it, and they all said they had seen the policeman wearing the fur boa, so he couldn't very well help himself. But he said to Mrs. Firefly I suppose you know it is a very serious offence calling a policeman on point duty dirty. I happen to know that this man has a hot bath every Saturday night, because my wife knows his wife and she told me so, and if that is proved in court the judge might come down heavy on you, I should advise you to apologize and withdraw the charge. And Mrs. Firefly said I shall do nothing of the sort, and if you are not careful I shall give you in charge for tampering with justice.

So he said oh very well have it your own way, the judge is sitting in the court now and we may as well have this case tried at once, he is not in a very good temper this morning because he had dinner last night with some other judges and I happen to know that he drank too much port which his liver can't stand, so don't say I didn't warn you.

Well the judge wasn't feeling at all well, and he had hoped that there wouldn't be any cases to try that morning and he would have a pair of white kid gloves given him and be able to go home. But there had been two or three drunks and disorderlies, and now there was this case to attend to, and he was annoyed and said to his clerk I shall make short work of it.

But he found he couldn't make short work of it, because directly Mrs. Firefly came into court she said to him it 's no good your being livery with me, if I don't get full satisfaction from this court I shall complain to the Lord Chancellor. And he would have liked to commit her for contempt of court, but he knew she would make a disturbance and he really didn't feel well enough for that. So he went into the case thoroughly, and when he heard that the policeman had been seen directing the traffic with Mrs. Firefly's fur boa round his neck he said it was the most disgraceful thing he had ever heard of, and it was no good him saying that he had a hot bath every Saturday night be-



The Man (just come in). "Ah, there 's no place like home."
His Wife. "Has something very unpleasant happened at the club, dear?"

cause he would have said just the same if he had been told that he had one on Wednesday night as well. And he said he should believe his story about Miss Punshon throwing the fur boa round his neck when he produced Miss Punshon in that court.

Well just at that very moment Miss Punshon burst into the court and began telling her story in a very excited way. And what had happened was that her conscience had pricked her about throwing the fur boa round the policeman's neck and then jumping on to the bus, and she had gone back to the place where he had been directing the traffic and found out from the other policeman there what had happened. And she had come just in time to save him from being sent to prison for stealing the fur boa.

Well the judge had such a splitting headache by this time that all he wanted was not to hear any more females talking. So he said he thought the case would be met by Mrs. Firefly giving Miss Punshon the fur boa and the policeman apologising about the handcuffs. And Mrs. Firefly was quite pleased to do that because it turned out that she was a member of Miss Punshon's father's congregation and she had seen Miss Punshon in church and taken a fancy to her. And each of them gave the policeman a shilling, so he was quite satisfied. And the judge gave a wan smile and said all 's well that ends well and went home to lie down. A. A.

FOOTNOTES TO HISTORY.

(By a Metrical Moron.)

The Pearly Queen.

Cleopatra, sojourning at Lystra,
Took a course of lessons on the *sistra*,
But contracted chronic aspidistra.

A Moghul Menu.

Wisest of the Moghul monarchs, Akbar,
Introduced a vegetarian snack-bar,
Where he frequently would take h's *tiffin*
Off some sherbet and a Burmese biffin.

Dante Outdone.

Dante (of the clan of Alighieri),
Englished in blank verse by Mr. Carey,
Gave us at the best a *Terza Rima*:
Epstein's is the genuine, *vera, prima*.

The Cruelty of Cortez.

There can't have been an R.S.P.C.A.
In Panama on that historic day
When Cortez, far the stoutest of his men,
Stood silent on a peke in Darien.

Browning and Buchan.

Browning wrote his famous *Jocoseria*
Resting in a Tartar cafeteria
In the heart of desolate Siberia,
Nourished solely on the nibs of Epps
As he traversed nine-and-thirty steppes.

Where Innocence is Bliss.

The inhabitants of Mull and Rum and Jura
Refrain from vermouth and from angostura;
The natives of the Island of Socotra
Have never yet set eyes upon Borotra;
But, sadder still, the tribes of Borrioboola
Have never even heard of La Tallulah.

The Limitations of Sea Libraries.

The works of our best-sellers now are conned
Gratis by passengers who cross the Pond;
But first editions of the books called Sibylline
Are not available upon the Bibby Line.

To-day's Greatest Thought.

Ev'ry little Papuan piccaninny
In the forests of remote New Guinea
May become a stalwart Young Crusader
And an anti-Cobdenite-Free-Trader,
Able to discharge his poisoned darts
At the deleterious dumpers' hearts
And upset the foreign apple-carts
Which might otherwise control our marts. C. L. G.

Another Libel on our Climate.

"Cheap clearance of uncalled-for umbrellas."
Placard.



Novice (sitting down for the sixth time). "I DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON. I REALLY SHALL HAVE TO GET A PROPER SKATING COSTUME."

HOT WEATHER.

(Indian Style.)

THERE 's a heat-haze over the levels, a coppery sheen in the sky,
The sea 's gone flat and sable, the sparkle 's out of the blue,
The crops are sickled and garnered and the tanks are running dry,
The last last snipe 's gone northward and the first fresh mango 's due;
There 's a new hot-weather coming, and *I* know what to do.

It 's me for the jungle,
Rod, rifle and gun;
It 's hot days for hunting
Till hot days are done.

There 's gold on the young margosa, the flame-o'-the-forest 's out,
The ranker scents of April lie strong on the sullen air,
Morning and night and noonday comes the old familiar shout—
"Brain-fever, oh, brain-fever!" from the garden baked and bare,
And the city 's stale and sticky, and *I'm* not stopping there.

It 's me for the beaches,
Long beaches and free,
The song of the palm-trees,
The surge of the sea.

There 's *kuss-kuss* hung in the office, the fans are beginning to roar,
With sun-blind, ice and punkah we start the battle again;
Cotton and crash come out in the Club and the tweeds go into store;
Till the days fulfil their appointed span and the good gods give us rain
The easiest collar 's become a curse and the lightest jacket a pain.

So it 's me for up-country,
It 's me for recess,
Where men can lie lazy
And don't need to dress.

H. B.

An Alternative to Beef Tea.

"Some of our multiple teachops give quite a palatable drink."
Daily Paper.

Another Nail in the Domestic Coffin.

"Pleasant Cottage-type House to Let Furnished; 4 bed-rooms, 2 reception-rooms. Maid's sitting-room or playroom."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Since Jane got her model railway we 've eaten nothing but cold mutton and pine-apple chunks.

More Magnets for the Centre-Court.

". . . . if permission is granted to Mr. Fearnley-Whittingstall to play at Wimbledon as 'Miss Bennett,' it is quite likely that other players will make similar requests."—*Malay Paper.*

We tremble for the Entente if Miss NUTHALL insists on playing as M. BOROTRA.

"The earth itself in its planetary course was passing into the Zodiacal Sign of Aries, the Fish."—*Jersey Paper.*

Is this quite fair to Pisces, the Ram?



MR. SNOWDEN EXPLAINS.

JOHN BULL *(listening-in to the* CHANCELLOR'S *wireless chat about his Budget).* "YES, I CAN HEAR WHAT YOU 'RE SAYING; I ONLY WISH YOU COULD HEAR WHAT I'M THINKING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 7th.—It was inevitable that some light-minded Member would ask a question suggesting the installation in the House of an electric vote-recording apparatus such as the French Chamber of Deputies has recently acquired. Mr. MacDonald's answer was a curt "No, Sir;" but a Supplementary Question indicated that the difficulty was that at present only a proportion of Members had seats in the House. Should they pave the way for the electric voting machine by building a larger House or having fewer Members? The last-named alternative is too horrible for Members to contemplate with comfort.

Loud cheers greeted a question from Mr. Will Thorne, who is reported to be contemplating a fourth voyage on the seas of matrimony. But he only wished to know the destination of German dumped wheat and oats.

A large number of Conservatives had Questions down about the proposed interpretation by the Prime Minister, in the interests of Naval Disarmament and for the purpose of appeasing the French passion for security, of Article 16 of the League of Nations' Covenant. The Government's answer, delivered by Mr. Henderson, was in effect that it could not promise to consult the League Council or the other signatories of the Covenant beforehand. Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson accordingly asked leave to move the adjournment of the House on this matter of urgent public importance, and the Conservatives rose in a body to support him.

When the motion came on at 7.30, however, Mr. Locker-Lampson contented himself with formally moving it, saying that he understood that the Prime Minister had a statement to make. Mr. MacDonald, in a conciliatory and statesmanlike explanation, urged that no Government could bind itself not to discuss the scope of its obligations under Article 16, "which is vague in its meaning," with a foreign Power without first going to the League Council. He could only promise that negotiations on this matter would be conducted with the opinion of the House and the country well in mind. On the other hand, his offer of January last to consult with the leaders of either of the other Parties, if at any time they thought information was required, as to the advisability of a statement, still held good. Both Sir Samuel Hoare, on behalf of the absent Conservative leader, and Mr. Lloyd George expressed satisfaction with the statement and the motion was withdrawn.

Mr. Greenwood's Housing (No. 2) Bill produced no surprises and was not expected to produce any. No heavy Second Reading criticism was expected or offered, Mr. Neville Chamberlain's speech being essentially that of one who had formerly put his hand to the same plough and found the furrow no easy one to turn. There is no national ill, as Major Sir John Birchall pointed out, in respect of which so little has been done in the last thirty years, though all Parties have tried and wished to do something.

The problem becomes the more impressive when one has heard the speeches of such Members as Lieut.-Colonel Fremantle, Mr. R. S. Young and Mr. Vaughan and others who have devoted years of study to the Housing question. It is human nature and not lack of goodwill or ability that has stood in the way of slum clearance.

This debate received distinction from two maiden speeches, each delivered with modest grace but full of promise, by two chips of the old Prime Ministerial block. Miss Megan Lloyd George urged the House to remember that the housing problem was just as much a problem of the village as of the slum. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald gave some practical illustrations of the problem as it affects Londoners and pointed out the futility of asking a man who works, say, in Stepney, to live in Becontree and add five or six shillings to a rent of twelve or fourteen shillings.

Tuesday, April 8th.—Noble Lords, unacquainted as most of them must be with the inner mysteries of the little war that is going on between the Post Office and the International Communications Company, looked slightly mystified when Lord Clarendon, on behalf of the Company, invited the Government to "give every possible facility to the Company for research and experimental work in connection with wireless telephony." The mystery merely deepened when Lord Clarendon intimated that he was already assured of an answer in a favourable sense. If the Company and the Government, which must be considered in this connection to speak for the Post-Office, are agreed on this matter what need was there for Lord Clarendon to wring a categorical assurance from Lord Russell on the floor of the House of Lords?

In the Commons Sir George Penny drew from the Secretary of the Treasury the information that since it took office the Government has appointed thirty-six Commissions and Committees—one a week. Mr. Mander urged the President of the Board of Trade to make this a country fit for the multilingual talking-film industry to live in, "in view of the special advantages existing in this country as against the United States of America." What multilingual pull we have over America, except the hon. Member for Spennymoor, is not clear. Mr. Day urged the P.M.G. to label a number of public telephone booths, "Smoking Prohibited." There is no reason, of course, why those who prefer to do a bit of knitting while waiting for the coin to drop should breathe a vitiated atmosphere.

The Second Reading debate on the Housing (No. 2) Bill was continued. Sir Kingsley Wood's speech, as becomes that of a Fighting Front Bencher, was slightly more critical than his former chief's. Moreover he would be less than human if he had not a few "thorns under his tongue," as *Mowgli* put it, for the Minister of Health, of whom he patronizingly observed at the outset that no Minister had grown more in wisdom and stature in the last nine months. His argument was chiefly directed to the



THE NEW TALKIE STARS.

Miss Megan Lloyd George. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald.

First Proud Parent. "They make this old stager feel a bit small, but I like it."

Second Ditto. "Same here."

contention that Mr. GREENWOOD's form of subsidy—the *per capita* family grant in aid of rent—would find its way into the pockets of the purveyors of building materials, as former subsidies had done.

Mr. WHEATLEY was even more critical, taking as his text the observation of some unknown poet of the people—perhaps Mr. WHEATLEY himself—to the effect that

> "When the Tories have nothing to fear
> The workers have nothing to cheer."

He said that the number of existing slum areas was a small thing compared to the hundreds of thousands of matured working-class houses that would come "tumbling into slumdom" in the course of the next ten years. Moreover he saw nothing about a slum-dweller that entitled him, irrespective of his income, to privileged treatment in the way of an artificially reduced rent simply because he was, or because his grandfather had been, a slum-dweller.

Mr. SIMON said the question was how to build houses that could be let for seven shillings a week, and suggested rather illogically that a Government subsidy was the only way.

The House gave the Bill its Second Reading and agreed to the Financial Resolution. Then in a cumulative fury of legislative zeal it polished off the Report and Committee stages of the Unemployment Insurance (No. 3) Bill, voted £220,100 for art and science buildings and read the Children (Employment Abroad) Bill a third time.

Wednesday, April 9th.—One of the perilous sights that most intrigued *Sinbad the Sailor* in the course of his adventures was the spectacle of a roc making off to its eyrie with an elephant in one claw and a whale in the other. Some noble Lords may have recalled the incident this afternoon as they listened to Air-Marshal Lord TRENCHARD pleading that the Air Force could well be entrusted with a larger slice of the business of policing the Empire.

Needless to say, naval, military and proconsular objection to the intrusion of a fourth claimant to an adequate share of the white man's burden quickly manifested itself, and Lords BEATTY, PLUMER and LLOYD politely but firmly assured the House in general and Lord TRENCHARD in particular that his idea of keeping the peace of the border and suppressing the wily Arab slaver by dropping bombs on them from the air was all wrong. As a punitive force, they urged, the Air Force was efficient and cheap, but it was all iron fist and no glove.

Lord THOMSON gave the House a practical illustration of Air diplomacy by "reaching out with his voice," like the lady in *Marriage*, and bringing the debate back to the general question of the development of Air power.



FELLING THE FELLER.
MR. GREENWOOD AND MR. WHEATLEY.



Lord BEATTY. "A SPLENDID BIRD, I ADMIT, SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T IMAGINE THAT THE AIR IS THE ONLY ELEMENT."

Lord TRENCHARD. "YES, BUT THAT 'S NO REASON FOR CLIPPING HIS WINGS."

In the Commons Mr. A. M. SAMUEL urged the FOREIGN SECRETARY to greater efforts to get redress for British holders of the Mexican Government securities. "Does the Right Hon. Gentleman realise," he asked, "that the Mexican Government will do nothing until he makes himself unpleasant?"

The suggestion that Uncle ARTHUR *could* make himself unpleasant even if he tried caused the House to smile.

Mr. GREENWOOD, in reply to a Question by Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, gave a detailed account of the new British Post-graduate Hospital and Medical School which is to be established in London and will be open to post-graduate students from all parts of the Commonwealth, including (as some fellow-Member took pains to ascertain) the Hon. and Æsculapian Member for Royton.

Thursday, April 10th.—The Commons were reminded by the HOME SECRETARY that it is illegal for the British public to buy tickets in the Calcutta sweep. It was clear that Mr. HORE-BELISHA could hardly believe his ears. To Sir B. PETO Mr. CLYNES explained that it was quite in order for bookies to get a commission from the Betting Control Board for bets placed with the Board's totalisator.

The Scottish Housing Bill having been debated on Second Reading with the pertinacious anxiety with which the Scots habitually crown all their legislative endeavours, the PRIME MINISTER moved the adjournment of the House in order to make a statement about the Naval Conference. The gist of his statement was that there would be a tripartite agreement between the United States, Great Britain and Japan, involving a substantial reduction of naval armaments all round, but that the hoped-for five-power agreement would have to wait until the differences in the naval requirements of France and Italy were no longer too intricate to be solved.

It was a pure coincidence that the House wound up the evening with the Navy and Marines (Wills) Bill.



THE HARBINGER CLUB.

MEMBERSHIP CONFINED TO PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN FIRST WITH THE NEWS OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE CUCKOO IN THEIR RESPECTIVE DISTRICTS.

POLICE.

THE Cockney—an infant could spot it—
Is rarely addicted to side,
But knows a good thing when he's got it,
And glows with legitimate pride
When he thinks of the lords of his peace, men
Who handle his traffic and crimes,
So remote from the comic policemen
Of earlier times.

I know not for how many summers
They reigned over people and Press,
With mothers-in-law and with plumbers
And large alcoholic excess;
But they came with perennial patness,
A Joke one delighted to greet
Which had never a feeling of flatness
Except in their feet.

O tread that was torpid and leaden,
O boots of a spatulate shape
Whose crunching no effort could deaden
When warning the vile to escape,
How the music-halls rang to you nightly;
And then what convulsions of mirth
Were aroused by remarks on a tightly
Protuberant girth!

And that was an era of features
Which drivers aloft on a bus
(Themselves not the fairest of creatures)
Derisively loved to discuss,
And, declining the while o'er their traces,
Would join with a cabby below
In sarcastic descriptions of faces
Which hurt like a blow.

And yet it was sung, it was written,
Their victim, whatever his looks,
Could come it as soft as a kitten
On bevies of amorous cooks;
And, though massive perhaps to one's thinking,
That form, at the news of a fray
Round the corner, could leg it like winking
The opposite way.

But now, when the man from the tropics
Returns in his dotage to drown
His cares, and among other topics
Discusses the changes in town,
There is much to delight or to shock him
From flats to relations of sex,
But the one thing that's certain to knock him
Is Constable X.

Observe that magnificent torso;
That visage, regard it with care;
A kind of Apollo, but more so;
What grandeur, what prowess is there;
When he holds up the street on point duty
No sting from the satirist cuts;
Not a cook, be she ever so fruity,
Could vamp him for nuts.

A personage noble and nobby,
Such dignity sits on his brow
That no one says "peeler" or "bobby";
We all call him "officer" now;
To a meek and subservient laity
The gain is apparent—and yet
In the loss of some innocent gaiety
There's food for regret.

DUM-DUM.



TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN-RIDER.

Owner (to amateur jockey who has taken a chance mount not greatly in demand). "HE 'S BEEN AWFULLY UNLUCKY, THAT HORSE—STARTED FOR SIX RACES THIS SEASON AND FELL EVERY TIME; BUT IF YOU CAN KEEP HIM FROM JUMPING THE WINGS YOU MIGHT JUST ABOUT W.N."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

ROUND the particular Colony in which we happen to live—if I call it God's Own Self-Governing Dominion it will please everyone and give nothing away—is what is known as a tariff wall. It is an imaginary line, vaguely intended to protect the good local manufacturer; but its only effect on James (my husband), who is a perfectly good local manufacturer of motor spare parts, is to make him say, "Damn the Tariff Board." The effect on the ordinary public is that it is hardly worth while for your mother in England to send you a scarf or a pair of silk stockings, because you have to pay more than you can afford or they are worth for the pleasure of receiving them.

In the matter of gramophone records we are doubly protected. Not only do we have to pay duty on records which could not conceivably be made locally, but we are not allowed to have the records of any musical comedies till the works themselves have been produced in our Dominion. For instance we cannot buy a record of "Ol' Man River," or "A Room with a View," although London is by now satiated with them both; nor shall we be allowed to until *Show Boat* and *This Year of Grace* have been produced here with a specially imported, and probably second-rate, company. Which is all somehow for our good.

But if you like to write home for these records the Government has not the faintest objection to your adding to the revenue by getting them privately and paying the duty. The method is quite simple. A few weeks ago I received a postcard informing me that a parcel was waiting for me at the Customs Department of the G.P.O. Our G.P.O. is a large red building with flights of marble steps and everything handsome about it, and, as befits so self-governing a dominion, nearly as expensive-looking as a super-cinema. What feverish hum of activity may go on in the back regions I am unable to say, but in the portion set aside for the activities of the Customs there live three or four nonchalant gentlemen whose chief duty is to ignore the public, a duty which they perform very efficiently and to the point of exasperation.

After making several vain attempts to break through the barrage of conversation which they put up against an officious and meddling public, I caught sight of my parcel at the other end of the counter and approached with the nervously ingratiating smile (at least one always hopes it is, but one's own smile is a thing to be preserved from seeing unexpectedly in a looking-glass) that one keeps for democratic officials.

"Glad to see you smiling," said the gentleman in charge. He was a middle-aged man in a speckled shirt, wearing expanding armlets above the elbows to keep his sleeves well up and his cuffs out of the ink, no collar and a tarnished brass stud at the neck. This, I may add, is also the sacred costume for Sundays in our Dominion.

"Yes, I always smile," said I, with desperate and idiotic brightness. "I 'm quite a believer in smiling."

"Wait till you see what you 've got to pay," said the gentleman.

I laughed a nervously ingratiating laugh (as above).

Mostly they hurl your parcel at you and tell you to undo it yourself, but this gentleman was kinder and undid it for me. Or perhaps the smile had had its effect.

"I would be *so* grateful," said I, "if you could let me have my parcel rather quickly. I 've got an appointment with my dentist."

"What time?" said the gentleman, still wrestling with the string.

"Half-past ten," said I.

By now he had got the paper off and was prizing open the lid with a portable crowbar.

"We'll let you out in time," said he comfortingly. "Mustn't miss your dentist. The boys don't like it if you let them down."

"No," said I, more brightly even than before, "the boys don't like it if you're not on time."

"No," said he, pulling handfuls of packing out of the box like a conjurer. "That's right; the boys don't like it."

We then slid imperceptibly into an animated conversation on teeth, on the cultivated variety of which he was evidently an expert. I gathered from his *obiter dicta* that you hadn't ought to have your teeth out at all, but if you find they need to come out, well, it's best to have them out and it will do you a world of good.

Regardless of the queue behind me, who may all have had appointments with their dentists, he counted the records, found them correct, re-packed them—an unheard-of piece of chivalry—and tied up the parcel again.

"Here you are," said he, "four shillings to pay, and, if your boy asks where you've been, say you were talking to me."

"I think I'd better not tell him *that*," said I with what was meant to be bright archness, for it is as well to be in the good graces of our Customs officials, and so departed.

And now I can play "Ol' Man River," and a very good tune it is; and in another six months or so the whole colony will be ringing with it. Think of that.

THE IDEAL HOME: A VISION.

Propping my paper up against the bacon,
"Let's hope," said I, "that it is not yet taken,
For here's the very house of which we dreamed,
A Tudor gem, magnificently beamed.
It has seclusion without isolation,
Being ten minutes from a main-line station.
The owner's disposition is so nice
That he will take a sacrificial price;
And, as the most delightful feature, note
That round the well-walled garden runs a moat.
I hear Romance a-calling us. So be it!
We'll go this very afternoon and see it."

* * * * *

We did not purchase. Shall I tell you why?
Both moat and beam were in the agent's eye.



"Uncle, will you get into evening dress? Then I can throw my lantern-slides on your shirt-front and you can be a talkie."

THE ERUDITE HOUSE-AGENT.

["Suffolk.—Compact House ... Beautiful garden, far from *οἱ πόλλοι* and Charabancs."
"Agony" Column of Daily Paper.]

From the new quality which has crept into his descriptions of properties, I feel sure that my enterprising house-agent is among those who have read the above advertisement with profit. Here are a few samples of his lately-acquired refinement:—

Suburban Villa to Let. *Ben trovato.* Two reception-rooms, three bedrooms. Near *chemin de fer* and *tramway électrique.*

Excellent Baker's Shop for Sale. Profits over £30 per mensem. In select neighbourhood, unspoilt by cinemas and football-crowds. *Panem*, in fact, *sed non circenses.*

Houseboat to Let. Suitable for *dolce far niente.* Entirely free from *gamins, apaches* and *la bourgeoisie.* *Ἕκας ἐατέ, βέβηλοι.*

Delightful rustic Inn for sale in heart of beautiful country. All bedrooms slept in by Elizabeth Regina. Population of village, 52; no children or pets. *Siste, viator! Nunc est bibendum!*

Si monumentum quæris, circumspice. Family Vault no longer required owing to spread of Stopes doctrines. On long lease, practically *in secula seculorum*, from Trustees. In pleasant *al fresco* surroundings, *à la belle étoile.*

AT THE PLAY.

"ON THE SPOT" (WYNDHAM'S).

LEST you should think his account of the booze-racket in Chicago a mere fast and furious fairy-tale spun out of his ingenious head, Mr. EDGAR WALLACE reminds you on the programme that his "good friends, WILLIAM RUSSELL, Chief Commissioner, and JOHN STEGE, Deputy Commissioner of the Chicago Police Department, are daily and hourly dealing effectively with situations more incredible and more fantastical than any I have depicted." An astute advertisement this, putting us entirely in the right frame of mind. If there are reservations we must keep them to ourselves.

The prologue shows us a bed in a casualty-ward. A police-captain, bluffing and blarneying, is trying to induce the dying *Shaun O'Donnell* to name his murderer. But the boy won't squeal, perhaps because it is his best friend, *Jimmy McGarth*, who has bumped him off. *Jimmy*, after all, he might argue, has, as member of a rival gang, only been doing his duty. There is honour among gangsters, if none among their paymasters. *Shaun* was one of *Mike Feeney's* men; *Jimmy* a favourite lieutenant of the most formidable of the liquor-traffic kings, *Tony Perelli*. It was one of those disputes about territorial rights which have caused wars since the world began. No great enterprises can be conducted unless agreements between the high contracting parties are respected. The Feeneyians have been operating in Perellian territory. Such regrettable incidents are inevitable. There must be discipline and there must be sanctions. And you get rid of inconvenient subordinates, if they be squealers or bunglers, or for that matter too much interested in your wife or woman, by "putting them on the spot"—that is deliberately sending them to their death either at the hands of your own villains or even by friendly arrangement with those of a rival sovereign.

Tony Perelli, ex-musician and now the richest, most unscrupulous and, it is hinted but not proved, the most astute of the Chicago outlaws in "The Trade" (post-VOLSTEAD style), lives in a princely apartment on Michigan Avenue, complete with organ (on which the great man strums when much moved by business triumphs or worries or private lust); winter-garden, salon and usual offices; an enormous box-couch on wheels for the temporary bestowal of any enemies actually killed on the premises, and, we deduce, a special corpse-lift and a corpse-delivery-van in the garage. He also runs a "house" in Cicero, the management of which seems to be a perquisite of the last cast-off mistress. The reigning lady of the moment is a Chinese girl, *Minn Lee*, devoted to her man but having no illusions about



CHINOISERIE.

Minn Lee . . . MISS GILLIAN LIND.

him, and compassionately affectionate to the young *Jimmy*. Because she suspects that *Jimmy* is about to be put on the spot—*Perelli* is dangerously nice to him, and that's a bad sign—she, in the consecrated phrase, "gives him everything." As *Perelli* furiously desires the woman of one of his lieutenants, *Con O'Hara*, he puts them both on the same spot, sends them both to the same rendezvous, to be machine-gunned to death. *Jimmy* is duly bumped off, but *Con*, warned by *Jimmy* in time, escapes.

He returns to deal with *Perelli*, who promptly shoots him in the stomach with one of those noiseless "half-charge" pistols now so fashionable. *Minn Lee*, a woman of great dignity and steadfastness, knowing her reign over, stabs herself, leaving a written note of her intentions. *Perelli*, turning from the organ to see her dead, can only call her "damned fool" with hysterical iteration.

Enter to him, while he still has the knife drawn from her body in his hands, the cool-headed *Detective Commissioner John Kelly*, claps the handcuffs on him and then slowly burns *Minn Lee's* exculpating farewell note. *Perelli* knows exactly what that means. You can kill as many men as you please in Chicago and escape the chair. But a woman is different. He is caught literally red-handed—that will be *Kelly's* account of it. And the vile wop in a frenzy of despair grovels before the Madonna, howling for aid in his extremity.

An accidental solution, and a little unflattering perhaps to the police, who have had knowledge of every movement of the gangsters (their cars we have heard shrieking through the avenue below, apparently driven by Mr. KAYE DON), who have had free access to *Perelli's* apartment (*Kelly* has practically lived in it through the three Acts), who tap the candid telephone conversations of the criminals, and yet have not been able to fix the guilt of any one of *Perelli's* twenty murders upon him. I rather wonder what Messrs. RUSSELL and STEGE will think about it.

That however luckily does not matter. We can enjoy every moment of this competently-constructed romance of crime. We can admire *Perelli*, so childishly proud of his winter-garden, of his two hundred silk shirts, of the fact that he doesn't know there's such small change as a ten-dollar bill; so ruthless in war, so prompt and resolute in love. In actual fact a perfect savage of a man, sleek, greedy, cruel and treacherous. Obviously a CHARLES LAUGHTON part, and how excellently studied! How convincingly woppish!

The production by the author was most adroitly managed. There were no dragging passages to give us time to be critical of detail. The whole thing swung along at a brave pace; there were some excellent jokes for relief of tension, and a gradual crescendo of interest. In brief, Mr. EDGAR WALLACE has got away with it again. T.



A CROOK-TO-CROOK TALK.

Mike Feeney . . . . . MR. DENNIS WYNDHAM.
Tony Perelli . . . . . MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON.

"SUSPENSE" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

Mr. PATRICK MACGILL's scheme is a simple one. Act. I. Reliefs expected. An unusual air of strain and suppressed excitement in the little trench garrison. Unusual incidents, such as the leaving behind of many parcels and a considerable ration of rum. Disorderly scurry of the relieved. Entry of reliefs. A fine dug-out this! The keen young rooky, just fresh from his public school, who has enjoyed the march up mostly because he thought he was going to be frightened and wasn't, is inclined to think that it is going to be ripping. The company grouser (*Lomax*) and the company Stoic (*Scruffy*) state the general case for the other view. A growing tension. Something untoward is afoot, something outside their experience of even the least quiet periods of trench routine. And yet Jerry is quiet. Above ground, yes. But he is mining underneath them and they have got to stick it out for a whole week. (The producer has of course exaggerated the noises made by the tunnellers so that we hear the steady sinister beat of their picks, and the author for his dramatic purpose takes the liberty of assuming them to be much more audible to the men than they would be in actual fact). Tempers are on edge. The N.C.O.s bully and bluster. *Scruffy* brings his turn of stoical bawdy humour to bear on the situation to relieve the tension and in particular to encourage the newcomer.

Act II. A week later. The strain is becoming unbearable. *Scruffy* manfully sticks to his knitting and his self-imposed task of keeping up his fellows' spirits. The flood of filth and blasphemy rises. The godly "*Alleluia*" *Brett*, taking comfort from his Bible, protests in vain (and the pit seems to think no better of him for this effort than the more hard-bitten of his comrades). *Lomax* is more quarrelsome and foul-mouthed than ever. The boy *Pettigrew* is near the end of his self-control. He finally gives way, tries to kill his restraining comrades, rushes from the dug-out, climbs from the trench and makes for the enemy lines. The Company Commander, in accordance with General Routine Orders from the C.-in-C., just read, orders a party to open fire upon him. They fire high. The boy returns distraught with a couple of willing prisoners. The tapping of the picks is still heard. . . . Reliefs are coming up. They enter. A rooky thinks the march up not so bad; thinks he is going to enjoy the front line. *Scruffy*, the last to leave, gives him a pitying look and hurries after his mates, and so *da capo*.

Act III. The relieved company marching wearily but almost happily towards billets. A halt for a rest. More frank informal commentary on the War, on staff officers, on mud and lice, more singing of bawdy songs. And then in the distance a flash. The mine! Followed by a bombardment and general confusion. And finally of orders to return to the line. The enemy has broken through—it is the fatal morning of March 22nd, 1918. And, as the weary men turn, the machine guns take heavy toll. *Scruffy* alone is happy with a "blighty" one in the leg. *Lomax*, hit in the spine, gives his wrist-watch to *Scruffy*. "You'd have it anyway," says he with his latest breath in reference to *Scruffy's* cheerful ghoulish habit of picking up trifles from the dead.



Aunt (not a Rugby expert, indicating full back). "I DON'T THINK MUCH OF HIM—HE SEEMS TO TAKE SO LITTLE INTEREST IN THE GAME AND HASN'T JOINED IN THE PUSHING ONCE."

A play which I find almost impossible to judge. Except in the final scene, which was strangely convincing and poignant, we were, I think, more moved in general by Mr. MACGILL's grim or unseemly jokes than by the horror of the situation he was putting before us—which is queer. But in the last scene the sense of helplessness of men tried almost beyond human endurance being made the sport of evil fate seemed aptly summarised and was deeply moving. Mr. REGINALD DENHAM had posed and lit the scene with an astonishing effect at once of realism and suggestion.

Mr. GORDON HARKER and Mr. SIDNEY MORGAN must have been the veritable

Scruffy and *Lomax* of Mr. MACGILL'S sardonic dreams, and they were well supported.

I wonder if we aren't just a little overdoing the unromantic cross-sectioning of war. Exaggeration or, if that 's not possible, perverse emphasis may let in the romantics eventually by way of reaction. That would be a pity. T.

AN ECLOGUE OF EXODUS.

Now, to square and city newly
Do the morns come white-and-bluely,
And they whisper—tell-tale truly
Runs the word, O elfin fine,
And far off but fluent, fluent,
Till, to such a theme pursuant,
Where 's the heart that won't play truant
With the daisies down the line?

Phyllis mine, then let 's be queueing
Up, as all the world is doing—
Booking Odysseys, renewing
Links in daisy-chains begun
Long ago by shepherd sillies
For the rustic Amaryllis
(*What* an idyll was, my Phyllis,
You 'll recall)—at Paddington?

And you say, "Just being idle,
Boys and girls whose white goats sidle
Off astray in—'daisy-pied' 'll
Suit the hills they stray among,
Where the swains pay frank addresses
To the blue-eyed shepherdesses
And a pine-grove breathes caresses—
Thus" (you say) "a poet sung?"

Why, of course he did, a million
Years ago; but leave Sicilian
Noon and grasshopper cotillion
To the Bard of Syracuse,
Since this morning's wisdom teaches
That you 'll find at Burnham Beeches
Or by Boveney's meadowed reaches
Idylls of more personal use.

But they 'll want a bard at leisure
(Idylls all go best to measure);
Here 's a bard, then, at your pleasure,
One who asks, to match his rhyme,
Just these easy things and pleasant—
Grass, blue sky, to-day's incessant
Daisy-chain, an omnipresent
April and yourself each time.

P. R. C.

"The delicacy of the only child is much more pronounced than when he is a member of a large family."—*North-Country Paper.*

Yet it must be harassing work to rear
a large family of only children.

"ROAD TRANSPORT FEAT.

. . . by skilful handling on the part of the team of drivers who worked in delays there was never as much as a threat of a mishap."
Glasgow Paper.

Most British working men are past masters of this procedure.

"HOW'S THE GOLF?"

You will have noticed how frequently "How 's the Golf?" is used nowadays as a form of greeting, and at first sight it may strike you as rather odd, because one does not inquire "How 's the Cricket?" or "How 's the Football?" or how, as far as I remember, is any other game. But the reason is really quite plain. These other games are just games, whereas golf is a malady—a chronic complaint like rheumatism and asthma, and once it has got into the system it must always be the subject of solicitude and concern to your friends. The martyr to golf, like the martyr to gout, is sometimes better and sometimes worse—sometimes even on rare and rapturous occasions he may seem to be completely cured—and it is as much a social duty to inquire about the golf as it is about the gout. It will never do to assume that, because the last time you met Smith he had never been so wonderful in his life, his case calls no longer for your concern; as like as not he will tell you to-day that he has never been so putrid.

It is a very strange thing, this about the golf. It is clean out of our control. We never can tell how ill or well it is going to be, and we know of no steps to take. There are signs and portents which warn the sufferer from lumbago and asthma and chilblains and hay-fever and the rest, and to a large extent it is in his power to guard against serious attacks. He will cut out port, watch the barometer, wear different clothing, move to another climate, and so on; but with the golf there is nothing you can do. You may go to bed at ten and the golf may be worse (or better) than if you had danced till three in the morning; you may live in a flat in town or in a house on the links; you may have a colossal lunch followed by a double port, or you may have no lunch at all, and the golf will break out on its own, good or bad—no one knows. Some day, I suppose, there will be golf-doctors. Pros are no use. They cure the golf for the hour when you are slogging away at their side, but once you are out of their sight all the old symptoms will develop, and back the golf will go to its unaccountable ups and downs.

Meantime the question arises, How is one to reply to the greeting, "How 's the Golf?" I personally find this very difficult. I don't like telling a lie, but at the same time I don't like causing pain. If I reply truthfully I shall say, "My drives sag miserably away to the right, my brassie shots seldom leave the ground, I hit every iron shot off the toe, I am scared stiff with the mashie, I am never up to the hole with an approach putt and the short putts give me cramp in the stomach." What a horrible tale to put across a friend! On the other hand how much wiser than to say, "Very good, thanks," because this would be (*a*) a lie; (*b*) conceited; (*c*) liable to correction by a third party; (*d*) bad policy in case of a challenge. I have often wondered about this. I don't like non-committal expressions like "So, so" and "Mustn't grumble," and it is only to one's more intimate friends that one can reply, "Something terrific. How 's yours?"

But perhaps after all it doesn't much matter. There is a golden rule when discussing ailments: Don't talk—listen. And it must be so with the golf. Let the other party tell you of his cures and his relapses and his bogies and his birdies—just listen. So, if you can't get the question in first, the only part of your reply that really matters is, "And how is yours?"

What a game! L. B. G.

RHYMES OF DOMESTIC PROSE.

BOILING CABBAGE.

How often in my hall
The breath of boiling cabbage like a pall
Hangs in the air.
It follows up the stair,
Holding my nose in thrall,
And then I say,
"I 'm sure that Mrs. WOOLF, VIRGINIA WOOLF, whose books
Are quite above the medium type of brow,
Never smells boiling cabbage on her way
Upstairs. I 'm sure some æsthete cooks
For her, someone who won't allow
The swift escape of this most potent smell.
For could she write so well,
This Mrs. WOOLF, with such elusiveness,
Such subtle sense of doom,
If boiling cabbage rose to *Jacob's* room
Or hung about *Orlando's* rich Court-dress?
Even her *Lighthouse*-keeper must not know
That Cook is boiling cabbage down below."

W. M. L.

Household Hints that We do not Take.

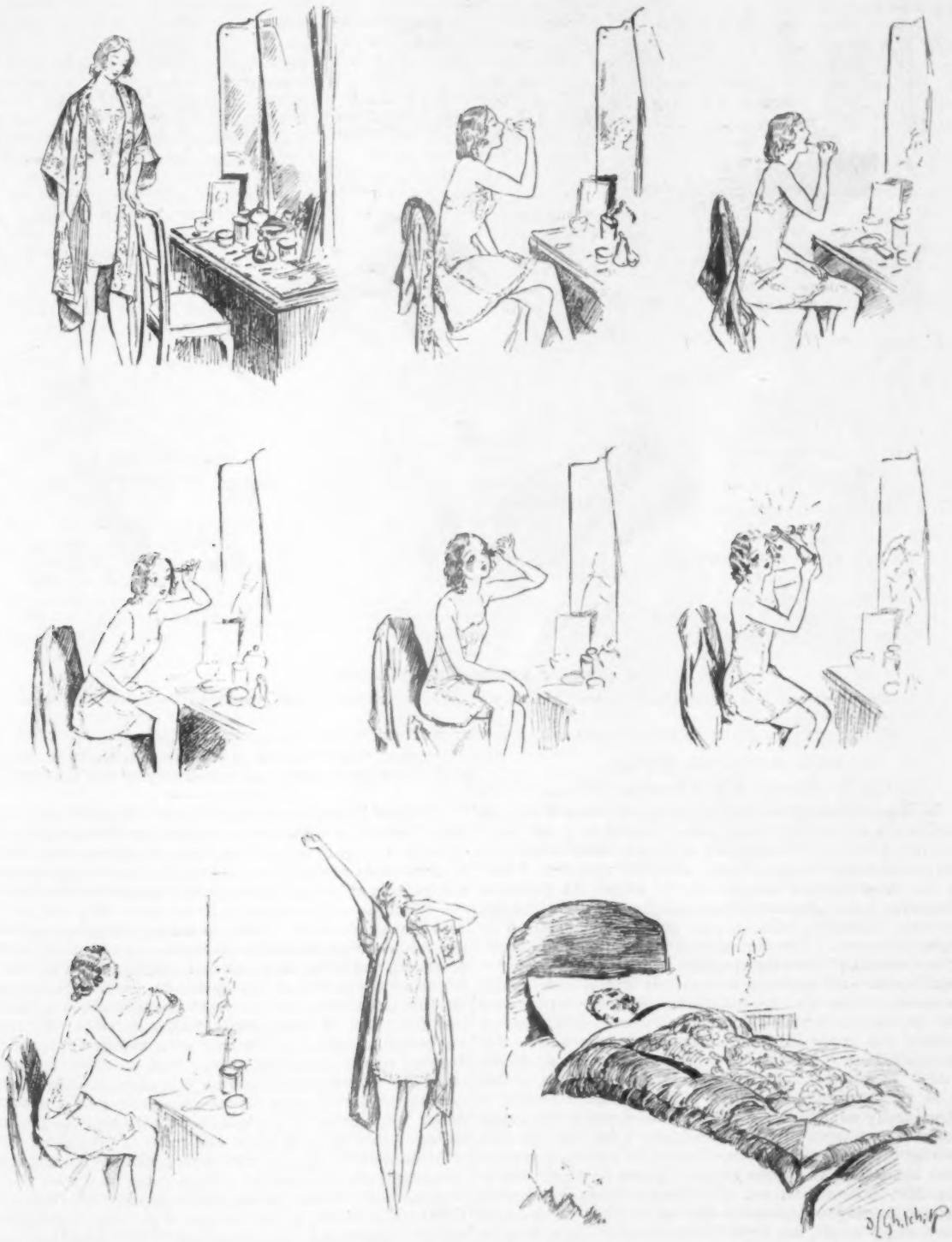
"To make a piece of boiled bacon really delicious, add a teaspoonful of vinegar, a couple of gloves, and a small bit of nutmeg to the water in which the bacon is to be boiled."
Weekly Paper.

A Fresh Breeze in the Billiards World.

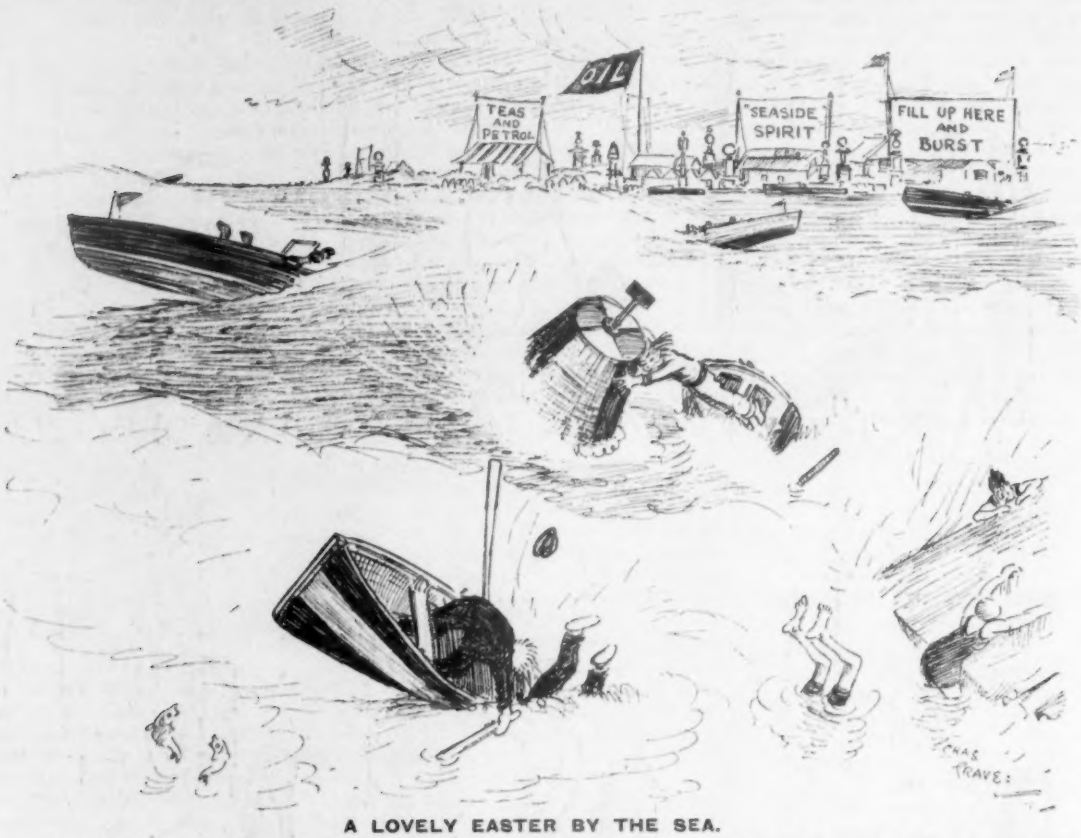
"Lindrum first learnt about the close cannon off Falkiner."—*Daily Paper.*

"FILM OF ELEPHANTS TAKEN DURING FLIGHT."
Headline in Evening Paper.

The time has come at last, it seems,
When elephants have wings.



ART FOR ART'S SAKE.



A LOVELY EASTER BY THE SEA.

SPEED-MANIACS AND PETROL-PUMPS, HAVING BRIGHTENED THE COUNTRYSIDE, HAVE NOW STARTED TO DO THE SAME TO THE SEASIDE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Rogue Herries* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) Mr. HUGH WALPOLE strikes me as playing many parts, several of them ably; but very little of this curiously histrionic novel impresses me as essentially of its author. Its chief weakness, I feel, is the unacceptable convention in which its principal character is cast, *Francis Herries* being a sort of eighteenth-century *Heathcliff*, built up with pulseless deliberation by sheer virtuosity. The chronicle of his long life in Borrowdale abounds in striking episodes which have no ulterior significance—red herrings, attractively strong and highly-coloured, whose trail we are inured to following (it may be) in life but resent in romantic fiction. Take, for instance, the scene in which *Herries* sells his mistress at Keswick Fair. It reminds you inevitably of a similar "deal" at Casterbridge; but here the transaction, presented with far more emphasis and *panache* than HARDY'S, is structurally negligible. Yet the book deserves respectful consideration as the effort (mistaken, I believe, but still heroic) of a man with a secure line of his own to break out into something he deems bigger. There is much that is excellent in *Rogue Herries*. The story of his daughter *Deb's* belated marriage to a parson, *not* borrowed from JANE AUSTEN, gave me, I admit, my own best moments. In such work Mr. WALPOLE is greater than he knows; and that "synthesis of all that is English" which he has endeavoured to compass in the derring-do of the *Herries* family is accomplished far more surely and memorably in *The Cathedral*.

A former Appeal Court Judge like Sir CECIL WALSH could not, of course, in writing of cases that have come before him —*Indian Village Crimes* (BENN, 10/6)—be expected to indulge in mere sensationalism; but on the other hand, since his publishers acclaim him as the author of *The Agra Double Murder* —a villainous title if ever there was one—he must do his best to play his part. In the result he writes a long introduction, commenting rather fascinatingly on crime, Court procedure and police methods in India, things in regard to which a judge may fairly let himself go, afterwards illustrating this introduction by concrete instances which somehow just fall short of being really rather horrible. It is not unknown in India, in the case of a village-fight, for an accused man to plead self-defence and an alibi simultaneously; neither is it unknown for the police to spoil a clear case by producing eye-witnesses who swear to the wrong dates. It is quite certain that no witness will give evidence to hurt one of his own caste, and most of all assured that no force of public opinion is to be reckoned with in a country where apparently a murder may be going on openly all day long without anyone feeling called upon to interfere. Sir CECIL shows how, in the welter of perjury, subornation, false confession and police "padding" with which the Courts have to deal, it is the onerous task of the judge to gather a little truth here and a little there, so as to fit together a true

account of an occurrence quite different, it may be, from that advanced by either police or defendant. There are in this volume some sufficiently remarkable tales of blood and terror, yet it is as a commentary on Indian mentality that it best deserves study. It never quite works up to being a "thriller," never indeed altogether breaks loose from its introduction, which for once in a way is probably the best part of the book.

Here *Country Life* escorts men
To hunt or fish or shoot,
With *Letters to Young Sportsmen*
From masters of repute;
You 'll hunt with J. MACKILLOP,
K. DAWSON is our "gun,"
And creels of fish we 'll fill up
With HORACE HUTCHINSON.

Here are the main essentials
Of three familiar arts;
These grasped are our credentials
To play in country parts,
To take our proper stations
With fish and fox and game,
And charming illustrations
By EDWARDS point the same.

Now, though my fancy flatters,
Perhaps, our Nimrod best,
These elementary matters
And easy to digest
Should none of 'em be lost to us
Who 'd learn our teachers' tricks
For fear (the trifling cost to us)
Of spending twelve-and-six.

I have a particular affection for the French senator who began a back-to-the-land campaign with "If only the French were more realistic. . . ." It is the realists who see that, while you can live practically without industrialism, you cannot live without agriculture. It is only the romantics—and how inveterately romantic, in the worst sense, is the modern industrialist—who fail to perceive that a labour-saving device is a work-destroying one. So, when I praise Father C. C. MARTINDALE's impressions of New Zealand and Australia for their sound realism, I am praising them because they take what is usually considered the sentimental point of view and work it out as the sound proposition it is. *The Risen Sun* (SHEED AND WARD, 7/6) is handicapped—I take it deliberately handicapped—in its appeal to the general reader. It is a series of travel jottings of a vast tour hastily accomplished; it is addressed first to Anzacs and only incidentally to Englishmen; and, while its chief concern is immigration (from the point of view of the new land rather than the old), this is largely but by no means solely studied from Catholic material. Yet I think Father MARTINDALE's bias makes for optimism; for, if you wish to stem the rush to the towns—as rampant in the Antipodes as elsewhere—you must pin your faith to traditional family life. At any rate I would commend the book for its emigration policy alone, apart from its delightful pictures of the phantasmagoric Plains and its vignette of the Marsupial Mole.



Mother. "I SHOULD NEVER HAVE DARED TO TALK TO MY MOTHER AS YOU TALK TO ME."
Child. "FUNK!"

The title of Miss G. B. STERN's novel, *Petruchio* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6), suggests Italy, the olive and blue and rosy Italy that the author loves and SHAKESPEARE dreamed of, and, like *Petruchio*, *Laurence Ferrier* took his lady and tamed her. *Modesta* was servant to an English family living in Italy. *Laurence* was a guest, so full of romance and chivalry that he was furious when his host objected to *Modesta's* slap-dash cleaning of masculine boots. He found the girl, who was lovely as an Egyptian princess, crying in an olive-orchard, and after a battle with her suspicious father took her to England, to the home of *Belmont Ferrier*, whom he believed to be his mother. *Modesta* was less successful as a bride than as the embodied legend of a serving-maid. She took too kindly to silks and too hardly to the dignity of English matronhood. So *Laurence* began to show the strength of a cave-man, and the taming

began. He took *Modesta* back to her natural surroundings and there found the place of his own dreams. They both reverted to type, for, as was afterwards shown, *Laurence* himself was peasant-born. We leave *Modesta* in her olive-orchard, acquiescent as *Katharina* to the wishes of her lord, and we leave her reluctantly, for she is as sprightly and diverting a heroine as any we have met with for a long time.

The Kerrels of Hill End (MURRAY, 7/6) is an amorphous production, considerably longer than it need have been (that the author "paints on a large canvas" is the euphemism preferred by the advertiser), and deals untidily with the history of the *Kerrel* family, who moved out to Hill End from Highbury in 1902 and have, apparently, remained there until quite recently. Old *Sam Kerrel* and *Sarah*, his wife, were Jews of that particular type which is both proud and ashamed of its origin. Highbury was attracting too many of their own faith; at Hill End they were alone in their glory—not another Jewish family in the district, no synagogue, no kosher butcher—at first. I do not know whether, like CHARLES LAMB, I may have "imperfect sympathies" with the Jew, but I confess that the *Kerrels*, parents and children, rather bored me. *Reenie*, that curiously named girl, is brilliant and flighty; her brother *Harry* is dull, painstaking and straightforward. She marries a rake after one or two false starts, and he enlists after much searching of heart and gets killed in the War. In neither of them, nor in any of the other characters, is it possible to become really interested. And yet within its limits the book is an honest piece of work.



Barber. "SHAVE, SIR?"
Doleful Gent. "NO. CUT MY THROAT. THE WANDERERS HAVE LOST."

When *Mrs. Kingthorpe*, the canon's widow, married her daughter *Lola* to *Sir Harrison Morchard*, one of His Majesty's judges, she supplied the first two sides of the inevitable triangle. For not only was *Sir Harrison* a Victorian and his wife a neo-Georgian, she all for jazz and he all for JOHNSON, but the judge very soon discovered that he was a bachelor by nature and a husband only by accident—one of the minor accidents of war—and that he was as much bored by *Lola* as she was by him. The triangle was completed by *Piers Shotton*, a youngish gentleman in the Colonial Office, who, self-assured and discreetly ambitious, the elegant essential of first nights and private views, with a not too flamboyant reputation for gallantry, must have been the *beau idéal* of every budding civil servant. It will be observed that in *Happy Ending* (CASSELL, 7/6)—a gently ironical title—Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA has not posed the most novel of situations; but there is a certain novelty in his treatment of it.

It is unlikely that the Dutch East Indies and Indo-China will ever fall completely under the dominion of the tourist agent; their climate is too definitely unpleasant. They will continue to be visited, except for profit, mainly by travellers like Mr. WALTER B. HARRIS, who have a deep distrust of Western civilisation and hope to find the Eastern brand more satisfying. His book, *East for Pleasure* (ARNOLD, 21/-), describes an eight-months' tour in the East Indies. He has a considerable talent for imparting information in a pleasant manner; some of his most entertaining pages are those in which he reviews the ebony trade of Celebes. His powers of description too are more than adequate. But he is less happy when he enters the fields of conclusion and comment. For some reason not stated he appears to have a grudge against English administrators and loses no opportunity of comparing them unfavourably with the Dutch and French. This is a very readable book, though confessedly superficial. Those habits of the Balinese, for example, which intrigue WESTERMARCK and FRAZER, are not alluded to in this work. Mr. HARRIS takes, perhaps rightly, a more rosy view of his subject than those inveterate analysts of the unusual.

In *Mr. Absalom* (MURRAY, 7/6) we are asked to believe that a scientist has discovered a means of defying the ravages of time upon the human body. *Mr. Absalom* could not rejuvenate his clients, but he was able to prevent them from looking, and to some extent from feeling, any older, and so we are introduced to two centenarians who, in appearance passed for sixty, at which age they had begun to "consult" him. But to treat old people was not enough to satisfy his ambition; he wanted to mate youth with youth and then "to produce such a perfect breed as this world has never seen before." It was, however, a scheme which did not appeal to his selected couple, and before he could replace them he himself was killed. So the world is still waiting for its "perfect breed." Mr. ALAN SULLIVAN tells his fantastic story temperately enough, and those who read it will without doubt be persuaded that to look sixty when one is really a cool hundred is by no means a joyful experience.

As a change from the stereotyped detective fiction of today, I recommend *Savinelli* (METHUEN, 7/6) and an excursion to France. Mr. J. CHARTRES MOLONY has not only given us a mystery to solve but has also drawn some pleasing pictures of certain phases of French life. That *Madelon Tornelli* knew more about her husband's death than was disclosed at the inquest is evident enough, but not until *Savinelli*, a detective in whose methods I came to have the firmest confidence, revealed the circumstances under which *M. Tornelli* met his death, did I know how *Madelon* and her lover had managed to do away with him. As an antidote to the criminals Mr. MOLONY has provided us with some really charming people, notably a priest who was both humorous and human. Of its *genre* an excellent yarn.

"This year the 10 old Carthusians players are all either plus two, plus one, or scratch, and if they do not win this year they never will."
Daily Paper.

They ought to do it on their heads.

CHARIVARIA.

A GIFT of safety-razors sent to Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has revived interest in the rumour that the famous beard is being purchased for the nation.

* * *

Nightingales are said to have deserted the neighbourhood of Epsom Downs, where they were formerly numerous. Thanks to Mr. SNOWDEN, however, local residents may look forward to an increased volume of bookmakers' music.

* * *

A photograph has been published of Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN caressing his pet spaniel, but it will have been noted that this dog is not of the Blenheim breed.

* * *

County cricket is reported to be suffering from a tendency to subordinate everything to the demands of spectators. Yet there is little support for the suggestion that championship matches ought to be played *in camera*.

* * *

An argument in favour of the suggestion that first-class cricket should be played on Sunday is that it would interfere with nobody's Sunday afternoon nap.

* * *

"Charing Cross Talks," says a headline. No notice, however, is likely to be taken of anything the old station may say.

* * *

An interviewer expresses the opinion that America's Hot-Dog King, who is young and good-looking, would probably be a "wow" on the films. Or even a bow-wow.

* * *

Bowls is recommended as an ideal woman's game for beauty-giving recreation in the open air. We have often been struck by the athletic grace of its male exponents.

* * *

An M.P. alleges that the tablecloths and "serviettes" in use in the House of Commons were manufactured in Czecho-Slovakia. It is anticipated that he will be invited to withdraw the word "serviettes."

* * *

An American heavyweight who has arrived in this country is reported as being uncertain whom he will fight. In order to assist the process of elimination we hasten to say that it won't be us.

A well-known journalist is quoted as saying that OLIVER CROMWELL left no permanent mark upon England. What about the Cromwell Road?

* * *

"When bees are scarce," says a gardening hint, "the expanded blossoms of fruit-trees should be flicked with a rabbit's tail in order to distribute the pollen." The tail should of course be previously detached from the rabbit.

* * *

A burglar in the East End uses a single-horse van. Motor-bandits complain that this type of criminal impedes the traffic.

* * *

The question whether a motorist travelling past a stationary person at twice the velocity of sound would hear speech backwards has been discussed in a weekly paper. Our own observation is that the remarks of stationary persons are wasted on passing motorists.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE explains that what is wrong with the Parliamentary wagon is that it has to carry more than before with the same horse-power, which is now inadequate. Another view is that it has been hitched to inadequate stars.

* * *

A Ford model village is to be erected in Essex. It is said that local chickens will be trained to cross the road in top gear.

* * *

Ice cream, sweet cakes and sundaes are now supplied to the crews of warships. A new rousing sea-shanty will be "What shall we do with the Bilious Sailor?"

We are reminded that a semi-official organisation watches jealously over the preservation of the historic beauties of Paris. Amazement has often been expressed that these ladies are so well preserved.

* * *

"As far as I know, Milo was a bachelor," says a sculptor in a discussion of the subject of wives as models, "but there is the Venus." Some uncertainty attaches to the statuary discovered at Praxiteles, Pheidias and other isles of Greece.

* * *

A North London woman, interrupted by shouts of "Fire!" while having a bath, ran out in a dressing-gown to the nearest telephone-box and summoned the fire brigade. As far as we know, no actress has ever thought of doing this.

* * *

In view of the fact that it is now fashionable to insure any part of the body essential to one's profession, it is significant that so far no politician has done anything about his brain.

* * *

The latest news from the Chinese front is that one of the Generals is negotiating for the transference of a couple of the Arsenal's forwards.

* * *

It is quite possible, says a contemporary, that the next war will be carried through and won without the public realising that it had ever begun. We should strongly object to paying for a war of which we had no cognisance.

* * *

Even the three-months-old baby has its special charm, says a medical writer. For one thing it is a this year's model.

* * *

In the opinion of a psychologist bow-legs are often an indication of a strong character. They certainly show a man's natural bent.

* * *

According to a news item a young Scotsman who is walking round the world for a wager arrived at Petersfield with three-half-pence in his pocket and left with sixpence. Business as usual.

"BEER SOLD LIKE MILK IN STREETS.
Campaign to Attract Visitors."
Bristol Paper.

Anyhow, milk is thicker than water.



Victim. "EXCUSE ME, WHAT MAKE OF CAR IS YOURS?"
Motorist. "A BUDGELEY-HOOPER."
Victim. "REALLY? HOW INTERESTING. DO YOU KNOW THAT 'S MY FIRST BUDGELEY-HOOPER?"

PROLETARIAT ADVERTISING.

UNTIL I read the *cri de cœur* from Soviet Russia, reported in one of our evening papers, I had not realised how difficult it must be, in a Communistic country where the working classes are dictators, to advertise. For if there is any fixed principle in the publicity world of Western civilisation it is, I take it, the principle of aristocratic appeal. One buys the soap, the boot, the toilet cream, the underwear, the cigarette, because they are excellent, because they are economical, because they promote hygiene. But far and far above these reasons one buys them because they are bought by the rich, by the elegant and by the exalted and by the wives and daughters of the exalted, the elegant and the rich.

It is so with me. Of that I am well aware. Never do I purchase a packet of whifflets without thinking fondly of the tall superior-looking person in evening-dress and decorated with Orders whose invariable practice it is to smoke the whifflet and recommend it to his cool and lovely lady-friend. Their conversation, instead of being full of that sparkling if enigmatical repartee with which GEORGE MEREDITH or HENRY JAMES would have endowed them, is almost entirely devoted to the merits of the whifflet and to the sorrow they feel that they have not always been whifflet-folk. After many years of fumigation by some inferior weed, they have now, it appears, become penitent converts to the whifflet-fragrance, and they talk of nothing else but their whifflet-love.

The lather, again, that foams about my chin in the morning foams likewise about the chins of statesmen, of plutocrats, of peers, who have at last found lather-bliss. My vest, my pants, or at any rate their identical counterparts, might be seen, if the upper garments were removed by the wand of a wizard, entering proudly into the most exclusive houses of Mayfair. Such shoes as mine, and no other shoes, are permitted to tread the soft carpets of the Ritz, the Carlton and the Savoy. As for women, the face-cream, the toilets, the coiffures that they wear are nothing if not imitated from the modes of bygone empires or the manners of a more modern nobility. Who ever buys a non-patrician tooth-powder or laves the limbs with a bath-salt that duchesses (exquisite and exhilarating reflection!) do not also use?

Very hard then is the lot of those who would recommend some proprietary article to the citizen comrades of a Soviet state. How can richly-dressed young men and women, portrayed in circumstances of well-nigh incredible luxury, conjure the roubles from the pocket of the toiler who hates and despises the life of these parasites? Only a bourgeois civilisation can be attracted to the purchase of lingerie by the picture of a half-dressed countess sitting on a sumptuous divan and talking to a companion in similar attire. Not because a young archduke pays a tribute to the Zoggo with which he polishes his patent-leather shoes must a working-class dictator be infected with such dangerous enthusiasm. The Russian advertiser is forced to think, and think again.

If I may venture, as a student of publicity, to offer him some gratuitous advice, I would suggest the slogans that follow as suitable to his peculiar needs. The word "distinction," the word "refinement," must be avoided. There must be no *chic*, no *ton*, about the goods that he proffers for sale. He must rely on the herd instinct to obscure itself, and not upon the parvenu's ambition to shine:—

! USE GREESO !

WHAT GIVES MY HORNY HANDS THEIR RELIABLE CONSISTENCY? GRATIFIED USERS OF **GREESO** TESTIFY TO THE APPEARANCE OF HARD WORK THAT IT LENDS TO THE FINGERS AND HANDS!

A Manual Labourer writes:—

"Until I commenced using your Greeso my hands were often mistaken for those of a bourjouee. Now I can pass unnoticed amidst a mob of workmen without any peril of being arrested by the Commissars."

USE GREESO to give the Rich Effect of Factory Labour *with less than half the energy and strain upon the nerves!*

GREESO GIVES THAT SCHOOLBOY COMPLEXION THAT ALL CHILDREN LOVE.

::

COMPLETE DOWDINESS
is ensured by the
NEVERFIT PULLOVERS.

In twenty different neutral shades, each worse than the last.

Every purchaser of the NEVERFIT receives a SIGNED GUARANTEE that his pullover has been worn by someone of a different size or shape.

Genuine stains and creases, indicative of previous hard wear.

Katisha Popoff, the infamous actress, writes:—

"I never knew what it was to pass in a crowd before I purchased one of your 'Neverfits.'"

::

THE FUZZITTUP SHAMPOO
MAKES ALL HAIR ALIKE!

Eliminates Waves
and Restores
THE COMMUNAL MOUSE COLOUR
to Golden or
Auburn Coiffures.

As used in all the State Crinitoriums.

"Why do you smoke SMELLSKIS, Ivan?"

"I have tried every other brand of cigarette, and each one of them, Sonia, seemed to have something exclusive about it and smacking of oligarchic charm. A year ago Comrade Stefanovitch left his cigarette-case lying about, and I stole a SMELLSKI from it. Almost at once I was captivated by the astounding ordinariness of its taste to the palate and the vulgarity of its aroma to the nose, and I now find it impossible to smoke any other brand with a full sense of patriotism and submission to the working-class commonweal. Take a puff at my SMELLSKI and try it for yourself."

"Delicious, Ivan! It has the true proletariat lack of quality that I have been looking for in my tobacco-life for years!"

::

There, I think that will do for a start. It may be something of a wrench to the hide-bound soul of the advertiser, but he must do in Nijni-Novgorod as Nijni-Novgorod does. EVOE.

A FAMILY QUARTET.

WELCOME TO THE FOUR AUSTRALIAN BROTHERS ASHTON OF THE GOULBURN POLO TEAM.

FROM the land so far below us
Where the fenceless fields lie wide,
Here are four good men to show us
How the lean Australians ride.

Here's a team distinct from others,
With a unity made plain
By a line of lusty brothers
Linked into a perfect chain.

Mr. Punch, most proud to meet them
Boot and spur in England now,
Though he hopes our best may beat them,
Greets Adventure with a bow.

W. H. O.

Fashions for our Pets.

"The town water-supply is drawn from wells by bul'ocks in leather bags."
Indian Paper.

Aquatic Sports.

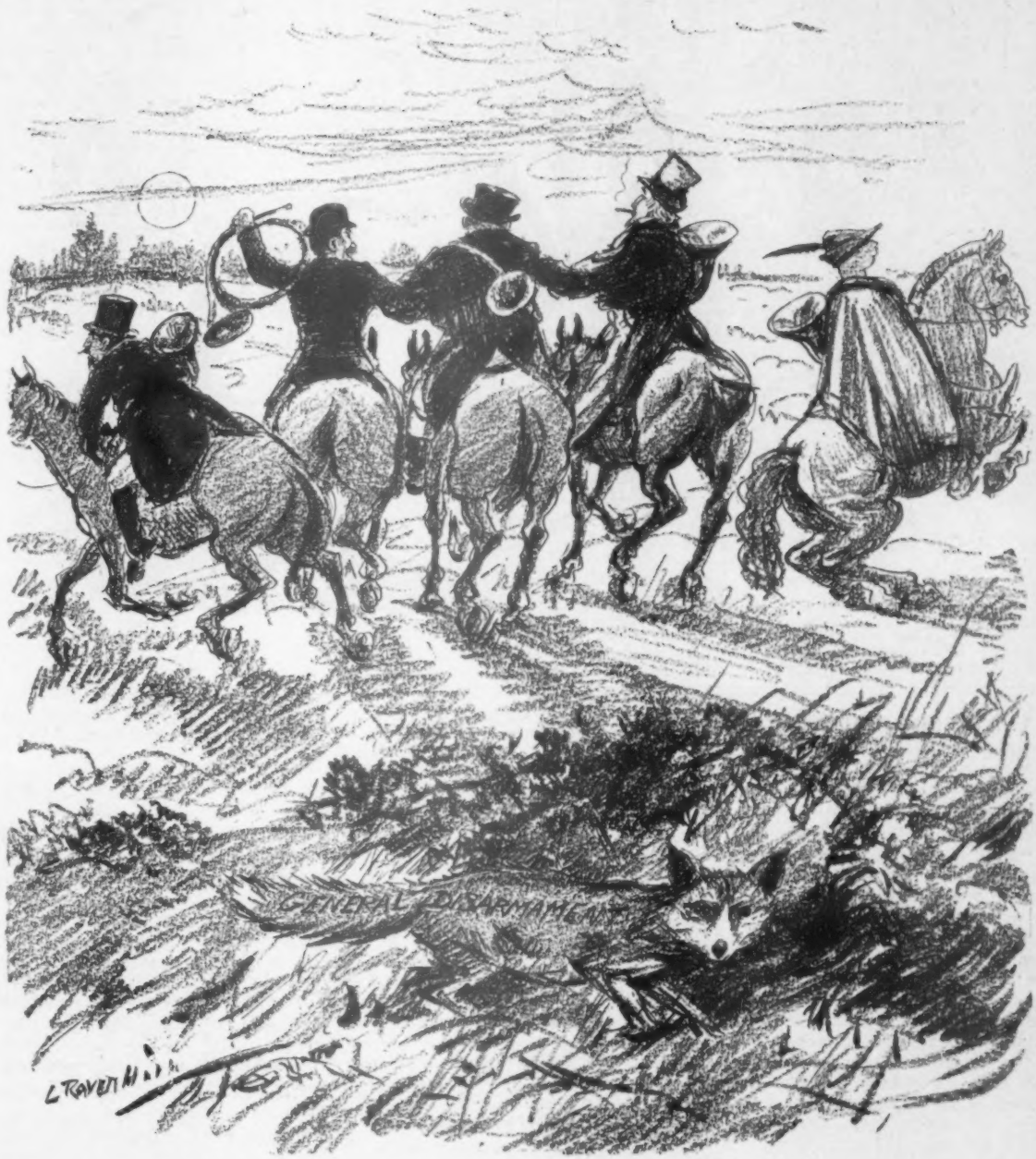
THE BOAT-AND-FOOT RACE.

"By Duke's Meadow Brocklebank called for the first real spurt from Cambridge. They *literally* 'ran away' from Oxford."
Irish Paper.

The quotation marks are the author's; the italics are our personal fancy.

"Mr. Snowden stated he had placed no new burdens on industry. 'We muts remember that we have still to pay for the war.'"
York shire Paper.

We should not ourselves have used the word "muts," but Mr. SNOWDEN's own county ought to know.



THE FIVE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

AND ONE UNTO THE OTHER SAID: "A BLANK DAY, MORE OR LESS;
BUT WE'VE POW-WOWED UP AND DOWN A BIT AND HAD A RATTLIN' PRESS.
LOOK YE THERE!" (*After* CALDECOTT.)



Young Lady (who has been reading the latest Bright Young Book). "DARLING LADY DILLWATER, SO SHAMEMAKING OUR BEING SO LATE; UTTERLY CRYMAKING. *Do* YOU FORGIVE OR *don't* YOU?"
Lady D. "DEAR CHILD, TOO TOTALLY TOSHMAKING!"

THAT PERSONAL TOUCH.

AMERICA is the real home of the Personal Touch in business. We in England simply cannot compete. Our business houses have hardly yet entered upon that era of Experts in Efficiency, of "pep" conferences, of "getting together" and of "Straight Talks by the Boss to the Executives" which struck America soon after the War. Our big manufacturers still make an article and then tell you it is what you want, and you can fade out if you don't like it; instead of finding what it is you really do want and then making it—a procedure which ultimately entails the Personal Touch in the form of a pushing young salesman with a cast-iron skin who treats himself as one of your family.

Our big firms will deal for five years with a customer and still write:—

"DEAR SIR,—Reference your favour of 12th inst., we would respectfully point out. . . ."

In America the firm would be sending you birthday gifts after two years, and one of the directors would have made himself godfather to your youngest after four. And their letters to you would reek of the Personal Touch on every conceivable occasion.

Whenever you pay your account you get this kind of thing:—

"Say, it's real good to hear from you like this! Nix on the check—that's just cold business; what we like to get is your real friendly letter, which gives us a chance to be friendly in return. And I'll say we are . . . ."

Or, whenever you fail to pay your account:—

"Well, if you ain't the big boy! We don't know whether you're sick or on vacation, or whether you've just plumb forgotten our little account for $20.55. Here's a pin to stick your check to your answering letter—and, say, Get Busy, kid, or whiskers will grow on this little bill."

Or, whenever you give a fresh order:—

"It is sure fine, Mr. Gaggenheim, to get that cute little order from you for B.V.D.'s for the l'il fella—same as Daddy wears. We're just tickled to death to fill it for you. May he soon grow up into our next size! And, say, what about a baby brother for him? We have some swell Layette Outfits in our 'Everything-for-the-Little-Human-Blossom' Dept. from $75 up. . . ."

Or, whenever you still fail to pay your account:—

"Well, you've done it now! You failed to answer my friendly summons and so it's got to be a legal summons.

"But I have a certain way of judging people and my judgment of you is that you're Square—with a big capital 'S'—and I'm just going to hang on to that opinion till one week from date. If you don't send in your check by that time—well, you know the rest. It's up to you now, brother. . . ."

Isn't it all sweet? It's a pity we don't do more of it here. Life would become a fuller, richer thing for many whose days are drab. Even the most unpleasant communications would achieve a certain brightness. Just think, for instance, what the Inspector of Taxes could do with his No. 12 (Return of Income-tax) Form.

I will translate a little of it and maybe he'll take my hint next year:—

"INCOME-TAX.
Return of Income of the Year 1929-30 ended 5th April, 1930,
and
Claim for Reliefs for the Year 1930-31 ending 5th April, 1931.

"(And that, brother, lets me out with the high-hat bunk.)

"Say, here's the hardy annual. I guess I hate pulling this line on you, but the Income-tax Acts say I gotta do it, and what they say goes. So go to it right now and fix the 'True and Correct Return of all Sources of Your Income' (Rah! Rah! Rah!). Pages 2 to 5 (Sections B, C and D) are yours to fool around in, and pages 6 and 7 will give you the low-down on any reliefs you can get away with.

"One minute. If you've made a return elsewhere, don't get sore at me. Just park your name to the 'Section A' Declaration and to hell with the rest.

"And another thing. Included with this form is a free hand-out of notes giving you the inside dope on how to fill out the questionnaire. So you'll be several kinds of a poor wet smack if you go wrong. See? However, if you do get all tied up you've only got to come around and see me or the Assessor or one of the bunch at the address given and we'll be only too glad to put you wise to anything. We like it. That's what we're here for. We *believe* in the *Personal Touch*.

"Cordially,
"H.M. INSPECTOR OF TAXES."

A. A.

PURPLE PASSAGES.

MARCHESE MARCONI'S services to mankind are various as well as remarkable. Not only can he light lamps in Australia from his yacht in an Italian harbour, but he can make it easy while we are at sea to engage rooms that shall be ready for us when we land. The precise advantage that the lighting of lamps at a distance of ten thousand miles confers upon the world I have not yet thought out; but no one can be in any doubt as to the sense of security which follows the assurance that on arriving in a strange city there will be an hotel with a welcome; and we are properly grateful for the invention.

As a true patriotic Italian, Marchese MARCONI, in drawing up his code for this series of wireless reservations, has gone to Roman history, and the keywords are largely the names of the Emperors. "Imperious Cæsar," says *Hamlet*, "dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away"; but Marchese MARCONI makes better use of him than that: he bends him to more than mere comfort; to luxury. Thus, if in mid-ocean you want to make sure of two double rooms, bath and a sitting-room, your marconigram merely has to say "Cæsar"; but should you want these rooms to communicate you must say "Augustus." Simpler needs are met by recourse to "Adrian," who will get you a single room and bath; while for two single rooms and bath, connecting, "Tiberius" is called in. The dread name of "Nero" in the message will provide you with a double room and a bath, but you must control any impulse to open your veins or the hotel people may be unpleasant. For a double room, a bath and a sitting-room, with river view, you say "Caligula"; whereas for the same accommodation without the river view you say "Horatius"—which is odd, because rivers meant more to HORATIUS, the defender of bridges, than to CALIGULA, the adorer of horses.

Such are the uses to which Imperious Cæsars are now put. I suppose, if you wanted to take over the whole hotel, you would say "Suetonius." E. V. L.



Lady Artist of Modern School (*who has been rejected*). "IT IS OUR RIGHT TO BE JUDGED BY OUR EQUALS, RUDOLPH, BUT THEY ARE SO DIFFICULT TO FIND."

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

I HAD just returned to the hotel from an early visit to the entrancing Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg and had sat down to work at my treatise on the deciduous trees of the cloud-belt of Javanese jungles, when Bernardine came in—a vision of beauty in a Paris frock. She, her equally exasperatingly fascinating girl-friend, Barbara, and I had been travelling companions for several weeks in the Far East.

"I am going to Batavia for the day," she began.

"My dear"—it was quite permissible for me to call her "my dear," for I was ever so much older—"why go to Batavia? You only arrived from that steaming inferno yesterday, and this is one of the beauty spots of the world. It means several hours in the train, too—and the heat."

"Well," she replied, "I have been reading in the guide-book about Javanese dancing, and I have remembered that I have a letter of introduction to the one woman in Java who knows all about it—and probably she could tell me the address of a dry-cleaner and where I can get my hair properly washed. I thought perhaps you would go with me and help me to find her; but of course if you don't want to I can go alone."

"And Barbara?"

"Barbara has gone motoring with that angel American boy from the oil company, in the immaculate white shoes."

I ignored Bernardine's proposition that I should accompany her as proposed.

"If I were you I should go straight to the hotel on arriving. Give the letter of introduction to the *concierge* and ask him to telephone the lady for an appointment."

"I meant to do that, only unfortunately I have lost the letter. That is why I wanted you to come with me."

I had suspected something of the sort, but asked, "Do you know her name?"

"Oh, yes—vaguely."

"May I ask how one knows a name vaguely?"

"Well, it was Steinthal or Steinway or something like that."

"And her address?"

"I don't think there was any address on the envelope. But that won't matter. Everyone will know her in Batavia."

"There are three hundred thousand people in Batavia."

"Please don't make difficulties. Everyone will know where the great authority on Javanese dancing lives."

"And when you find her," I added cheerfully, "you will be able to tell her who gave you the letter, even if it is lost."

Bernardine hesitated.

"Oh yes, of course. It was one of those men I met in Paris in October—either Ellison or Vincent Toles or Dunlop—or perhaps the bald man we met on board ship who got off at Port Said to see a dentist. However, she will know if I go through the list."

Bernardine went to Batavia. In the evening she came back tired but enthusiastic.



Longshoreman. "'OW ABOUT A LITTLE BIT OF FORE'GROUND THIS MORNIN', SIR?"

"You found your lady?" I asked.

"Very nearly," she replied triumphantly. "You don't know what a girl can do when she makes up her mind."

I did know from experience, but I thought it best to ignore it.

"And her name?"

"I was very nearly right," she said. "I did mention Steinway, didn't I?"

"Amongst other names, yes."

"Well," she burst out, "it was Bechstein."

"Except that they both make pianos I can see no connection."

"Of course," she replied, "that 's the new American way of 'memorising.' When Steinway failed I tried Mendelssohn and Wagner, but at the Tourist Bureau they found in the directory a Bechstein who taught dancing. I went there at once."

"Was it the lady you were looking for?"

"No, it was a man; but the system was right, only it was jazz he taught and he knew nothing whatever about Javanese dancing."

"But it was a clue."

"Certainly, and a very good one. He knew the woman, but her name wasn't Steinway. It was Springer."

"I fail to see the connection this time."

"Doesn't Springer convey dancing to you?"

"True. How clever! Did you find her?"

"No. Mr. Bechstein—he was so kind about it—hadn't got her address, and the Malay chauffeur of the taxi was too silly for words, though I talked Italian and German to him. So I got out and danced a few steps on the pavement, to explain. You know—Javanese dancing—hands bent back, knees doubled, little running steps backwards and forwards—and a native policeman arrived and a stupid crowd began to collect, so we got back into the taxi. The policeman came too, and we drove miles across the city and stopped at a Chinese cinema. I hadn't time to go in. As it was I only just caught the evening train."

"I congratulate you," I said, "on your success. Do you intend to continue the search?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "it isn't necessary. You see, on the way back in the train I found the letter in my bag. Her name is Backhaus, and she lives in Bangkok, not Batavia. I knew it was the capital of one of these Eastern Empires and began with a B. It 's Siamese dancing that she knows all about, which doesn't interest me."

"Anyhow you had a successful day," I added,

"Very. I have discovered a dry-cleaner, a Chinese shop. I couldn't see the name of the street, but the shop had Ho Ti Pek written over it, or Chan San To, or something like that—but names don't matter. I shall easily find it when I go back to Batavia to-morrow for the day."

"Mrs. Grace Wilkinson, the Post Office, Ravenstonedale, Westmoreland, recently celebrated her 90th birthday by selling stamps and doing other business in the Post Office."
Provincial Evening Paper.

The girls in our post-office never seem to have a birthday.

OUR LITERARY SAILORS.

THE race of careless feckless sea-dogs is doomed. Soon you won't find a sea-dog, though you search from Wapping Old Stairs to Barry Dock, who can sing:—

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yeo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum."

No old salt will ever dance a hornpipe on the main-deck or playfully toss a marline-spike at the captain on the poop. Nobody will broach a keg of rum, or make the super-cargo walk the plank, while the seaman-like trick of splicing a mainbrace or shivering timbers will be lost for ever.

And what will be the cause of this sad lapse? Education. Able-bodied seamen now think of their minds instead of their able bodies. They have a Seafarers' Education Service which provides libraries on board ship, equipped with complete editions of SHAW and WELLS. And are these complete editions thrown into Davy Jones's locker? They are not. As soon as the able-bodied have finished the dog-watch they hurry down the companion to the fo'c'stle and read *Man and Superman*, or *A Modern Utopia*, until the bo'sun pipes all hands on deck to listen to a reading of one of Miss SITWELL's poems.

Something ought to be done about it, but I expect we shall drift and drift while our sailors grow more and more scholarly and ships grow more and more academic. I think this is very sad. Soon we shall only see a sailor of the old school in pantomime. We shall watch his rolling gait from the stalls with tear-dimmed eyes, for we shall be looking at a relic of the happy past. Romance will have disappeared from the high seas when the last old salt has struggled through *Back to Methuselah*.

And romance will disappear from our seaside resorts. The weather-beaten old salt in a blue gansey, with one seaboot and one wooden leg, who told us tales of piracy on the Spanish main, obviously would be an impostor. And if, on the other hand, the seafaring men who tell us it is a nice day for a sail and that the *Saucy Sal* is just going to start are to inveigle us into a discussion about the authorship of the Pentateuch, the seaside will lose its charm.

Romance too will have deserted the ports, for the sailor's interesting habit of keeping a wife in every one of them will go. A.B.'s will have little time to waste in port. If, with spectacles polished and all dolled up in their shore-going kit, they may line up on the quarter-deck to ask for shore leave, it will not be with the idea of visiting their wives but of dashing to the nearest Free Library. Their wives, in whatever port, may mope and pine away for all they will care.

Worst of all, the coral island crowned with palms and set in a turquoise sea will have lost its appeal. We should not care to be wrecked on a desert island with one of these hard-reading tars. He would not have the knack of kindling fires by rubbing two sticks together. He would not know how to cook yams and turtle, or improvise fishing-tackle. We couldn't rely on the fellow. And while we were digging for doubloons and pieces of eight in the shadow of the third lone pine, he'd spoil everything by discussing the futility of the gold standard. It wouldn't seem like a desert island. It would be no better than Golders Green.

The young of our bargees are to go to school and our canals become channels of culture. And now our sailors are to be turned into marine bookworms—a terror worse than the sea-serpent. I presage the early collapse of the Merchant Service. What healthy lad will ever run away from school to sea when he knows that libraries and higher education await him on the deep?

W. E. R.



Cup-tie Excursionist (who has lost his party). "MISTER, 'EV YE SEEN OWT O' T'OTHERS?"

A RETURN TO SCHOOL.

Erica, who lives next-door and is, she informed me, six-and-a-half, came to keep me company during the absence of her mother with my wife at a committee-meeting.

"Wouldn't you all like to go to school?" she asked a little doubtfully, looking at the assembled group.

The potential scholars consisted of myself (some seven times her age); Lucifer, a black kitten, cuddlesome and adventurous; Ramsay, a white elephant of staid demeanour but with springy legs which confer an effect of gaiety, and the flaxen-haired Evangeline, who has preserved her schoolgirl complexion in spite of having had many mothers.

We admitted that we should welcome school if there was somebody to be the school-mistress.

"I am the teacher," said Erica with gravity.

"Lucifer would like to know what your name is," I suggested.

"Miss Green," she informed us.

"Miss Bethnal Green?" I inquired politely.

"Yes, Miss Bethnal Green," she agreed, rather to my surprise, though I was too tactful to show it.

"We must begin with a hymn," she announced.

"Why?" asked Ramsay, putting up his trunk to attract attention in the approved manner. I should explain that I did the speaking for Ramsay in a gruff voice.

"We always do," she said severely; "Number 2 in the little book."

I produced three books from the book-table and asked if they would do; but *Ludendorff's War Memories*, *The American Illusion* and *The Good Companions* were pronounced by Miss Green to be too unlike hymn-books. On the other hand, some small diaries passed muster, and with Miss Green acting as precentor we sang each line after her, and the performance passed without comment. The "Amen" at the end I thought good, but spoilt by Lucifer yawning ostentatiously. This was followed by a prayer muttered by Miss Green, who explained that she didn't say real words. I understood and sympathised, but Lucifer scratched one ear and shook his head very disapprovingly, while Evangeline and Ramsay wore an expression of indifference.

"Hands up for milk," ordered Miss Green.

"I don't see any milk," I said.

"There isn't any now," explained Miss Green; "you get it, if you hold up your hand now, at eleven."

Ramsay put up his trunk and said, "May I have beer?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Green sternly; "there isn't beer in this school."

None of us ventured any remark, but we felt the atmosphere a little threatening. After a reading-lesson which was not very successful, because Evangeline dropped the book on the floor three times, and each time Lucifer leapt on it and worried it, Miss Green said, "We will do some spelling now." She then looked round the room and remarked, "I spy with my little eye something that begins with 'K.'"

"Karpet," said I boldly.

"Quite right," said Miss Green graciously. I kicked Ramsay, who seemed to be preparing to protest, and he fell on his side.

"Now, Ramsay, you must sit still; look at Evangeline, how well she behaves."

I do not know if this remark annoyed Ramsay but, when Miss Green proceeded to announce that it was time for milk now, he said firmly, "I want beer."

"You can't have beer," said Miss Green fiercely, "but you can have something else;" and extracting a long thick pencil out of a satchel she proceeded to administer the "something else" with what seemed to us positive enjoyment. I was glad I had not expressed a preference for beer myself, and to relieve the situation I suggested, "Do we do any more spelling?"

"Yes," said Miss Green; "it is your turn."

So, catching sight of Ramsay's trunk, I said, "I spy with my little eye something that begins with 'N.'"

Miss Green fixed me with reproachful eyes and, pulling a very small skirt over her knees, said rather solemnly, "Was it 'Knickers'?"

"No, no," I said hastily; "I had no idea there were such things; the 'N' was Ramsay's Nose."

"Quite right," said Miss Green, apparently much relieved.

When the Members of Committee returned and asked us how we had got on they were informed of the nature of our occupation.

"I hope you all behaved nicely," said Erica's mother.

"Evangeline was very good," said Miss Green with meaning.

"Evangeline is a real lady," I conceded; and there the matter rests.

Longer Leave in the Senior Service.

"THE NAVY'S 14-DAY LOAF."
Headline in Daily Paper.

"TO BE SOLD BY PRIVATE TREATY. . . . Tobacco Business, to be sold as a going concern."—*Bucks Paper.*

Tobacconists, in fact, sometimes sing.

FACING THE FACTS ABOUT MARRIAGE.

MY newspapers are gorged with problems of marriage and divorce. The weekly home journal which labours to make our twins brighter and bonnier babies depresses us from time to time with the opinions of brilliant and persistently photographed young novelists on love and matrimony.

With this propaganda stuff surging about us can you and I stand aside? No. We too must face the facts about marriage. It is important that we should because we cannot hope to be realists unless we face the facts about a thing.

I think we may flatter ourselves that this century will be venerated by posterity for its daring prolixity in facing the facts about marriage. At no other time in our history has the awfulness of marriage been so courageously and outspokenly revealed. We have only to step back down the ages to note this for ourselves. For example, in the *Historia Ecclesiastica*, one of the best-sellers of the eighth century, the Venerable Mr. BEDE puts forward no views on marriage and sex which entitle him to be compared with D. H. LAWRENCE or MARCEL PROUST. Similarly HOOKER'S *Ecclesiastical Polity* is sadly lacking in ginger and makes no attempt to deal with sex appeal, and it is very doubtful whether any modern woman's magazine would consider reprinting it.

Even when we jump forward to the nineteenth century we find much of the standard literature culpably timid and lax. In *Jessica's First Prayer* no endeavour is made to dissect and lay bare the anatomy of marriage, whilst readers of *Eric, or Little by Little*, might put down the book without so much as being aware that such a thing as divorce existed. Both *Evenings at Home* and *The Swiss Family Robinson* are singularly sexless works and the extent to which they influenced the earlier writings of Mr. BERNARD SHAW still remains a matter for conjecture. Even Mrs. BEETON, while doubtless possessing many of the qualities and much of the practical experience of Mrs. ELINOR GLYN, scarcely went further than to hint that the foundations of a satisfactory marriage must consist of a lavish and succulent system of interior administration.

Finally, in an English Grammar issued scarcely fifty years ago the word "sex" is carefully excluded from the index and has to be sought for under the heading "Gender." All this just shows how they simply dared not face facts as we face them to-day.

What was the result? Never having been urged, as we are urged every day



Mrs. Wilks. "Yes, Wilks is very middling on his feet. And if he gets as far as 'The Black Swan' he don't seem able to get any further."

of our lives, to face the facts of marriage, thousands of poor souls in the past actually never realised they were unhappily married. They did not press for divorce for the deplorable reason that they did not know they ought to want to be divorced; they found happiness in sentiment and self-sacrifice without being in the least aware that the higher knowledge and experience of marital misery might have been theirs. They lacked the thousand-and-one present-day reasons for looking on marriage as a curse, just as they lacked the thousand-and-one more complicated diseases which science has since discovered and placed at the disposal of any one of us who has the time and the money to spare for them.

Thanks to the magnificent campaign which modern literature, the modern Press and the modern stage are waging for the frank facing of facts about marriage, there is now no intellectual reason why any husband and wife should not regard themselves as miserably married. There remains of course much to be done. There is even now a large number of couples who honestly believe themselves to have taken one another for better rather than for worse, and it is gratifying to see that at least one newspaper has encouraged many of them to expose themselves in print, and in some instances reproduced their photographs, as a just punishment to themselves and a warning to others who have made no intelligent effort to face the facts about marriage.

We may, I think, look forward with confidence to the day when not a household in the country will be able to escape being urged to face the facts about marriage. That will be a great day for England, will it not? Do you realise what it will mean? I hope so, because, since we are frankly and courageously facing facts, I haven't the foggiest. D. C.



THE ENCLOSURE AT THE ZOO FOR ANIMALS AWAITING CLASSIFICATION.

A TOUCH OF LOOMBAHGO.

My mutiny against the new (or, as some call it, the "restored") pronunciation of Latin has roused the country. Everywhere last week-end the children home from school were imploring parents to take their names off the books until this tyranny be overpast. My letter-bag is bursting with heart-cries from Smith *mahyore* and Jones *meenore*. Let them keep up their courage. And let them not rest during the coming vacation—I beg your pardon, wahcahtion. Whatever they are doing—fishing, footballing, travelling—let them smell out and persecute all dons, schoolmasters and Heads of Colleges who will not swear to go back immehdiahtly to the British Pronoonciahtion.

You see the method? Take their repugnant theories and ram them down their pedantic throats. It is generally conceded that a great many English words have Latin foundations, and one of the best arguments for the study of Latin is that it enables the British boy to appreciate properly the meaning and beauty of the English language. But how does it help the British boy to be told that the foundation of the word August is Owgoostooss? The boy replies "Bilge!" and the boy is right. If the Emperor AUGUSTUS was called Owgoostooss (which I hotly deny), then most of our language is incorrectly pronounced and in future we must all go away for our holidays in Owgoost *weeah* Wictoriah Stahtion.

Therefore, boys and girls, when you meet one of the gang, address him carefully after this fashion: "Good morning; I trust your loombahgo is better. If you will come into the garden I will show you our pretty gerahniooms. The weeolets unfortunahtely are over. The gardener has appendikeeteess and sooffers from bad teeth—yes, peeorrhayah, I fear. He comes from Owstrahliah. Yesterday I went to the Leekayoom Theahtre. There was a large owdience, and some of the scains were wery steemulahting. Yoostice, however, compels me to say that I thought the hairo was rather footeel. But they say he has yoost had diphthairiah and broncheeteess. Afterwards, in the strait, I saw an omnibooss run over a solikitor—a nowseahting spectahcle. Have you read Mr. ANSTEY'S *Weeky Wairsah*? Miss Potts has a wery weerginal air, has she not? You would not think from her wanseetee that her father was a powper. And by-the-way, Sir, talking of powpers, have you half-a-croon? I find my pockets are empty and Nahture, as you know, abhors a wahkoooom."

A. P. H.

"SING CUCKOO."

Sir Cuckoo is a grey bird,
But madcap is his song;
No pretty dick, no gay bird
Can sing with him along;
There 's not another in it
Once his melody 's to hear,
And he sings his little minute
In the sweet of the year.

Sir Thrush he sings in covers
From October time till June;
Sir Nightingale 's for lovers
And a honeysuckle moon;
But, with sun and shower colloguing,
'Twixt the primrose, forth anew,
And the rogue dog-rose a-roguing,
Shall Sir Cuckoo sing cuckoo.

And when, with him and April,
Come the honest anglers out
Where, all in trouting shape, rill
And broad river tempt to trout,
Then, their lines or slack or tauter,
Hear them vow that life 's most good
Now the sunshine 's on the water
And the grey bird 's in the wood.

P. R. C.

"Out of the valley of the Thames at Streatley there climbs a road which leaves the gaudy red-roofed villas and boarhouses."
Daily Paper.

Now we know where the Road-hogs live.

DOMESTIC POISON.

"THEM moths is beginning to fly," announced Sarah. "Drat 'em, if you 'll excuse me," she added under her breath.

"Drat 'em by all means," I said, remembering the tragedy of the beaver coat. "I must get some stuff from the chemist to keep them away from my furs."

"Them balls is no good," said Sarah. "The yellow powder 's best. Not but what they thrives on anything." And she flounced off muttering to herself.

* * * * *

There was a new young man at the chemist's, very earnest, with spectacles.

"Four ounces of colocynth powder, please," said I.

He raised his eyebrows. "Have you the prescription, Madam?"

"There isn't a prescription," I explained. "It 's to keep away moths."

He looked at me with suspicion. "We can't supply colocynth without a doctor's prescription," he said sharply. "It 's a poison."

"I hoped so once," said I; "but actually it 's only a slight discouragement."

"Well, we can't supply it without a prescription," he declared with a meaning glance at the telephone.

"I can hardly ask a doctor to prescribe for moths," I objected.

"You can't have it without," said the young man definitely. "We have to be very careful. Suppose you wanted to make away with somebody? One never knows nowadays. And all these suicides too. We might get into serious trouble if we supplied drugs like colocynth without a prescription."

"I should think a poisoner would ask for something stronger," I said crossly. "But, as you won't give me the powder, I must take some camphor balls."

"That 's better," he beamed.

But perfectly useless, I reflected. And surely even camphor would be unwholesome, taken in quantities. Unwholesome to humans, that is; it needs more than a dose of camphor to impair the appetite of a healthy moth.

When I got home I gave the parcel to Sarah, who grumbled. Then I lit the gas-fire and opened the evening paper.

"Ilford Family Nearly Asphyxiated," said the headlines. "Found with Heads in Oven."

Curious that one doesn't need a doctor's prescription for coal-gas.

"Vienna Best Behaved of Australian Cities."
American Paper.

On the other hand the fast set of Woorroorooka is said to be extremely Bohemian.



Angler. "THE WATER 'S GETTING TOO HEAVY FOR THE FLY, ALEC. WHAT ABOUT GETTING SOME BAIT?"

Alec (a famous fly-fisher). "AS YE PLEASE, SIR, BUT I HOPE YE 'LL NO MENTION IT UP BYE. I WADNA LIKE TO BE ASSOCIATED WI' WORRUMS."

DARFODILS.

SHE was a long young woman in a hat that suggested the purlieus of King's Road, and she flopped down opposite me at the tea-shop table as if something had given way inside her, and contemplated its central decoration.

"Darfodils!" she exclaimed dramatically—"darfodils! They *get* me!"

I made discreet noises which might be taken to signify sympathy or agreement at will.

"Yes," she continued; "I don't know what it is about them, but—well, they just *get* me. You know what I mean. I 'm *like* that, you see."

"Asthma?" I hazarded. "I 've known several——"

But she wasn't listening. "Yes," she burbled on, "they get me. Funny, isn't it? Somebody said to me the other day, 'You 're crazy about darfodils.' Larfed at me, you know. I said, 'I know I am,' I said; 'they *get* me.'"

She paused and gazed at them for a minute or two in silent adoration.

"They 're so—*reel*, somehow," she said.

* * * * *

She drank her tea. She ate her scone. She departed.

I extended a finger and felt the darfodils. I thought so. They were made of paper.

C. F. S.

The Two Voices.

"BOAT-RACE NIGHT CHAOS. . . ."
Evening Paper.

"The Sabbath-like calm of Boat-race night in town. . . ."—*Same Paper.*

THE GAMES.

"Now, all of you men," said young Fosby, addressing all of us men whom he had assembled in the drawing-room, "please take a card each from this tray, read them and pin them onto your persons."

We obeyed. I read on my card "Paris" and turned pale. I had played the game before. One had to give a lecture for the space of a minute or so to the assembled company on the subject named on the card. I do not fancy giving lectures to assembled companies on any subject, and that of the French capital, in view of my limited knowledge of it, seemed to me most unsuitable. I quickly framed a plan of escape from the room and the house and awaited an opportunity of putting it into execution.

"Now," said young Fosby, "the first game is this: The men go into the hall and look for their opposite numbers among the ladies, and the one that finds his first and sits down on the sofa with her wins. For instance, you," he added, addressing me, "have to find Helen."

"Certainly," I replied, and decided at once to stay for the evening.

"That will be a sort of introduction," said young Fosby. "You 'll then stick to your partners and go through the games proper with them."

Hiawatha and Minnehaha won the introduction. I suspect that he was guided to her by the sound of her laughter—a useful advantage; but in spite of it they only won by a short torso from the Young Pretender and Flora Macdonald. The Young Pretender, in fact, said he thought that he and his lady had got there first; but he seemed to me to be a not altogether sincere sort of man, and he may not have meant what he said. Anyhow both couples were comfortably ensconced before I encountered Helen. Others in the past, I understand, had experienced some difficulty in getting in touch with her.

"Do you mind," I asked, pressing her hand tenderly, "if I know you as Oenone and not as Helen?"

Helen shook a golden shingle—quite capable, I have no doubt, of launching any number of ships, and smiled.

"No," she said. "Why?"

"Oenone was the more worthy of the two," I said, averting my eyes and looking in shame at the ground. "I see it all now."

She looked surprised. She was undoubtedly Oenone. I 'm sure Helen would not have looked surprised at anything.

"And you 'll take me back?" I asked in a low voice.

"Yes," said Oenone. "I think we 'd better go back. The games are in the drawing-room and they 'll be starting in a minute."

The Games! What memories they evoked! The first one that Oenone and I took part in was to identify the smells that emanated from half-a-dozen small stone jars and to write the answers on a card.



Member of the World's Worst Course. "I 'M AFRAID OUR FAIRWAYS ARE NOT IN PERFECT CONDITION."

Fed-up Visitor. "STILL, I SUPPOSE ONE 'S ALLOWED TO GROUND ONE 'S CLUB ON THEM."

Oenone applied her nose to the first one and handed it to me.

"What do you think it is?" she asked.

My nostrils quivered with delight.

"Nectar, by Jove!" I exclaimed, and handed it back to her.

"Well, I could have sworn it was honey," said Oenone, indulging in another ladylike sniff.

"And you do not feel disposed to trust my judgment?" I asked.

"No," said Oenone; "I think it 's false."

Shades of Aphrodite! Could I blame her? I sighed with sad memories and wrote "honey" down on the card.

We differed again on Number Four, which I thought was ambrosia, but Oenone said was eau-de-Cologne. She turned out to be right.

We did not win that event. It went to Apollo and Daphne, who scored a possible six. They were the only pair that guessed correctly the smell of the sixth bottle, which contained laurel. Daphne seemed surprised that nobody else got it. She said she 'd have known the smell of laurel anywhere. Apollo got a prize of a box of matches for this event, but I heard him say they would not be much good to him. Perhaps he was a non-smoker, or he may have had a self-lighter.

Romeo and Juliet were second with four. They would have scored five but for a piece of bad luck. The third jar contained essence of roses, and they guessed it right, but Juliet by a slip of the pencil wrote down "onions." However she took it very well, for she was heard to remark afterwards with a laugh that it was a lovely smell anyway, and it didn't make any difference what you called it.

Antony and Cleopatra were bottom with a score of nothing. And I heard afterwards from a lady friend of Cleopatra's (don't let this go any further, as it 's rather in the nature of scandal, I 'm afraid) that upon Cleopatra's person was such a lot of what the lady friend rather maliciously called a "strange invisible perfume" that it prevented them from detecting other perfumes. Rather catty perhaps. Anyway Antony didn't seem to mind. He looked an intelligent fellow, but there was on this evening a curious languor about him. Possibly it was the effect of female society.

The next game was to guess the number of peas contained in a glass flask.

We didn't win that either. Oenone guessed 100, and I thought there were 150. The answer was 468, and the winners were Agnes and David Copperfield, who got it exactly. Agnes is a married woman, and I believe that she is such a good wife and housekeeper that she never makes any error in little things of that sort.

The house-building with playing-cards was a walk-over for the King and Queen of Hearts. They appeared to be in their element.

When the time came for deciding on the prize-winners for the whole competition it was thought at first that David and Bathsheba had won. They returned the following card:—

Number of smells (out of six)	2
Picking up peas with two knitting-needles in one hand and putting them into saucers	1
"Fishing" for buttons	3
Guessing number of peas in glass flask.	600
Card houses	0
Needle-threading	0
TOTAL	606

It was pointed out, however, by Plato (late young Fosby), who was running the proceedings without a consort, that it was imperfect reasoning to count the "Number of peas in glass flask" score in with the others. He advanced his arguments dialectically; they were ingenious and lucid, and we were all convinced by them—all, that is, except David. Curious fellow, David. He is none too scrupulous, I learned, as to the methods by which he attains his objects. As a matter of fact I heard that from Bathsheba. She appeared to know all about it.

The winners of the first prize were Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who registered an extremely good average score. I didn't observe them, of course, while they were performing, but I was told that the calm demeanour, almost the sangfroid, which they preserved as stirring event succeeded stirring event was most remarkable. But after the final judgment was announced the importance (to them) of the occasion somewhat overcame them. In such circumstances any couple might be excused for losing their heads.

But what of Oenone—golden-shingled Oenone?

The games had run their course. The night was far gone. Miss Fosby (who by-the-by made a charming Aurora) had already opened the portals. Apollo was gone—his car was starting away outside—and the others were getting ready to leave. I retired to fetch my hat and coat, and on my return sought Oenone. She was gone. She had been seen a minute before, I learned on inquiry, talking to her mother, and they had left together.

I walked out sadly and hailed a taxi. So Oenone had passed from my life. Why had I been so long fetching my hat and coat? Why had she left me without so much as a—— Ye gods! Had she thought that I 'd deserted her? In favour of another? She had! And she had turned in grief and opened her heart to her mother. Poor Oenone! I knew what she had said of course. "Oh, Mother Ida"—I repeated her words fervently—"dear Mother Ida, hearken ere——"

"Look 'ere," interrupted the taxi-driver suspiciously—"where is it you want to get to?"



Unsuccessful Artist. "I'VE GOT TO FETCH A PICTURE FROM BURLINGTON HOUSE—YOU KNOW, THE ACADEMY."

Taxi-Driver. "WELL, I OUGHT TO, SIR. THEY LOOK LIKE KEEPING ONE OF MY LITTLE THINGS."

Coarse barbarian! I fixed him with a glassy stare.

"Drive me to Olympia," I said haughtily. C. B.

A Chance for Carnera.

"Stupendous Trouser Offer."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

A Roc by Any Other Name. . . .

"And there were soft roses and hard roes, and sometimes among the black winkles would appear the strange green shell of a fish unknown."—*Story in Weekly Paper.*

"WHAT FOOLS WE ARE!"
Leader Heading in "The Daily Mail."

Are we to regard this statement as inspired?

THE CHAFFINCH.

SOMEONE told me once that chaffinches
Measure nearly 5½";
So, to verify the reckoning,
I went out and started beckoning
To some chaffinches I knew.
Down a little chaffinch flew.
"Well," he said, "what is it now?"
I said, "Can you tell me how
Much you measure from your beak
To the tail-end, so to speak,
Of your tail?" The chaffinch said,
"Are you suffering in the head?
Oh, my goodness! How absurd,
Measuring a little bird!
Really, Sir, you make me laugh!"
Chaffinches are full of chaff.



MANNERS AND MODES.

Fashionable Dress-designer (inspecting "try-on" of his latest creation). "SOMETHING JARS—WHAT IS IT? AH! YOU ARE WEARING LAST YEAR'S LIPS."

A ROYAL BIRDIE.

IT happened at the tenth. The tenth is a most unnerving hole by reason of a lake which occurs just where, but for one of nature's whims, the fairway would be. Upon the surface of this ornamental but misplaced water a snow-white swan is accustomed to live and swim and have its fishing.

It was William's honour, and it may have been the splash of his ricochetting ball that attracted it, or perhaps it was just Fate. It doesn't matter. The fact is simply that, at the very moment when my new steel-shafted bludgeon hung poised for the blow, that thrice-accursed bird swam into my field of vision.

It was too late now to stop. The club came down and my head went up all over the summer sea or lake, and whizz went the ball like a bullet straight for the only thin part of a swan which is visible above water.

With misty eyes I watched its dented neck droop slowly into the depths, and after a couple of convulsive flaps the bird was still.

Pale and trembling with emotion I turned to William. "Is it dead?" I whispered hoarsely.

He answered like the idiot that he is: "About six inches from the pin, I should say."

"Good heavens, man!" I cried, "how can you jest about it? Don't you know that swans are royal birds and most of them belong to the KING?"

"Do they really?" said William inanely.

"Yes, they do," I repeated bitterly; "and for all you know this may be one of HIS MAJESTY'S favourite ones. And now I shall have to write and tell him it 's dead and I killed it."

"By Jove!" said William with one of his rare flashes of intelligence; "so you will."

"I suppose you don't happen to know the right way to write to the KING, do you?" I asked him.

"Oh, rather! You just begin, 'May it please Your Majesty'; that 's all."

"Thank you, William. 'May it please Your Majesty to learn of the demise of one of Your Majesty's favourite swans by my undexterous hand.' Is that by any chance your idea of humour?" I asked with blighting sarcasm.

During this dialogue, in which our caddies had taken an intelligent interest, the attention of all of us had been averted from the corpse. Suddenly the sound of splashing turned our heads again in the direction of the lake.

"Blimey!" shouted my caddie, "look what 's 'appening now."

Indeed I could scarcely believe my eyes. There was the lamented bird, resurgent from his watery grave, making lustily for the further shore with what looked like a ball in his beak.

In silent amazement we watched him scramble up the bank, waddle off to the green and drop his trophy into the hole. As he did this he wore such an expression of malice as I hope never again to see upon the countenance of any bird.

"That," said William with a fatuous grin, "means a bottle of whisky for your caddie and at least a fiver in drinks when we get in."

* * * * *

A delicate question now arises: Ought I, in the KING'S interests, to hush up these facts? Being in doubt, I leave it to the Editor's discretion to decide whether publicity should be given to conduct unbecoming in a Royal Bird.



COLD COMFORT.

MR. SNOWDEN. "WELL, ANYWAY, YOUR FOOD WON'T COST YOU MORE."

MIDDLE-CLASS TAXPAYER. "NO; BUT I NOTICE YOU 'VE ARRANGED FOR ME TO HAVE LESS MONEY TO BUY IT WITH."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 14th.—Mr. Gandhi and his salt have taken most of the savour out of Sir John Simon and his Commission. No shouts of enthusiasm greeted Mr. Benn's announcement that the Commission's report would be issued in two volumes, with an interval—presumably for rest and refreshment—between the publication of Vol. I. and Vol. II. "Broadly speaking," said Mr. Benn, in reply to another question, the defiance of the Salt Law had not in itself caused much trouble. Its real significance lay in the attempt to use it as a means of rousing public sentiment to a dangerous pitch.

That would seem to be a good reason for laying the principal user of it by the heels. Mr. Benn, however, assured the House that he had every confidence "that the steps taken by the Government of India would be adequate to deal with the situation as it might develop."

No doubt. But why let it develop?

Elsewhere, it transpired, other situations have been developing. In the absence of Mr. Arthur Henderson, who was presumably busy making gestures of adamantine surrender to Nahas Pasha and his colleagues, Mr. Dalton, replying to Sir Kingsley Wood and Sir W. Davison, stated that a temporary commercial agreement, "to serve as a *modus vivendi* pending the conclusion of a full treaty," had been negotiated with the Soviet Government. Under it, the House learned with mingled surprise and alarm, the head of the Russian Trade Delegation and his two chief deputies will enjoy full diplomatic privileges and their offices will enjoy a like immunity. *Non semper Arcos tendit Apollo!*

Mr. Lansbury informed Mr. Somerville that another hundred pounds was about to be paid to the architect of the Haig memorial statue towards the cost of the new model. Even Cromwell's new model army did not evolve a new kind of horse, so there was really no excuse for Mr. Hardiman's mechanised Percheron.

"The old men to the council, the young men to the wall" was the order of the brave days of yore. A rumoured threat to quarry in the vicinity of Hadrian's Wall brought young and old alike to the defence of that ancient monument. Mr. Lansbury, soothingly sympathetic, urged the indignant Members to wait until the facts had been examined.

Usually courteous and amiable, the Prime Minister rarely makes the House laugh. To-day he raised a smile by an answer to Mr. Allen, the West Belfast Member, who urged him to introduce legislation "that would so adjust fiscal and financial conditions in this country as to give workers the opportunity of having their products sold at an economic level." Mr. MacDonald replied that no legislation had yet been discovered by the wit of man to secure that result at any given time and under any conditions.

More crowded houses have listened to the great Budgets of old and more impressive Budget speeches have been made. On the other hand it may be truly said that no more interesting personality has ever officiated at the high altar of national finance. Equally it may be pointed out that no other Chancellor has ever dumped so large a chunk of taxation on so few shoulders in such brief and unsympathetic sentences.

Mr. Snowden's rather undistinguished, if businesslike, speech was received with only moderate enthusiasm by his own Party, but that must not be attributed to disagreement with its substance. The House looks on the Budget speech as a sort of circus, applauds loudly the Chancellor who gives a varied and resourceful entertainment and looks on with mild disapproval at the fellow who, so to speak, reaches out, grabs what he wants and makes off.

Nobody expected Mr. Snowden to be ingenious or diffuse. He is the sea-green incorruptible of finance, the Iron Chancellor who detests the amiable subterfuges of indirect taxation. Not his to temper the financial harrow to the shorn toad of a taxpayer! Mr. Snowden prefers, as Mr. Churchill put it, to "larn 'em to be toads." It is unfortunate that Mr. Snowden is also the sea-green incorruptible of the cult of Cobden. A pleasant old gentleman, no doubt, but with another sixpence on the income-tax and the unemployed figures leaping up to the two million mark this was no time to be wiping the irreverent dust from the old boy's daguerreotype and setting it up on the drawing-room mantelpiece.

Mr. Snowden had to collect the money—it was not he who spent it—and the House was not prepared to be too critical of how he collected, although as a matter of fact that extra sixpence on the income-tax probably hits more Members and hits them harder than any other tax could do. It was the Chancellor's menacing snickersee held at the throat of the Safeguarded industries that was viewed with stony silence or cries of "Shame!"

However, the taxpayer now knows the worst, and can go his holiday way in the spirit of Sydney Smith: "Fate cannot touch me; I have been taxed to-day."



MR. SNOWDEN SUBMITS "AN APRIL IDYLL."

Majority of Hanging Committee of Ex-Chancellors (Messrs. Neville Chamberlain, Stanley Baldwin, Winston Churchill and Sir Robert Horne). "Commonplace and lacking in imagination."

Mr. Lloyd George. "I call it straightforward."

Tuesday, April 15th.—The Lords, on the motion of Lord Fitzalan, supported by Lords Plumer and Allenby, restored the death penalty for military cowardice when the Annual Army Bill came up for consideration. The matter was very fairly argued, though the noble and gallant peers concerned seemed not quite able to grasp the distinction between the physical cowardice that temporarily sweeps aside both reasoning and will power and the refusal to face danger that results in deliberate desertion.

Neither Lord Plumer nor Lord Allenby is a truculent monster—Anglo-Egyptians have even suggested that a little more hardihood in Lord Allenby's make-up would have been very useful in the riotous days of Zaghlul—and the Lords, as Lord Salisbury put it, could not ignore the advice of these two great soldiers. It was but a gesture, for the Commons will stand by their decision. The Government could

not conceivably allow the Lords to override them on a matter so close to the hearts of their followers and to-morrow their Lordships will—without lethal penalty—decide that discretion is the better part of valour.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's attack on the Budget was fierce, formidable and largely effective. His argument that excessive taxation dissuades "that economical animal," the taxpayer, from "laying his golden eggs" was obviously sound, though it ignored the fact that it is excessive expenditure, notably on doles, of which Mr. CHURCHILL was the inspired author, that renders imperative an excessive reliance on the creature's oviparous activities.

The real difference between Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. SNOWDEN is fundamental. The former is a squandermaniac at heart, as becomes one who loves the grandiose manner. Mr. SNOWDEN is a temperamental inhibitionist; he worships thrift. It is merely the irony of fate that makes one the financial spokesman of Capitalism and the other the financial oracle of Socialism. Their *rôles* should be reversed. Mr. CHURCHILL as a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer would be a holy terror to Capital; Mr. SNOWDEN as a Conservative watchdog of the nation's purse would really give the Socialists something to bellow about.

Mr. MAXTON and his Left Wingers realise this; hence their vocal disappointment, not so much with the Budget itself, which, though Conservative in essence, *does* extract the needed money from a minimum of well-to-do pockets, but with Mr. SNOWDEN's declaration that there should be no occasion for extra taxation next year.

The whole doctrine of Mr. MAXTON and his colleagues is that as long as there is more in the pockets of the well-to-do than of the poor there is urgent occasion for more taxation of the former for the benefit of the latter. "His Party," said Mr. MAXTON, "had gone to the country for no other reason than to get the surplus wealth transferred to the pockets of the suffering poor."

After pronouncing this whole-hearted faith in confiscation it was just a trifle illogical of Mr. MAXTON to scoff at a certain capitalist who was reputed to have rejoiced publicly that he had fifty thousand pounds tucked away safely in Canada—well out of the Member for Bridgeton's piratical reach. "One of the gentlemen of England!" sneered Mr. MAXTON in a manner reminiscent of PHIL MAY's charlady—"Lidy indeed! I soon got 'er down in the gutter and showed 'er who was the lidy!"

Even that more temperate apostle of equality, Colonel WEDGWOOD, was not satisfied. Why, he asked, did not the CHANCELLOR boldly put his land-values taxation policy in his Budget?

They change their political skies but not their hearts who cross the Gangway. So we had Mr. DENMAN, one of the Liberals turned Socialist, urging the economic injury caused by excessive death duties.

"On his way down the river the Prince will have a further opportunity of photographing or shooting an elephant through the Game Warden, Captain Brocklehurst."
Portsmouth Paper.

Game certainly, but surely rather rash?

"Ex-M.P., Conservative, is prepared to carefully consider an appointment where his exceptional financial and commercial experience in many parts of the world can be used to substantial advantage."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

He seems to mean that he wants a job.

"Wanted, bed rm. and sitt. rm., by tradesman (Christian), with attndce., use of bath, etc., with Christians, in quiet, open locality, N. or S."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

Our experience is that most Christians lock the bathroom door.



"LOOK! HERE COMES DEAR LADY DASHMORE."
"DO YOU KNOW HER TO SPEAK TO?"
"NO; BUT I KNOW HER QUITE WELL TO SPEAK ABOUT."

AT THE PICTURES.

"JOURNEY'S END" (TIVOLI).

To a critic of the cinema in one of the daily papers I am indebted for the knowledge that Mr. GEORGE PEARSON, who produced the screen version of *Journey's End*, was held by many commercial magnates of Hollywood to be mad for refusing to put a woman into the cast of the play. He was firm, however, and his firmness bore fruit. There were great souls at Hollywood who sided with him. At a meeting of film directors, which included ERIC VON STROHEIM and ERNST LUBITSCH, I am informed, his refusal was cheered. That in itself, it seems to me, would make a good film. *The Great Renunciation*, it should be called. Tears, entreaties, cajolings. Mr. PEARSON cannot be moved. And then the great gathering. Mr. PEARSON well-nigh overwhelmed by the obloquy of the larger number of his friends. ERIC VON STROHEIM, ERIC whom I last saw passionately making love amidst a shower of specially-manufactured wax apple-blossom in a Viennese orchard, is loyal nevertheless to his friend. White but determined, he makes a stand against the mob. "Mr. PEARSON has done right. He has risked everything on the altar of Art. There should be no close-up kissing in a garden of roses for *Journey's End*." The mob wavers and is turned. Groans and outcries are exchanged for cheers. Hollywood has produced its first S.A.-less film.

Clearly we have this to be thankful for. It would have been in no way contrary to the tradition of the silver screen to present in considerable detail the reminiscences of *Captain Stanhope* at home on his first leave, a romantic and idyllic reverie. Or even of *Captain Stanhope* taking his Paris leave, a less edifying spectacle, one of a type which cinema-goers seem to adore. Nay, there might also have been a public-school passage, showing *Captain Stanhope* and *Second-Lieutenant Raleigh* as boys on the football field, or *Captain Stanhope* sending *Second-Lieutenant Raleigh* out to bat and telling him to play up and play the game. All these things were only too possible, and Mr. GEORGE PEARSON is quite certainly to be congratulated on his restraint.

The actual enlargements on the stage version do, however, serve curiously to show the difference between cinema and theatre as a medium for dramatic art. By a brilliantly simple device of employing a company headquarters' dug-out, *Journey's End* on the stage preserves all the classical unities. The horrors happen off the stage, and the mind concerns itself almost entirely with the emotional issue which, I take it, is that of the doomed and tragic *Stanhope* struggling with destiny and his soul. War may be a tragedy, but it is not in itself a dramatic tragedy. It is, however, as in *Julius Cæsar* and *Macbeth*, a very convenient forcing ground in which dramatic tragedy can be grown. Probably, therefore, the stage-play actually gains from the fact that all the trench fighting is only represented by the little space that can be seen through the dug-out door; and imagination is more quickened by the thought of what is going on outside than it would be by the sight of it. But the cinema delights in spectacles, especially the spectacles of earthquakes, landslides, toppling bodies, machine-guns in action, and all the terrific tumult that went with the Great War.

Naturally a good deal of this had to be included in the screen version of *Journey's End*, and it is done, on the whole, very well. There must by this time be supers at Hollywood who have seen more fighting than the veterans of Mons. The whole scene of the trench



Club Waiter (to Secretary). "I WAS GOING TO GIVE NOTICE IN ANY CASE. I BELONG TO A BETTER CLUB THAN THIS MYSELF."

raid is carried out in this film, and very exciting it is, though everybody of course speaks much too loud, and the safe return of young *Raleigh* with his German prisoner, as portrayed, reflects little credit on the marksmanship of the enemy. The wire and the wire-cutting are peculiarly impressive, and



Mr. BILLY BEVAN, *as Trotter* (*in trench mud*). "THIS MAKES YOU APPRECIATE THE LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY OF THE TALKIES."

only by the light and easy tread of their feet can you tell that the men going up to the trenches are not the beasts of burden that men going up to the trenches really were. Even the comic relief of *Trotter* projects itself into the front line, for he falls down in the mud whilst introducing young *Raleigh* to the manners and customs of war.

I do not feel quite certain—and this perhaps is the only valid objection that can be raised to a very skilful piece of reproduction—that, if trench-fighting had to be introduced, as it certainly had to be introduced, we should not have had more of it. A slight failure in the play was the length of time which *Stanhope* spent in the dug-out when *Raleigh* was brought down on a stretcher and died there; for his company was being overwhelmed and he was wanted on top, but he delayed. This time is actually extended in the film, so that an audience which has seen in vivid detail the chaos of No-man's Land might well expect some gallant action out there on the *Captain's* part before the final catastrophe. But the sudden end by shell explosion is left unaltered on the screen.

The voice transmission on the whole was very good. The main difficulty appears to be, in cases where tinniness and sibilance have been overcome, that characters are often speaking much more loudly than from the observed movements of their lips would be possible. Thus a man in a talkie may dominate the auditorium with the resonance of his tones while holding a pipe between his clenched teeth, which is obviously absurd. Nearly all Mr. COLIN CLIVE's dialogue stood the test well, and Mr. BILLY BEVAN, who played *Trotter*, was particularly clear. But I did not find the batman so effective as he might have been. EVOE.

"SEA HAWKS" (POLYTECHNIC).

Captain KNIGHT may be depended on to produce worth-while films, and this latest peep at wild life—ospreys in particular—is a wholly delightful entertainment and only incidentally instructive (damning word in the haunts of pleasure), because he has a sense of humour amply proved in his choice of subjects, his bright running commentary and the excellent fun of the drawings that accompany the captions. The whole thing is well constructed and without a dull moment. In a prologue which re-enacts the stealing of its eggs from a loch island by trespassing collectors, we are told how the osprey became extinct in Scotland twenty years ago. Inspired by a peculiar affection for this bird, Captain KNIGHT crossed the Atlantic to Gardner's Island, off the American coast, where the largest colony lives, took these fascinating pictures and returned with four young birds to the same loch island, hoping to revive the species.

The leading *rôles* are taken by a



OSPREY TELLING FISHING-STORY TO ASTONISHED OFFSPRING.

family with which we make an egg-to-adolescence acquaintance. No triangles here; vampless, villainless, unalloyed domestic bliss, though it 's fish for dinner every day. The size and variety that father brings home in his talons should rouse the envy of all anglers.

In a charming interlude we are taken back to HENRY VIII.'s days and shown the sport of falconry.

"Mr. Ramshaw," the Captain's famous tame eagle, is introduced in person to the audience and shows its wing-spread



Mr. Ramshaw. "WELL, CAP'N, YOU HAVE IT ON THE CHIN, BUT I BEAT YOU ON THE BEAK."

CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C., AND HIS TAME EAGLE.

by flying from a perch for a tasty morsel. Later, in the foyer, the bird was stroked by countless admirers of all ages, including a dear old lady whom I heard claiming affinity of tastes with Captain KNIGHT on the strength of a tame sparrow which she had taken with her on a Continental trip. D.

RHYMES OF DOMESTIC PROSE.

THE H.P. MAID.

Maud Perkins came to the Registry;
Silk stockings (two-and-eleven-three)
She wore and sixpenny jewellery.
Maud Perkins said she might come to me
For forty (rising)—most evenings free.
She assumed, of course, I would quite agree
To her keeping her young man's company.

Maud Perkins thought I might suit, for she
Would like a change; but she hoped that we
Dined out—a custom she liked to see.
We parted a little regretfully,
But her reference-papers seemed to be
Remarkable for their brevity.
So the fate of Maud is on some god's knee
And—do you know of a good H.P.?

W. M. L.



Burglar (waking up householder). "Got any aspirins in the 'ouse, Guv'nor? My nerves 'as suddenly gone."

In a Good Cause.

Some little time ago an appeal was made elsewhere on behalf of the Working Men's College, which was founded in the 'fifties by a group that centred round Frederick Denison Maurice. In provides more than a hundred classes in literary and scientific subjects at the very low rate of five shillings a year—2*s.* 6*d.* in the second grade—for any one class, and attracts over 1,300 students.

The appeal set out that "it has always been the aim of the College to provide side by side with its scholastic life an active corporate social life, and it has been found essential for this purpose that the College should have its own playing-field." A suitable ground had been secured at Edgware, and between six and seven thousand pounds had been raised by the College for its purchase. The response to this appeal has left a balance of some four thousand pounds still required for the preparation and equipment of the ground, and for this purpose the present appeal is made.

The morrow of a Budget which is yet further to reduce the means of those classes which are the mainstay of voluntary charity may not seem the happiest moment for appealing for such a need as this. But, whatever economies have to be made in other directions, good causes must still be encouraged; and Mr. Punch is certain that many of his readers who may object to a small section of the community being made to bear the whole direct burden of the State's compulsory charities will be ready to support of their free will a scheme designed for the benefit, social and physical, of those who are doing honest work.

Gifts should be sent to Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice (Principal of the College), at 44, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Cheques should be made payable to The Working Men's College, and crossed.

"P.C. ——, who apprehended ——, said he became very violent at the police-station, where he threw several coppers on the table, which was damaged."—*Wiltshire Paper.*

Only steel furniture could hold its own with the one who pinched us last week.

THE LOCUST: A SONG OF SALVAGE.

In the far-off Victorian times that were spacious
I flourished, a tree in the green,
But there speedily came that extremely voracious
Saltatory brute on the scene;
He has pestered me sorely the whole of my days,
And now I admit myself beaten
As I close up my eyes and regretfully gaze
On the years which the locust hath eaten.

From the greed of the beast I am suffering dearly
And to check his exactions I strive,
But those chats at the club, yes, I see very clearly,
Those lunches which lasted till five,
All that golf at Carnoustie and Bellingham Towers
Before I became an effete 'un—
Well, those were the weeks and the days and the hours
Of the years which the locust hath eaten.

In the seeking of knowledge my manner was flighty,
For I wandered from Mommsen to Ruff,
And sometimes I studied the works of the mighty
And sometimes detectional stuff;
Then I hoped my one talent (for frivolous rhyme)
Might become, when exploited by me, ten;
This delusion consumed a great deal of my time
In the years which the locust hath eaten.

Yet, friends, if the locust should camp in your garden,
Say, "Yea to life" (Nietzsche) or "Yes;"
Your zeal he should fire, your resolve he should harden
To rescue some fruit from the mess;
So here is my lyric, hortatory cry,
As Chaucer expressed it, compleaten—
Which shows that a plum can be plucked, if you try,
From the years which the locust hath eaten. E. P. W.

Old Jokes Which Never Die.

"Staff-Captain ——, of the Salvation Army, said accused's mother was taking him home and Mr. W. R. —— imposed no additional penalty."—*New Zealand Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" (WINTER GARDEN).

Jack of course is Mr. JACK HULBERT, and the *House* is the revue which he has just transferred to summer quarters at the Winter Garden. The new house-warming to which we were invited was a very friendly affair. It showed what a pleasant patina has been given to this bright entertainment by practice, and that the company's familiarity with its material has not bred contempt for it.

The sense of intimacy which is always so pleasant a feature of Mr. HULBERT's shows and is so quickly communicated from his side of the foot-lights to ours is as keen as ever. The revue follows traditional but not stale lines. Each of its score of items is distinct and diverting and has either a catchy tune or an expert dance, some good burlesque or modest spectacle to recommend it and to display fresh facets of the art of the principals.

Miss CECILY COURTNEIDGE, the leading lady, is a broad and brilliant comédienne. Her forte is burlesque of the commonplace and the lifting of the prosaic into the regions of comedy. Her favourite *rôles* are those which extract fun from dour material. Give her a wig and she will do farcical wonders with a dowager whose outlook on life is joy's antithesis.

She begins as she means to go on, and her energy seems inexhaustible. Note the immediacy of her attack on that Edwardian widow whose garish solemnity at the reading of her late husband's will cracks under the influence of a whiff of laughing-gas released from its cylinder by her *enfant terrible* of a daughter. Then contrast it with the mellow sly charm of her hydro-haunting valetudinarian whose susceptibility to romance and the insidious Mr. HULBERT has such devastating effects on her dignity. Or with the equal skill of her sketches of such different victims as the superannuated Fairy Queen, the equestrienne star of the circus and that precise flirt who bridles athwart the counter of a seaside post-office.

Her Fairy Queen is perhaps her most florid essay, and combines the pathos of ineptitude with the heroism of the professional diehard in the last ditch. Having done her tragi-comic worst in the limelight, hampered by physical distress and her heartless fairy troupe, the old war-horse retires, and Miss COURTNEIDGE signs this good caricature



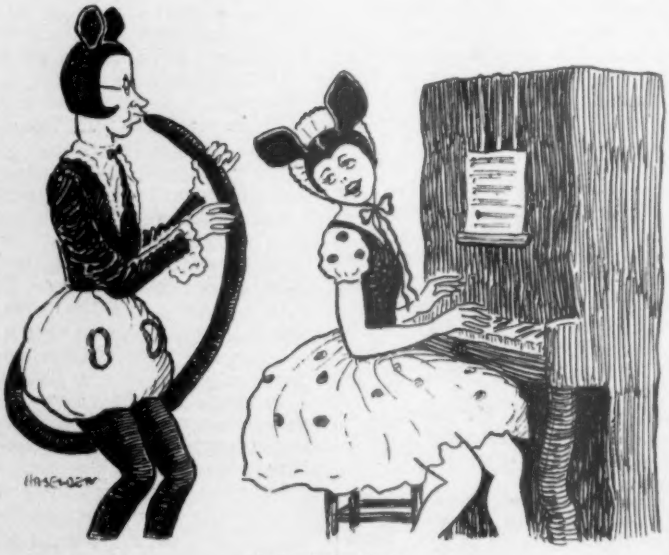
JUMPING JACK.
MR. HULBERT RETURNS FROM AN EXCURSION TO THE ORCHESTRA.

with the tag: "I 'm not the Wreck of the Hesperus, boys; I 'm the dowager Fairy Queen!"

I retain in memory her last appearance in a grim snapshot of life in one of our less desirable suburbs. She is a tight-lipped prudish mother whose emotions are as ruthlessly crimped and confined as the auburn tresses of her Byzantine wig. Her husband and daughter leave her struggling to be articulate in circumstances that recall Laocoön's unavailing efforts with the serpents. This particular sketch is more teasing than the others, since it attempts to end on a note of true pathos a skit whose sole intent has been to convulse; and it is the fault of the material, not of the artist, that laughter refuses to be silenced.

The revue has material for all tastes, from the heavy-laden sentiment of the spectacular ballet in old Venice to that lovely impressionist circus, complete with clowns, performing elephants and a school of voraciously humorous seals. These anthropomorphic impersonations are deliciously funny. And over all these events Mr. HULBERT presides, whether as the ringmaster, or leaping the foot-lights to conduct operatic developments from the orchestral pit, or filling in intervals between major items with skits on a 'cello or snatches of that sleight-of-tce-and-heel for which he is so justly famous.

This house-warming was made the occasion of the return to the stage, as partners, of the Misses BLANEY and FARRAR, those well-matched opposites whose tarradiddles at the piano have long been one of vaudeville's most popular turns. Their late quarrel and present reconciliation figured largely in the songs they sang and were greatly to the liking of the audience. The sentimental blarney that Miss BLANEY's tuneful soprano announces from the piano is immediately burlesqued by Miss FARRAR with twitching upper lip and cries from the jungle. They agree in calculated disagreement very expertly.



MUSICAL MICE.
MISS GWEN FARRAR AND MISS NORAH BLANEY.

The massed manœuvres of the chorus of good-looking athletic girls have the precision of a Guards' parade, and each private in the ranks seems qualified to contribute song or speech to the item of the moment.

As a production the revue has a rhythm and finish that might with advantage be emulated by many a more ambitious entertainment. The team-work is as good as the solos, and the whole performance may be recommended to all who, seeking after-dinner distraction, are not discouraged by the presence in it of genuine artistry. H.

"B.J. One" (Globe).

In that agreeable comedy, *The Middle Watch*, Commander King-Hall showed us something of the lighter side of life in the Navy. In this purposeful drama he exploits its more serious side. A brief prologue, staged at a night club in Kiel, June 1914, introduces two Naval lieutenants, a British and a German, who are old friends. They have reached the later, more intensive, stage of toasting everything and everybody ashore and afloat as well as illustrious shades in Elysium. This convivial little prelude is a kind of *apéritif* to the feast of Service "shop" that follows; as rich a feast of technicalities and heroics as the theatre can ever have offered.

The first course is laid in the Operations Room at the Admiralty on the eve of the Battle of Jutland. As yet no hint of the coming fight has reached the Staff and we are free to relish the engrossing spectacle of the brains of the Fleet in routine war operation. Though shot with light relief, the dialogue is allusive and technical and the landlubber in the audience should not mistake its occasional didactic emphasis for anything but tactful consideration for his possible ignorance of Service terminolgy and of the professional point of view. He will hardly fail to share the dramatist's patent delight in the admirable characterisation or to be impressed by the producer's ingenious projection of the scene.

We laugh with our mentors at each other, we share their service-proud ease of manner in war, and we stiffen with them at the entrance of the *First Lord*, who solemnises with his presence the formal announcement of the imminent battle. The *First Lord's* calculated obtuseness and his perfunctory inquiries as to the disposition and possible plans of the Fleet are gems of comedy; the armour donned by the secular arm to safeguard its dignity and status in circumstances as tricky as they are exacting.

The next scene takes us out into the North Sea at night, to the battle itself, and is a triumph of suggestive realism. On the bridge of a light cruiser, with its hierarchy of officers arrayed like presiding gods, we race through the darkness seeking the hazards of battle. The rush of wind and water, the navigation and battle order of the ship, are amazingly well substantiated; the illusion is complete.

The beam of a searchlight sweeps, hesitates and settles; a salvo of shells strikes the ship, and the havoc it wreaks is plain. As plain is the disciplined response to the emergencies thus tragically created. The bridge is cleared of its dead, the personal gaps are filled by the next in rank, and reports from unseen parts of the ship tell of other emergencies and the way they are met.

A flickering signal is picked up from the darkness, the ship's course is stayed, the cutter is put out and some enemy casualties are salved. Thus the two lieutenants of the fraternal prologue meet again; but the cross-examination of the German reveals nothing, though it is pressed home by his erstwhile friend. We are still on the fringe of the battle whose course is uncertain, and the fate of the ship is a glorious hazard rendered doubly exciting by her wounds, her wrecked signal-gear and depleted ranks.

Again the nightmare beams of the searchlights—the eyes of the guns—decipher us. Are they German guns or British? The guns, biding a dreadful second, crash home and home, and this seems the end.

Here the play reaches its sensational climax and thereafter deliberately drops to the plane of peace and political discussion. An industrial symposium staged at a steel-works in Sheffield, 1929, brings our two lieutenants together again as captains of industry met to consider the formation of a British steel group to operate with the Continental cartel.

Commander King-Hall would probably claim for this last Act, which is as different in tension and appeal as peace is from war, an importance equal, if not superior, to the excitements that



"Now is that aquilegia you 've got there?"
"No, lady, it 's rheumatiz."

have preceded it. If his play were mere entertainment, a theatre piece pure and simple, we might be tempted to disagree with him. It is clear that the ideas this last Act discusses—the establishment in industrial life of as close and loyal a confraternity of interests as existed between the officers and men of a "happy ship" in war, and the substitution of political economy for commercial grab—are to him the play's purposeful pill which its excitements are intended to gild. But I confess that the unregenerate playgoer in me, which the battle-scape so gloriously indulged, is inclined to make odious comparisons between the pill and its gilding.

The roll of characters is thirty-three long and contains many first-rate impersonations. Mr. BASIL LODER'S *First Lord* stands out in beautiful comedic clearness against the Admiralty staff; Mr. DOUGLAS BURBIDGE and Mr. HENRY HEWITT, as the two Lieutenants, and Mr. ANDREW LEIGH, as a sawney little delegate to the steel conference, are admirable. Like the war itself, with which it is so largely concerned, this play weds heroism to economics; or perhaps it would be truer to say that its author makes a gallant attempt to put up the banns. H.

MORE FOOTNOTES TO HISTORY.

VICISSITUDES OF A VIOLINIST.

THE fame of the notorious NERO
Had practically sunk to zero
When he was rehabilitated
By cross-word puzzles, and is rated,
Compared with other "famous fiddlers,"
A Triton towering over Tiddlers.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

The vogue of ARISTOPHANES
Has latterly decayed,
And SCRIABINE'S cacophonies
Less frequently are played;
But the market price of ZOFFANYS
Is on the upward grade.

THE TWO SAXES.

It 's quite impossible to paint
SAXE the Field-Marshal as a saint,
But this we 're bound to own:
It was another SAX, and a civilian,
Who brought within the reach of the Brazilian,
The Argentinian, Uruguayan, Chilean,
The fatal saxophone.

"The dioramas illustrating Empire history include the Plymouth Brethren sighting America from the deck of the Mayflower."
Manchester Paper.

And also, we hope, the Four Square Gospellers sighting Southampton from the deck of the *Ruritania*.

A RED INDIAN WEDDING.

IN our "civilised" Red Indian village we get married, as far as we can, on the approved procedure of St. Margaret's, Westminster. First of all I get a visit from the prospective bridegroom. Such a one came to see me last Friday. After discussing the weather, the hunting, the fishing and the trapping with a mind obviously focussed on something else, he finally confessed that he needed a loan of eleven dollars for the purpose of committing matrimony (I had called the banns a few weeks previously). I asked him when the happy day was to be. He did not know, but thought "probably on Monday."

On the Sunday I asked the chief, who was uncle to the lady in the case, when it was to be. He did not know either, but suspected "the day after to-morrow." The bride's papa confirmed this and added "about ten o'clock." I instructed him to send a dog-team for me when he was ready.

Eleven o'clock on the fateful day, and still no sign of my charioteer.

11.20.—Arrived a heavy home-made sled (absurdly called a "jumper") and four depressed-looking and moth-eaten curs, all in the charge of a very small youth. My wife and I climbed aboard, the moths' delight broke into a leisurely trot and the youth ran behind. Half-an-hour later we reached the teacher's residence, where the bride and attendant damsels were to array themselves in glorious attire. But there was no sign of the bride, and the two bridesmaids who had come had been despatched to make a fire in the church stove.

Noon arrived, but still no bride.

12.25.—Enter the bridegroom, all feet and hands and vacuous grin, attended by three best men. Consternation. We had only prepared a button-hole for one. Frantic business of making two bunches of paper roses and sprinkling them with lavender-water.

12.35.—Enter serenely the bride, wearing an Oh-have-I-kept-you-waiting expression.

12.40.—Enter the third bridesmaid. Mysterious ritual in the bedroom.

1.0.—Bride and attendant fair proclaimed "almost ready." Rashly I choose one of the three best men and carry him off to the church with the groom. Here we find the congregation patiently waiting—the wise ones since noon, the wildly optimistic since ten o'clock, the advertised time of the wedding.

1.5.—The bridegroom and best man being deposited in the front pew, I don my robes and look out of the window for the bridal train.

1.10.—I continue to gaze. Bridegroom assumes a brick-red tint, sadly disagreeing with the post-office red of his cravat.

1.15.—I gaze some more. Bridegroom takes on beetroot hue, easing the colour-scheme a trifle.

1.20.—Vision of bridal-train among the distant trees. I send the sexton to toll the bell, this being the local custom on the appearance of bridal processions and funeral cortèges.

1.30.—Fair maidens quite near the church. Where is the bride's father? Nobody knows. Sudden panic seizes one of the sidesmen, who departs at a run, demanding *fortissimo*, "Elijah!" Elijah descends from heaven by the back-stairs of a neighbouring house and comes at a gallop. I seize him for his usual office of organist and ask what hymn he will play. He inclines to

"Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care."

Does the minister not like it? Strange! We finally choose "O God, our help in ages past," the Indian hymnal not being well furnished with festive psalms.

1.40.—I marshal the groom and best best-man to the chancel steps. Best best-man takes up his position on groom's left. No? Tries behind. No? Tries in front. No? Finally comes to rest on N.E. corner in echelon formation. I return to the window and look out. Bride has completely vanished with all her train, but by this time the bridegroom is past taking in the significance of the news.

1.45.—Re-appearance of the bridal train from a house nearby. Organist strikes up. Enter the bride at last on the arm of a bridesmaid. Papa remains glued to the organ-stool.

Service passes off fairly well, groom remaining in a dazed condition throughout. He gives me the ring too soon; I hand it to the best best-man, who promptly, but with natural bashfulness, tries to bestow it on the bride. I frustrate this design and hold it myself till it is needed. Bride begins to weep copiously, to the grave detriment of her paper bouquet.

Finally I lead the way to the vestry. Groom stumbles after me, still in a partial state of coma. Bride follows on; bridesmaids bring up the rear. Best best-man resumes his seat, groping for his goloshes.

After the signing of the register we are all photographed twelve times on the church steps, to the accompaniment of a salute of seven shot-guns immediately behind the bride's ear. By way of illustrating the old theory that firing brings corpses to the surface, the groom suddenly comes to himself and races off alone to the wedding-feast. The ceremony is over.



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

KING HARRY.

(HENRY THE EIGHTH at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.)



BUTCHER HARRY EIGHT
Straddles o'er the gate
  Looking down on Smithfield,
Where the Martyrs' flame
Blackened Tudor fame,
  Blood-bespattered Smithfield;
Where his bitter daughter
In her work of slaughter
But maintained the fire
Kindled by her sire.
Is he therefore set
  Most appropriate
In this place where yet
  Butchers congregate?
"No, not so,"
Cry the pigeons wheeling
Round the house of healing.

"On KING HARRY'S hat,
Which is round and flat,"
  Cry the birds of Smithfield,
"We have built a nest
Where our young may rest,
  Looking down on Smithfield;
We that still are near him
Hate him not nor fear him;
Doctor, nurse and matron
Know him for their patron.
Therefore is he set
  Sprawling o'er the gate
Lest they should forget
  Kindly HARRY EIGHT—
  Lo, 'tis so,
At this house of healing,"
Cry the pigeons, wheeling.



Ernest H. Shepard



Mother. "DON'T YOU WISH YOU COULD PAINT LIKE THAT, PETER?"
Peter. "BUT I *CAN*, MOTHER. YOU KNOW I CAN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HAROLD NICOLSON's biography of his father, *Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., First Lord Carnock* (CONSTABLE, 21/-), is a superb study not only of a man but of a profession; and of a profession exercised in the most critical of all times and circumstances. The diplomacy of Sir ARTHUR's day—the half-century between Sedan and the Battle of Jutland—has come to be ungratefully regarded. Yet I feel with Mr. NICOLSON that the old civilisation was at fault rather than the men who stood for it; and that we whom a vast post-mortem has enlightened have no right to look down upon the old specialists. The particular difficulty under which Sir ARTHUR and his colleagues laboured was the blend of oligarchic and democratic conditions imposed upon English diplomacy. Much of what the Continent regarded as English double-dealing can be set down to the expert's need of placating a public he dared not educate. This difficulty culminated for Sir ARTHUR in the matter of the Anglo-French *entente*, which from 1909 on he strenuously sought to turn into an alliance. Some form of insurance against Germany was seen to be necessary; yet "the feeling . . . about definite commitments" prevailed. This and similar problems are felt, I think, throughout the biography to be too big for their would-be elucidators. Yet perhaps for that very reason there is an element of heroism about it, the heroism of a patient, gentle and far-seeing worker addressing himself with an entire lack of conceit and self-interest to the possibilities of an impossible task.

If Mr. B. H. LIDDELL HART is justified in stating, in his biographical study, *Sherman* (BENN, 21/-), that many actions of the American Civil War have been contested even more fiercely since the event than on the day of battle, his present uncompromising claim that the hero of the march "through Georgia" was the one outstanding genius of the struggle can hardly fail to draw reprisals. It is not long, for one thing, since Sir F. MAURICE made striking claims for LEE, and until the champions of both LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON have had an opportunity to react to the present thrust it is not certain that Mr. HART can hold all the ground he has traversed. Incidentally he makes a modest claim that SHERMAN, the outstanding genius, was "the typical American." It is certainly made clear that the man who was soldier, banker, "unemployed," tramways-manager and again soldier, by turns, did eventually become a strategist amazingly flexible in method, capable of fooling his opponents out of position after position and for months at a stretch by force of mere bewilderment, and surprisingly alive to the psychological factors in the conflict. Mr. HART evinces a tendency, unusual in a serious historian, to play tricks with phrases in a way that comes perilously near to punning, and is quite unable to resist a desire to point to the irony of fate or of destiny or of history on every other page; but his hero is a real live soldier, and the war is presented with novel force from the angle of the Western rather than the Eastern campaigns.

I hope that only the inveterate melancholy of youth is responsible for the gloom of *The Mill* (LONGMANS, 7/6), for

The Mill is, I gather, a first novel, and the gods have been good to its author in many respects. They have endowed him with an unhackneyed cast and setting, an observant if jaundiced eye for mankind and a keen appreciation of natural beauty. But he has little sense of proportion and humour; and the general comments on life put forward by his characters exhibit a crudity which strikes me as below their condition. An East Anglian fishing port with the reclaimed marshland in its rear forms a background for two pairs of lovers. *Nell* and *Rose*, well-meaning but unbalanced young women, are unfortunate in their swains, for *Dick*, a fenland farmer's son, dreams of combining landscape-painting with matrimony, while *Fred*, the mate of the *Gerda*, has a lass in every port and an overplus in Bellingmouth. Tragedy is indicated from the outset, indeed so ruthlessly indicated that it is not easy to enjoy the incidental delights of the story. And yet I did enjoy them: the landscape, which has learnt more from the Norwich School than I can credit *Dick* with doing, and the portraits of two sagacious and innocent old men, *Warham* the market-gardener and *Hambling* the ferryman. These last have a touch of the idyllic which impresses me as more true to life than the realism of the rest of the book. Perhaps the poet in Mr. Norman Walker would give the discrepancy his consideration?

No former King of England has reigned through a period of such far-reaching crises as King George V., and it is clear that a literary portrait of him, if it is to do him full justice, must convey far more than could be contained in any one painter's canvas. It would require indeed a gallery of portraits. One of them, as a matter of form, should be in the Academy manner, showing the King in robes of state, but there should be examples also of the studio portrait, the historical group, the old-time "conversation" piece and even a series in the key of Hogarth. And I am not at all sure that something in the allegorical vein might not help. Sir George Arthur, in his *King George V.* (Cape, 10/-), has not deliberately provided all these presentations, but his quite delightful book has (apart from its varied photographic illustrations) at any rate a sort of parallel in the pictorial combination which I have suggested. Every aspect of the King's activities is treated, and while the result does not differ in any important particular from the popular concept there are many intimate fresh touches which prove that concept to be true.

Mr. Patrick Hamilton, who wrote that sinister and successful play, *Rope*, would seem to have a very intimate and extensive knowledge of the London of public-houses and pavements. In one of the former the hero of his latest novel is a waiter; his leading lady walks, professionally, the latter. *Bob* tended the saloon-bar of *The Midnight Bell* (Constable, 7/6) in the Euston Road; and thither one evening, for rest and refreshment, came *Jenny*. What follows is the simple chronicle of *Bob's* undoing. The waiter, who combined a marked taste for alcohol with a romantic soul and literary aspirations, fell head over heels in love with the deplorable young woman, and the results, naturally, were disastrous alike to his pocket and his peace of mind. For *Jenny*, though very amiable when things went smoothly,



Skipper of Drifter (as fish are hauled on board covered with oil from modern ships). "Well, all we want now is a few tins, an' we could sell 'em as ready-made sardines."

was also very true to type. She had the rapacity which is unconscious rather than conscienceless—indeed she often made a fine show of refusing *Bob's* offers of assistance and talked hopefully of repayment—and her lover's savings were soon lost in her bottomless vanity-bag. She had too the characteristic unreliability, the utter inability to tell the truth or keep an appointment; so that all that *Bob* often got for his devotion was a cold pair of heels. And in the end she just disappeared. Mr. HAMILTON has produced a striking miniature of one of London's innumerable worlds.

It seemed possible from his early work that Mr. DESMOND COKE might make his mark as a writer of fiction. But somehow or other—perhaps that fatal interruption of the War—his recent work has disappointed. Here, for example, is *The Monkey Tree* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6). It is quite readable, the chief characters are not unlifelike nor altogether unlikeable, there is a sufficiency of incident to keep things moving; and yet somehow it fails to grip. The explanation may lie in the author's curiously detached manner. He provides the raw material of drama but disdains to work it up. We have *Roy Gillies*, before his marriage, getting entangled with a woman who picks him up in Hyde Park, going home to her flat where he sees her shoot her husband, when he unexpectedly returns, with his own Service revolver. Mr. COKE, however, does not make a scene of this, he merely states it calmly and dispassionately; nor does he make much more of the meeting of *Roy's* wife with this same woman when there is a threatening of blackmail. Restraint is all very well, and it is pleasant to find someone who is not always writing, so to speak, at the top of his voice; but a novel that deliberately refrains from any attempt to stir the emotions is not likely to find a large audience.



Wife (caddying for first time). "WHY ARE ALL THE CLUBS CALLED DIFFERENT NAMES? YOU DO THE SAME THING WITH ALL OF THEM."

Did we not know M. KAREL CAPEK as the author of two grimly satirical plays and of a pleasantly malicious commentary on our insular foibles I doubt whether *Money and Other Stories* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) would have explained to us the world-wide reputation which he justly enjoys. The question is: Have these stories content? I am aware that even to hint such a question is to write oneself down deplorably old-fashioned. Your modern fictionist, like the old essayist, feels himself challenged to be interesting about a broomstick. Thus, in one of M. CAPEK's tales a civil servant believes himself to be insulted by his chief, resigns his post, spends a night on the loose, accepts an apology and returns to work. In another an elderly widower finds that his trusted housekeeper has been persistently robbing him, and both are made miserable by the discovery. In a third a governess is unhappy in her job, resolves to leave and is forced by circumstances to remain. M. CAPEK, not too well served by his translators, expounds such situations with insight and irony. But the net result of a series of such expositions is a doubt whether they are really worth while.

For nine years Mr. MORAY MCLAREN had been living in "the more comfortable South," and then his conscience must have pricked him, and on foot he made what he calls "an egoist's journey" to his native land. The account of this visit you will find in *Return to Scotland* (DUCKWORTH, 8/6), and if you love fresh air and the open road I think that he will incite you to pack up at once and get away to the moors and hills. In these days it is no small triumph to have convinced at any rate one reader of the delight of walking and of the joy, when thoroughly tired, of stumbling upon an inn where rest and refreshment are waiting for the traveller. In his walks and in his descriptions of the country and its people I followed him gladly, but in his digressions he can be extremely tedious. When, for instance, he loiters on his way to announce his views upon death he is far more irritating than informing. But in spite of deviations and provocative statements of opinion, Mr. MCLAREN's journey is one which deserved to be put on record.

Clever as Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA is I cannot think that *The Redemption of Morley Darville* (CASSELL, 7/6) will be entirely acceptable to his admirers. And my reason for being dissatisfied is that, however brilliantly *Morley's* literary career, as he plunged from his middle-class home into "county" society, may be described, he was to my mind innately and extensively an irritating bounder. One scene alone convinces me of this, and it is that in which *Morley* and his literary godfather occupied connecting rooms in a country-house, and *Morley* listened to a long conversation about himself without even stamping a foot or blowing his nose to warn those who were talking. My failure to feel any sustained sympathy with *Morley* prevented me from being profoundly interested in his redemption, but from what may be called the side-shows of the tale considerable enjoyment can be derived.

If ciphers, crooks and treasure are the things for which you seek,
You will find them nicely blended in *The Secret of the Creek*:
A brace of gallant yachtsmen and a damsel whom they save
From things much more unpleasant than a threatened watery grave;
A genial plant-collector who knows how to smile and smile
And yet, like *Hamlet's Uncle*, be a villain all the while;
A grim saturnine skipper and his offspring (even worse),
A lonely ruined abbey with the customary curse—
Such things as, if our fiction is at all to be relied on,
Must make the coast of Suffolk most exciting to reside on.
The author (VICTOR BRIDGES) is well qualified to mix
The brew by HODDER bottled at the usual seven-and-six.

CHARIVARIA.

Miss Edith Sitwell declares that if she were offered the Laureateship she would run for her life. We trust therefore that the Prime Minister will spare Bayswater the distressing spectacle of Miss Sitwell running for her life.

* * *

A writer of theatrical gossip complains of the unintelligibility of a play in the negro dialect and suggests that he might have understood it better if it had been written in ancient Greek. We have often deplored the wasted erudition of writers of theatrical gossip.

* * *

Old motor-car tyres are recommended for boot-soles. Pedestrians thus shod should experience a sense of satisfaction in being uppermost.

* * *

A pedestrian at Reading has been knocked down by a horse-drawn cab. He seems to have very old-fashioned ideas.

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw says that Mr. Snowden is a Victorian. We understand that Mr. Snowden has no intention of revealing his secret opinion of Mr. Bernard Shaw's period.

* * *

Mr. Shaw has hinted at the possibility that he may write for the films. The "Shavies" were bound to come.

* * *

We read of one of the younger Australian players that his hobby is cricket. In certain quarters it is feared that he may regard a Test match as a game.

* * *

A political writer remarks that Mr. Lloyd George cannot make up his mind whether he will gain most by irritating the Socialists or by irritating the Conservatives. He realises of course that he has little to gain by irritating the Liberals.

* * *

With reference to the suggestion that Mr. Edgar Wallace has become a Liberal Candidate with the object of collecting material for political thrillers, a rumour is current that he intends to make Mr. Lloyd George the central figure of *The Man Without a Shadow Cabinet*.

* * *

According to Miss Ellen Wilkinson, Mr. James Maxton lives mainly on tea and cigarettes. So much for the belief that he is fed exclusively on raw meat.

* * *

In the opinion of a golf expert the deliberate laying of a stymie is not cricket. Another view is that it is not golf.

* * *

An apparatus for transmitting heart-beats by wireless is now in use, and it is anticipated that developments of television will soon enable doctors to look at the tongue of a patient in another hemisphere.

* * *

"Scarface" Al Capone has assumed control of the Chicago plumbers, and it is thought that he may find it necessary to remind them that when a gangster undertakes a job he doesn't have to go and fetch his gun.



MAROONED.

* * *

"Bristol City Shocks Chelsea," said a recent football headline. We didn't think anything could shock Chelsea.

* * *

A shopkeeper near Florence is reported to have wrapped up a portion of sausage in a piece of paper which the customer recognised as a manuscript of Galileo. Customers have every right to demand that their sausages should be wrapped up in fresh paper.

* * *

Burglars who took a large sum of money from the safe of a London picture-theatre are believed to have paid for admission. In our opinion this should not be accounted an extenuating circumstance.

* * *

We are told of a peeress who has her handkerchiefs marked with her telephone number, as a safeguard against their being lost in the laundry. Yet we doubt whether the general adoption of this plan would increase the chances of getting the right handkerchief.

* * *

It is suggested that when Mr. Henry Ford opens his new works at Cologne he should do it with a golden key. This would be a bit of a blow for those who said he was going to use a sardine-opener.

* * *

The Men's Institute at Battersea has started a cookery class. Few men bother about taking lessons, as they prefer to cook by ear.

* * *

It is stated that juvenile crime in Chicago is decreasing. The fact is that when the adult gangsters have finished their day's work there is little or no crime left for the young people.

* * *

A politician recently protested against the cruel practice of boiling alive the lobsters supplied to the House of Commons. We live in hope that some day a protest will be lodged against the habit of plucking the taxpayer both before and after death.

* * *

A magistrate commended a man who adopted the puppy of a dog that was destroyed for attacking him. The heir, in fact, of the dog that bit him.

* * *

An astronomer says that there is no sea on Mars. It would seem the ideal spot for the next Naval Conference.

* * *

"A familiar source of sleeplessness is noise," says Dr. D. Frazer-Harris. This will come as a great surprise to those living on main roads.

* * *

A Hollywood expert explains that many talking pictures are written round a theme-song. It seems a very poor excuse.

* * *

A Crewe doctor hopes to teach dogs to talk like their owners. We should love to hear a Pekinese addressing its mistress as "Oo ickle popsy wopsy!"

"Things in the camp were going from bad to worse."—*North-Country Paper*.

Nothing is sacred to the camp centipede.

OUR SANGUINARY YOUTH.

[The MINISTER OF WAR, who seems, in Lord DERBY's phrase, to be suffering from "anti-militarism gone mad," soliloquises on the protests which have been made against the withdrawal of the Government's recognition, financial and moral, from the Cadets.]

A Man of Peace, my mind is set
Against the bellicose Cadet;
I cannot hold with such as hanker
To nourish this insidious canker
That poisons our civilian life
With military germs of strife
And stimulates (which I deplore)
A hearty appetite for gore.

When people talk, and leave me tired,
Of "virtues in our youth inspired—
Discipline and a common sense
Of comradeship for self-defence,
Seeds that produce a gallant stock," I
Call them the vicious streptococci
That made us what we used to be,
Monsters of mere ferocity.

How should I dare to face my friends,
Who live for purely peaceful ends,
Were I to take the money which,
Wrung from the bulging idle rich,
Should mollify the toiler's lot
(Whether he looks for work or not),
And allocate it to a corps
That has an obvious lust for war?

War! Though a curious freak of fate
Made me its Minister of State,
More like a dove I really am
And do not give a paltry damn
For all this noisy crew that gets
So cross about its dear Cadets:
Soldiers and priests, whose Tory Press
Issues their daily S.O.S.,
Crying that I have gone and squeezed
(Would it were true! I *should* be pleased)
Our martial manhood in the bud—
Blather that simply reeks of blood.
I just stick out my lower jaw—
That's all they'll get from TOMMY SHAW,
That and the answer, "Pish! and Pshaw!"

O. S.

MUSICAL CHORES.

WHENEVER friends say to me, "*I've Got The Workmen!*" it is mutually understood that the speaker and family are about to retire into strict *purdah* and that any request or suggestion of mine to have tea with them shall be considered null. The words are always spoken in italics; the expression of face accompanying them is of one to whom sorrow and tragedy, if not disgrace and exposure, have come at last. Sometimes they add, "And You Know What That Means."

I do. It means faces at the window when you are trying to have a bath; it means total strangers in overalls washing their forearms in rows at the pantry-sink; it means cries of—

"Oy, Bill! chuck us down that 'ammer."

"Eh?"

"I say chuck us down that——"

"Eh?"

"Chuck us——"

Crash! (Request acceded to.)

It means about two extra loaves a day and infinite butter, also endless cocoa for the maid to concoct for the men's "elevenses" and afternoon teas; it means sudden requests for step-ladders, pails of water and even candles; it means thumps on the drawing-room door and hoarse invitations that you should come and "look" at the can o' paint the painter has just mixed; it means another thump and an intimation that the wistaria cannot after all be saved.

(The plant having been rolled up to resemble a lifebuoy while the front of the house was washed, this announcement is hardly surprising.)

But in spite of all this I find that having the workmen in has its angel side.

Gradually their personalities are getting themselves over the window-boxes, so to speak, and I have already learnt, though it is only the third day, that Fred the plasterer means to chuck this 'ere job and go for a footman.

Also our workmen are mines of red-hot stop-press information. The house-painting season usually synchronises with the flat-racing season, and whether the race is the Cesarewitch, the Derby or the Eclipse Stakes, most of us at one time or another have been surrounded by workmen for at least one of these events.

Five minutes before the start of the race one hears the men speculating about the fate of their bets. But mark this. Though none of them has left his ladder for a second, *three minutes after the race is over they all know the winner and usually the placed horses as well.* How they do it I don't know. But there it is, and very convenient if one is too lazy to go out and buy a paper. For one has only to open any window and ask.

Another endearing quality is their kindness to the current cat. One and all, they make reverent overtures to our Siamese Pugsie, who hates them and scurries towling with nerves from their outstretched hands. The foreman himself thumped once and, when I wearily called "Come in" for the seventh time that afternoon, he said—

"Pardon, Madam, but what would the cat's name be, again?"

"Pugsie."

"Ar. . . ." And he withdrew. And I heard them all deep in discussion of the beast.

Foreman. "Nice markins. . . . 'Ere, Pugsie, Pugsie!"

Pugsie (*in extremis*). "*Mow*-wow! Oh, *ma*-ma!"

But perhaps the thing I like our workmen for best is their inexhaustible repertoire of Songs of the Past. If I had a grandfather alive he would, I think, rejoice in the reminiscences and probably join in as well. We are carried back to the early 'nineties, the 'eighties, the 'seventies. For all I know, we are transported to an even earlier day. Meanwhile I catch up where I can in the programme.

"Her—Daisy, Dai—sy
Give me yer answer do—er,"

carols Fred, mixing mortar. And from the roof a voice, punctuated with hammers, retaliates with a number that dates back to the earlier "sister" turns—

"Her—you 'll be my valen—tine,
Love me in rain or shine,
In all sorts of WEA—ther
We 'll be to—GETH—er."

It is that sort of turn which, performed solo, would become a chorus number, with the time beaten well out and with a vast of *brio* and *buffo*, to the accompaniment of roars of applause, calls for order and orders for beer. It is a splendid song. I join in too in my smaller way whenever it begins on the roof.

The following also seems to be a good paint-mixer:—

"Her—sweet Maggie Maguire,
Berlieve me, my gurl, I *adore* you!
Her—my heart is on fire,
Strite, I 'd do anny—thing FOR you,
Her—nime the day, don't send me away . . ."

(I forget the rest, and mean to listen more carefully for the missing bit.)

And then of course there is "After the Ball is Over."

But my heart missed a beat when one of the painters burst into "Champagne Charlie." For how could he have come by it? He is far too young, and so indeed was his father. He is not of the type of reader which gets that sort of *Bohemian Nights* book out of the library. Conceivably his grandfather heard GEORGE LEYBOURNE? . . . .

But again, there it is. Songs of the day apparently leave our workmen completely unmoved; they are only at the top of their form and at the concert-pitch of efficiency when delivering themselves of songs of the day before yesterday.

On the other hand, their racing news, as I say, is red-hot. It is amazing.

RACHEL.

A High Wind in Bermuda.

"MILITARY DRAUGHT OF 200 ARRIVES."
Bermuda Paper.



IN STRICT TRAINING.

YOUNG ENGLAND. "PLEASE, SIR, MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?"
AUSTRALIA. "SORRY, BUT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO WRITE ANYTHING ON THIS TOUR"
YOUNG ENGLAND. "NOT EVEN A RECEIPT FOR THE ASHES?"



Officer. "THIS MEANS BEING CHARGED WITH DRIVING TO THE PUBLIC DANGER, MISS."
Flapper. "DASH IT, CONSTABLE, IS THAT FAIR? IT ISN'T SAFETY WEEK YET."

EAT LESS LIP-STICK.

I KNOW now. For years I have been wondering why young women will make up their mouths to look like letter-boxes or bits of wet sealing-wax. I long ago gave up the idea that it was intended to please the men; for women have long ago abandoned the pretence that they do anything to please the men. Also I know by inquiry that every man of courage and sense continually tells his favourite lady that he prefers her mouth to look like a mouth and not like a sea-anemone or a piece of raw meat. So I know that women know that nearly all men think that what nearly all young women do is disgusting. They stop short, of course, of telling the ladies that they will get no supper until they wash their faces (which is what we ought to do). And so it goes on. Goes on? The thing is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Within the last few months the lips of London's ladies have gone up seven shades of scarlet. The merest shop-girl now has a mouth like a bad inflammation. Walking down Bond Street in the evening is like walking through the wings of a theatre. The aristocracy used to scorn the actress because she painted her face, but very soon the actress will have to put on more make-up, not less, when she joins the aristocracy after the play.

And meanwhile the chemists and the cunning cosmetic-mongers are madly battening on Woman's weakness. New shades of stickiness are issued daily. I have a Beauty paper before me, with some new lines illustrated in colour. "Lipsalve medium scarlet, bright scarlet lipsalve, bright rose lipsalve, deep rose lipsalve." (The colour in the illustration is in every case the same; but what of that?) There are kiss-proof lipstuffs and indelible lipstuffs and permanent lipstuffs and storm-proof lipstuffs. And too many young women look more and more revolting. In the old days, when a man kissed a woman for the first time, his first thought was, "Will she marry me?" Now his first thought is, "Where can I wash?"

Well, I know that women have always done many things in the way of decoration not to attract the gentlemen but to annoy the other women. And I have thought that that perhaps was the reason of the Flaming Lip Competition. But now I know. The last young woman I lectured upon this insanitary subject let the cat out of the vanity-bag. She said, "Yes, I know you dislike it—but I like the taste of it." The thing is a food, a sort of sweet, a common indulgence, a new vice. Our womenfolk, if my young friend is right, spend the whole day licking their lips. They eat in the theatre, they eat in the streets. The red lips of your lady-love are not a Cupid's bow but an emergency ration.

Odious conception! This thing must stop. Or at least we must have fewer lectures from women about the horrid habits of men. Our pipes are dirty, we freely admit; but how dare they talk to us about our dirty pipes! We do not at least pretend that they are aids to beauty.

And where is all this "Beauty" business to stop? This paper before me has three well-illustrated pages on what every young girl ought to do to her eyebrows. The great thing about our eyebrows, it seems, is that most of them ought not to be there at all, and the others are in the wrong place. The Creator, when creating Woman, had not read *Woman and Beauty*, and so was not aware that "long narrow eyebrows add delicacy to the round face, whereas

thick wide brows will exaggerate the round appearance of an already wide face," and "for the *petite* type of face a short delicate eyebrow is desirable. The Oriental type of face demands long narrow eyebrows dipping slightly towards the nose and slanting upwards at the ends. . . . So, before starting to pluck out the hairs, decide upon the line you intend to achieve."

Life is busy for the ladies nowadays:—

"Eyelashes that are thin and colourless can be made to look thicker, longer and silkier by moistening them with brilliantine, brushed on with the finger in an upward direction.

"When making up the eyes, first shade the upper lids with shadow-powder, as in the centre picture—grey-blue for those with fair and mid-brown colourings, and hazel-brown for the real brunette.

"You can darken your eyelashes with water cosmetique—brown or black, according to your colouring. Darken only the edges of the lashes, brushing very lightly away from the eyes.

"If you want to make your eyes look large take your eyebrow pencil and draw a short line from each outer corner out towards the temple. This line must not be too clearly defined but should be gently spread with the tip of the finger to take away the hard line.

"A surprisingly youthful and soft expression can be imparted to the eyes by moistening the tip of the little finger with cold cream or brilliantine (the merest suspicion, of course) and rubbing it along the edge of the upper lids."

"For the beauty of your eyes you will need:—

An eyebath,
A good skin-food,
Boracic and rose-water lotion,
Brilliantine,
A soft baby's brush,
An eyebrow pencil,
Eyelash darkener."

That is for the eyes only. What, I wonder, must be the equipment required to keep the rest of a normal woman beautiful?

Realise, Sir, the above are not instructions to a young actress making-up for the first time, they are things your lady-love is invited to do in civil life, as it were. Perhaps she is on the way to the rendezvous now, the lovely natural thing: presently she will be in your arms and you will be gazing deep, deep into her peerless eyes, whose lids are shaded with grey-blue shadow-powder: but modestly she casts down those long dark lashes which you love, darkened with brown-water cosmetique, surprisingly soft and youthful with the merest suspicion of brilliantine. "Kiss me," you whisper, and, raising the long dark lashes, she reveals those large eyes, made to look large with the eyebrow pencil which drew that delicious short line from each outer corner out towards the temple. Her little nose, her shell-like ears—but I do not know what she has done to them; probably they too are mere compositions of skin-food and hair-oil. But hark! a sound. Cautiously (or incautiously) she puts a finger to her lips. "Lend me your hanky, darling," she murmurs. "Angel, what's that upon your finger? Blood?" "No, Cecil, it is medium rose lip-salve. Don't kiss me, darling, for the stuff is expensive. Besides, I 'm hungry."

And you, Sir, what do you say? I leave it to you. A. P. H.



Departing Guest. "AND DON'T FORGET TO LOOK ME UP IF EVER YOU 'RE IN TANGANYIKA."

"LOBSTERS' FATE AFFAIR OF STATE.
M.P.'s STRIVE TO STOP LOOKING ALIVE."
Manchester Paper.

We feel confident that the efforts indicated by the Mancunian poet will be crowned with success.

"Maxton loves discussions that last till 4 a.m. Then he will fry bacon for a general supper and sleep till lunch time next day."
Evening Paper.

Thirty-three hours' continuous sleep! It sounds almost like the "idle rich."

THE COMMON ROUND.

I SAID I would certainly like to play a game of golf on Upover Common, the more so because, according to my host, it was one of those beauty-spots famous in all the surrounding country and celebrated not only in prose but in song. He pointed out that the day was a public holiday, but I said, "So much the better, for, since we shall be amusing ourselves, it will surely be pleasant to see around us so many others enjoying a brief outing and a respite from their toil."

He said that we should certainly see these things.

The car wound up for several miles along the slope of the wooded hill, until now both trees and signs of cultivation were left behind, the road narrowed, the country opened around us, affording a far prospect over the valleys and the car stuck twice on hairpin bends. And still we climbed on. At last, on the side of the pathway, in a place almost entirely surrounded by charabancs, I perceived a man swaying his body about from side to side as though in pain and gazing earnestly at one of those prodigious beacons on which bonfires used to be lit in times of war and on which poets, if we may trust their own verses, are wont to lie with some maiden of their choice, gazing out through the long summer evenings over the dreaming shires. I asked what the man was doing, and my host answered—

"That is the first tee; the green," he went on, seeing that I looked a little astonished, "is somewhere over the brow."

I then observed that the first man had a dupe or accomplice, concealed for the moment behind a neighbouring knoll, and when they had both struck their balls smartly a few feet up the eminence we proceeded to imitate their agony.

I might say much, and in great detail, about the golf-course on Upover Common, but I prefer to spare the reader the full particulars of the round we played that afternoon. It is an impressionistic rather than a realistic sketch that I propose to give of our proceedings.

At no time, but especially not on a Bank Holiday, could the course be described as an easy one. This was because, in addition to the very deep quarries filled with sliding shale, kettles, nettles and cans, which unexpectedly punctuated what my host with some humour described as the fairway, over and beyond the numerous cart-tracks, hoof-marks, sheep-tracks and pig-slots which skirted the sides of the ravines, and putting aside the fact that the greens when found and announced with a loud "Hallo!" proved to be merely patches where the surrounding verdure had been nibbled a little more closely than elsewhere, there proved to be on this day an ever-growing density of human occupation and encampment surpassing even what I had guessed from the start.

No one, I should hope, objects to the full enjoyment of a public common, even a public common that has a golf-course on it, by the proletariat. I am no snob. If I dislike motor-cycle combinations in large numbers parked around a tee or crossing the line of an approach shot, it is merely because the sudden starting of an engine or the sound of an exhaust interferes with the delicate manœuvres which I employ as a preliminary to my stroke. If a mother laden with packages of food and sitting in some unseen hollow cries suddenly, "Look, Willie! He's going to hit it now," my only fear is lest the sudden shock should cause me to do myself less than justice in Willie's watching eyes. Out of no sense of personal pride or fastidiousness do I complain when a rather dirty old man with a sardonic smile upon his face attempts to sell me chocolates when I am studying the line of a putt. Indeed, take it all in all, these things were the merest trifles. They were equal handicaps for both of us. Often, when I was down in some valley and hewing amongst the falling stones, it would be the glad sound of childish laughter or the hoot of a horn as much as the frantic wavings of my host that would direct me as to the proper line to the flag.

But I did feel annoyed about the picnic party. My host had moved his ball so often in accordance with what he alleged to be local rules and placed it in a better position for attack, that I felt justified in claiming to be able to lift without penalty from the pot of raspberry jam. He said no. He said that one could lift without penalty from a cart-rut, or from the old wells at the fourteenth, or from the ruined house at the fifteenth, or from the stones on the cairn at the seventeenth, or from manure anywhere, and one could lay one's ball two club lengths away from the dolmen at the ninth and the tombs in the old cemetery at the eighteenth, but one was not permitted to lift without penalty of a stroke from a purely natural hazard like raspberry jam.



THE ROAD-JAMMER: A JUNGLE ANALOGY.

I sacrificed the stroke, I say, with some annoyance and was about to borrow a cup of hot tea and a duster from the picnic party in order to clean my ball, when he stopped me again and pointed out that a ball could only be cleaned on the green. I conceded the point and struck a blow with my mashie. The ball clave to the blade. Only after banging it thrice on the ground could I dislodge it, and every bang was imputed to me as a stroke. It was only a just Nemesis that at the next hole my enemy struck a water-diviner and rebounded on to a couple of young lovers. I refused to allow him to move his ball two clubs' length, or even one club's length, from the young lovers. I said, "Play on." One of them sighed during his back-swing and he foozled. But I held—justly, as he was bound to admit—that they too were a purely natural hazard of the Upover Common links, and I pooh-poohed his contention that a ball which struck a water-diviner could be played again from the tee. For by this time I had looked at the rules myself. It was true that a ball which struck the cattle-rubbing post at the eleventh, or the old hermit's shrine at the eighth, could be played again without penalty, but nothing was said about water-diviners.

Probably—I say probably, but not certainly—the most curious incident of the whole round was that which hap-



Butler (showing visitors round ducal mansion). "These are statoos of various heathen gods, though 'is Grace and family belong to the Church of England."

pened at the short sixteenth. One pitches the ball here over the breastwork of a Roman camp on to an entirely invisible green. We both pitched excellently well. After climbing up and climbing down again, we discovered no sign whatsoever of our balls. There lay only in a green dingle (where centurions must once have diced for denarii) a venerable white-haired old woman fast asleep. There was a saintly smile on her face and the light of the western sun was on her brows. By her side was an empty bottle of beer and the remains of a fairly considerable meal. She had taken off her boots. But our balls, which should have been lying, we judged, reasonably close to the pin, seemed to have been spirited away by the pagans or fairies.

We left it at that and moved on upwards to the next tee. But before we struck again I returned quietly and peeped down into the dingle. The ancient dame had stirred slightly in her slumber and, removing two small white things from a capacious pocket, was placing them in a basket covered by a cloth. It was filled almost to the brim with balls.

I don't mention these things to depreciate in any way the Upover Common links or to carp at the manifestations of a people's joy. We had a good game and halved the match, my host stopping short of the last green through hitting a perambulator and being slightly hampered in his chip-shot both by the tethered cow and by banana-peel. But in some ways it was queer golf. Evoe.

MARCH OF THE YOUNG CRUSADERS.

(*To the tune of "The Men of Harlech."*)

Young Crusaders, march to glory,
Hurling from their seats the hoary
Frauds who lured the simple Tory
From the path of light!
Save our trade from slumping;
Watch how cats are jumping;
Lay the ghost that ruled the roast and
paved the way for dumping.
March from John o' Groats to Jesmond
Into Fleet Street with Prince Esmond,
Young Crusaders, agile raiders,
Forward to the fight!

Young Crusaders, stout or skinny 'uns,
Cross the seas on airy pinions
And convert the far Dominions
To the only way;
Melchett, *alias* Mond, 'll
Play the part of Blondel,
Rescue trade that has decayed and
foster it and fondle;
March along to Woolloomoolloo,
Or the *impis* of the Zulu,
While the lyre of Honolulu
Fires you for the fray!

Young Crusaders, let the blizzard
Of your onset rend the gizzard
Of the recreant Cambrian wizard
Who resides at Churt.
Organise your snipers,
Patriotic swipers,
Swat the seed of Cobden's breed and
extirpate the vipers.
Forward, splendid whipper-snappers,
Unrelenting fetish-scrappers,
Forward, Amazonian flappers,
For the final spurt!

Heed not Runciman or Simon,
Sceptics of the School of Timon,
Who emit their poisoned slime on
Your immortal plan;
Oh, dismiss all jurists,
Fussy fiscal purists,
Prosperous "cits" of half-baked wits,
Olympian sinecurists;
Young Crusaders, gallant hearties,
Pick and flower of all the parties,
Fight till England from the cart is
Raised into the van. C. L. G.

BRIGHTER CONFIDENTIAL REPORTS.

THE War Office has at last seen fit to improve the make-up of Army Form B 194—the form for the Annual Confidential Report on Officers. Previously this was but a single sheet; and the transaction was almost too simple to be military. It went something like this. The Adjutant just handed out a copy to the officer to be reported on (say Captain Bayonet), who was then responsible for filling in a few details such as his age, date of first commission, sex, and so on. After this and before it became in any way confidential he had to get the Medical Officer to state in writing that he was In Every Respect Fit for Active Service. Ostensibly this called for a searching examination; actually there was no undressing, sounding or plumbing about it at all. It was fixed up in an amicable manner in the Mess. The Medical Officer signed the form and Bayonet signed the chit for two sherries. The embryo report was then returned to Colonel Howitzer, who put his tongue in his cheek and wrote, "A good hard-working officer. Has certain capabilities and should do better next term"—or anything of the kind that occurred to him. This encomium was then shown secretively to Captain Bayonet himself, who initialled it in a furtive corner. Next it was sent away with pomp and circumstance for certain Generals to give their considered opinion of Bayonet. They did so by writing "I concur" in various spaces. It was again shown secretively to Captain Bayonet, who initialled it in another furtive corner. After which it was filed in the archives of Whitehall and Bayonet was considered a good sort of fellow to have about the Army for another year.

But now there is this new four-page-power form, and one page is completely filled with the skeleton for an ANALYSIS OF PERSONALITY, on the best American business model; dealing with some thirty qualifications, Intellectual, Physical and of Character, which the officer to be reported upon may or may not possess. Each qualification has against it three official grades, the two which are not applicable to be crossed out. Thus against INITIATIVE we see *Enterprising, Average, Unresourceful*; against PHYSIQUE are *Robust, Average, Poor*. Doubtless you get the idea. The middle grade is in every case except one labelled *Average*, which seems a pity. To be *Average* some thirty times in a page would, I feel, give an unfair impression of an officer who is probably just a well-balanced sort of fellow. The only one which has no *Average* is HABITS. HABITS have to be either *Temperate* or *Intemperate*. The Army apparently recognises no such thing as the occasional binge.

Under TEMPERAMENT there are eight alternatives, ranging from *Imperturbable* to *Irritable* and even *Pessimistic*.

Now, though all this is a move in the right direction towards brightening up the Army, it doesn't go far enough. For instance, the reports are still apparently confidential, which means that when Lieutenant Holster's HORSEMANSHIP is graded as merely *Indifferent* because there is nothing lower on the given keyboard no one is able to enjoy the joke outside Holster's immediate circle, including naturally his horse. Which is a bit selfish.

So my first tentative suggestion is that some of the better reports ought to be made public now and then to those who know the victim. For example, the statement that Lieutenant James, after having his TEMPERAMENT reported as *Irritable*, later gets classed as *Unsociable*, would be greatly appreciated by those who know James at breakfast; while those who know the Colonel at breakfast would enjoy the report that Captain Bayonet, whose TEMPERAMENT is *Cheerful* and who often sits next to his superior officer, is described as *Tactless*.

Again, one might select all the lowest grades, so to speak, and make them up into one Awful Warning of what an officer can descend to, which would be hung in every Officers' Mess. Imagine it:—

Lieutenant Badchild: RELIABILITY—*Uncertain*; ENERGY—*Lazy*; DETERMINATION—*Weak*; LEADERSHIP—*Indifferent*; HABITS—*Intemperate*; IMAGINATION—*Meagre*; COMMONSENSE—*Lacking*; APPEARANCE—*Slovenly*; PHYSIQUE—*Poor*; and so on.

But my two principal suggestions for brighter reports are, first, to allow all characteristics to be defined by any of the official epithets laid down for any other; and secondly to permit a selected junior officer to make a report on his Colonel. After all he really knows more about the fellow, because a senior officer behaves more naturally in front of a junior than the other way round. If I were an Army Council, once I had seen that a Colonel had classed a second-lieutenant as *Tactful* and *Most Adaptable*, I shouldn't believe much else about the little squirt.

If the War Office (with whom my secretary is in communication) adopts my first recommendation, Colonel Howitzer will have much more scope. Instead of, as before, having to describe Lieutenant Holster's HORSEMANSHIP as *Indifferent*, he can select from the rest of the form such epithets as *Uncertain, Pessimistic, Very Sociable* (which nicely hits off Holster's jumping), or, quite simply, *Lacking*. Captain Bayonet's KEENNESS ON GAMES might be described as *Temperate*, his TACT as *Hard-working* or *Very Loyal*, and his LOYALTY as *Very Tactful*; while Lieutenant James's LEADERSHIP would undoubtedly be reported as *Irritable* and his ABILITY TO TEACH as *Self-Confident*. Captain and Quartermaster Ledger's PERCEPTION would be classed as *Imperturbable*, and his APPEARANCE as *Abundant*. And Lieutenant Swordfrog might quite possibly emerge with IMAGINATION—*Robust*, and PHYSIQUE—*Fertile*.

In return of course Swordfrog would be allowed to make out a similar report on his Commanding Officer, and doubtless the following selected points would be included:—TEMPERAMENT—*Impulsive*; RELIABILITY—*Insufficient*; TACT—*Lacking*; ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY—*Intemperate*; SOCIABILITY—*Uncertain*; and HABITS—*Abundant*. A. A.

RHYMES OF DOMESTIC PROSE.

COOK HAS GOT 'FLU.

Cook has got 'flu!
What *shall* we do?
I would much rather
It seized your father,
Your little sisters, elder brother,
Your aunts, your uncles, any other
Than Cook. When Baby chokes with croup
It does not spoil your father's soup,
And when each one of you had mumps
The custard did not set in lumps;
Though measles spot and mar my son
The meat will not be overdone;
But Cook upon her stalwart knee
Supports the dinner's destiny.
Go ask what sum she 'll kindly take
For getting well for Master's sake.

W. M. L.

More "Nouns of Assemblage."

A slink of mannequins.
A gargle of prohibitionists.
A flutter of spinsters.
A guzzle of aldermen.
A stodge of Conservatives.
A heckle of Socialists.
A brace of Liberals.

Sticky Work on the Stock Exchange.

"SPOT (Cleckheaton).—Hold on to Molasses."
Sunday Paper.

"Glee, 'Cloud Captain Towers.' *Stevens.*
Wireless Paper.

There will be still more glee when the Cloud Captain becomes an Air Marshal.

"All around me I see old men of twenty professing disappointed ambitions, weary of trying to open oysters with their swords. The husks of the buds are in their mouths. . . ."
Daily Paper.

Since we gave up being a Prodigal we never eat the husks of oyster buds.



House-Agent. "There's a stunning little old-world cottage at Chiddingfold you ought to see, Sir"
Client. "Stunning, is it? Thanks, I know those low doorways."

MURDER.

It is said that there is a greater wealth of parlour diversions in the Aldershot district than in the whole of the Zoological Gardens. I can well believe this, if Mary's elder brother James is fairly representative. Already celebrated as the importer of "Collar the Fat Captain" to Tarcross, he arrived there from barracks last week-end bubbling over with a new game.

"If it's anything like 'Jam for the Home Secretary,'" said his mother with some asperity, "I think you'd better play it in the garage. It will probably be cheaper to replace——"

"Oh, this is absolutely different," James exclaimed hurriedly, "just a question of memory and general brightness."

"What's it called?" we asked.

"'Murder.' It's like this. I've done someone in and am standing my trial." James's honest countenance beamed. "You're all witnesses against me. You can be who you please, and I cross-examine you in turn. As soon as anyone gives evidence which conflicts with anyone else's I get off."

"And supposing we stick it out?"

"You try it," said James confidently. "I'll guarantee to bowl you all out in one over. Remember you can be as incriminating as you like. The one rule is that you mustn't jog a man when he's about to give the show away. I'll start with John. He's a budding barrister."

"Now, Sir," he demanded, opening his defence in a manner which would probably have staggered the Old Bailey, "I understand I've done a murder. Do you mind telling me who I am, whom I've murdered, and who you are?"

"Certainly," said John, in the measured tones which were born quite re-

cently of his first brief. "You're Doctor McIntosh, I'm Uncle Henry, who is mercifully abroad, and you've finished off Aunt Maggie."

A chorus of perfunctory sympathy with Uncle Henry on the loss of his not very popular wife ran through the court, but was heavily suppressed by James, who seemed to have taken on the additional duties of usher.

"What, Sir," he asked, "do you know of this murder?"

"Quite a lot," said Uncle Henry firmly; "I was there."

"Where?"

"In a ring-seat at Twickenham at the last International. Aunt Maggie was on my left and you were beyond her. She began by being under the unfortunate—in the light of subsequent events I should rather say tragic—delusion that it was going to be a cricket-match until you explained. As a man who had been capped nine times you naturally spoke with authority. It was a glorious game," Uncle Henry went on, "a splendid game. Some grand passing, and sometimes I thought ——"

"Could you tell us concisely how the murder occurred?" James broke in sharply.

"Oh, that," said Uncle Henry a little vaguely—"that was very simple. You see my wife had asked you twice which was the English goalkeeper and had received no coherent reply. It was during a simply magnificent breakaway by the English threes, late on in the second half, when the whole ground was on its feet with excitement, that she asked you again. Rather fatally, for without any hesitation you rolled your score-card into a neat ball, rammed it down her throat, and then continued to cry wildly to the backs, 'For the Lord's sake tackle the beggar!'"

"Am I to understand," James inquired dramatically, "that you witnessed this brutal attack upon your wife and made absolutely no attempt to prevent it?"

"What could I do?" asked Uncle Henry. "For one thing, you were twice my size; for another, one of the threes actually did get through just then; and in any case all signs of life disappeared in Maggie with the score-card."

James turned to the Court and shuddered impressively. "I think, Sir, that we have heard almost enough from you. Just two things more. Did you notice the time of the decease?"

"The try was scored at seven minutes past four."

"Did your wife often ask questions which were not particularly relevant?"

"Speaking without prejudice and as one on oath," said Uncle Henry, "I should say she did."

The Court evinced in various ways its entire agreement with this statement.



Hard-up Artist (to Tax-collector). "I WONDER YOU PEOPLE DON'T INSURE AGAINST NON-PAYMENT."

James turned to Mary. "And who are you, Modom?"

"My name," said the new witness coyly, "is Lady Lotilda Losh. I am known to my friends as 'Lottie.'"

"Tell us," said James with fraternal severity, "very briefly what you know about this case."

"Well," Lady Lottie murmured, "it was all terribly dramatic. I was just behind you three, and the game was only so-so, and then suddenly that gorgeous boy with the curls got the ball and began to run. We all yelled ourselves hoarse. The woman, who must have been pretty fatuous anyway, kept rapping you on the arm and shouting something. Well, you simply grabbed up the card and crammed it into her mouth. Then the curly-headed boy *just* got across."

"And then?" James prompted.

"Then," said Lady Lottie, rather cleverly I thought, "I fainted."

"Was it so ghastly?"

"Ghastly? It was the most marvellous try I've ever seen. But they invariably have that effect on me."

"When did you come to?"

"Oh, long after, in the car-park. I always faint rather thoroughly."

"I suppose you didn't look at the clock as you went off?" James sneered.

"I always time my faints," Lady Lottie said haughtily. "It was seven minutes past four."

Camberley has evidently instilled into James the importance of a retirement in good order. He turned to Toots, the American professor.

"The evidence of a trained mind, Sir, will doubtless come as a considerable relief to the Court. I suppose you were the United States Ambassador?"

"Well, no," Toots began in his deliberate way, "hardly. I was one of those jolly little hops with the programmes."

"Ah," said James, "in the excitement of the game I suppose you hadn't an eye for very much else?"

"Well, no; but near the end of the second half I was standing in an aisle and I heard a yell of 'Boy!' and you called for a programme and seemed in a mighty hurry."

"Did I say anything else?"

"You shouted something like 'Maggie's eaten it.'"

"Maggie?"

"I guessed she was the lady lying on the floor."

"Did the lady do anything?"

"I should say not. She was past doing."

"Did you notice anyone else with us?"

"I certainly did. A kind of old militiaman. He was shouting fit to crack the stand. I thought he'd burst. He looked uncommonly as though——"

The big oak door at the end of the Tarcross drawing-room swung open and an old gentleman of bucolic aspect put his head round it.

"All enjoying yourselves?" he cried avuncularly.



New General (her mistress having rung the bell to know why luncheon isn't ready). "Would yer believe it, Mum? I set the oven going all right, but I forgot to put the meat in."

Mary's mother went down the room to meet him, beautifully serene, and only the back of her neck a little pink.

"I thought you were abroad, Henry," she said. "How's Maggie?" Eric.

THE LONDON NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet is the bird of evening
Who in the dusky woods
Can with a voice extremely choice
Produce in fact the goods;
On all the country songsters he
May claim to put the lid;
I don't deny it; I should be
An idiot if I did.

But, though he charms the poets
To many a golden song
(They swallow him with joy and vim,
Nor would I say they 're wrong),
I sing the visitant of Town,
Not of the bosky vale,
The bird who never lets you down,
The Cockney nightingale.

Though wearied with his journey,
His wild heart never pants
For some cool spot in Surrey, not
To mention Kent or Hants;
He does not cotton to the spell
Of spinney or of copse,
But seeks a home that 's lit up well
And handy for the shops.

And then he starts his music
As many a glowing pen
Informs the Press each year from S.
W., say, or N.;
He sings beside the roaring route
Of lorry, tram and bus,
And for the searching taxi's hoot
Declines to give a cuss.

Compare with him his brother
Who gladdens dale and hill,
When in the vein, with jocund strain,
Provided things are still,
But if the faintest sound is heard,
A distant yapping pup,
A passing car, a rival bird,
Will dry completely up.

It may be due to shyness;
Perhaps the bird is proud;
Singers are not an easy lot,
But touchy as a crowd;
But, though you sympathise, no doubt,
If any petty jar
Is going to knock a singer out,
You don't know where you are.

Give me the bird of Finchley,
Of Penge or Peckham Rye,
One who enjoys a first-class noise
And beats it, good and high;
O among nightingales unique,
Last night how well you sang
In all the pride of Cockney cheek
Without the Cockney twang!

Dum-Dum.

Things which could hardly have been said more beautifully.

"Increased Brewery Dividend.
The balance sheet reveals a good liquid position."—*Daily Paper.*

"The Budget was a purely deflationary Budget."—*Daily Paper.*

It certainly left us rather flat.

"Happily it [the long-tailed tit] lays more eggs than other birds—except the partridge—and begins nearly."—*Sunday Paper.*

That 's just how our cold baths begin in January.

"The Pavilion rockery water lily pond fountain has just started playing.
Round the sweeping path on either side of it strong men are rolling in the red gravel."
Bournemouth Paper.

Who dare say now that the English are undemonstrative?

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

ONCE when Lord Mype was poking about in an old bureau with a screwdriver because one of the drawers had got stuck he found a secret drawer which he hadn't known anything about, and there was a bundle of letters in it yellow with age. Well he read through some of the letters and was just going to burn them because they weren't very interesting when he came across one of them which said that he had been changed at birth, and it turned out that his butler ought really to have been Lord Mype and he ought to have been his own butler.

Well this was rather a surprise to him and he didn't much care about the idea of being a butler, so he thought the best thing would be to burn the letter and say nothing about it, but just as he was going to do that his eye fell upon the Golden Rule which his Angel Child called the Lady Alicia had illuminated for his birthday and he had put it on the mantelpiece. And he said to himself well is this doing as I would be done by? And he was obliged to say it wasn't, so he put the letter in his pocket and went in to lunch.

Well there were only the Lady Alicia and her governess Miss Nock at lunch, because his wife had run away from him some time ago and all his other children had been drowned or run over by motor-cars. But they hadn't been very satisfactory because they had taken after their mother except the Lady Alicia, and she was so good that all the people in the village called her the Angel Child, and she had never been naughty in her life except once when she had stolen two snipes out of the larder and she wouldn't say what she had done with them, so he had given her a whipping and told her that it hurt him more than it did her, and then it had turned out that she had taken the snipes to a poor cripple in the village, and Lord Mype wept over her, but she had said he was not to grieve because she knew she was much more wicked than most children though it didn't often show up, and the whipping hadn't hurt her much because it was winter and she had a thick skirt on. So he adored her more than ever after that and made up his mind to be a better man because of her.

Well Lord Mype didn't talk much at lunch because he was watching the butler and wondering what he would say if he knew he was the rightful heir and not a butler at all. And the Lady Alicia said to him dear Papa you are more silent than your wont, do you think you are sickening for something?

And Miss Nock said I have noticed the same thing, do let me take your temperature Lord Mype.

Well Lord Mype couldn't bear Miss Nock because she was always trying to marry him, so he said don't fuss. And the Lady Alicia thought he had said it to her and burst into tears, and Miss Nock said for shame Lord Mype, if you cannot control yourself before the servants you should leave the room. And she sent the servants out of the room, and as he went out the butler said she will catch you before you know where you are Lord Mype, the day she marries you I leave your service.



"AND RAN AWAY WITH THE BUTLER."

Well Miss Nock didn't mind his rudeness because she knew he was almost mad with jealousy about her wanting to marry Lord Mype and pushing notes under the library door asking him to run away with her, and Lord Mype was thinking that if he only knew that he was really Lord Mype and not a butler at all he could be much ruder than that and nobody could say anything, and he was so depressed in his mind that he pushed away his plate of shepherd's pie and groaned.

And Miss Nock said my heart bleeds for you Lord Mype, why do you groan?

And he said well wouldn't you groan Miss Nock if you had just found out that you weren't Lord Mype and I was a butler?

Well she didn't understand it at first but when he told her about the letter she said excuse me but I must just go and fetch a handkerchief, and she went straight out of the room and ran away with the butler.

Well there was nobody to bring in the suet pudding and golden syrup until things had settled down a bit, but that gave the Lady Alicia time to go to Lord Mype and lay her head against his shoulder and say never mind dear Papa we will go out into the wide world together and I will beg for you. And Lord Mype thought it was more than he deserved and he shed some tears, but by the time some of the other servants brought in the pudding he had controlled himself. And he and the Lady Alicia both had two helpings of the pudding because they didn't know when they would get their next meal.

Well before they left the building the Lady Alicia said I should like to read those letters dear Papa if you don't mind so as to be able to help you more in your tribulation. So she did that, and she came across one that he hadn't read, and it was quite true that he had been changed at birth by the butler's mother, but the next day her conscience had pricked her and she had changed him back again, so he was the rightful heir after all and could go on being Lord Mype.

Well the next thing that happened was that Miss Nock wrote a letter from London to say that she was going to marry the butler that afternoon because she had loved him for a long time and couldn't bear not to be married to him any longer. And she didn't say anything about him being the rightful heir because she didn't want them to think that she had married him for that, and of course Lord Mype knew she had, because he wasn't quite a fool, but he didn't say anything to the Lady Alicia, because he thought it would be bad for her to hear about things like that at her age. And Miss Nock ended up by sending her love to the Lady Alicia and saying that she was sorry she couldn't go on being governess to her any longer but she hoped they would get another one as good as she was and a good butler too.

And the Lady Alicia said I don't think I want another governess dear Papa, I will mind my book myself,

shall we send those two letters to Miss Nock for a wedding present? she will be interested in them because they are about her husband when he was a little baby.

So Lord Mype did that, at least he sent her copies of them which he typed out himself because he thought it would be interesting to keep the others, and Miss Nock was very annoyed but she made the best of it and she and her husband took a lodging-house at Margate and Lord Mype and the Lady Alicia went to it sometimes when they wanted a little holiday because they didn't believe in bearing malice. A. M.

More Commercial Candour.

"Our Motto—
Every Plant *is* a Plant."
Seedman's Pamphlet.

"'Julius Cæsar.'
Another Sound Production at Stratford."
Birmingham Paper.

We appeal to the Baconian Society to make a firm stand against the encroachments of the talkies.

"Secretary of Ghandi
Arrested With Salt."
Evening Paper.

That 's the trouble with these secretary birds.

ROUND THE LOG-FIRE.

Round the log-fire we gather
In the old tavern
And listen to the wailing of the wind
And another noise, insistent,
Ominous, eerie as doom,
That thrills through the panelled room,
Like a sea-cavern
And not far distant.
"What is it, tell me, my father,
That makes these sounds—
A spirit, perhaps, of some kind
From the woods outcalled?"
"Ah, no, my child; there has been
At the further end of the grounds
(I am glad to say) installed
An electric-light machine.
It is that, I think, that we hear
So loud, so clear,
And it must have cost them pounds."

"The rain beats
Incessant, the day is blank,
Yet surely above the storm
That has turned the garden-paths
Into running water-leats
And beyond the engine's thumping
I can hear the ghostly clank
That comes from the mailéd form
Of a warrior stern and wild!"
"That is only the water-pump pumping
(Hydraulic, I understand),
From a well deep down in the land,
Water to make our baths
When we go to bed, my child."

"But that—what is that,
Louder than any rat?
Not a scamper nor squeak,
But a deep baying grumble
As of the hounds of death.
What do these seek
With fangéd gripes
Where the wind and the tempest are meeting?"
"Draw tranquil breath,
Unblanch the cheek,
My child; that is only the rumble
(Due to the air) in the pipes
Of the old inn's central heating."

Evoe.

Entertainments We Avoid.

"Here to-day!
Parasites.
All Talking and Singing."
Poster outside North-Country Cinema.

Things To Which We Cannot Give Credence.

"Will friends who have borrowed books from the Vicarage please return them at their convenience, as our 'lending department,' grave and gay, is getting a bit low?"
New Zealand Paper.



Village Dame. "No, I bean't too hearty on me legs, Reuben, and I be losin' me figure."
Villager. "That you be, Mrs. Gudge. But we 're none o' us so nimble since they finished the Noo By-pass."



REPERCUSSIONS OF THE AUSTRALIAN VISIT.

Small Boy. "'ERE, WE CAN'T 'AVE KIDS LIKE YOU. GO AND PLAY WITH YER OWN LOT."
Smaller Boy. "LUMME, DON'T YOU WANT NO YOUNG BLOOD?"

A PRETTY GOOD DOG.

Mr. Vernon had left a message, said the maid, that if I called before he came back I was to be asked to wait in his room.

Col was in the room—not lying before the fire, such a fire as is made for a dog to lie before, but standing so close to the threshold that his yellow snout barely escaped injury when the door was opened for me.

When I patted his head he stood quite still for me to do so, but did not take his eyes from the bottom of the door. I sat down in a chair by the hearth. "Well, Col, how are you to-day?" I said, snapping my fingers to encourage him to come over to me. He half-turned his head, gave me an open-mouthed smile, and wagged his tail twice; but he stood his ground.

He snuffed under the door. Then he whined—really it was only half a whine, for he cut it short abruptly and glanced round with an ashamed look, as if hoping that I hadn't noticed it.

"Been a nice day, Col," I said.

"Yes—no—I mean yes," he replied, with half-hearted movements of his tail.

"Been chivvying any cats to-day?" I went on. I was in a mood for chatting; but Col was not. He put his nose down to the floor and stayed still for some seconds. Then he sighed. At last he turned his head sadly to me and asked:—

"How much longer do you think he'll be? I've been waiting quite fifteen minutes. He hasn't got run over or anything, do you think? He hasn't gone to—to see a man about—about a dog, has he? I mean, he's never said anything to you about getting another dog, I suppose?"

"Don't be silly. Of course not. Come here and I'll rub you behind the ears if you like."

His eyes filled with gratitude. Very nearly he came. But just then there was a sound outside that put me quite out of his thoughts. He gave a sharp bark. His bushy tail moved to and fro heavily but quickly. His eyes were now fixed on the handle. He half-danced with impatience. He backed into the room, all alertness, then hastened to the door again, where he must surely be struck when it was flung open. He *was* struck; but he scuffled round the edge and jumped up at Vernon, barking and barking.

"Get *down*, you great brute!" said Vernon, brushing Col aside to come and greet me; and when his master sat down in the chair on the opposite side of the hearthrug Col would have stood with his paws on his knees to lick his face. But Vernon shoved him off and commanded him to lie down.

So Col came over to my side and asked to be fondled. While I rubbed behind his big silky ears he sat smiling happily, his eyes fixed on Vernon.

"Nice dog, this," I said.

Vernon glanced at Col in a not unfriendly way. "Oh, pretty good," he said.

In Memoriam.
CROSBIE GARSTIN.

WE learn with sorrow of the tragic death, by drowning, of this accomplished and versatile writer, who at one time was a frequent contributor, both of prose and verse, to the pages of *Punch*. Our readers will best remember "Mudlarks," that delightful series of articles in which he gave his experiences at the Front when serving with King Edward's Horse.



THE FEROCIOUS SAMARITAN.

TAXPAYER (*to Mr. MAXTON*). "I SEE, SIR, THAT YOU DISAPPROVE OF THIS FELLOW'S VIOLENCE."

MR. MAXTON. "VIOLENCE! IT'S HIS *LENIENCE* I DISAPPROVE OF. IF I HAD THE HANDLING OF YOU I'D SKIN YOU ALIVE!"



The Recumbent One. "I 'MEMBER WHEN THIS WAS QUITE A BIZNIS. YOU CAN'T 'ARDLY CALL IT A BIZNIS AT ALL NARDAYS."

BLUE ANCHOR LANE.

If, tired of to-day, for some corner you sigh
That Change has forgotten and Progress passed by,
From the road that leads dock-wards, its bustle and hurry,
Its clanging and banging of tramcar and lorry,
By a junk-store and then by a chip-shop turn down,
Keep on past the "Dolphin"—or is it the "Crown"?—
And it may be you 'll find (if indeed it remain)
The place that I think of as Blue Anchor Lane.

There 's a row of old houses where sailor-folk dwell,
With here a ship model and there a pink shell;
There 's a crazy old pub that was kept long ago
By some peg-legged old salt that had sailed with Benbow;
And the barges go by with their brown sails a-flapping,
And on the worn stairs comes the high tide lap-lapping,
And, grey days and blue days, in sunshine or rain,
Time lies there at anchor off Blue Anchor Lane.

But just where to find it—ah, that I can't tell!
I have lost the road to it, its right name as well,
And I cannot remember them, try as I may,
Through Dockland's mean streets though I ramble all day,
By chip-shops unnumbered turn hopefully down,
Pass whole schools of "Dolphins" and "Crown" after "Crown,"
And, footsore and weary, still search for in vain
The turning that took me to Blue Anchor Lane.

And it may be the tide that, resistless and strong,
Sweeps empires like straws on its current along
Has swept, like Assyria and Ur in their day,
Its quaintness and queerness for ever away,
Its sailormen's homes with their pink tropic shells,
Its slanty old pub and its waterside smells,
And only the gulls and the river remain
Where the Past used to linger in Blue Anchor Lane.

C. F. S.

HUMOURS OF THE GANDHI MOVEMENT.

A correspondent sends us this letter, which appeared in *The Bombay Chronicle*, an ardent Gandhiphil organ:—

"Gandhiji and the *Punch* Cartoon.

To the Editor of 'The Chronicle.'

Sir,—*The Times of India* reproduces from the *Punch* a cartoon of 'A Frankentein [*sic*] of the East,' below which is given the following:—

Gandhi. Remember—no violence, just disobedience.
Genie. And what if I disobey you?

Sir, I was present at the time this precious piece of conversation took place, and I heard Gandhiji give the following reply, to the accuracy of which I can testify as much as the cartoonist:—

Gandhiji. Of course I am prepared for snakes in the Garden of Eden.

March 28. Yours, etc., L. D."

The "precious piece of conversation" was composed at the Punch Table, and, unless "L. D." (to say nothing of Gandhi and the Genie) was concealed under it, we cannot accept his statement that he was present at the time.

Our correspondent reports that in another vernacular journal (Saurashtra) a moving appeal is made to the "Warriors of Saurashtra," which ends with the ringing command: "Come prepared to do or die—all other arrangements will be made by the camp."

OUR BIG FIGHT.

IV.

Wych Minor.

THE Big Bite is over at last. Four million people witnessed the fight, assisted by giant telescopes fixed at intervals along the Downs. The referee, "Wop" Marigold, wore red silk pants. The betting was odds-on in all directions. The owners of the talkie rights, the gramophone rights, the wireless rights, the refreshment rights, the ticket-agencies, the cigarette and chocolate sellers entered the ring before the contest and were loudly cheered. All made speeches and said they expected a square deal and a good long battle. The two big Lout-weights then entered the ring. Both seemed confident. Bloom was lifted in with a crane and Gecko was gradually moved up a special ramp by means of rollers and wedges.

Here are my Round by Round notes:—

Round One.—Both Bloom and Gecko advanced slowly to the centre of the ring, shook hands viciously, returned to their chairs and glared at each other. Anybody's round.

Round Two.—When the bell rang Bloom stood up at once and said fiercely, "You are a Dago." Gecko replied, "That is more than I can say of you." Gecko's round.

Round Three.—Both combatants lurched forward and leaned heavily against each other. Bloom tickled Gecko under the left arm. Gecko cruelly pulled Bloom's hair. Gecko's round.

Round Four.—Gecko ran into the middle and fell down. Bloom sat on his opponent but could make no impression. Gecko, however, was unable to get up. Bloom's round.

Round Five.—Bloom kicked Gecko in the stomach. The Gouger gave a yell of agony and lay on his back, shouting in Methylanian, "Foul!" Bloom retorted in Dago, "It was a fair foul!" Pandemonium raged in the audience and two of the Boxing Commission came to blows. The referee restrained Bloom, who seemed about to stamp on the fallen man, and ordered him to stand in the corner. The referee then asked Gecko if it hurt being kicked in the stomach. Gecko's reply was inaudible to the Press, but he was understood to say that he could not stand up. The referee replied that he could not help that, a lot of people had paid money to see the Big Fight, and if Gecko refused to go on he would have to award the fight to Bloom. Gecko replied that he wanted to do the decent thing, but could he continue the fight lying down? The referee then asked Bloom if he would consent to lie down for a round or two while Gecko was recovering his spirits. Bloom said, "Sure," but in that case he must have twenty per cent of the gross takings over and above the agreed stakes. The two managers then entered the ring and discussed arrangements. They were accompanied by seven selected newspaper-men, the secretary of the Society for the Cessation of Conflict, the Chief of Police and the Board of the British Lout-weight Commission. After a heated exchange of views, during which Seth Snout said several times that for two pins his principal would throw up the contest, Lew Swab hit Seth in the diaphragm and Seth agreed to sign. The ring was then cleared and it was found that Gecko had fainted. Bloom's round.

Round Six.—Bloom lay down as arranged and Gecko fell on him. Bloom seemed to feel his position acutely. Both boxers lay panting for some minutes. The excitement was intense. At last Gecko took a horsewhip from his seconds and beat Bloom with it. Bloom's seconds claimed a foul foul, but the referee said he had not seen anything. Gecko's round.

Round Seven.—Both men were beginning to show signs of the struggle. Bloom was out of breath and Gecko was quite hot. When the gong went both remained in their chairs and shouted swear-words at each other. Anybody's round.

Round Eight.—Bloom was now too tired to lie down. Gecko came out very fresh and pushed Bloom over. Bloom fell on the ropes, which broke. Gecko, exhausted by his effort, sat down and said hard things about his opponent, fumbling meanwhile for the pituitary glands. Bloom, recovering, bit Gecko in the calf. The "Gouger," with a howl of rage, took a pair of scissors from behind his ear and stabbed Bloom in the thigh. Bloom's manager protested, averring that the scissors were poisoned. The referee said that he saw no poison. Honours easy.

Round Nine.—Both combatants were too tired to go to their chairs, and by permission of the Refreshment Committee were refreshed where they lay in the ring. When the gong rang neither boxer moved, and the gong was rung again. Nothing happened and the gong was rung a third time. It was then discovered that both boxers were asleep, quite tired out. The referee approached the snoring Bloom and said, "Are you ready to continue?" "Grrh-nkore!" replied the boxer. The same question was put to Gecko, who replied, "Grrh-nkore!" Lew Swab then claimed a verdict for Bloom, alleging that the Biter's snore was the more belligerent of the two. Pandemonium raged. Leading members of the Betting Ring approached the referee with pistols. The holders of the talkie rights entered the ring, flourishing knives. The referee appeared to waver. The holders of the gramophone rights asked for a new referee. The representative of the ticket agencies insisted that the match should continue. Mr. KAYE DON entered the ring and was loudly cheered. Meanwhile the two combatants snored on. Eventually the referee was understood to say that Gecko had won the first



The Criccieth Sparrow (complacently, in view of reciprocal favours to come). "MY NEST IS AT YOUR SERVICE."
MR. MACDONALD AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.



THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

The British Museum offers an ideal skating-ground.

part of the fight and Bloom the second part. The decision therefore was a draw in Bloom's favour.

This decision has been much criticised, and this afternoon the referee was shot dead. It was alleged to-day at a meeting of the Betting Ring that he had accepted bribes from both sides. The general view seems to be that our Lout-Weight Match will prove to have been the Last Big Fight, and all this inconceivable dish-wash and loutery will now come to an end. A. P. H.

AT THE COMING OF CRICKET.

[Irresponsible lines designed to celebrate the one really important feature of the present seasonal change.]

When gusty April first blew in
And poets made their usual din
With quite misplaced elation,
I did not share their inward urge
To celebrate the annual surge
Of sappy vegetation;
Quite firmly I declined to sing
When I observed the seasons bring
The green phenomena of Spring,
Chills, 'flu and bird migration.

But at the near approach of May,
Unmoved by any bloomy spray,
Unmindful of the swallows,
I tentatively pluck the lyre
And utter with a certain fire
A pæan to my heart's desire
That roughly runs as follows:—

Let cricket be praised
With eloquent tongue;
Let carols be raised
And communally sung;
Let May be extolled as the nets are unrolled and the willow is lustily swung.

Speak, trumpets, the fame
Of this notable game.
I like it, I do
(Tu-whit and tu-whoo!)
I like it, I say
(With a hey, nonny-ney!)

Salute it with sackbut and fiddle!
Let wickets be sticky, let wickets be plumb,
I will not keep silent, I cannot be glum
(With a hi-diddle-diddle,
I'll take leg-and-middle!)
The season of umpires is come.

Now the colour for skies
Is undoubtedly blue,
So, Phœbus, arise,
Show what you can do,
Arise and abundantly shine!
You Zephyrs, be mild and propitiously puff!
O ridge of high pressure, start doing your stuff!
In brief, let the weather be fine,
A genuine tropical line,
That I may emerge with a confident gait
And work off a spot of superfluous weight.

Let cricket be praised
With eloquent tongue;
Let anthems be raised
And impressively sung;
Let May be extolled as the pitches are rolled and the willow is lustily swung! C. L. M.

Inconvenient Birthplaces.

"People were born in litters in those days."
From School-girl's Essay.

Things which might have been Expressed More Prettily.

"After surviving two major operations and five months in a nursing home Mr. F. N. —— is fit and well."—*Scottish Paper.*

"At ——, on February 11, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. T. R. ——, a daughter. For Sale."
New Zealand Paper.

We never thought it quite the thing to drown them.



Wife (after the accident, to wireless-fiend husband who has been thrown out with his portable set on top of him). "ARE YOU HURT, DARLING?"

Wireless Fiend. "HUSH! PARIS JUST COMING THROUGH."

MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM.

I HAVE been making notes of the conversational tropes of a young female friend who would never be able to look the world in the face again if she so far lost her nerve as to spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar. Give her the brush and the bucket and she would cover it from rudder to bowsprit, from top-mast to keel. Similarly, let her loose on the lily with a pail of white paint and you would not know the flower. But I believe none the less that if she were accused of exaggeration she would be astounded and her pretty eyes would dilate with a shocked dismay.

I subjoin a few examples of her gift in the aggrandising art, with my own idea of their true prosaic equivalents:—

Reasons for being late for lunch or dinner.

I walked miles looking for a taxi = The first three were engaged.

There was a block which lasted for weeks = Three minutes.

I forgot the number and tried every house in the street = Went to one wrong address first.

Reasons for not ringing-up.

I tried for hours without getting any reply = Either one minute's delay or never tried.

They gave me the wrong number at least forty times = Either one wrong number or never tried.

Impressions of foreign travel.

My trunks were absolutely packed with dutiable things, but the darling Customs man never made me open one = One hundred cigarettes.

We never went to bed all the time we were in Paris = Two late nights on Montmartre.

The sun was like an oven = Balmy weather.

The cars absolutely touched one another for miles = A fine Sunday outside Paris.

Sidelights on a wet and windy day.

I hadn't a dry stitch on me = Here and there spotted by rain.

My shoes were absolutely full of water = Damp soles.

I knew it was going to be wet—the glass went back miles = Slight tendency to "unsettled."

The wind was so strong I was blown clean off my feet = Gusty corner.

Reasons for arriving late at the theatre. These are the same as for lateness at luncheon and dinner, with one or two additions, such as:—

I was here to the tick but I had to fight my way through a seething mob = Five stall-holders were taking off their coats in the passage.

The people in the cab in front of me had a row with the driver which went on for half-an-hour = Two minutes.

Incidents in a motor ride.

We couldn't have been going a yard less than two hundred miles an hour = Sixty m.p.h., perhaps.

In some parts the road was stiff with policemen, so of course we were careful = The same force as usual.

The joke is that when we were stopped and they took Freddy's name and address we were crawling like ten thousand snails = Fifty m.p.h., probably.

General information about health and habits.

I never touch breakfast = Rolls and coffee.

I never had a wink of sleep all night = Woke at seven instead of eight.

I lay awake for hours = Ten conscious minutes.

I make a point of walking five miles every morning = Half-a-mile.

Effect of a farce.

I died of laughter = Was spasmodically amused and is still with us.

E. V. L.

LIBERTY.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—Your attention has perhaps not yet been drawn to a sinister menace to the liberty of the subject and the sanctity of the home.

Between the second of March and the thirty-first of July (inclusive) you may not kill a murre or a purre. The same veto applies to the fulmar and the razorbill. Likewise the bonxie and the ox-bird, to say nothing of the dotterel, the dunbird and the dunlin. The law is perhaps justified in so far as it applies to the loon and the godwit, but what man in his senses could possibly wish the smew and the tystey to remain, a plague to our shores? The willock and the wimbrel I say nothing about, and I should hesitate to raise a plea for permission to shoot marrots and sea-parrots at will; but, Sir, the case of the bee-eater, the goatsucker and the whaup is very different.

Are our bees to be eaten and our goats sucked for five whole months (if one excepts the first of March) with absolute impunity? Are whaups to ravage our fair land with not a soul to say them nay?

But this antiquated piece of legislation has a yet more far-reaching effect. I would bring to your notice the case of those sinister birds, the fulmar and the razorbill. Who can deny the utter worthlessness of the razorbill? You, Sir, if you have ever clapped eyes on a fulmar, will agree with me that no more degraded fowl ever walked on two legs. The progressive and provident island of St. Kilda has perceived the menace and, despite some very reactionary legislation which protects those poisonous brutes, the fork-tailed petrel and the St. Kilda wren, allows the fulmar and the razorbill to be slaughtered all the year round.

Mark the effect of this. Let us assume that some high-minded sportsman spends the whole year in quelling the fulmar and razorbill menace. Suddenly, on a happy spring morning, he awakes and tells his valet that he intends to put in a good day's work in the extermination of the twin pests, only to learn that he must not; it is, forsooth, March the second. Naturally he goes at once to St. Kilda. Imagine, Sir, the harrowing congestion on this pleasant little isle. I cannot discover the exact population of St. Kilda, but that of St. Kitts is 19,458. So you see how difficult it all is.

My knowledge, Sir, of this hideous subject has been derived from the pages of *Whitaker's Almanac*. All the facts are to be discovered in the 1929 edition. But in the 1930 edition the full information is withheld. This, I am convinced, only serves to make the situation more unsatisfactory. It is high time that this reactionary and unsavoury blot was swept from the national scutcheon.

I enclose my card and should like to add that in my part of the country I am known as "the bane of the purre and the murre."

I remain, Sir, Yours etc.,

TRUE BRITON.



PAINTING THE LILY.

Patient. "DO YOU THINK, DOCTOR, THAT A COURSE OF ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS WOULD IMPROVE ME?"

The Value of Environment.

"Gas Company Meeting.—An illuminating speech was made by Mr. A. ——, Chairman."
South-Country Paper.

"But I thought you were going to say, 'goo to this boose'?"—*Scottish Paper.*

The humour of our Spoonerists seems to have penetrated to Scotland.

AT THE PLAY.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR touches nothing he does not adorn. His decorative sense and ours may not always agree, but then (unlike him) we have only ourselves to please. Yet, whether our view of the eighteenth century be Hogarthian or Popean or a mere pastiche all powder and patches, this charming old comedy can be trusted to delight us on its own merits. *Fin-de-siècle* trimmings are alien to its spirit and an outstanding virtue of this modest revival is its freedom from neo-Georgian accents either in *décor* or deportment. The play is given as GOLDSMITH wrote it, cleared of the accretions of gags and traditional "business," and with only such scenic embellishments as good sense and economy dictate.

GARRICK'S Prologue is well spoken by Mr. CECIL BROOKING, who subsequently plays *Sir Charles Marlow*, and the Epilogue, which GOLDSMITH'S friend CRADOCK wrote too late for the first performance, is spoken by Sir NIGEL himself in character as *Tony Lumpkin*. GOLDSMITH'S friendly and unassuming genius makes itself felt from the start. His natural graces of style inform the dialogue; his free use of asides does much to simplify a plot that in more self-conscious hands might have got out of hand, and the characters are as clean-cut as they are veracious.

The one song—apart, of course, from *Tony's* "friendly lead" at the alehouse where the mistakes of the night are hatched—is sung by *Kate Hardcastle* at the harp to open and close Act III. This is a pious restoration, pleasantly scored by Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS, whose musical surveillance throughout is most happy.

In the acting of so time-honoured a favourite as this there must always be temptations to favour the farcical trees at the expense of the wood; to jeopardise the play's artistic balance by overplaying some of its solos. Here these temptations are for the most part resisted. The hullaballoo in the garden at night, with *Mrs. Hardcastle* emerging from the horse-pond only to be sent shivering to cover behind the hedge while her graceless son parleys with the pretended highwayman, can never be anything but a romp; and Miss RENÉE DE VAUX puts forth all her gift of farce to discount the darkness in which the scene is wrapt and to bring this ebullient dowager as clearly before us as though she boiled in full limelight.

This scene, together with *Mr. Hardcastle's* review of his men-servants before the visitors arrive, *Tony's* tap-room pranks and his mother's full-throated dismay at his theft of *Miss Neville's* jewels, not only reconstructs for us the rural manners of the times but vindicates GOLDSMITH'S natural sympathy with his audience and sets off the more romantic episodes. The acceleration of the pace, with its "John Peel" obbligato at the end of Act IV., when *Hastings'* elopement with *Miss Neville* is frustrated and hurriedly re-planned, leaves some of the conspirators realistically rather than comedically breathless and dashes-in rather than precisely defines, that quick-time passage in the counter-plot.

Mr. ERIC PORTMAN presents a gallant picture in his three-caped coat on arrival, and delivers the unaccustomed-as-I-am-to-public-speaking hesitations of young *Marlow's* first interview with *Kate* with an admirable appreciation of their comedy. And how nicely he and Miss CHERRY COTTRELL speak and act the scene in which *Kate* brings her equivocal lover to the point of openly declaring his love while their respective fathers eavesdrop in the gallery! GOLDSMITH has written this and its companion scenes charmingly, and these two young actors as charmingly play them.

On a different but not less happy level are the duets between *Mr.* and *Mrs. Hardcastle*, which so truly reflect the period and show how little connubial manners change. As *Mrs. Hardcastle*, Miss RENÉE DE VAUX does not palter with the licence given her by the text to burgeon in rouge and patches and feathers or to delight us with her incontinent similes. As *Mr. Hardcastle*, Mr. GEORGE MERRITT'S "Gothic vivacity" may have been a thought too consistently brittle in quality, but this good actor never allows himself to be so astounded at young *Marlow's* audacity as to threaten the blowing of the gaff or so histrionically outraged as to embarrass the fun. His is a sound if somewhat tight study.

Sir NIGEL'S performance as *Tony Lumpkin* is his own. It may not move the magnates of Variety to outbid one another for his services as an eccentric comedian, but it suits both the play and this revival, being intimate and unaffected yet agreeably idiosyncratic. And, if at times it suggests a genial host unbending for the greater diversion of his guests, who better than GOLDSMITH can pass such a test of quality, or in what more congenial circumstances than these could it be made?

This revival indeed, like the play itself, effects a happy compromise between downright farce and the finer graces of comedy. It opens a repertory season of those successes which have made the Hammersmith Lyric so pleasant a rendezvous and proved Sir NIGEL to be such a prince of purveyors. H.



COUNTERFEITED LOVE.

Miss Neville . . . . . MISS YVONNE ROBIE.
Tony Lumpkin . . . . . SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR.
Mrs. Hardcastle . . . . MLLE. RENÉE DE VAUX.

"INSULT" (LITTLE).

The hero of this sturdy little drama had all the virtues save one. He was a good soldier and most civil company. His men adored, his brother-officers loved him. And in the Dutch East Indies, where fate and the dramatist had cast his lot, he was not only on congenial active service but more or less at home. More or less. For the one virtue denied him—the lack of which in the eyes

of *Major de Weert* discounted all the rest and gave rise to such misfortunes—was purity of blood. Through no fault of his own he had had a native grandmother.

In the eyes of *Jolanthe*, however, the charming young wife of his friend, the Controller of the District, that ancestral taint meant nothing. Nor would it have meant much more to us had the exigencies of the drama only let well alone. For *Hans* was worth as company a dozen such formal bores as the *Major*, whose own blood so readily boiled in proximity to that which, Europeanly speaking, was under-proof. And it was hard on our humanitarian sympathies, which everything else about *Hans* did so much to attract, that this sanguinary taint should have vindicated its worst reputation. For he did run amok in just the way the *Major* said such half-castes will.

True the pressure brought to bear on him was such as no man however white could honourably have withstood. Sir GALAHAD himself, insulted as *Hans* was by the *Major*, must have replied with violence. But, whereas such a clash between men of similar blood might have been voted a mere affair of honour, in *Hans'* case it served to recall that racial prejudice which his other virtues had encouraged us to forget.

Jolanthe, whose flabbily uxorious husband gave her such good cause to appreciate the manlier virtues of his friend, was the kind of girl to whom youth, good health and a friendly disposition make all the difference between cold correctness in official life and warm-hearted spontaneity. Not for her the outlook which viewed the natives as mere raw material to be shaped by tyrannous policy. And when she heard of the native rising against the Home Government she took her cue from *Hans*, whose political sympathies, which after-events proved to be so wise, ran counter to those of the Government and of her father-in-law the *Major*.

You see then how the rift in the domestic lute became a chasm, with the *Major*, primed with racial prejudice and jealous for his son's honour, using every means to widen it. And so on the verandah at night, after the storm that set everyone's nerves a-jangling, he so insulted the inflammable half-caste that *Hans* first threw his tunic in the old man's face, then took him by the throat, and tragedy was at full gallop.

Poor *Hans!* We saw him next in prison awaiting the answer to his appeal to the Queen of Holland against the findings of the court-martial. He was the other, the Dutch *Hans* now, cool, clear-sighted and remorseful. Through a breach of confidence on the part of the friend to whom he had confessed it, his love for *Jolanthe* had been vicariously avowed, and hers for him was no longer conjectural. To his cell came his faithful sergeant with heroic plans for his escape, and his closest friend and brother-officer with news that a free pardon from the Queen was on its way. Even the now deflated *Major*, crushed by the disaster of his son's death in action with the punitive expedition against the natives, came to beg forgiveness, and melodrama wavered in mid-career.

Alas! no pardon came. On the contrary the sentence of death was to be carried out at dawn, with *Hans'* faithful sergeant there to see and his closest friend in command of the firing party. As he lay stunned by the news yet exalted by the knowledge that *Jolanthe* loved him, came *Jolanthe* herself, hatless, dry-eyed, sublimely dumb. But the hands that now had steeled themselves to clasp her only in Elysium refused that office here. A look of unutterable tenderness passed between them; they backed away from one another as though anticipating the ineffable gulf which next morning's reveille would establish, and melodrama having made its final, its unexpected and effective gesture to art, the curtain fell.

The melodramatist has this advantage over the mere realist that he can so select and actuate his characters as to set the laws of probability at naught and incline our sympathies towards or from them as he wills. And it is up to us as sportsmen to play the game and ask no awkward questions. That is if we would enjoy the game he invites us to play. And one of the rules in this particular game was that we had both to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

Fortunately the run was a good one, through some picturesque tropical scenery complete with tornado, in which the thunder roared its tea-tray finest in the wings and the cowering natives convinced us that their tribal gods were very angry. These well-staged scenes reflected the passions of the characters, all of whom were well substantiated. Mr. LESLIE PERRINS played *Hans* with great charm, virility and skill, and his colleagues loyally supported him. Approached as well-wrought melodrama rather than as impeccable ethnology the play, which comes to us from the Dutch, may be thoroughly enjoyed.

H.



COLONIAL GOVERNMENT (DUTCH STYLE).

Major de Weert	MR. EILLE NORWOOD.
Jolanthe	MISS MARJORIE MARS.
Hans Hartman	MR. LESLIE PERRINS.
Does de Weert	MR. DENYS BLAKELOCK.

A matinée, arranged by Lady WYNDHAM, will be given at the New Theatre at 2.30 on Monday, May 5th, in aid of The Actors' Benevolent Fund. The QUEEN is to be present. Miss MARIE TEMPEST, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, Miss EVELYN LAYE, Miss EDITH EVANS, Miss PEGGY WOOD, Miss MAISIE GAY, Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE, Mr. HENRY AINLEY, Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, Mr. JACK HULBERT and Sir JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY are amongst those who will take part in a very varied programme. Dame MADGE KENDAL will speak for the cause.

Tickets (Stalls, three guineas, two guineas and one guinea; Dress Circle, two guineas and 25/-; Upper Circle, 15/6

and 10/6) may be obtained from Lady WYNDHAM, 67, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.1 (Tel. Vict. 5708); or the Box-Office, New Theatre.

Actors and actresses are so generous in giving their services for other charities that this one of their own is certain of the support of a grateful public.

THE HYPHEN.

THE true lover's knot is the popular symbol of love, but to my mind romance is represented by a far simpler sign, which preserves its mysticism through all its baser forms of use—I mean the hyphen. I never see it without remembering the story of Henry and Joan.

Their affair may be said to have been one long hyphen. He was a dashing Naval officer who had loved her since the days when he took her shrimping, but it was not until she asked him to mend her typewriter that he found the courage to propose.

"Joan, my dear," he said, pressing her hand as it lay on the twisted key, "all the mechanics of Somerset cannot straighten this little hyphen, and all the females in the world cannot alter my love for you."

Afterwards Joan always used the figure that had brought them together with a reminiscent blush. She typed her first love-letter to him, using every hyphenated word that she could remember, and tapping the bent key with a beating heart. In spite of Henry's mechanical skill it needed a nice judgment to place the hyphen correctly. The heights to which it soared and the depths to which it descended (according to whether she punched it proudly or touched it tenderly) marked the dimensions of her affection for him.

The course of true love ran smooth until the hyphen tripped the lovers' impetuous feet. Their first quarrel was due to Joan having a double name. Henry's spelling was not the strong feature of an otherwise perfect nature, and I regret to say that he not only misspelt it, but omitted the hyphen. Everyone whose name has been mangled by shops and strangers will sympathise with Joan. She wrote to him with Christian forbearance and said that she could never hope to find her names engraved on his heart, but she would be gratified if her future husband learnt how to spell them, if only for the convenience of drawing up the marriage-licence. She filled every space in her letter with her names in block capitals united by a hyphen as black as Fate.

Henry replied coldly that most females would have appreciated the news which he dashed off to her whenever he had a spare moment, instead of getting into a flat spin over the perishing spelling. He inscribed the envelope with a furious hyphen half-an-inch long.

After the reconciliation Joan could gauge his feelings before she opened his missive. If he was penitent the hyphen was drawn lovingly with a curl at each end. If his gallant heart had been led astray by the beauties of his last port of call he scribbled an indifferent hyphen scarcely larger than a dot. If he was happy it sloped jauntily upward. If he was ill or depressed its pathetic droop moved her to compassion.

When the date of their wedding approached Joan scandalised her mother by the suggestion that her trousseau should be embroidered with symbolic hearts and hyphens in rose-pink. Relations used to write and send their love to "the Henry–Joan combination." As she saw their names thus linked she felt that it was a happy omen for the future.

Then for the third and final time the hyphen meddled with her destiny. Joan was proud of her names, and the thought of exchanging them for Henry's single patronymic often saddened her. One day she had an inspiration, which she conveyed to Henry. As Cupid had welded their hearts so indissolubly, why shouldn't they join their three names into one when they joined their lives in holy matrimony? Alas, she spoke too confidently.

Henry wrote back with a defiant hyphen scored right through the envelope, and said that he was dashed (not hyphened, you note) if he would spoil his name, "which he was proud to bear, thank Heaven," with her pestilential hyphens. All he could say was that if she despised it she had better not share it.

Joan declared that another fairy had already swum into his ken and that the break was merely a matter of time. It is my conviction that she was born under a planet inimical to hyphens. Thus, I tell myself, ran the horoscope which her old nurse cast at her birth: "By hyphens she shall gain and by hyphens lose her heart's desire."

As with two neighbouring islands which regard the sea that flows between them as a means of communication, but also as a cause of estrangement, so it may be with two hearts and a —.

Hadrian's Wall.

A new name for the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries: "The Society of Anti-quarries."

"528.—PUCK OF POOH'S HILL . . 3s. 6d."
Bookseller's List.

This, of course, is a companion volume to Mr. A. A. MILNE'S *Winnie-the-Pook.*

THE CHAM OF CHINA'S DAUGHTER.

THE Cham of China's daughter
She was rosebuds on the tree,
She sat beside green water
And she took a cup of tea;
Imperially tiny,
She was highly Fan-Taiphobe,
And she wore a shiney, spiney
Golden dragon on her robe.

Her Sleeve Dog sat beside her,
His name it was Ho Ho,
And his both eyes opened wider
And his tail waved to and fro;
His coat was royal sable,
But he slobbered it for sakes
Of the cakes upon the table,
Of the little sugar-cakes.

The Cham of China's daughter
Pretended not to know
While taut and ever tauter
Grew the patience of Ho Ho;
She gazed about the garden
And pretended not to see,
Then without a beg your pardon
She continued taking tea.

Now, for all the self-assurance
In its dignity and air,
There are ends to the endurance
That a Palace Dog can bear,
And, "As though it were the drugget,"
Said Ho Ho, "if all things fail,
I shall tug her robe and tug it;"
And he tugged the dragon's tail.

Then, breathing fire and slaughter,
Ran the Palace Guard with swords,
But the Cham of China's daughter
Said, "Be comforted, my Lords;
We are very much beholden
To Ho Ho for this his knack
Of guarding Us from golden
Dragons ramping up Our back."

Does one contradict princesses
If they 're ducks and Fan-Taiphobes
And have lots and lots of dresses
And have tons and tons of robes?
So the captains all besought her
That she 'd pardon their mistake,
And the Cham of China's daughter
Gave Ho Ho a sugar-cake. P. R. C.

"SUPERIOR TO ENAMEL.
THE POT HAT MAKES YOUR TEA AS IT SHOULD BE."
Ironmonger's Circular

The opera-hat, on the other hand, makes an invaluable tureen for picnics.

"GERMANS' SPRING TALKIE OFFENSIVE."
Daily Paper.

We can well believe it, if it 's adapted from one of these recent war-books.

"Woman, smart, wanted, for hand pressing."
Australian Paper.

Any ice-rink could supply several.

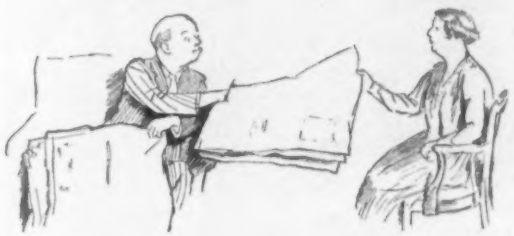
THE DAY'S NEWS.



ONCE THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY WAS ABLE TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH CURRENT EVENTS WITH DIGNITY, THOROUGHNESS AND EASE;



BUT NOW WHEN THE PAPER ARRIVES—



HE MUST FIRST HAND OVER THE HOUSEKEEPING SUPPLEMENT TO HIS WIFE—



PRESENT HIS CHILDREN WITH THE "KIDDIE" SECTION—



DELIVER THE FASHION PAGES TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER—



AND DETACH THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, COMIC STRIPS, SERIALS, ETC., FOR SUNDRY MEMBERS OF HIS HOUSEHOLD—



BEFORE HE CAN MAKE HIMSELF COMPLETELY INFORMED OF THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS WITH WHAT REMAINS.



Half-roused Guest at country-house. "THERE'S A DEUCE OF A ROW GOING ON, SMITHERS. WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER?"

His Man. "IT'S THE BIRDS, SIR, A-BUILDING OF THEIR NESTS. IT'S THE—ER—CUSTOM HERE, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is something, I think, the reverse of flattering to our mentality in the fact that those forecasts of a highly mechanized universe which used to be invented to amuse schoolboys are now seriously recommended to grown-up consideration. Not for nothing does Lord BIRKENHEAD open his inquisition into *The World in 2030 A.D.* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 12/6) by hazarding the views of a child of that era upon our own age. Only children and men and women of stunted growth would consider these things important. For meditative people the permanencies of human character and destiny have always been far more interesting than the temporary truck among which they happened to find themselves. Yet Lord BIRKENHEAD's book can be regarded as a sufficiently admonitory nightmare. We are proceeding, he considers, towards an earthly paradise where a limitless supply of cheap power will reduce human working hours to two a day; where all is urbanized, the factory, not the family, being the unit, and where the ideal factory-hand is produced by ectogenesis in a laboratory. Nationalism, of course, will slay us yet, unless the supra-national demands of industrialism slay nationalism. And the next war, with its amphibious tanks and "senseless holocausts" directed from the air, may scientifically destroy the Eden so scientifically created. Horse-racing may possibly survive and a few rich men amuse themselves ploughing and reaping, but in any case Lord BIRKENHEAD will not be there. Like every other magician's apprentice who has called up the devil in his master's study he will not be sorry to be out of it.

There is little of his most brilliant quality about the latest of EMIL LUDWIG's many recent biographies—*Lincoln* (PUTNAM, 21/-). One does not object to the writer being more concerned with the human qualities of his hero, his unfailing sympathy, his rare simplicity and his unfathomable reserves of gloom, than with the things he did, but on the evidence of this volume alone it would be none too easy to say on what specific decisions *Lincoln's* title to historical renown is based, while the details of the actual struggle between the forces of North and South are so little developed that without a reasonable previous acquaintance with the subject the entire story would at times be lacking in intelligibility. Here, related in rather pedestrian fashion, is the history of the great Republican growing up in the backwoods, driving his raft and splitting his logs, telling his countless anecdotes, studying reclined at full length on his store-counter, launching out as a country solicitor, finally writing his luggage-labels for the White House; yet the essential mystery of the transition from provincial lawyer and professional politician to the statesman of prophetic insight, the father of his people, the "true-born prince of men," remains unsolved. The greatness of the man comes clear across the pages, but one feels that this is thanks to those amazing qualities, already often appraised, rather than to any inspiration in this latest telling of the story. Perhaps even a genius for imaginative biography can be pushed too hard.

Mr. OSBERT SITWELL, accused, he says, of stigmatising the nineteenth century as prosaic, has compiled, with Miss MARGARET BARTON, an anthology of nineteenth-century wonders and terrors in the best Gothick vein of the eight-

eenth. As a matter of fact some of the episodes set down in *Sober Truth* (DUCKWORTH, 12/6) belong to that incubation age of all modern romance, the last of the eighteen-hundreds. The DAUPHIN died in the Temple—if he did die there—in the eighteenth century; and King CHRISTOPHE of Hayti, BECKFORD of Fonthill and JOHANNA SOUTHCOTT have obvious affinities with the century of their birth, though they prolonged their eccentricities beyond it. Still, when all is said and done, Mr. SITWELL has found enough to justify the contention of his entertaining, provocative and sagacious preface: that beneath the decorum of any age, however well-grounded in self-confidence, an underworld of primeval horror lies handily near the surface. If anyone nowadays needs converting to the notion that the crust of civilisation is thin, Mr. SITWELL'S anthology of the gruesome, fantastic and mysterious, as revealed in the letters and press-cuttings of our grandfathers, may prove a revelation. Personally, being already an adherent to the creed, I enjoyed Mr. SITWELL'S exposition of it, but found that nimble exercise too short. Some of his examples, "Home the Medium," "Jack the Ripper" and the rest, have suffered resurrection at the hands of too many BURKES and HARES; and, though Mr. SITWELL and his colleague have unearthed more exclusive corpses, the pursuit as such strikes me as unremunerative.

Mr. ROBERT HICHENS, apparently in a holiday spirit, has written *On the Screen* (CASSELL, 7/6). As a story it is sufficiently tenuous. *Jack Richborough*, a healthy young stockbroker of the normal British type, finds himself almost by accident quartered at the excellent Hôtel Mirabeau, at Fontainebleau, when he had really intended to take a holiday at Zermatt. Through a delightful elderly waiter he is introduced to *Mlle. Antoinette Durier*, the famous film star, with whose charming simplicity on the screen he had already fallen in love, and through her to a whole cosmopolitan crowd of artists in various kinds, including *M. Krahmer*, that celebrated musical genius and admirer of pretty women. In the Forest is staged the love-affair between *Jack* and *Antoinette*—a most romantic affair in the prettiest of settings. Temporarily, the call of the wild is too much for him, but jealousy, with *M. Krahmer*, comes to the rescue, and the end sees him once more hard at work among the bulls and bears of civilisation. *On the Screen* makes easy reading, done deftly and with the air of one who is perfectly at home in the society he describes; and the three chief characters are well drawn and excellently contrasted.

Miss JOANNA CANNAN'S novel, *The Simple Pass On* (BENN, 7/6), which owes its title to a verse in the Book of Proverbs—"A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished"—should open many doors to the ex-officer type of commercial traveller. It is a very depressing piece of work, and would be quite unbearable if the author had succeeded in making *Laurence Danby* as pitiable to us as he evidently is to her. But his simplicity takes the form of such deplorable idiocy that it is difficult not to be exasperated. I do not think that Miss CANNAN has in the very least degree exaggerated the horrors of peace for those temporary soldiers who were too young to be established in work before the world upheaval, but I do feel that she might have made out a stronger case for their



Lady (*to Costumier*). "NOW CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE MY WAIST IS GOING TO BE *THIS* YEAR?"

kind had she taken a less Quixotic type for her hero. Perhaps, though, it is as well for the peace of our minds that she gives our sympathy some loophole of escape, for she spares us nothing in this sordid drama of the terrors of peace.

Mr. GORDON GARDINER has chosen to introduce his nameless hero to us on the evening before his discharge from Her Majesty's Prison at Wormwood Scrubs. The period, by the way, is about that of the JAMESON Raid; but the gentleman in B4/49 was not one of that gallant but unfortunate company. Nephew of a sometime Colonial Governor and first cousin of a peer, he had been advised to leave Eton in his third year under suspicion of stealing, and, a little later, had stolen in earnest from sheer panic in order to conceal the fact that he had accidentally lost some of his employer's money. Hence Wormwood Scrubs and his subsequent despatch to South Africa, where he managed to secure a temporary clerkship in the Government service at St. George's Town, through his aunt's influence. But then rumours of his record begin to follow him, or he imagines from chance conversations that everyone knows his secret, and he is on the verge of throwing up his chances when he finds the one girl who could help him to recover his self-respect. Put thus, I admit the book sounds much the usual type of novel. But that it certainly is not. Mr. GARDINER has managed to import an altogether new atmosphere into *The Pattern of Chance* (SAMPSON LOW, 7/6), trembling as it does for so long on the brink of tragedy; and he has drawn one or two characters that linger pleasantly in the memory.



A BALLET-DANCER JOINS OUR ANGLING CLUB.

Kenya Mountain, I imagine, is one of the peaks of the world which are not likely at the moment to be congested with climbers, though there are doubtless many who would like to have a shot at it. For those who cannot face the journey to East Africa, to say nothing of a *safari* of about sixty porters to carry necessaries and luxuries, I recommend with confidence Mr. E. A. T. DUTTON'S *Kenya Mountain* (CAPE, 21/-), with its introduction by Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC. Not only does he describe in minute and very attractive detail almost every step in his own unsuccessful attempt, but he tells of two triumphant assaults, one many years before his effort and one just before his book was published. Perhaps not the least engaging feature of Mr. DUTTON'S narrative is the fact that he is, on his own confession, not a mountaineer at all. I should say he is not exactly a novice, but he tells everything that a novice wants to know, and he is not above including a great deal that is well worth reading about British East Africa. All that helps. The book, moreover, is lavishly illustrated with quite remarkable photographs.

No man of sense and sensibility but will feel inclined to weep when, with Mr. BASIL OLIVER'S *The Cottages of England* (BATSFORD, 21/-) in his hand, he thinks of Peacehaven and the new fringes of the Portmouth-Chichester road and of a thousand other places on which the harsh hand of blind "progress" has been heavily laid. Let him not weep, but let him up and send a copy of this book to any rural or urban district councillor of his acquaintance with the compliments of the season, and bid him think upon his opportunities of conserving or marring the tradition of English house-building, founded, not by conscious artists, but by the sound traditional craftsmen of the countryside, master and journeyman — builders, thatchers, bricklayers, plasterers, tilers, carpenters, masons. A goodly company. True, if you look into things, you may find many a beautiful house lacking due provision of water and air space and light and drains. But these things may be added by perceptive folk, while the others move into the admirable "council houses" now so often provided, and often with much more consideration for the spiritual issue of beauty than formerly. There is not need yet to despair of England, in spite of bungaloid growths, which however need discouraging; and this jolly little book will help forward the good work.

In the collection of short stories, *The Knife Behind the Curtain* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS certainly cannot be accused of placing his finest plums on the top of the basket. The first eight or nine yarns, told as they are by an expert writer of "tales of secret service and crime," are in their way excellent, "The Pigeon Man" and "The Popinjay Knight" calling for special praise. But in the last four stories Mr. WILLIAMS strays more or less from what to him is a beaten track, and with such unqualified success that he should be encouraged to continue his excursions. "Finale" and "The Pearl" are dramatic and are worked up to a clever curtain, while "At the Shrine of Sekhmet" convinces me that its author's abilities are far wider in their range than his readers have been led hitherto to expect.

In *Me and Mr. Murphy* (DUCKWORTH, 7/6) both gay and serious stories are to be found, and Mr. LYNN DOYLE inclines me to suppose that he is a little doubtful whether the mixture will be palatable to his readers. The plunge from the humours of *Mr. Murphy* to tales of Ireland in very distressful times may be abrupt, but Mr. DOYLE is alive to the fact that "history is a ticklish subject in Ire'and," and, although "Three Stories of 'Ninety-eight" are terribly grim, he has been careful to tell them without any political or religious bias. Possibly you may find such a story as "Aftermath" unbearably painful, but you will also find in "Police Protection" and "A Will and a Way" that *Mr. Murphy* can be refreshingly amusing. Altogether an Irish stew into which you can dip with confidence.

Assurances which add to our Comfort.

"ACCIDENT WHILE PLAYING SQUASH RACQUETS.

. . . . Mr. Lyon's opponent quite unintentionally struck him over the eye with his racquet."—*Local Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

As Mr. LLOYD GEORGE seldom used the Athenæum his decision to give it up has not appreciably deepened the gloom in Pall Mall.

* * *

Miss FRANCES PITT tells of foxes rearing their young beside busy main roads. Scarcely less remarkable is the daring shown in this respect by pedestrians.

* * *

Thieves who broke into a house in Kensington walked in through the tradesmen's entrance. The explanation is that there was no door marked "Burglars' Entrance."

* * *

A clergyman has directed that his hot-water-bottle should be buried with him when he dies. We are not sure whether this indicates perfect faith or sublime optimism.

* * *

What this country seems to need just now is a war to end War-books.

* * *

The B.B.C. recently refrained from broadcasting their usual news bulletin on the alleged ground that there was no news. Our newspapers are never put off by a little thing like that.

* * *

Roughness of the neck, according to a beauty hint, is often an indication of unsuspected rheumatism in the system and may be remedied by head exercises which bend the neck in all directions to improve the circulation. "Rubbering" for "roughnecks" is clearly indicated.

* * *

In regard to the United States Government's new policy of a rigorous application of the Income Tax laws to wealthy bootleggers, fears are entertained that the burden will ultimately fall on the long-suffering consumer.

* * *

A cock-fighting tournament has been held in a Lancashire drawing-room, but we are assured that in the best Lancashire circles cock-fighting is not generally considered suitable for the drawing-room.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the lack of cupboards in modern homes. No adequate provision is made for skeletons.

Chess is now believed to have been played in Egypt about 5000 B.C., but of course games in progress at that date would have begun much earlier.

* * *

Mr. R. C. SHERRIFF is reported as not being impressed by SHAKESPEARE, with whose works he is unfamiliar; but we attach little evidence to the rumour that Stratford-on-Avon residents have resolved to boycott *Journey's End*.

* * *

In the newspapers of the period the first news of the Battle of Waterloo was given in about fifty lines, we read. NELSON, of course, got a column.

* * *

At this time of the year the middle-aged should avoid excitement, says a doctor. Those with weak hearts should ease off domino-playing for the present.



THE JOURNALISTIC "ME."

"THE DUKE OF —— LUNCHED WITH ME AT THE TERRIFIC GRILL-ROOM LAST MONDAY, AND HE TOLD ME CONFIDENTIALLY, ETC., ETC."—"*Mr. Mayfair*" *of* "*The Daily Scoop*."

On reading a critic's objection that Mr. HENRY AINLEY neglected to make an aside of the word "Wormwood," we are reminded of the absent-minded *Hamlet* who added "Scrubs."

* * *

The reported making of a gramophone record of the yodel is regarded as a big step towards the elimination of the human factor from the delivery of milk.

* * *

People who run undesirable night-clubs are trying to evade the police by moving from the West-end to the suburbs. They are believed to be indifferent to the risk of being thought suburban.

* * *

The sportsman who, as we read, divides his spare time between angling and greyhound-racing seems the very man to develop the possibilities of the electric worm.

It is pointed out that while artists are increasing in numbers Burlington House remains the same size. In certain quarters the idea of thinning-out the artists is preferred to that of enlarging the building.

* * *

Although the Duchess of BEDFORD had bad luck in failing to beat Sir ALAN COBHAM'S time of actual flight, she is to be congratulated on having set up a record as the first Duchess to fly to the Cape and back.

* * *

"Are there any modern witches?" asks a writer. We haven't noticed anybody flying about on vacuum-cleaners in our district.

* * *

Offers of carrots and sugar having failed to induce a donkey to perform its part in an amateur operatic production at Weymouth, it is presumed that he resented the attempts to jeopardise his amateur status.

* * *

"New York is a stupendous mad-house, peopled with hobgoblins toiling ghoulishly for the composite monster called the Machine Age," says M. MAURICE LARROUY. MAURICE, you spoke a mouthful!

* * *

A contemporary wonders whether there will be any new fashions at Wimbledon this year. We understand that among some of the leading lady-players husbands are being worn.

* * *

A Dutch prisoner who was sent to Bermuda after being captured in the Boer War has just returned to South Africa. It is not known who told him the war was over.

* * *

It is stated that there are in America "blow-fish," which blow themselves out until they are several times their right size. In England this enlargement is reserved for the angler.

* * *

Bandits recently stole a post-office safe in Essex. It is thought that this is an indication that mail-bags are now going out of vogue with the best cracksmen.

"THE NEW PICNIC BAG
Made of Real Motor Hide."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Our Baby declares that some of these charabancs have terribly tough skins.

A LAUREATE OF LABOUR.

[At the time of going to press Mr. MACDONALD had not yet announced his selection for the bays.]

WERE I in RAMSAY'S awful shoes
And had to fill the present void,
No "idle singer" would I choose
Who 'd go on being unemployed;
No choice of mine in lotus-beds should wallow
At forty bob a week (though that sounds cheap);
I 'd make my Labour Government's Apollo
Do something for his keep.

He 'd have to hymn the people's claims
To ownership of banks and coal,
To voice their inarticulate aims
And nationalize the British soul;
He should supply our workers' commissariat
With nectar by the barrel, sweet and strong,
And build to order for the proletariat
A better Red Flag song.

So should he earn his sack (commuted).
And, if the ranks of Labour show
No candidate precisely suited
For handling this portfolio,
What of it? Surely in the groves of Whitehall
Clerks could be found (there 's HUMBERT WOLFE for one)
To teach the Laureate, sitting up at night, all
The tricks of how it 's done.

Had SHAW when he received promotion
Studied the elements of war?
Had ALEXANDER any notion
Of what a battleship is for?
Yet of Disarmament they learned to cackle,
This pair, like experts, in a few brief moons;
Why shouldn't permanent officials tackle
A bard in search of tunes? O. S.

THE DENTURE CRAZE.

I DON'T know what 's the matter with all my friends. Overnight they seem to have realised unanimously that there is a world of unsuspected beauty to which they have hitherto been blind that can only be enjoyed by plucking out their teeth and appearing in new sets. They don't seem to wait, these days, even to be told whether they have pyorrhœa or anything else that may necessitate a step so drastic. They come to tea with me in sudden new sets, or sections of sets, and it is no longer bad manners to keep off the subject. Indeed they seem to enjoy it. It is also manners to ask whether they had gas or were frozen locally. They profess satisfaction from one of two facts—either (1) their new teeth are such an improvement on their own old ones; or (2) their new teeth are exactly like their own old ones.

"Well, you *have* got a lot of new ones this time," I say as I hand them the Bridge tablets.

"Only four. You 've seen *them*," they answer; "but I 'm having the rest out on Saturday."

This news invariably drives me to the looking-glass, for I am now beginning to watch for change and decay. I am becoming morbid. Like a landowner going round the estate, I mark down stumps for uprooting. And there don't seem to be any. I count them over, every one apart, and as far as I can see I can't honestly spare anything.

I am at once relieved and galled, for, if I can acquire a newish face and expression by going to the dentist, now appears to be the opportunity while the vogue is at its height.

Meanwhile the movement has spread to our tradesmen. I 've lived in the same place for about twenty years now and inevitably have got to know the shopkeepers. I notice when Ernest at the greengrocer's has had his hair cut; when the lady at the baker's buys a new jumper it does not escape me; when Harry at the fishmonger's laid him down with a will at my feet by slipping on a fragment of halibut, I watched his cheek day by day fading from prune to lilac and was glad for him when the Maltese cross of sticking-plaster was dispensed with. And now quite suddenly the tradespeople have gone behind my back and had their teeth out.

The shock to me appears not to count, which I take very hard after all these years. Only one of them had the simple courtesy and friendliness to warn me of the impending alterations. That was the assistant at the tobacconist's. He presented himself at the counter with one tooth missing a month ago and thus conveyed the caution in a series of shrill whistles.

"I 'm going to have m' teeth out on Tue—phew!—sday," said the pleasant fellow; "it's a great nui—phew!—sance, just a—phew!—s we 're—phew! phew!—stock-taking."

Well, I went out quite depressed, for I knew that I should never see that face again. True, it would still be nominally his face next time, but it would be changed out of nearly all knowledge. And the next phase was horrid. I had forgotten to expect it. He looked like a mud-turtle of ninety. But at least he had warned me.

Not so Harry. Harry, ever since I first came into his fish-shop as a child, has always looked like an aged turtle. To go with it, he wore a fatherly manner. Imagine then my dismay when somebody looking like a distant relation of Harry's seen in a dream skipped forward, opened his mouth and bristled a row of porcelain at me.

"This," I thought, "is not even respectable."

Gone is the fatherly manner. He almost gambols as he slaps plaice about by the tail. From being an aged and kindly man he has been dreadfully transformed into a decayed juvenile lead with one spat in the grave. He will probably live to be turned out of Burlington Arcade by the porter.

On the other hand, the cashier at the dairy got through her affair very decently and by degrees. Certainly, for a week or so she tried to fool me that there was nothing amiss by compressing her lips. But of course a day came when, so to speak, complete silence failed to answer. I had praised and toyed with her tortoiseshell cat. I had gone further and stuffed him a grey velvet mouse, which I gave him when I paid the weekly book. The face of his missus lit.

"Hi ha hi héhé hince he hos a hitten," she said, and smiled. I saw her smile (as ROSSETTI has it).

And that 's another good face gone wrong.

My social life and my morning shopping continue to be full of surprises. And whenever I see a brilliant valance of new teeth in a mouth that I have grown up with I think, "There goes another bit of Old London." RACHEL.

Rationalising the Advertisement.

"THREE-PIECE SUIT. WORTH 5/-. Price 5/-."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

Mr. Punch About Town.

"SMALL POINTS OF FASHION.

A silk square handkerchief matching the tie and, if possible, the socks, should always be carried in the breast pocket."
Nottingham Paper.

For himself Mr. Punch never thinks this permissible unless the suspenders are tucked boldly into the hat-band.



THE CRUSADER.

MR. BALDWIN. "ANYTHING FOR THE CAUSE. ALL THE SAME, I WONDER IF THE CREST OF THIS HELMET EXACTLY SUITS MY STYLE."

[Mr. BALDWIN is about to start on a campaign for Home and Empire.]



Old Lady. "LET ME SEE, SUSAN. HOW MANY PICTURES DO I GENERALLY LOOK AT WHEN I VISIT THE ACADEMY?"

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE . . . .

I AM seldom angry about anything; only now and then a little annoyed.

Yesterday I had to drive a car for more than seven miles behind the back of a bulbous yellow motor-coach which would not let me pass. It held to the middle of the road. I hooted plaintively. The driver waved me back. I hooted at intervals again and again. Only the jays in the forest echoed my complainings. Nobody stirred in the motor-bus. The driver, after the first effort, would not even wave his hand.

Very well. The motor-coach has had its joy and pleasure of me. Now it is my turn.

Has anyone ever considered the habits and character of the sub-humans who voluntarily immune themselves in the bellies of these rotatory behemoths and travel through the length and breadth of this fair island so entombed? Possibly not. But I will.

Who are they, anyway? From what mud do they originate and to what dust are like to return? The present motor-coach, so far as I can remember, was travelling from Aberystwyth to Basingstoke. But I may be wrong. It may have been from Bournemouth to Berwick-on-Tweed. Some twenty persons at any rate, had banded themselves together in its bulging beastliness in order to destroy the amenities of the high road for as large a cross-section of England as possible, and that too when the first breath of spring had filled the fields with cowslip and cuckoo-pint and the birds were mating on every bough.

One must not confuse this monstrosity, this wheeled wen to which I allude, with the type of motor-bus which honourably links the smaller villages to the market towns, or one market town to another. The whole of England trembles with motor-buses. Down the hillsides, in the deepest and shadiest valleys, over the flat river-meadows where the fritillaries grow, you can watch them at their work eliminating local customs and dialects and drawing all the countryside closer and closer as with golden chains about the feet of the Hollywood film. These have become a necessity of rural existence. They are the carrier's cart glorified out of recognition, made swifter and more comfortable. On the whole they are a happy influence in the countryside and they usually let me pass as soon as I sound my horn. But this was a touring pestilence. To serve the unholy passions of what miserable homunculi and homunculæ was it created and permitted to trumpet at forty miles an hour through the land? What lures these voyagers to submit to their incarceration? Is it some faint stirring of romance in their shrivelled hearts, their fragile intellects? Some zest for the beauties of the turnpike way? It may be so. Possibly there are poets of the motor-coaching world, poets who sing the joys of barging between the hedgerows in a dropsical caricature of a conveyance propelled by a bat-witted curmudgeon; poets who snort and shake the woods with laughter as they lumber and roar through the lanes.

"We swung into the village,"

they cry,

"Myself and thirty companions
Frowsting together
Down the high hill.
The cottage windows were lighted,
And near the old pump
A woman was standing;

The driver changed gear as we passed her,
She shrank to the wall;
Onwards towards Aberystwyth
We swept into darkness again!"

All this may be so. But is it? I am doubtful. I observed the backs of the heads of the poor imbeciles who populated the moving miasma, and I could not think that there was any flame of poetry amongst them. What migratory instinct, then, I ask again, had spurred them to this orgy of theirs? The simple citizen who goes on a long journey desires either to reach his destination swiftly and alone, or at leisure with the companions of his choice. The railway-train, for instance, is divided into compartments which are reasonably small, and by piling luggage on the seats, bribing the guard or making faces at the window, it is often possible to exclude one's fellow-misanthropes altogether. The railway-train is also in most cases mercifully speedy and diversifies slumber with elaborate meals. In a private motor-car, on the other hand, we can at least coop ourselves up with our own relations and friends and while away the tedium of the road with altercations. One may walk, one may ride, one may cycle or fly. In all these activities there is probably some sense of adventure and freedom to be found. I have a friend who rides about the leafy places of England rather grandly, I think, in a steam-roller, carrying his portmanteau and suit-cases in a truck behind. But what should induce a number of persons, or poor wrecks in human shape, to suffer the company of twenty or thirty similar abjects, previously unknown to them, for periods of ten or twelve hours at a time, without any compensation except the gibbering joy of preventing a decent motorist from getting past them when he desires? Who builds these awful chariots—to what end and for whom?

Were they doing crossword-puzzles in that great glassy mausoleum? They did not glance at the countryside as they passed it, these wretched Aberystwythians—if indeed they were Aberystwythians—Basingstoke-bound. What happened to them at meal-times? Did they fester together in one lamentable party at the ale-house, or munch ham-sandwiches alone? Would Basingstoke sate their wanderlust when they reached it, or would they conspire abominably to attain some further goal?

There was no answer to these queries. Filled with its strange specimens the vitreous museum bumped busily on. The branches brushed it as it went. Before the seven miles were over I came to the conclusion, and I hold that opinion still, that the passengers were not merely morons. They had been; but they were now dead. They had died long ago. They had been stuffed with spices and wired to their seats. They were destined to travel for ever between Aberystwyth and Basingstoke and back again, and I had begun to wonder whether I too, a perpetual and unwilling mourner, should not travel always in their wake, keening loudly with my electric horn.

Long ago, when they were young, they began travelling from Aberystwyth to Basingstoke in this vehicular mastodon with its malevolent driver at the wheel. They grew to know each other and like each other, mowing and mopping and exchanging buns and oranges on the way. And when they got to Basingstoke they said to each other: "It would be a pity that we who have become such friends should part. We will go back to Aberystwyth together."

So they booked their seats again, and then again and again. They grew middle-aged, they grew old together. And at the last they perished and were mummified, bequeathing their possessions in lieu of fares to the mannerless and infatuated bumpkin who drove them to and fro.

Viewed in this way, there is a thought of tragedy in the thing; and I am sorry if I have allowed a hint of acrimony to creep into my account of the occupants of the Aberystwith-to-Basingstoke motor-coach. But the driver I do not and will not forgive. EVOE.



Small Girl (as golfer pauses for breath). "HE 'S STOPPED BEATING IT, MUMMY. I THINK IT MUST BE DEAD."

INTIMATE PAPERS OF A LITERARY CRITIC.

ONE has uneasy doubts about the work of young Flavius St. Hilaire Bottle. With DRINKWATER, say, or GERTRUDE STEIN, one knows where one is, or isn't, as the case may be. But with Bottle, where is one? One never knows what superlatives one ought to apply to his poetry, and without a copious and unhindered supply of superlatives the critic of modern poetry is deprived of his only visible means of support. Superlatives are the sheet-anchor of criticism. (N.B.—Must remember this for future use; it is undoubtedly an aphorism.)

One feels that in Bottle we have the makings of a brilliant young neo-modern, capable of expressing to a marked degree that superb contempt for all intellectual processes that is the crowning glory of contemporary art; and yet he continually shocks us by wanton lapses from that intense earnestness without which few poets of to-day may endure to read each others' verses and retain their composure. Were the thought not too grossly insufferable one might almost suspect that Bottle is pulling our legs.

His latest slim volume of verse, *Sliding Down Helicon* (Tosher and Trype, 5*s*.) is before me. What is one to make of it? One may perhaps dismiss his affectation of archaic devices like rhyme as a youthful attempt to startle the cultured reader; but even so a regard for the truth compels me to pronounce his work immature. Consider these lines from "The Destruction of London: an Epic":—

"Two crimson serpents swam in the tranquil Serpentine;
Their quivering coils rippled and shone as though burnished with beeswax and turpentine.
Matutinal bathers (unmixed) beheld them and fled without stopping;
An ominous purple cloud hung in the sky over Wapping.
Biff! the dome of St. Paul's was rent.
Cried the Chapter, 'Oh, what does it mean?'
'Doubtless the phenomenon will be easily explicable in the light of modern scientific research,' testily answered the Dean."

After the sonority and colour of the opening lines, how the Dean lets us down! But there is worse to come. Listen to this:—

"I saw two SITWELLS sitting
Erect on the Albert Memorial;
And EDITH was placidly knitting,
While OSBERT in tones dictatorial
Cried, 'Just once in our rude island story
I'll sing you "Land of Hope and Glory."'
But EDITH gave his arm a twitch
And said, 'You've made me drop a WILHELMINA.'"

Then, to show us what Bottle can do at Bottle's best, comes the poem, "Highbrows in Babylon," of which I will quote only the first stanza:—

"If ZERUBBABEL, wearing a black chasuble,
roused audible comment in the rococo
salons of Hell,
what kind of confusion,
what sort of sensation,
what precise degree of confused sensational
effect
might we expect
if ZOROASTER, enigmatically attired in a
toque,
baroque,
pushed in through the swing-doors of the
Ritz-Carlton Hotel?"

If only Bottle would maintain this exalted note what might we not say of him? But he doesn't. A little farther on, all by itself in the middle of an otherwise inoffensive blank page, is printed the following enormity:—

"Sebastian Blubb
Joined the Carlton Club;
Boanerges Barty
Became a member of the Liberal Party;
Wilberforce McWhee
Spoke at a meeting of the T.U.C.;
But for myself I went to a pub
And ate a very hearty
Meat tea."

When I had read this final fragment of supreme and monumental piffle I put on my hat, seized my umbrella and boarded a motor-bus, resolved to expostulate with this talented but misguided young poet. I discovered him stretched on a couch in his dressing-gown drinking his morning beer and perusing *The History of Trade Unionism*, by SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB.

"Bottle," I declared impetuously, "you are an ass!"

He rose and procured me a tumbler, carefully preserving his place in *The History of Trade Unionism*.

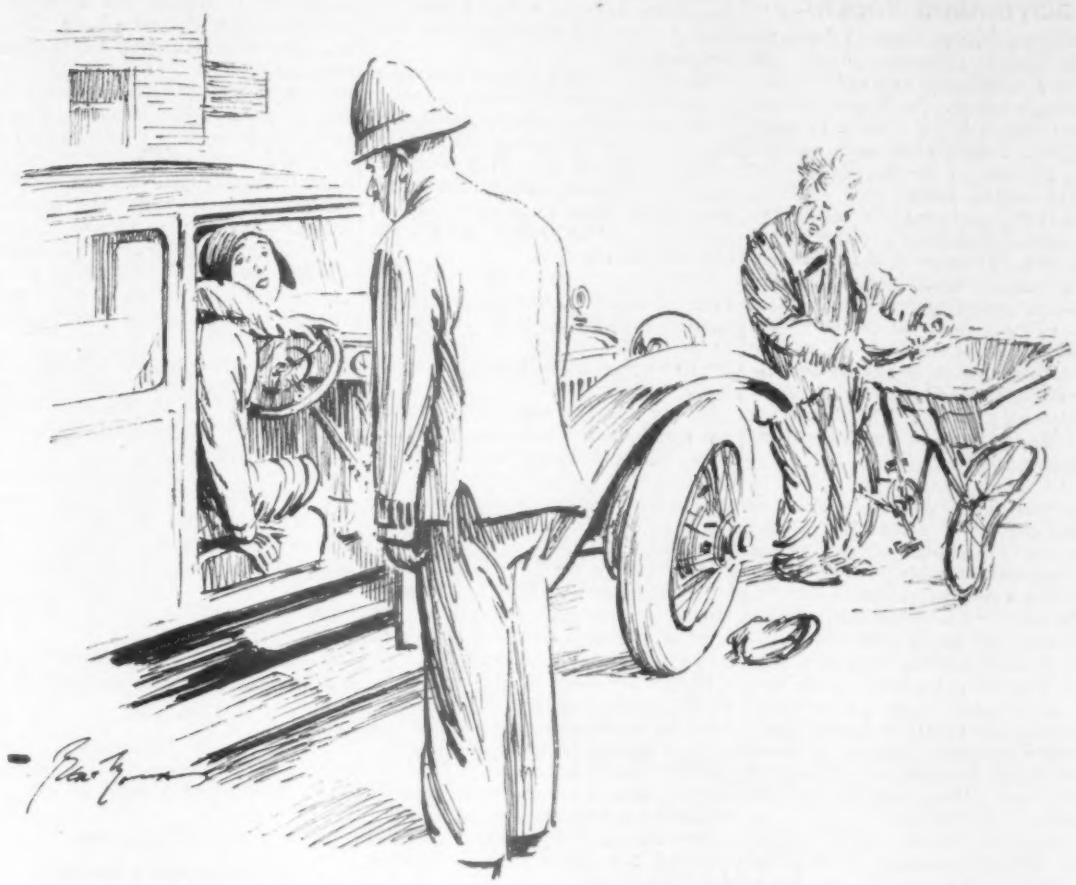
"A delightfully amusing bit of work," he remarked. "Such irresponsible gaiety — such infectious high spirits. You ought to read it more often."

"Do not try to put me off," I said sternly. "I have seen your latest book. I am ashamed of you. Your work can be admirably free from the bourgeois taint of coherence, and it would be treason in a critic therefore to deny your genius. Why then do you waste your time producing garbage? Why don't you take yourself seriously?"

At this the incorrigible Bottle laughed lightly. "I will endeavour to explain as lucidly as possible," he began, and before I could prevent his committing such an artistic solecism he proceeded, "I write with the lofty object of purging my soul of second-rate sentiments. Often, after reading books of a wild and passionate beauty"—he waved a hand lightly towards *The History of Trade Unionism*—"I become slightly intoxicated and yearn to deliver myself of sententious verse. I grasp my pen and ask myself, What shall I write? If my lines should betray their meaning, you and your brothers would feel yourselves safe to condemn and deride me. If I plunge headlong into the highly-esteemed excesses of my contemporaries, I am presently sick; so in practice I let my second-hand afflatus have its head, but I temper it with the stringent tincture of tosh. Thus the critics dare not entirely despise me, lest they be accused of overlooking some hidden



Tramp. "LOOK HOW THIN I AM, LIDY."
Lidy. "I KNOW—I KNOW; AND YET I SUPPOSE I OUGHT *NOT* TO ENVY YOU."



The Delinquent (explaining). "THEN I TROD ON THIS LITTLE GADGET AND IT SEEMED TO DO SOMETHING TO THE WHAT-YOU-MAY-CALL-IT. I *HOPE* I'M NOT BEING TOO TECHNICAL FOR YOU?"

lack of meaning, and at the same time I maintain my own good-humour. When I have thrown off a few such pieces as you have lately read I feel much better.

"But enough of this idle chatter. Have some more beer."

"That is the only remark worthy of your genius that you have uttered since I entered the room," I said severely.

"Ah," replied Bottle, "you really ought to dip more frequently into the WEBBS. Such a Rabelaisian taste for statistics." C. L. M

Our Erudite Burghers.

"WEST HAM TO SEE 'MOTHER.'

The Mayor (Alderman Hollins) said the Council had hitherto been guided in such maters by the Board of Film Censors."

Daily Paper.

"Forecast.—South-east to north-west winds, ..."—*Sydney Paper.*

It is good to note that the Dominions are adhering to the best meteorological traditions of the Mother Country.

ON LITTLE FISH BEING SWEET.

NOT at once of Test and Itchen
Sing I, nor of Kennet's state
Whence my *fario* come to kitchen
Salmon-pink and grampus-great;
But, though Berkshire's bulrush quivers,
But, though Hampshire's kingcup 's out,
First I'll sing of little rivers
And of very little trout.

Little trout whose claims do beckon
So insistently and sound,
Little trout whose bulk we reckon
Six or seven to the pound—
These I sing, to these beholden,
These long since a song did earn,
Crimson-spotted, plump and golden
Flung a-kicking from the burn.

Leaping down the brown hill's shoulder,
Trailed of birk and mountain ash,
Bent upon by granite boulder,
Little waters hop and splash;
Pied by snows of last December,
Bens above the May days flout—
Ah, that 's how you 'll best remember
Little rivers, little trout!

Grease your brogues with dreamland tallow,
Forth with me and fish like kings,
And by pot and swirling shallow
Fill a creel with fingerlings
Where our noses first got blistered,
Where our green-hearts first went *swish*,
Where the paws of boyhood glistered
With the scales of little fish.

Those were days, you say? Why, then it
Scarce is odd if thus I wink,
Ere we walk by lovely Kennet,
Ere we follow Itchen's brink,
Where the Berkshire bulrush quivers,
Where the Hampshire kingcups shout,
Wink with love at little rivers
And at very little trout. P. R. C.

CONVINCING ROBERT.

Throughout my years of driving a car in London I have gone upon the rule that, whether in the right or not, it is stupid to argue with a policeman. I have been a bit of a devil in other ways, but I have never been so foolhardy as that. I am wondering now, after a recent drive with Percival, whether my motoring life hasn't perhaps been founded on a misapprehension. For the majority of the London police force are Scots, and no Scot can resist an argument, provided it is entered upon without heat and in the proper spirit of judicial inquiry; nor will he shrink from acknowledging an adverse conclusion, provided it is arrived at by well-applied cold logic. In fact, I am going to try it myself next time the occasion arises.

* * * * *

Percival coming down —— Road in his antique car wished to turn to the right into —— Street. A very young but very stalwart constable, damming back the —— Street traffic for its lawful period with his left hand, apparently signalled us on with his right. Since he did this abruptly, almost pettishly, Percival put a bit of snap into it. Yet the moment we were in mid-manœuvre the constable leaped upon us, angrily accused Percival in broad Scots (which I make no pretence to reproduce) of "Dangerous driving" and fumbled for his notebook.

"But I am a most careful driver," began Percival reasonably, while I held my breath. "You can see this car is six years old and yet hasn't a scratch upon it."

"There 's a mony a dangerous driver hasna a scratch upon his car-r-r."

"Only when the car 's a big one. Mine 's too small to risk being dangerous in."

"That doesna prove——"

"Anyway, you signalled me on."

Argument at this point became impossible owing to the protests of half-a-dozen lines of held-up traffic, so Percival drew into the kerb and stopped his engine, while Donal' (or maybe Wullie) left the traffic to do as much dangerous driving as it pleased while he went into the matter of dangerous driving on the part of Percival. He produced his notebook and began fluttering the leaves.

"You signalled me to cross," repeated Percival.

"I didna do ony such thing. My left hand was oot, holding up all cross-traffic."

"But with your right hand you went like this," Percival illustrated.

"Yon was a flee that was for settling on my nose," admitted Wullie sternly (or maybe Angus). "Had I been signalling you on, I shouldna have done *this*, but *this*."

He gave a couple of brief imitations —one of a London policeman signalling on Percival and one of a London policeman (the same policeman) warning off an insubordinate fly. They were admittedly different actions: the former was bolder, freer, more open-chested; the latter, as I had noted, had a touch of petulance about it.

"But how was I to know?" inquired Percival, still very patiently. "It was impossible to detect the fly from where I was."

"But ye ken the rules of traffic crossings?"

"I do. At the same time I follow the signals of the police in preference to my personal knowledge. And I may say that only yesterday, at this very same spot and under similar conditions, I was signalled into —— Street by a constable."

"That wasna me."

"Very possibly. But, if it was as dangerous a manœuvre as you say, no London constable would have waved me on to perform hara-kiri."

To this argument Angus (or may be Sandy) replied evasively. "If it 's hurry-curry ye were performing just noo," he said, at the same time trawling for his pencil, "that 's a fifty-poun' fine. Or maybe five poun's, and even that wad be better in your pocket than oot of it."

Percival gracefully conceded the point with all the gallantry of a Regency duellist acknowledging first blood to his opponent. "Nevertheless," he continued, "it is difficult for anyone with respect for the law to avoid a charge of dangerous driving if one constable's signals differ from another's."

Here Sandy (or, as hereafter I shall style him, Robert) made a tactical error. "Policemen, like the public, are no infallible," he pointed out severely.

Percival pounced. "Then have you any means of proving to me which is the less fallible, you or your colleague of yesterday?"

Robert considered this a moment and then apparently thought it safer to make a transition from the theoretical to the practical and invite Percival to envisage the position more clearly by means of illustration. "I will just demonstrate to you," he said, "that what ye did was dangerous driving and the reesk ye ran of causing a collision."

In his notebook he began to draw a plan of the cross-roads, with lines and arrows indicative of Percival's perilous driving and of the route of unsuspecting traffic. After a minute or so his pencil, snapping like a carrot under the atmosphere of intense danger he was endeavouring to import into his work of art, found him without a knife. Percival's kind offer of his own was accepted, with the result that on receiving it back he was permitted to take the book also and to demonstrate in turn—just under the delightful entry, "*Accused then attempted to knock my helmet off, whereupon he accompanied me to the police-station*"—exactly what the situation was as seen by a car-driver. Robert then added some more lines of direction, and Percival replied, till the page looked like a plan of a South London tram junction and neither could tell who had drawn which lines.

At this point a wag in the large crowd in which naturally we were now embedded asked loudly if No. 15 down was a six-letter word meaning "the wild ass of Central Asia."

Robert, to whom the crossword was probably unknown, ignored this intervention. "Aweel," he said, "I 'll no summons ye this time." And with that the party broke up, Robert wishing us an enjoyable run and explaining that he must be getting back to his point duty.

I really must try argument when next my car gets into trouble with the police.

* * * * *

Later.—I have. There is a flaw somewhere. The policeman was a sergeant and English, and I think it will cost me two pounds. A. A.

MISLEADING CASES.

Rex v. *Low.*

At the Old Bailey to-day the well-known cartoonist, Low, surrendered to his bail on a charge of criminal libel.

Sir Ethelred Rutt, K.C., for the prosecution, said: "The prisoner in the dock is indicted for libel, for that he did compose and publish in *The Evening Standard* certain defamatory libels concerning certain well-known statesmen and politicians——"

The Judge. What is the difference?

Sir Ethelred. Milord, by statesmen I mean the leaders of my political party, and by politicians I mean the leaders of yours.

Milord, the story is a sad one. The prisoner has been endowed with a certain aptitude for draughtsmanship, a gift which all of us might envy—the gift of representing or recording in permanent form the beauty which we see about us—beauty, alas, which is so often fugitive and evanescent, the flowers which fade, the butterfly which to-morrow will be no more, and the sunset which will never be quite the same again.

But the prisoner has chosen rather



Plumber. "IF I WAS YOU, SIR, I SHOULD 'AVE THE GAS-STOVE DOWN 'ERE. YOU SEE, IF YOU 'EAT THE 'ALL OF A 'OUSE, YOU 'EAT THE 'OLE OF IT."

to hold up his fellow-men to ridicule and contempt; he has represented not the dignity and beauty of the human form, but its incongruous and awkward aspects; he has picked out for illustration, not the noble actions of men, but their weaknesses and their vanities.

But that is not all. You may think that such a lifetime of depreciation would be pitiful enough if the objects of this man's attacks were private citizens on whose reputations no great matter depends. But what will you think when you hear that this man has taken as the particular targets of his art the highest statesmen in the land, men who are charged, or have been charged, or hope to be charged with the government of our country and the care of her destinies?

Some of the jury may be familiar with the name of Viscount BRENTFORD, *né* HICKS.

The Judge. Who is he?

Sir Ethelred. Milord, Sir WILLIAM HICKS was for many years Home Secretary in the late Conservative Administration. There was then a General Election, which the Conservatives lost. Sir WILLIAM was rewarded for his services with a peerage. Milord, you know what is said about a man who raises his hand to strike a woman; and personally I place in the same category of shame the man who would raise a laugh at the expense of Viscount BRENTFORD. That statesman will be remembered as long as he is remembered for his efforts to make the people good, to preserve them from the perils of dancing, mixed bathing, late hours and naughty books. Yet how has the prisoner habitually represented him? He has represented him in the likeness of a chimpanzee. Further, in at least one notorious cartoon not only is the Viscount represented as a chimpanzee, but his wife and family appear as chimpanzees as

well. Exhibit A, milord: "The Jix Family go into Committee!" You will observe, milord, that the older the members of the alleged family the more like chimpanzees they become; the innuendo being, milord, that Viscount BRENTFORD will eventually resemble the aged figure on the left of the picture. Milord, I am instructed that there is no foundation for these suggestions. Never, milord, in any shape or form has there been anything of that sort in the HICKS family.

Milord, in the prisoner's drawings the face of the Right Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN wears an expression of bovine—I might almost say ovine—stupidity, an expression which suggests to any fair-minded man a constitutional reluctance for vigorous action and a congenital incapacity for continuous or ordered thought; Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wears the expression of a mischievous rodent, and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD an expression of sanctimonious self-satisfaction, for which again, I am instructed, milord, there is no foundation in fact.

The LORD PRIVY SEAL, the Minister who has particular charge of the Unemployment problem, is represented consistently in the costume of a University undergraduate on Boat-race Night; he appears to be intoxicated; his top-hat is crushed, his evening-dress is ill-fitting and disordered. And the jury will have to ask themselves: What impression is likely to be made upon the mind of an unemployed labourer when he sees the Minister responsible for finding him employment portrayed in such a guise and such a condition?

If a man has long hair, a long face or a long nose, those features become longer in every cartoon in which the victim figures. If he is known to have a fondness for pipes, for cigars, for evening-dress, he is represented as indulging those appetites on every occasion, suitable or unsuitable.

Now, milord, there are certain base persons who are called, or call themselves, humorists, satirists, wits and so forth, who make it their practice, not by drawing but by writing, to hold up their fellow-men to mockery and contempt, for the purpose of causing laughter. But what would be said, milord, if a humorous writer were to write week after week, "Mr. MAXTON wants a hair-cut," or "Viscount BRENTFORD looks like a chimpanzee," or "Lord BIRKENHEAD is fond of cigars." It would be said first of all that that writer was singularly lacking in invention, and, secondly, that he had offended the canons of good taste, and, thirdly, that he was exposing himself to proceedings for libel.

But the man in that dock, milord, has been so conducting himself for many years. Even a politician will turn; and that rare manœuvre has at last occurred. The prisoner has taken away the reputations of our statesmen, and it is the law that no man shall wrongfully take away the reputation of another. It is also, of course, the law that you cannot be held guilty of taking away a man's reputation if he has no reputation; and one of the questions for you, gentlemen of the jury, to answer will be: Have the politicians any reputations to take away? Or, rather, had they before the prisoner began on them?

I may be permitted briefly to tell you that in these criminal proceedings, if the prisoner is to be acquitted, he will have to satisfy you not only that the accusations which he has made are true, but that it is in the public interest that they should be published. And that raises a difficult question.

Is it desirable that we should know the truth about our politicians and statesmen? Once a man becomes a statesman it seems that nothing can remove him from that position—no effort of ours and no error of his. And, if we are to have them with us for ever, you may think that it would be better for us to remain in blissful ignorance of their real characters. Suppose, for example, that it were the case that Mr. BALDWIN had an unusually stupid and unimaginative face; that the main political purpose of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was mischief, and that the LORD PRIVY SEAL had an incongruous appearance in evening-dress, is it in the public interest that these facts should be blazoned abroad, week after week, in the public Press? Must not this constant depreciation of those who have charge of the nation's affairs tend to undermine public confidence not only in the integrity and capacity of individual statesmen, but in the electoral system by which they were sent to Parliament, and hence in our Parliamentary institutions and the whole principle of Democracy itself? I ask the jury to say that this man is a menace to the British Constitution.

In conclusion I will ask you to remember that our statesmen and politicians have wives and families, little children and mothers. They have hearts and feelings and nerves like other men. Figure to yourselves the pain that would be caused in your own households if every time you opened a certain newspaper you might expect to see the bread-winner held up as a public butt, the beloved features distorted, the little mannerisms exaggerated into vices. Ask yourselves, members of the jury, how would you like to see *your* Daddy represented in the newspaper in the similitude of a chimpanzee?



Angry Motorist. "WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE DRIVER WE WANT TO PASS?"
Tramp (who has helped himself to a lift). "WHAT! AND GET MYSELF KICKED OFF THE LORRY?"

Lord BRENTFORD, giving evidence, said that he was not a chimpanzee. The principal note of his character was goodness. But in these days it was better to be insulted than ignored.

Mr. BALDWIN said that he was not a very stupid man.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS said that he seldom wore full evening-dress, but that when he did he looked nice.

Lord BIRKENHEAD said that it was a new constitutional doctrine to him that a statesman who from time to time enjoyed the solace of a cigar after the exacting labours of the day was thereby disqualified from holding high office under the Crown and disentitled to the common reticence enjoyed by the private citizen in relation to his own affairs.

The prisoner, in his defence, said that he emphasized physical features, not for the purposes of mockery or malice, but as symbols to express outstanding



Sister. "KEN, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN EXPECT YOUR PRAYERS TO BE ANSWERED—SAYING THEM IN NOTHING BUT A VEST."

qualities of the soul. Lord BRENTFORD's nose, for example, represented moral integrity and devotion to duty; the LORD PRIVY SEAL's dishevelled dress-suit represented a dislike for out-of-date ceremony and a strong sense of realism in politics; Lord BIRKENHEAD's cigar represented a profound interest in Oriental problems; Mr. BALDWIN's pipe and expression denoted loyalty, generosity, fairness, humility, forgiveness and patriotism, combined with charity, literary taste and freedom from material ambition.

The case was adjourned. A. P. H.

NINES.

[This piece of didactic and more or less Pindaric verse has been written for the benefit of a magistrate who inquired in Court the other day the meaning of the expression "One over the eight."]

Strophe.

THE gods sat down to a nectar tea,
And Zeus discussed with Mnemosyne
How many Muses there ought to be
To foster the arts on land and sea,
Music and dance and poetry,
On earth and in the heavens.
Some said, "Oh, four," or "Five," or "Three";
"I think one or two will do," said she,
And all were at sixes and sevens
Till Zeus said, "Wait!
Come, Hebe, and fill my cup for me;
How many cups have I had from thee?"
She answered, "Eight."
Said Zeus, "One over the eight is fine;
The number of Muses shall still be NINE.

"We'll have one more of the wines;
Bring those of ancient date;
You'll never keep any art up to the nines
Till you've had one over the eight."

Antistrophe.

In a distant land of the brave and free,
Where there's neither bar nor barley-bree—
At least there isn't officially—
An astronomer, bored with infinity,
Took a sip or two or possibly three
As he scanned the brilliant heavens;
A fourth one scattered his old *ennui*,
And a fifth undoubtedly made him see
The stars at sixes and sevens.
"By heck, that's great!
Come, Sadie," he cried, "and tell to me
How many planets there ought to be."
She answered, "Eight."
And he said, "One over the eight for mine;
The old solar system's now got NINE.

"It swam into my ken;
I'm glad I sat so late;
If I stay any longer I may see ten,
For I've had one over the eight."

Epode.

I know not whether the magic nine
Has really got much to do with wine,
Or why a cat should have nine lives,
Or whether a man deserves nine wives;
I know nothing whatever of nine-men's-morris,
Or Transatlantic observatories,
Or whether you count the "deoch-an-doris";
But I hope I have shown the magistrate
What it is to have one over the eight.

He may have one after he dines;
He may have one early or late;
But he'll never feel really up to the nines
Till he has one over the eight.

"Miss Mercedes Gleitze has just swum for over thirty hours on end, for which feat she claims nothing."—*Sunday Paper.*

We should certainly have expected her to claim that she did it on her head.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

PERCY'S PROGRESS.

Percy came to Nukuku in that unconventional manner which we subsequently learned to associate with all his movements. He arrived, in fact, in a dilapidated sack slung on a pole, each end of which was gingerly supported by a scared-looking native, whilst George, his face expressive of mingled triumph and most uncommon diffidence, brought up the rear. The natives deposited the sack outside the orderly-room door and decamped with a rapidity which barely permitted them to accept the gratuity George offered.

"What on earth is it?" I asked, and George replied with simple dignity, "It's a python."

I felt the sack with my foot.

"Where did you shoot it?"

"I didn't," said George. "It's alive."

I withdrew my foot hurriedly and the sack oscillated violently.

"You see," George explained. "it ate one of old Mbilo's goats and I think it 's got indigestion or something. Anyhow I found it absolutely helpless, with a bulge in its tummy like a football. It seemed rather unsporting to kill it, so we hustled it into the sack and—and here we are," he concluded brightly.

Thus did Percy the python come on the strength at Nukuku. George couldn't bear to have him despatched while he was still so full of goat that life was just one long sweet dream, and while he slept it off a fatigue party did its best to erect a python-proof shelter in which Percy was to live in idleness whilst George studied his habits at close quarters. Personally I didn't see how we could possibly keep up his diet on anything like the scale he had evidently been accustomed to, and George merely snorted at my well-meant suggestion that we should try to wean him from his unpleasant carnivorous habits by giving him lettuce-leaves.

"He 's not a bally silkworm," he objected, "and besides we 've only six lettuces left." Which was painfully true, thanks to the Mess-goat and a few minutes' regrettable negligence on the part of Private Siki, our O.C. garden.

For three days all went well. George studied Percy's slumbering form with all the devotion of a born naturalist, and the python, though shrinking daily, merely unravelled himself out of the uncomfortable tangle in which he had been deposited. But on the fourth morning George, stopping, as was his wont, to admire afresh the rounded contours of his captive, discovered Percy not only awake but obviously very much annoyed, as indeed any one might be who had settled down for a nice little after-dinner snooze and woke to find himself penned up in wire-netting with a fatuous-faced subaltern making ridiculous clucking noises through the top.

I think Percy took an instinctive dislike to George. At all events he gave him a very nasty look and then lashed out about six feet of himself in a way which shook the entire cage and caused George to beat a hasty retreat.



"PERCY WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS PUT HIS HEAD OUT."

I was all for a firing-party, but George demurred. He thought that perhaps, if we provided Percy with another goat, he might grow tame and could eventually be sold at a profit to a zoo or some similar institution where they had proper provision for pythons with expensive tastes. Eventually we postponed action on the ground that it couldn't possibly do Percy any harm to fast for a day or two, and did our best to ignore the hair-raising crashes which resounded from the snake-park for the rest of the day.

I rather think George began to entertain doubts about the resisting power of that wire-netting soon after dark. At any rate he displayed unusual signs of nerves in the Mess that night when he accidentally trod on a fallen golf-bag, and his remarks on the subject were unnecessarily picturesque.

I said good-night to him at the door of his quarters. Percy was very quiet at last, and I ventured to suggest that he was asleep. It was a night of brilliant moonlight and, passing the cage, I peeped in to see whether Percy was all right.

He was. The cage was empty.

I don't know whether you have ever stood alone in Central Africa with the knowledge that a very angry python is at large in the immediate vicinity? If you have you will realise my feelings. I hailed George. He came to the door in pyjamas.

"Percy has gone," I said simply, and as I spoke a strange thing happened.

From the shadow of the thatch above George's head something long and black emerged into the light, wavered uncertainly for a moment and then plunged downwards. At the same instant George emitted a choking cry and bounded precipitately through the door, to land on all fours almost at my feet.

The long black shadow slithered down the lintel and into the room, and I caught a glimpse of it disappearing beneath George's bed before the door banged to and shut us both out.

Leaving the shivering George to keep an eye on things, I went for weapons, and then we held a hurried consultation. George was all against my shooting into his hut and possibly ruining his kit, whilst I was quite opposed to his suggestion of turning some of the Mess chickens loose in the hut and so tempting Percy to further coma. Eventually we pushed the door open with a stick. The lamplight shone on the empty bed, but of Percy there was no sign.

George bleated vigorously in the hope that Percy might take him for a goat and come out, but the intelligent reptile was not deceived, though, as I pointed out, it would have been a natural mistake, apart from the bleats. Then we tiptoed round to the window and, as George put his head in, Percy with startling suddenness put his out, and in our haste we jumped opposite ways and so could not fire. Percy slipped between us like lightning and was swallowed up in the shadows before we

could recover. When we did, George rushed inside and shut the door with a bang and the window with another; and, as I had just recalled that my own door stood invitingly open, I went home and barricaded myself, leaving Percy to the wide open spaces and hoping he would take full advantage of them.

I don't think either of us slept very well. George admits to having listened for hours to all kinds of mysterious rustlings in the thatch, and I put my own wakefulness down to the stuffy condition of an hermetically sealed room. But we need not have worried. Percy had gone. He took with him two fowls, a goat belonging to Sergeant Karoga and, if we are to believe Private Siki, a perfectly good tarbush, which was certainly missing at the next kit inspection.

But I believe George still peeps under his bed o' nights.

"CAN FINANCIERS DRESS BABIES?"
Daily Paper.

Their real *forte* is getting other people to hold them.

ICE-CREAM, B.C.

[The history of ice-cream having been traced by an American lady back to MARCO POLO, Mr. A. POMPA, secretary of the Ice Cream Federation, has written to the Press pointing out that ice-cream (composed of milk, honey, fruit juices and snow) was made by one QUINTUS MAXIMUS GURGES, a Roman commander who punished some Sabine rebels fifteen centuries before MARCO POLO. He added that many ice-cream traders come from the Sabine district.]

WHEN the Sabine rebel queen,
Bleeding from the Roman scourges,
Spoke her mind, with angry mien,
To her gallant captor, GURGES,

Quintus Maximus the sage
Said, as pityingly he eyed her,
"Madam, quell your noble rage;
Won't you join me in a slider?

"Never mind these little frays,
Though they're hot and so unpleasing;
Sabines will in after days
Oftener be engaged in freezing.

"Regions that have learned to quake
At our Roman eagle's high scream
Yet shall see your offspring make
Very creditable ice-cream.

"To your progeny they 'll owe,
Far past Sicily or Elba,
Those concomitants that go
With the peach to make it Melba.

"Victory to you belongs;
Here 's my pardon—take or scorn it;
Strabo, cut the lady's thongs;
Bring to her a two-*as* cornet."

But the haughty Sabine dame,
As her pent-up passion surges,
Takes it and with deadly aim
Hurls it in the face of GURGES.

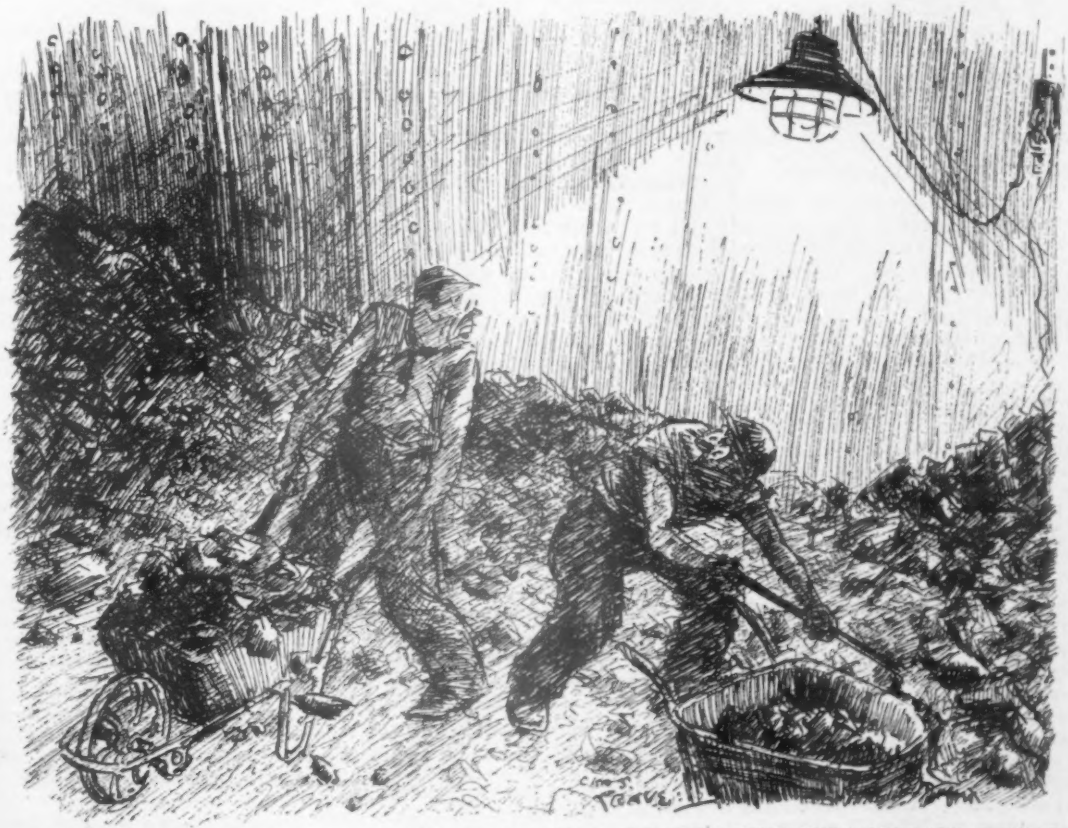
Cup Final Reverberations.

"INDIAN RAID ON ARSENAL FRUSTRATED."
Headline in Daily Paper.

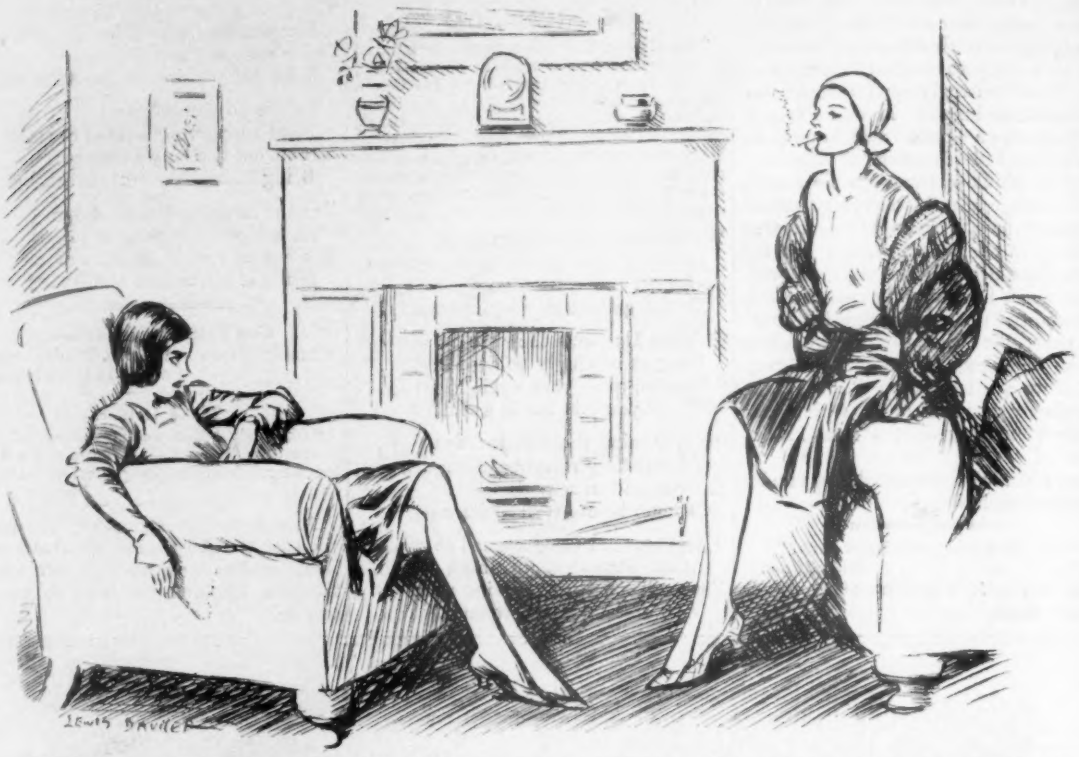
Titled Colliers.

"Obviously it could not have been Lord ——, or meant to be Lord ——, because we are, in law, barred from accepting bets from miners."
Daily Paper.

Answer to Correspondent: We doubt whether the Australian cricketers will be allowed to speak to their wives over the new England-Australia telephone service.



First Coal-trimmer to Second Coal-trimmer. "DID YER KNOW, 'ARRY, THAT IN THE ADVERTISEMENTS THIS SHIP IS CALLED A 'FLOATIN' PALACE OF REST AN' RECREATION'?"



Bored Young Lady (*looking at her watch*). "I LOATHE THIS BEASTLY TIME. TOO EARLY FOR COCKTAILS AND TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING ELSE."

WHAT PLAYGOERS RISK.

I HOPE the Famous Players Guild, which has been formed for the salvation of the Stage, will follow Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S excellent example and insure its patrons against the risk of dying of laughter. But the thorough salvation of the Stage can scarcely be accomplished without an even more comprehensive policy.

Dramatic critics who with aching sides hasten from one War play to another will admit that the risk of dying from laughter in the theatre has never been so grave as it is to-day. There are, however, other risks, and if, as I anticipate, the magazine programme of the future includes among its features a Playgoer's Insurance Form (with dotted line), it ought to give good value.

The playgoer should be able to take his seat in the theatre with the satisfactory assurance that in the event of his expiring not only from laughter but from sudden shock, harrowing suspense or excess of emotion, his dependents will be provided for. There is also the danger that he may pass peacefully away in his sleep, in which case it would not be unreasonable for his relatives to claim compensation on the ground that if he had not gone to that particular play he would not have fallen into so deadly a state of coma.

In the front row of the stalls the risks are especially great and should be generously covered. To begin with, the playgoer is subjected to severe draughts from the stage and from the wind section of the orchestra which may occasion a fatal chill. He may fall victim to sudden assault on the part of a temperamental member of the cast who has mistaken him for the man who laughed loudly in the wrong place. Finally he is exposed to missiles intended for those on the other side of the footlights but failing to reach their objective.

Speaking for myself, I consider that in theatres where the upper gangways are constructed in imitation of the more precipitous portions of the Alps one should be able to follow one's practice of falling down them with more gratifying results than those afforded by a managerial apology. There is also the question of compensation for physical damage sustained whilst (*a*) battling for overrated refreshment at the bar; (*b*) hustling to get one's hat and coat out of the cloak-room.

The punctual playgoer whose feet do not exceed the legal dimensions should be insured against wanton injury to same by late-comers. Bald or insufficiently protected craniums which may be damaged by opera-glasses dropped from circle or gallery must also be taken into consideration, since the opera-glasses rarely constitute in themselves adequate compensation, even if the victims are able to get away with them.

D. C.

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

"BERKELEY (Hon. Grantley F.). ANECDOTES OF THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND: Their Legends and their Lives (*rather soiled*), 1867."
Bookseller's Catalogue.

We had always imagined that QUEEN VICTORIA had cleaned out the Georgian Stables before this date.

A Headache for the Geometrician.

"Tennis Racquet Presses. Triangular shape, White Wood, 4 Corner Screws."
Indian Paper.

"Mrs. Gandhi, with a dozen ladies from the Sabarmati Ashram and fifty local ladies launched liquor shop pocketing to-day. . . ."
Daily Paper.

Salt-making must be thirsty work.

"TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE POST OFFICE."
Morning Paper Headline.

Hasn't he been served *yet*?



THE INSPIRED CHOICE.

THE PRIME MINISTER *(flying on Pegasus to a Conference with the Muses).* "I AM TAKING THE BEST ADVICE ABOUT THE LAUREATESHIP. MY WORST ENEMIES SHALL NOT SAY THAT IN THIS GREAT NATIONAL QUESTION I FAVOURED MY OWN PARTY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 29th.—The Commons resumed work after their brief holiday with every manifestation of eupepsia, but it was the Upper Chamber that made the most impressive start.

It is freely prophesied that when the Lords have done with the Coal Bill its own mother, Mr. GRAHAM, won't know it. Nor for the matter of that will its foster-father, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. To-day, however, we had merely the Second Reading of the Bill, with an amiable and explanatory examination of the measure by the Minister in charge of it and a general but not too acidulated criticism of its outstanding demerits by the Opposition.

The LORD CHANCELLOR was the Minister in charge. It was his maiden speech in the Upper Chamber, and he did very well for a beginner. He made it clear that he is the same ardent believer in Nationalization as the only remedy for coal-mining ills that he was when he signed the SANKEY Report. For the rest he showed no violent optimism either about the Bill itself or about the British coal-mining industry, which, he explained, must not in any circumstances look for a bigger world demand for coal, and will be hard put to it to hold its share of the existing markets. That made better organization of the industry and regulation of the production and sale of coal all the more essential.

Lord SANKEY concluded his speech with a somewhat flattering tribute to the House as a "great advisory council" and a plea for a "great ethical revival, not only in the coal industry but in society generally."

Lord LONDONDERRY found much to praise in Lord SANKEY's speech but little to praise in the Bill, which, he declared, was "a further contribution to the policy of bureaucratic control, with the corresponding loss of initiative, and to the sterilization of the spirit of enterprise." He made it clear, however, that their opposing Lordships had no intention of rejecting the Bill out of hand and "facing the chaos and confusion that would follow."

Lord MELCHETT said that it was undoubtedly a dear coal Bill, but refused to accept Lord SANKEY's pessimistic view that British coal had no hope of finding new outlets. Why not put a tax on imported foreign steel and let British coal be used in making British steel in place of it? Lord LINLITHGOW in slightly more truculent tones outlined the various major operations that would have to be performed upon the Bill before it could hope to get through the Lords. Lord ABERCONWAY and Lord BEAUCHAMP gave qualified Liberal support to the measure, and on the motion of Lord RUSSELL the debate was adjourned.

Private business in the Commons was enlivened by the smooth operation of an underhand scheme concocted by certain light-minded Conservatives to steal the thunder, or rather the questions, of the all-too-inquisitive Mr. DAY. After three or four Ministers in succession had referred the Hon. Member to the answer given on a previous occasion to some Conservative Member or other, Mr. DAY seemed to become aware that something was amiss. He took the House's mirth in good part, for he is a resilient soul. Replying to Mr. WELLOCK, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL informed the House that the charge for telephoning to Australia would be two pounds a minute. Sir F. HALL, who has no faith in the capacity of any telephone operator to count three minutes, wanted to know what steps would be taken to ensure the telephoner to Australia getting his forty bobs' worth. Mr. LEES-SMITH replied unassuringly that "the usual steps would be taken" to check the time.

After Mr. HENDERSON had explained that the Egyptian negotiations had been postponed until a missing courier from Cairo turned up, and Mr. COMPTON had indignantly cleared the Kitchen Committee of the base charge of using skimmed milk and Chinese eggs, the House went into Committee of Supply on the Ministry of Health's vote.

Mr. GREENWOOD's account of his stewardship ranged over a variety of subjects, from housing to the new Post-Graduate Medical School, but his chief concern was the marked increase in sickness claims under the National Health Insurance Act. For this, he said, there was no simple explanation, but curiously neither he nor Sir KINGSLEY WOOD seemed to remember the natural instinct of the individualist Briton to get something, if only a bottle of medicine, for his money.

Wednesday, April 30th—Further debate on the Coal Bill in the Lords produced a diversity of views and a plethora of pessimism. Lord RUSSELL summed up the situation as being that the British coal industry had a productive capacity of about three hundred-and-thirty million tons a year and a maximum market for about two hundred-and-fifty million tons. Lord WEIR thought the coal industry showed no lack of efficiency and pointed out that the hours clause of the Bill left the industry wondering what would happen after June, 1931. Lord AMULREE, on the other hand, insisted that, while the German coal industry had been reorganised from top to bottom since the War, nothing at all had been done in this country. Other noble lords criticised or approved the Bill tepidly until dinner-time.



IN THE OPENING MATCH OF THE SEASON AT LORD'S, WHILE LORD RUSSELL KEEPS HIS END UP CREDITABLY, LORD SANKEY, ON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AS CAPTAIN, MAKES A BRILLIANT SCORE THAT ENSURES AN EASY VICTORY FOR HIS SIDE.

In the Commons the FIRST LORD, answering various Questions, explained the cruiser tonnages settled by the London Naval Agreement, and Commander BELLAIRS was informed by the PRIME MINISTER that civil aviation in this country is not under military control, "the Air Ministry being a Department which has a number of civil in addition to its military functions"—an answer which on examination looks very like no answer at all.

The House turned to Budget Resolutions, and Sir W. WAYLAND, the Member for Hopshire, and doubtless a lineal descendant of *Wayland Smith*, came vigorously to the defence of Britain's beer. While he pleaded with sturdy strength for cheaper beer, Viscount LYMINGTON waxed positively lyrical in support of the country pub. Captain CAZALET, though confessing himself a teetotaler, supported an Amendment providing for a rebate of duty on beer brewed from British hops. But on the

whole the House by no means showed either the zeal for or the interest in the national beverage that the nation has a right to expect. Beer was still beer, but one got no impression that it was any longer glorious beer.

The bladder-thwackings and india-rubber red-hot poker-thrusts that the Chancellors of the Exchequer, *in esse* and *ex-*, so freely exchange have become a part of the House of Commons' tradition, like the mutual manhandlings of clown and pantaloon. Otherwise Mr. Churchill's furious attack on the "rasping procedure" of Mr. Snowden, who had merely moved the Closure on the Beer Duty debate, might have seemed a thought uncalled-for. Mr. Snowden, however, proved unresponsive and in (for him) almost honeyed tones offered to come to any reasonable arrangement in respect of allotting time to the rest of the financial Resolutions that the Whips might suggest.

Thereafter the House turned to the vexed question whether Cardiff ought to be allowed to run a municipal bank—a subject that kindled one illuminating flash of Labour psychology. Mr. Pethick Lawrence stated that in future the rates of interest to be paid by municipal banks would be the same as those paid by trustee savings banks. Shouts of "Shame!" rose from behind him, but whether the shouters thought that rate too high or too low or whether their Socialist gorges rose at the mere mention of interest was as much beyond the comprehension of the Secretary of the Treasury as of anybody opposite.

Thursday, May 1st.—Three days of polite but general criticism of the Coal Bill found the Lords more than ready to give the Bill its Second Reading, but not until Lords Gainford and Salisbury had restated the arguments against, and Lord Thomson and Lord Parmoor those in favour of, the measure. Lord Salisbury's reason for giving the Bill a Second Reading was a curious one. The last General Election, he said, was a distinct verdict of the people that there should be a "reduced demand for effort from labour." It rather suggests *Pooh-Bah*, in his capacity of Lord High Employer, ordering himself, in his capacity of Lord High Employed, to take it easy.

Nobody can accuse Soviet Russia of not taking its sport seriously. On being asked by Sir Kingsley Wood why he had refused visas to a Russian Communist football team which had made fixtures with Communist football teams in this country Mr. Clynes pointed out (quoting his authority) that the objects of the "Sportintern" are to "crystallize the basic kernel for strike pickets, proletarian self-defence, fighting committees and Red Guards in the imperialist armies." In the absence of any evidence that the proposed tour was promoted for the purpose of genuine sport, Mr. Clynes added drily, he could not see his way to accede to the application for *visas*.

He may be right, of course, but a cup final between Sunderland Strike Pickets and Woolwich Red Guards ought to have its thrilling moments.



BEER AND ITS SINGERS.
I.—Sir William Wayland.



II.—Lord Lymington.

The Minister of Health informed Lieut.-Colonel Fremantle that the Departmental Committee's Report on the disposal of London's refuse would be ready this month. The Committee, it is understood, reports that in view of the increase in motoring facilities Londoners ought to be able to deposit a considerably larger amount of their refuse outside the Metropolitan area.

The Budget Resolution increasing the income-tax from 4/- to 4/6 in the pound was hotly assailed and as hotly defended, the assailants taking the line that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had done nothing to foster and much to depress industrial enterprise, and the defence, upheld chiefly by Mr. Wise, concentrating on the argument that, if big incomes were taxed still more heavily, capital would be transferred from the luxury trades to staple industries. Anticipating the objection that the capital thus ousted from profitable investment at home might find its way into profitable investment abroad, Mr. Wise roundly demanded that the investment of capital abroad should be "controlled."

Mr. Snowden evidently felt that he had an easy job in front of him—as indeed he had, since he did not have to defend the expenditure of the extra taxes, but merely his method of raising the money. It was so easy, indeed, that he chose to forsake the paths of pure finance and deviate into an attack on Mr. Boothby, who had roused the Chancellor's spleen by suggesting that he had hamstrung all the Lord Privy Seal's plans for helping industry.

"I will sit down while the Hon. Member substantiates that statement," said Mr. Snowden, and sit down he did. But Mr. Boothby is not the man to be nonplussed by any dramatic effects of that kind. He made it clear that out of a total figure of £847,000,000 expended by the Government only a million odd was spent on behalf of Mr. Thomas's ameliorative schemes.

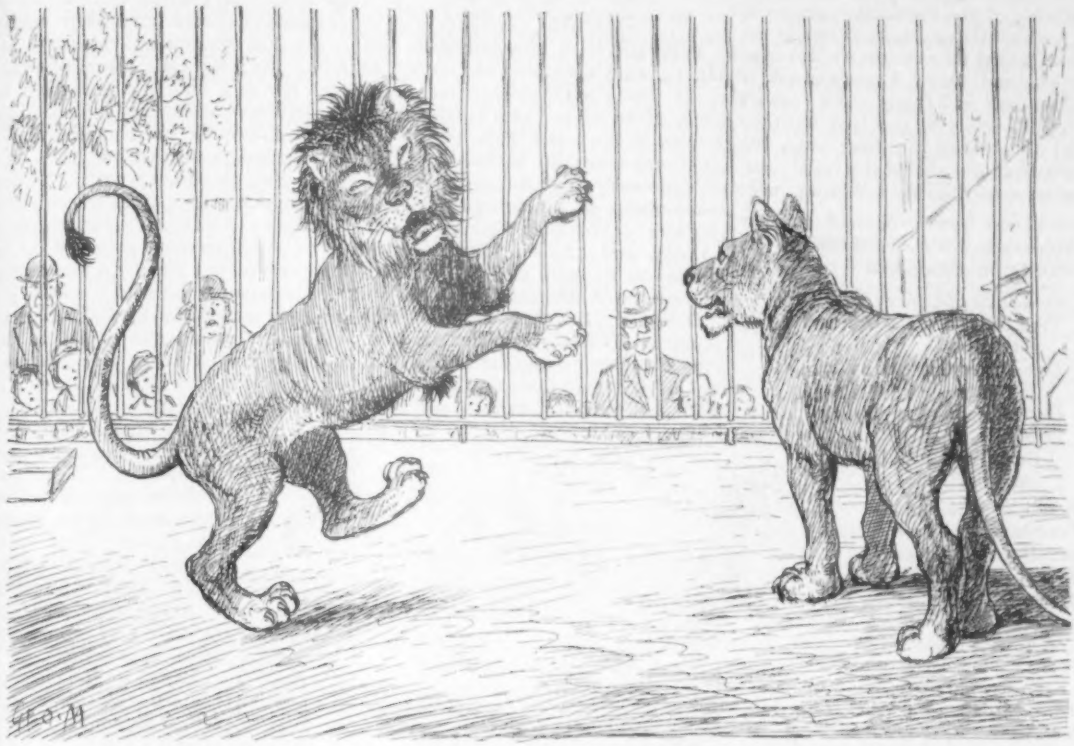
Mr. Snowden, denying that that proved anything, sat on. Mr. Boothby said it was not for him to explain the Government's lack of policy. Let it produce its schemes. Mr. Snowden condescended to finish his remarks, and Mr. Churchill brought his rapier into play. He did almost everything to Mr. Snowden that the Conservative heart could desire—except suggest a better way of raising the required millions.

"Miss Molly —— will be the second Ophelia to tell of the quality of mercy at the Sydney Conservatorium this month."—*Sydney Paper.*

It seems a pity to hackney as good a joke as that.

"The Threat to the Roman Wall. Mr. Lansbury Going North on Tuesday."
Sunday Paper.

It seems to be suspected that, following upon his refreshment-kiosks in Hyde Park, he is going to adorn Hadrian's Wall with lemonade lean-to's.



The Lion (to his mate). "KEEPER GAVE ME A COCKTAIL. I FEEL ABSOLUTELY HERALDIC."

THE MYSTIC BARD.

(In anticipation of the Labour Poet Laureate of 1931.)

Now who hath harped of the I.L.P.
Or sung of the Minimum Wage
And the Nationalisation of Industry?
What ecstasies of rage
Have urged the wandering hand to tweak
The lyre string made of gold
On the Forty-Eight-Hours' Working Week—
Or have they left us cold?

What heart has dreamed the awful dream—
Desired with what desire—
The Widows' Old-Age Pension Scheme,
And felt it like a fire?
Or sworn by the tremendous Fates,
So Heaven his soul assoil,
That not for less than Union Rates
Shall man go forth to toil?

Now take the old lute down, my son,
That hangs on yonder wall;
The dark days and the dead days are done,
I have heard the cuckoo call;
The flowers are sown on hedge-side ways,
The stars stand in the pool,
And a whisper comes with the wind to raise
The age for leaving school.

I have seen the form of a frenzied man
Stride shouting over the hill;
His gaze is set on a Housing Plan,
He hath drunk of a Pure Milk Bill;
His wild hair hangs with clustered straws,
His frenzied eyeballs roll,
And he hymns the hymn of the Eighteenth Clause
Of the Act to Market Coal.

Treading the daisies after him
With measured dance and slow,
I have seen the lords of England, JIM,
And CLYNES and RAMSAY go;
He knows the rose and the woodland tracks,
And his head shall soon be crowned
With a laurel wreath, and his Income-Tax
Be sixpence more in the pound.

EVOE.

"NEW NAIL BRUSH.

After the annual cleaning, perhaps, your nails are a little neglected, and this is the brush you require."—*Sunday Paper.*

Mr. Punch deplores the advent of music-hall humour into one of his Sabbath contemporaries.

VARIATIONS ON THE BUTT OF SACK.

THE Poet Laureate has by Letters Patent the right to receive annually a butt of Canary wine, which is intended as a guarantee of that inspiration which is naturally looked for in the Court Poet. The imminent appointment of another Laureate raises a question which I believe may have far-reaching effects on English poetry. I refer to the long-needed adjustment of his liquid perquisite to the tastes of the present generation.

The fact that DRYDEN as the first Laureate had a liking for Canary was no indication that such a taste would prove hereditary with the office, and to this day there is absolutely nothing to prevent a poet from combining every literary qualification with an exclusive predilection for turpentine.

Indeed, to most of our younger poets the word "canary" has a purely ornithological significance, and so obsolete has this beverage become that, if one of them were to walk into his club to-day and order a Double Canary, he would probably only succeed in saddling himself with the Secretary's lovebirds.

According to the Daily Press, in which I trust implicitly, English intel-

lectuals subsist largely on whisky and cocktails; at the same time opium has left such a mark on English literature as demands that its devotees shall be considered; and under a government of workers beer has surely come into its own. I therefore suggest that, with the letter announcing the good news, the future Laureate should receive a document somewhat on the following lines:

"Please put a X against your choice, which will be delivered to you annually in a plain van:—

One Butt of Canary, or
Five Butts of Best Draught Bitter, or
One Dozen Cases of Scotch, or
One Bin of Opium, or
One Twenty-Gallon Drum of Methylated Spirit."

This list should cover the extremes of educated taste. But as an acknowledgment of the possible accession to the office of one of our many poetesses it might be a courteous gesture to allow for some peculiarly feminine stimulus to creative endeavour, such as an annual grant of three yards of the best lipstick. ERIC.

THE BATH REGATTA.

Joyce has the grey boat,
I have the brown,
Mummy has the nail-brush,
Which never goes down.

We all start together
When Mummy says "Go!"
The nail-brush is steady
But very, very slow.

Sometimes the brown wins,
Sometimes the grey,
Never the nail-brush—
It stops half-way.

When Mummy has her birthday
I know what I shall do;
I 've got a whole shilling
And seven pennies too.

I shall buy a boat for her,
So we can start square;
She always has the nail-brush,
And I don't think it 's fair.

R. F.

Golden Moments for Philologists.

"For no apparent reason the police, who were in force, charged the crowd, using their words freely."—*Evening Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"DEBONAIR" (LYRIC).

Debonair is a dramatisation, by Mr. FRANK VOSPER and the author, of G. B. STERN'S novel—a sympathetic study of an ultra-emancipated young woman of the period with a frank virginal soul concealed behind the façade of, apparently, a gold-digging cocotte. Incidentally, or perhaps primarily, it provides a young actress of charm, vivacity and genuine talent, a little muffled by inexperience, with an enviable chance of showing her mettle.

Debonair is the name which the rich young man, *Charles*, invented for *Loveday Trevelyan*, whom he had met at one of the less discreet night-clubs. With that perverse desire to show the worse side of herself which the modern young woman in her reaction against the humbug of less candid generations is supposed to display, she quite frankly informed *Charles* that she was out to plunder him. So *Charles*, who is essentially an old-fashioned modern young man, gets her all wrong. And *Loveday* can never quite see the way to set him right. And as in fact the improvident young woman is always in some financial scrape or other and it naturally falls to *Charles* to extricate her perhaps there is some excuse for his maintaining his cynical and coolly defensive attitude against the wiles of a subtle intriguing siren. Whereas to us it is evident that here is a mere wild young innocent idiot with the catchwords and external technique of her decade.



DOMESTIC HEN AND WILD DUCKLING.

Loveday Trevelyan . . . . . MISS CELIA JOHNSON.
Mrs. Trevelyan . . . . . MISS MARY JERROLD.

Charles had an adored mother, an elaborately modern, overwhelmingly tactful and understanding person. So far from disapproving of *Debonair* she enveloped her with her modern womanliness and discerning sympathy. *Debonair*, with the clear vision of a child, sees through her as a complete and ghastly fraud and, rather than be choked with butter in her luxurious flat whither *Charles* has persuaded her, runs off to Buda-Pest as dancing-partner to some unscrupulous alien, from whose violent advances she barely escapes with a trunkful of rich garments provided by him and with money lent by a sympathetic blonde professional who is a little puzzled and scandalised by *Debonair's* code of honour which allows her to take without giving. Our young woman's philosophy of the matter is that the whole affair is a gamble. The man puts up the stakes, backing his own charms and powers of persuasion. If he wins, well and good; if he loses, the winner naturally keeps the stakes. That is fair bookmaking, and as plausible a theory as any other, it would seem on mature reflection, of the ethics of these transactions.

Back to London and *Charles*—who forgets himself. Rescue from compromising situation by the terribly tactful mother. Escape again of *Debonair* to her own mother in Italy. Recital of the horrible mess she finds herself in. Complete and dismaying failure of understanding on the part of that worthy stupid domestic hen who has hatched so wild a duckling. Prancing off of *Debonair* to yet another Italian villa—to a friend whom poor jealous *Mrs. Trevelyan* thinks of as "that woman"—wherein takes place the final unmasking of *Charles's* fraud of a mother who, under the sting of jealousy when she quite stupidly thinks *Debonair* to have designs on her own new husband, behaves like an angry fishwife in the presence of poor disillusioned *Charles*, who finally falls into the arms of *Debonair*.

A complicated affair, you will perceive. In fact, of course, the adapters have been caught in the old trap. If this business had been worked out to scale the play would, I calculate, have taken about three days. We get mere episodic snippets instead of the working out of a single dramatic situation. *Debonair's* pranks tend to become tiresome and the interest of what began with great promise seriously flags. There seems to be only one way to

shape a novel of character as opposed to a novel of situation into a stage play, and that is to forget that the novel was ever written.

Which is by no means to say that this play is not worth seeing—as an intelligent scenario with sound hints of effective characterisation and interesting comment.

Miss CELIA JOHNSON carried the burden of her very long and exacting part bravely. *Debonair* was quite obviously not a restful young woman. But the effect of undue restlessness in the playing of the part could have been mitigated by a more experienced artist. Experience will come with opportunity. What matters is that there is here real talent, interesting personality and a genuine power of expressing emotion. A slight sketch of the little blonde lady of Buda-Pest by Miss DORICE FORDRED was admirably done. T.

"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR" (KINGSWAY).

The enterprise of Mr. SIMON ORD, associated with Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY and Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH in the revival of some popular Victorian plays should find general support if all are as happily chosen as *His Excellency the Governor*, by the late Captain ROBERT MARSHALL. Here is an easy way of studying social history—an enthralling subject. And though this is a farcical romance with the farce of a distinctly primitive and ingenuous character, and the romance is set on a distant island of our far-flung Empire at the end of the last century, a recognisable picture emerges—in particular of the elaborate technique perfected during the long reign of the Good Queen for avoiding calling spades spades or, still better, for ignoring their existence. It is indeed pleasant to recall how virtuous we all were only a generation ago.

His Excellency the Governor (Mr. C. M. HALLARD) is a fanatical bachelor wedded to his job or career, and will have none but bachelors about him, as he elaborately explains to his Aide (Mr. DEERING WELLS), and Secretary (Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY). The occasion of the Governor's breakfast homily is the expected arrival of the Colonial Secretary (Mr. A. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT), with his sister and daughter. An inconvenient and unsatisfactory cousin of the Governor's (Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT), an actress on tour with a third-rate concert-party, arrives by chance at the same time. She is of slightly French extraction and very, very slightly French habits of thought and conduct as we then understood them. Item: the rare



A TOURING STAR.

Stella de Gex . . MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT.

aloe of the Amandalands, that flowers every hundred years, elects at that very moment to send forth its clouds of pollen, which are of a violently aphrodisiacal nature—though that is a word we did not of course allow ourselves to mention in those days.

The Governor, the Aide and the Secretary fall immediately and abjectly under the spell of the demure little rogue, *Ethel*, the daughter of the politician. That stock figure of contemporary fun succumbs to the sleek and purring actress; his formidable sister conceives a passion for the harassed Governor; the sad-eyed butler suddenly engages himself to her maid, and the red-coated Secretary is heard, in defiance of military discipline, singing, "I Want you, my Honey, I Do" under the said maid's window. And so forth. There is rumour of a native rising and a threatened attack on the Residency. In the disturbed night terribly compromising positions arise, such as the discovery of the politician without his coat and the actress in a white garment which (tongue in cheek) she is careful to explain is a tea-gown. There are thumb-nail caricatures of the kind of military officers that tried so hard to lose the Boer War a year or so later.

The general workmanship is excellent of its frank and simple kind, save for patches of period epigrams which stand out rather awkwardly from the light fabric of the whole; there are well-invented jokes, such as the call of the nightingale from the aloes, devised by the eccentric Secretary. Effects were a little carelessly contrived: the noises of galloping horses and of the handling of arms by a company of British infantry (*off*) were singularly unconvincing.

The playing was sound and in general called for no particular subtlety. I thought however that Miss JOAN MAUDE made a particularly good thing out of the only part that didn't play itself, and cleverly suggested that under the demure exterior of that late-Victorian innocent, *Ethel*, there was as much essential knowledge and as competent a man-hunting or man-baiting technique (aloes or no aloes) as is possessed by any bright young person of the cocktail era. This is distinctly an entertainment to be commended. T.



THE A.D.C. THAT EXCELLED HIS EXCELLENCY.

Captain Charles Carew, A.D.C. . MR. DEERING WELLS.
H.E. Sir Montagu Martin . . . MR. C. M. HALLARD.
Ethel Carlton . . . . . MISS JOAN MAUDE.

A Ball will be given on Tuesday, May 20th, at Eresby House, Rutland Gate, S.W., in aid of The Friends of the Poor. Dancing 10–3. Tickets (Two Guineas each; family tickets, six for Ten Guineas) can be obtained from the Duchess of RUTLAND, Lady CARISBROOKE, or the Secretary of The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

AT THE PICTURES.

FOUR AMERICAN TALKIES.

IN the process of putting America on the map, the intricacies, moral and physical, of baseball have now been reached. Years ago when the movies dealt in miracles I remember HAROLD



CHEQUERED ROMANCE.
MR. JACK OAKIE.
MISS EVELYN BRENT.

LLOYD hitting a ball an incredible distance and himself catching it; but that there is no such licence in *Fast Company* will be gathered at once when I say that the story is by RING LARDNER, the great eulogist and analyst of the game; and if it has the effect of sending any readers to Mr. LARDNER'S work they are to be envied. *Fast Company* is a good entertainment, with two most satisfying punches on a bad man's jaw and the happy ending that I personally always desire, although whether *Elmer Kane* (most of the heroes of American talkies are called Elmer just now), the hitter of home runs, would really be happy with the actress *Evelyn Corey* is a very dubious point, as all frequenters of the cinema will agree when I say that *Evelyn Corey* is played by EVELYN BRENT. We know our EVELYN BRENT with her evil bent too well—don't we?—to be ready to accept her in wings all in the twinkling of an eye.

In the same programme I found a much-belauded stage-story—by which I mean that the usual hundred-per-cent adjectives were employed in the programme—called *Applause*, which gave us the usual American back-stage setting, which is now inevitable, but lacking any baseball eleven. In *Applause* that excellent actress, HELEN MORGAN, has the thankless part of *Kitty Darling*, an ageing vaudeville soubrette, divided between love of *April Darling*, her convent-bred daughter, devotion to her profession and infatuation for her dancing partner, a seducer and bully of a type growing very familiar to us. The chief blot on the picture is that this blackguard is hit only once. Another blemish is some very bewildering cutting at the beginning, which leaves us wondering all through the story as to what was the connection between the telegram and the baby, and if all soubrettes can put children into the world, as the French say, with such a minimum of preparation and fuss.

Another of the *Elmers* of the moment is BUSTER KEATON, who under that name makes his début as a talking comedian in a film called *Free and Easy*. His part is that of the untrained and very provincial manager of a would-be movie star, whom he accompanies to Hollywood to make her fortune, missing trains and performing every kind of blunder the while. Too many people in the theatre thought it laughable; others, among whom I was sorry to find myself, differed. There are, in fact, ten minutes (or was it hours?) when this most effective of silent comedians has to make an entry with the words, "The Queen has swooned," and fails to remember how to do it, during which I would have given pounds to have been able to swoon myself. CHARLIE has decided to leave the talkies alone; I wish that BUSTER, who has followed that lead before, would do so too. The fact is that BUSTER needs room and activity, and the talkies require a certain amount of quiescence and can deal



HOPELESS LOVE.
MR. BUSTER KEATON REGISTERS DESPAIR.

with only a small stage. Moreover BUSTER'S voice is not so attractive as his antics.

When it comes to quality of voices, my duty is clear: I must recommend the owner of some of the most captivating tones in the world, HARRY GREEN, in *The Busy-Body*. In this picture, which is the best talkie I have yet seen and heard, that superbly intelligent artist enters his kingdom as an actor on the screen. He had already in small parts given proofs that to the new medium he was sympathetic, but *The Busy-Body* is the first play which he entirely dominates. Anyone who recalls HARRY GREEN'S performance in





Lover (on Brooklyn Bridge at night). "EVERYBODY SLEEPING AND DREAMING."
Fan (roused from slumber). "SORRY I WAS ASLEEP TOO, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL GOING ON WITH THE OLD BACK-STAGE STUFF."

Welcome Stranger will realise at once how the part of a busybody suits him and his peculiarly determined yet diffident pushfulness. He is again the same half-simple, half-crafty and wholly ingratiating Jew, and I cannot forgive the Plaza for taking the play off so soon. Another sign of the superabundant wealth of material that America is squandering in this country. E. V. L.

HISTORY SCREENED.

I AM told that there is now showing an American film about DISRAELI which does not pedantically adhere to the known facts of that statesman's career. Many politicians and well-known people, I hear, have seen and enjoyed this film, in spite of its historical discrepancies, of which they are well aware. Probably no great harm has been done. But where is this to end? I am told that other film-companies, emboldened by the success of *Disraeli*, have historical films in preparation far more drastic in their amendments of history. In one of these, called *Christopher the Great*, COLUMBUS, approaching America, has a vision of the future, gives orders to wear ship, and sails back to Europe. The story is said to have a gripping interest.

Another film, more ambitious still, is a general conspectus of English history,



Man in front (to driver, who is taking her mother's friends for a ride in hilly country). "I MUST SAY YOU DRIVE EXTRAORDINARILY WELL. THE WAY YOU TOOK THAT CORNER!"

Candid Young Modern. "OH, BILGE! THAT WAS A GHASTLY FLUKE."

and features Roy Mactavish, the famous Scottish star. BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE scores a great victory over the English troops at the Battle of Basingstoke and comes to the throne. He marries FLORA MACDONALD at Westminster Abbey, and Queen Flora has a son called Angus who afterwards becomes King Angus I. HENRY VIII., by the way (in view of recent strictures on the moral tone of films), is represented as strictly monogamous, and clings to CATHERINE OF ARAGON all his days. This unfortunately cuts out ANNE BOLEYN and QUEEN ELIZABETH, but the gripping personality of Angus I. makes up for that. America is not discovered by COLUMBUS, who, after all, was only a "Wop." What happens is that an American navigator discovers Europe—about 1780—when the American civilization is already many hundreds of years old. This navigator, Lew Snecht, is received by King Angus. The two countries form an alliance and between them they put down NAPOLEON, not at Waterloo, but at the Battle of Paris, France, where American troops save the day. The Duke of WELLINGTON has a small part and the battle-scenes in the Place de L'Opéra are said to be magnificent.

Lord NELSON was born in Kentucky and picked up seamanship on the Mississippi. He never meets EMMA, Lady HAMILTON, and is not killed at Trafalgar, at which battle Lady NELSON is present throughout, urging on the sailors. Women in the film play a part consistent with the modern ideas of the importance of the sex. Queen Flora (featuring CLARA BOW) invents the steam-engine: NELL GWYN discovers the Law of Gravity; Mrs. ABRAHAM LINCOLN writes many of SHAKESPEARE'S plays; QUEEN VICTORIA is a poet and Mrs. GLADSTONE inspires EDISON'S electrical discoveries. Particulars of the dénouement and climax are not yet available, but what with one thing and another the picture is expected to grip.

A. P. H.

Another Egomaniac in Fleet Street.

"She took a peep into the smoking room. It was crowded with me."—*Daily Paper.*

"Captain Malcolm Campbell in an interview declared, 'I believe in this treasure in the Cocos Islands, and in many other treasure trove stories. The great difficulty is locating the spot.'"—*Toronto Paper.*

We have always suspected this to be the main difficulty with treasure-trove.

PUK-A-DOLE.

[A Chinese gambling-house, run by one AH LEE PING, was recently raided in Poplar. Most of the gamblers were young Englishmen, six of whom were drawing the dole.]

IN AH LEE PING'S sequestered den
We sit, young active Englishmen,
And as there 's nothing else to do
Enjoy a game of puk-a-poo.

From causes not in our control
We find ourselves upon the dole;
For reasons easy to explain
There we seem likely to remain.

Though out of work, it 's not for us
To hunt around and make a fuss;
It is our rulers' kindly thought
That we should wait till jobs are brought.

It is a matter for regret
That work is not forthcoming yet;
If there is any, they can bring
Their jobs along to AH LEE PING.

Till then we manage on the whole
Not all too badly with the dole,
And have a casual coin or two
To chuck about at puk-a-poo.

DUM-DUM.

LONDON GATES.

II.—BILLINGSGATE, 1370.

SOME folk will wend to Moorfields
To watch the wrestling there,
And some to Smithfield take their way
To frolic at the fair;
To Clerkenwell some hie them
When a Mystery is played;
But I will go to Billingsgate
And see the ships unlade.

Along the wallèd wharf-side
Fast anchored do they lie,
And to and fro among those ships
The painted wherries ply;
And oft the brown-faced shipmen
Will jangle each with each
In honest English plain to hear,
Or in outlandish speech.

Here come the men of Rouen,
Their tall sails stiff with brine,
The holds well filled with sacks of peas
And casks of dark sweet wine;
Here come the men of Flanders,
With scarlet cloth and green;
KING EDWARD gives them leave to come
For love of his good Queen.

And here come men of England,
Within whose ships are pent
The great grey fish we steep in salt
Against the time of Lent,
The rosy-dappled mullet,
The sole with mouth askew,
The mackerel, like a mermaid's tail,
Streaked purple, green and blue.

'Tis sport to see the fish-boats
Unlading on the quay;
The chaffering hooded fishmongers
It is good sport to see;
And he who spies a sturgeon
Or a dolphin bright of fin
Will loose the purse from off his side
And dip his hand therein. D. M. S.

Ceremonies We Regret to Have Missed.

"LAUNCH OF THE LATEST SHAMROCK.

The naming ceremony was performed by Lady Shaftesbury. She is seen taking the water and cheers."—*Hull Paper.*

". . . . Lady ——, who with her husband spent Easter shooting at the country place of Lord and Lady ——."—*Evening Paper.*

Few would-be marksmen are modest enough to start with so large a target.

"From hundreds of photographs of railwaymen of all grades, a committee of impartial experts is asked to select the girl who in their opinion is most generously endowed with the twin attributes of loveliness and intelligence."
Hereford Paper.

Our station-master's side-whiskers will be a cruel handicap.

THE BROKEN RECORD.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed article has been typed by us from a record made on a dictaphone by Mr. Crow, who instructed us to send on the script to you when typed.

We understand from him that the dictaphone was an Easter present from a relative and that this is the first time he has used it. We are in some doubt as to whether or no some extraneous matter has crept into the article, but experience has taught us that Mr. Crow is not particularly amenable to alterations to his MSS. unless his consent is previously obtained. As he has been called to North Italy on urgent business we are unable to get this permission, and have therefore typed out in full, exactly as dictated, the record which he left with us.

We hope you will find the typescript satisfactory and trust that you will be able to recommend our work to your other contributors.

Yours faithfully,
THE E. AND O. E. TYPEWRITING AGENCY, LTD.

"MUSIC WITHOUT CHARMS.

Say five hundred words. No, leave it and count them up afterwards. Music without charms. Until a fortnight ago I was under the impression that the piano-next-door joke was of the vaudeville type and one at which—provided your sense of humour is fairly elementary—you laughed mechanically, as one does at red noses, sausages and mothers-in-law. But a fortnight ago some new tenants moved into the flat below mine, bringing with them a piano and a child of twelve. This in itself is quite sufficient and should be punishable by law, but when the fault is aggravated by allowing the aforesaid infant to play RUBINSTEIN'S Melody in F with one finger nothing the law can do is too drastic. No, cherub, you can't come in here, Daddy is busy. Jo-oan. Jo—oh, there you are! I say, do you mind removing the offspring? I'm trying to dictate an article into this machine and I find it quite difficult enough without having the whole family hoofing about the room. I hate the darned thing, anyway. The receiver has an unsympathetic, almost sardonic look, don't you think? Good-bye. Nothing the law can do is too drastic. There is something soul-destroying about the Melody in F as played by a child of twelve. Damn the telephone! Hello. Speaking. Oh, how do you do? I say, that's most awfully nice of you, but I'm afraid we're engaged next Friday. So sorry. Thanks very much all the same. Good-bye. A child of twelve. No sooner does she start to play than my neatly-arranged thoughts fall down as did the walls of Jericho at the sound of other music. As you were. Cut out the walls of Jericho and say fall into disorder. Oh, this isn't good enough. Hello! Speaking. Oh, it's you. Next Friday? Yes, we will with pleasure. Do we eat first? Rightiho. Italian Lakes? My poor boob, who do you think I am—a Cabinet Minister? Well, we'll talk about it on Friday. But we can't possibly afford. Good-bye. Fall into disorder. Hello, Joan! I've just accepted an invitation to dinner on Friday from James and Ursula. Which reminds me that the Simonds rang up earlier and asked us for Friday too. Told them we were engaged. By the way, James and Ursula want us to go to the Italian Lakes with them, but I'm afraid we can't afford. Anyway, I simply must get this article finished. I suppose Emily *must* make that ghastly noise with the vacuum? I'll bet EDGAR WALLACE doesn't have to put up with all this sort of thing. Out you go, woman! Good-bye. Thoughts fall into disorder and I am without ideas or hope of any. Pale wraiths of themes which I am striving to coax to life shudder and are gone at the first devastating notes of the Melody in F, and I am conscious of an almost overpowering desire to go downstairs and play the thing myself in order to end the suspense, taking with me a heavy blunt instrument with which to beat time on the head of budding genius."

Here the record ends. On this type of dictaphone ample warning that the cylinder is exhausted is given by the ringing of a bell, but it is possible that Mr. Crow, being unaccustomed to the instrument, omitted to set this warning device before he began to dictate. In that case he may have talked into the machine after it had ceased to record, with the result that the remainder of his article has been lost.

THE E. AND O. E. T. CO., LTD.

[Never mind.—ED.]

Surprise Packet for the Mail-Bagger.

"The Jew explained that the jewels had been saved from the wreckage of a Russian church which had been pulled down by order of the Soviet, and posted to him by his brother in Russia."—*Sunday Paper.*

"WINCHELSEA BEACH.

The tides will reach their maximum for the month to-night and the residents are preparing for another virgil."—*Manchester Paper.*

The original VIRGIL is, of course, in Italy, busy making arrangements for his bi-millenary.

MANNERS AND MODES.

THE HAIR-BUN AND HOW TO DISPOSE OF IT.



FOR INDOORS ALL IS STRAIGHTFORWARD—



BUT FOR OUTDOORS—



THE PROBLEM—



IS NOT QUITE—



SO SIMPLE.

A NEW AUSTRALIAN POET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have already noticed the self-denying ordinance which the Australian cricketers have imposed on themselves with regard to journalistic activities. But I am sure you will agree with me in welcoming their refusal to abstain from creative literary work. For this is the only conclusion I can draw from the discovery, by a friend of mine who recently witnessed their practice, of a piece of paper picked up after they had left the nets, on which the following unsigned sonnet was written:—

"ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S 'WISDEN.'

Much have I batted, fielded much and bowled,
And many goodly States and islands seen
Where Willow is the King, and where the green
Sward in his honour carefully is rolled.
Much too of ancient scribes had I been told,
But from the classics little could I glean
Till CHAPMAN'S *Wisden*, hitherto unseen
By me, was I permitted to behold.

Then felt I like stout STANLEY when his eyes
First lit on LIVINGSTONE, or COLUMBUS when
He stared in wonderment 'neath alien skies
At the strange fauna which alarmed his men,
The bison and the moose of monstrous size,
The bobolink, the clam, the prairie-hen."

The sonnet, I admit, may be described as meritorious rather than memorable. It is, to speak frankly, an essay in discipleship, and the choice of an exemplar, revealed by certain turns of phrase and rhymes, notably in the last line of the sestet, is peculiarly interesting since it serves as a sort of cryptogrammatic key to the identity of the author. For the name KEATS is an anagram of "steak"; steak is meat; meat is inevitably associated with butcher, and butcher with cleaver, his chopping-tool for the dissection of carcases. From cleaver the transition to hatchet is immediate. A hatchet is a light-handled axe, and pick-axe is phonetically a perfect anagram of Kippax!

In the confident hope that you will find room in your pages for the announcement of this remarkable discovery,

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours faithfully,
LEMUEL O'LOONEY.

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

"WARPED IN THE MAKING: CRIMES OF LOVE AND HATE (*slightly dull*)."
Bookseller's Catalogue.

We too find the literature of the *crime passionnel* a trifle soporific.

"A procession, with the thurifer swinging the censor, went around the town."
West-Country Paper.

Many of our young dramatists would be glad to take part in this ritual.



"To me the meanest flour that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."—*Wordsworth (practically).*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. R. H. Mottram's new novel is a depressing and somewhat backboneless study of the subjugation of two human souls to the second-rate passions and tenth-rate conditions of the post-War world. As a piece of social analysis *Europa's Beast* (Chatto and Windus, 7/6) exhibits both delicacy and bravura. As a sequel to the *Spanish Farm* trilogy the book strikes me as disappointing. *Skene*, their hero, is back at his architecture in Easthampton, not in the office of the (now defunct) uncle who so breezily promised him work on war memorials, but engaged on a municipal housing scheme, typically well-intentioned and shoddy. On this he encounters the self-made *Mr. Purchas*, whose daughter *Olive* in her capacity of V.A.D. has married what is physically and mentally left of the shell-shattered son of a diplomat. The old *Purchases* keep the young *Blythways* going financially and (so far as possible) morally. But *Olive* refuses to interest herself in the potential family of her airman; and her parents with infinite chagrin realize her gradual absorption in the architect. I could not identify myself, to anything like the extent of Mr. Mottram's completeness, with his amorous couple's aspirations, and his final close-up of the "spiritually virginal" *Olive*, when "at long last, having lost herself totally, she found Peace," impressed me as like nothing out of Hollywood. The book to be enjoyed should be read with a resolute eye on its well-documented social indictments, and with an indifference—not difficult, I am afraid, of attainment and maintenance—to its two principal characters.

On the day before the birth of Benito Mussolini the island of Ischia was devastated by a premonitory earthquake, and at the actual fateful hour a well-informed thunderbolt struck down a two-headed eagle in the park of Schönbrunn. A Hungarian author, the late L. Kemechy, and that author's Hungarian translator, collaborating in *Il Duce* (Williams and Norgate, 12/6) to syncopate their leader's triumphal march with adulatory plaudits, record these highly suitable details with the same enthusiastic agreement in the prophetic instincts of the heavens that they bestow on unmeant promises, dissolving coalitions and other tricks—the word one would choose—whereby their idol attained his adored Napoleonic eminence. It is difficult to treat patiently a volume in which only very occasionally, as for instance in the recital of the famous march on Rome, does the heroically ejaculatory method become at all appropriate, and in which the unconscious bathos on every page is matched by perfect willingness to follow Mussolini in whatever change of expressed opinion may have been momentarily favourable to the one fixed principle of his personal advancement. A case no doubt may be made out, and possibly a fairly good case, for a form of Government which is capable of imposing as an ideal something of a spirit of hard work and national development, even at the

price of loss of personal freedom, but that case will not be advanced by any number of volumes of this extremely irritating order. The Dictator has had miraculous escapes from his enemies. He may well pray to be delivered from his friends.

In reading Miss EDNA FERBER'S fine new novel of pioneering days in the Middle West, you realise how much of a piece are all the heroic ages of the world. The initial ruse by which her hero, *Yancey Cravat*, is tricked out of his claim in Oklahoma is the ruse by which VIRGIL'S Ligurian tries to outwit *Camilla*; *Yancey* himself is a quixotic and guileless *Ulysses*, and his wife, *Sabra*, an out-and-out *Penelope*. Yet the whole epic is American of the Americans and racy of its particular district, the oil-fields south-west of Kansas. They were not of course oil-fields in the eighteen-eighties, but potential ranches, hotly contested by men in sombreros and women in sun-bonnets, with Indians in the early stages of dislodgment and demoralization. *Cimarron* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) was, as its Spanish name implies, one of the wildest and unruliest of these wild and unruly territories; yet Miss FERBER'S story, which sees Cimarron out on the sophisticated side of the Great War, leaves its original BRET-HARTE-like settlement, Osage, a very effective miniature New York. *Sabra*, the inveterately conventional, emerges as Congress-woman, editor and pillar of society. What happens to the heroic *Yancey*, who can only breathe heroic air, I leave you to discover. His legend is from first to last an accomplished blend of history and creative imagination, in which every subordinate character is happily sustained and carefully linked to the main intention. The careers of *Sol Levy*, the pedlar, and *Isaiah*, the negro stowaway, are two of Miss FERBER'S minor triumphs.



TENSE MOMENTS IN SUBURBIA.

THE LOSER FORGETS TO SHAKE HANDS.

Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG'S novel, *Four Seasons* (JOHN LANE, 7/6), is described on the title-page as "Being Four Periods in the Lives of Some Ordinary People," and so far as their characters are concerned the qualification is just. All the same they have some astonishing physical peculiarities. The book begins with the wedding of *Margaret Carey*—she has "a face like a spring morning and eyes the colour of a morning sky"—and it ends with the marriage of her daughter, *Diana*, who grows up to be "like some golden butterfly made for life and laughter." The long interval between the pealings of wedding-bells is filled with accounts of *Margaret's* life with her husband (he is usually referred to as "*The Hon. Seaton*"), the childhood and love affairs of her twin children, the idiosyncracies of her rich father, and the lives of the villagers, who all adore her. These village people are more interesting than anyone else in the book, for the author has at least managed to make them amusing, though she has over-emphasised their quaintness and has laid on local colour too heavily. As for the other characters, we have met their paper patterns so frequently between the covers of books that we can guess quite early who will fall in love with whom and exactly how happy the ending will be. Of course *Tony*, who is *Margaret's* son, is dazzled by *Oonagh*—"that wild witch of a girl"; and of course he does not realise until very late all that *Myrtle*—"that gentle-mannered girl who was everybody's friend and nobody's sweetheart"—might mean to him. Since *Hugh Mervyn* is the hero, he falls in love with *Diana* at first glimpse, and then, after they have kissed, "his eyes were soft too, and lit with a great light of passion, clear and strong, like the flame of a lighthouse-tower which shines far out to sea."

Mrs. BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR is not one of those writers who are perpetually dashing into print. Though she has been writing for several years, the list of her books is still short. The result of this reticence is that, when she does publish, you may be sure of a carefully constructed and thoughtful piece of work, in which all the implications of the theme are scrupulously envisaged. She pursues her subject "with unhurrying chase and unperturbed pace," and, when

she has captured it, confines it spaciously but strictly. Her style is one of quiet distinction, frequently kindling to beauty. *False Spring* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) has all these qualities. It is the story of *Virginia Brodie* (afterwards *Frome*), who escaped from a sunless childhood into premature romance with a married man—to find that the feet of her god were of clay. The consequences, ill and good, of this initial error, the summer and early autumn which followed the false spring, are evolved with leisurely certainty. I am not sure, indeed, that the pace in the central reaches is not a thought too deliberate. The story begins in "Victoria's formal middle time," and ends but yesterday, and is set against and conditioned by a society gradually changing in custom and standard, with political events more dimly adumbrated. *Virginia*, an attractive and convincing figure, remains in the centre of the picture, but the list of *dramatis personae* is on the constant increase. I have rarely read a book which contained so many births, marriages and deaths. By a sure artistic instinct all these subsidiary but significant people are made most actual in their close relations with *Virginia*, and the vaguer the further they get from her.

As *Gervase Holt* drove by in his car *Anita Franklin* looked over the wall. She was as a matter of fact standing on the top of a ladder which the gardener had left leaning there, but the young man did not notice that. He could hardly indeed have known it; but he was aware even at that distance of a pair of greenish eyes, a small straight nose, a rather too decided chin, a perfect expressionless mouth. From which description, accurately copied from the opening chapter of *Glass Houses* (GRANT RICHARDS AND HUMPHREY TOULMIN, 7/6), you will conjecture, no doubt, that the young man will probably have a roughish time before his uncle, that famous but uncommunicative biologist, *Mr. T. P. W. Collett*, is at last able to congratulate him on his engagement. You will be quite right, though the obstructions in the path of true love may be considered a trifle artificial. In the technique of novel-construction Miss THEODORA BENSON is perhaps hardly at present up to her namesake's mark, but she has a freshness and an eye for character, and her girls are really rather like girls and not lay figures, whatever we may privately think of her men. If I may venture to advise a writer whose work is marked by so much promise I should like to suggest that she seems too fond of letting her heroine embark upon serious heart-to-heart talks with her young men on the Things That Really Matter. Naturally young authors like to express their opinions on such subjects, but undue prolixity should be avoided.

Many a young official newly arrived in India has been seduced from his studies of Law and Vernacular by the allurements of the "fine confused reading" of the Indian Gazetteers, wherein are detailed all the castes and their various observances. These Gazetteers provide the bulk of the raw material from which theories are constructed to account for the existence of caste, that phenomenon peculiar to India. Thirty years ago M. EMILE SENART published his celebrated explanation of *Caste in India*, and this has now been translated for the first time by another scholar of distinction, Sir E. DENISON ROSS (METHUEN, 8/6). It is a great feat to discover unity of principle amid such diversity of data, but this M. SENART has succeeded in doing without applying the Procrustean method so dear to creators of systems. Further—and this is a boon to the common reader—the author never loses sight of the general implications of his subject. In the course of his survey he throws much light upon the Hindu mentality. His conclusions, which fix the origins of caste in remote antiquity, are presented in an almost shy manner, in complete contrast to the dogmatic roaring with which the old savants used to terrify us. Altogether a profound yet most readable work.



Visitor. "IS THIS A GOOD PLACE FOR RHEUMATISM?"
Local. "IT BE THAT, ZUR. OI GOT MINE 'ERE."

In *Walls Have Eyes* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) you will find both a baffling mystery and—what to my mind is more alluring—a thoroughly well-conducted hunt for buried treasure. "GANPAT," in fact, is a born story-teller, and his attraction for some of us who do not as a rule enjoy sensational fiction is explained by the careful attention he pays to the drawing of character. In this tale the *Millers*, *George Eversleigh*, *Louis Guiton* (who with sound reason cursed England) and their servants are not mere pegs on which a succession of lurid incidents depend, but real people in whose fortunes a most lively interest can be maintained. And, if *Tom Saunders* and his henchman are drawn more vaguely, "GANPAT" has the best of excuses for allowing his readers to fill in the gaps that he has left. An exciting hunt and an admirable huntsman.

In the dozen tales called *The Mysterious Mr. Quin* (COLLINS, 7/6) Miss AGATHA CHRISTIE has introduced me to two men whose acquaintance I am delighted to make. *Quin* bobs up whenever and wherever a mystery is waiting to be solved, and disappears as soon as he has helped his friend *Mr. Satterthwaite* to find the solution. They make a perfect partnership, and I hope that it will be a long time before Miss CHRISTIE declares their innings closed. All of these stories will be welcome to readers of this type of fiction and I should have allotted a special prize to "The World's End," had not Miss CHRISTIE allowed her powers of caricature to get so much out of hand that the *Duchess of Leith* in this story is absurdly overdrawn.

CHARIVARIA.

CHELSEA is to be promoted to the First Division of the League. Nothing is known about Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S reception of the news.

* * *

A *Morning Post* reader says that, if safety-razor blades are used for a month and then put away for a few months, they can be used year after year. This creates for manufacturers the problem of what to do with their new blades.

* * *

An American Senator says that his good health is due to a daily roll on the floor. Many people prefer toast on the table.

* * *

The unusually large number of matrimonial cases to be heard this month indicates a growing tendency to flout the superstition that May divorces are unlucky.

* * *

A Surrey archæologist's discovery near Leith Hill of the remains of a feast of two thousand years ago is regarded as evidence of the antiquity of picnics. It is pleasant to know that the beanoists of that period had the good taste to bury their *débris*.

* * *

As we go to press comes news of the latest Chinese battle. Extra time is being fought.

* * *

With reference to the question whether a marriage ceremony with a different Prayer Book is legal, it has been suggested that so long as the essential questions are asked a cookery-book could be used for the rest of the ceremony. Experience has shown, however, that brides are deplorably inattentive to Mrs. BEETON.

* * *

We read of a man who pushed a collector of Income-Tax out of a third-floor window. It is not thought that he meant any harm.

* * *

Our feeling with reference to the talking-film which was made of the British and American ladies' golf teams is that careful discrimination should be exercised in the production of "golfies."

* * *

Some of the Australians are said to be merry fellows off the field. We are always ready to believe that cricketers have their lighter side.

The man who introduced jazz to New York in 1916 has been visiting London. Quite openly, too.

* * *

A famous Hollywood film-star is described as having erected a wall of silence between herself and the rest of the world. But surely this is preferable to a wall of talk.

* * *

A horticultural expert is quoted as explaining that trees, shrubs and flowers are affected this spring by not having had their normal winter sleep. Gardeners, however, are believed to have hibernated as usual.

* * *

Among breeds for which the authorities have extended the time of entry for the World Poultry Congress, as they desire to see them more largely represented, Roman geese are mentioned. It is felt that the public would be especially interested in descendants of the famous birds that saved the Capitol.

* * *

"I am a highbrow," announces the art critic of an evening paper. We think that this might have been broken more gently.

* * *

The writer of an article on walking-sticks observes that young men now seem to prefer to take umbrellas. We know nothing of the age of the person who took ours.

* * *

The Pekin skull is now said to have belonged to an adolescent female. It is a profound thought that the earliest known member of the human race was a flapper.

* * *

Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is reported to have expressed disgust with the alterations in Park Lane. This is a bitter disappointment for those who had been counting on his approval.

* * *

In view of the repeated thefts from banks by a gipsy while a woman confederate was telling the cashier's fortune, it is anticipated that cashiers will be instructed not to have their fortunes told during business hours.

* * *

Consignments of Egyptian-grown flowers are to be sent to London by air regularly each week-end. It is thought that the Cairo Government has in view an interchange of bouquets with Mr. HENDERSON.

* * *

"Dancing shows up your hands," says an advertisement. Another view is that it shows up your feet.

* * *

The general absence of cattle from Burlington House this year has been noted, and it is feared that a pursuance of this policy may have the effect of alienating the agricultural interest.

* * *

According to a meteorological expert there is no evidence that BUCHAN'S cold and warm spells have any application in the South of England. It is now expected that the recent cold spells will be cancelled.

* * *

With proper conditions nobody should die until he is at least one-hundred-and-twenty-five years of age, says Dr. ROBERT FORGAN, M.P. After that it is a matter for private arrangement.

* * *

It begins to appear that when a man is shot in Chicago by a gangster the jury is expected to return a verdict of Death from Natural Causes.

* * *

Bristol is making an endeavour towards better-dressed rat-catchers. Savile Row never did favour the rat-catcher's cap and muffler and the absence of spats.

* * *

A sporting writer wonders how it is that any keen sportsman can wear whiskers. But surely growing whiskers is a sport in itself.

* * *

Somebody has been asking, "What becomes of pins and needles?" The answer is that they disappear after a brisk rubbing of the affected part.



ARTIST WHOSE PICTURE WAS NOT HUNG AT THE R.A. DETERMINES THAT IT SHALL BE SEEN THERE.

"SAFETY WEEK."

(May 19th to 24th.)

O HALCYON week of six whole days
(Apparently excluding Sunday),
Wherein, released from hourly dread
Of being forced to join the dead,
I can pursue my lawful ways,
Starting next Monday!

The motorist, I understand,
A temporary pledge is giving
That, if I want my walking feet
To navigate the public street,
He will allow me, when I land,
Still to be living.

It is good news that he 's prepared
Keenly to watch his indicator,
And so reduce his lethal pace
As to concede me, of his grace,
The privilege of being spared
To perish later.

Six days of respite! Such a debt
I should indeed be more than sorry
Not to repay in kind, and thus
I 've sworn I will not kill a bus
By stamping on it, or upset
A courteous lorry. O. S.

JUST A FEW WORDS . . .

I HAVE been reading a little Army Council Instruction issued for the guidance of those who have to do with War Department M.T. Vehicles. It was originally an Order by the Ministry of Transport, so one must regretfully absolve the Army of all blame. Nevertheless, in these modern days of slangy abruptness, cramped ambiguity in conversation and terse verbless prose, its studied garrulity arising from an earnest desire to make its point really clear comes almost as a breath from the fragrant past.

Just read the peroration over quickly and see if you don't get the sheer shining candour of it:—

"Provided that the requirements contained in this regulation shall not apply if and when another person is carried or stationed at the rear of the heavy motor-car, or, in the case of a stage carriage carrying a conductor, where such conductor is normally stationed at the rear of the stage-carriage, or, when any trailer is being drawn by the heavy motor-car, where another person is carried on the trailer in a position which affords an uninterrupted view to the rear, and in each case such conductor or other person is provided with efficient means of communicating to the driver of the heavy motor-car the effect of signals given by the drivers of other vehicles in rear thereof."

Now hear it on the subject of pneumatic tyres. It has mentioned something about the speed of vehicles "with pneumatic tyres or tyres made of soft or elastic material," and it suddenly gets the impression that there may be some fools about who do not know what a pneumatic tyre is. So it takes a deep breath and winds up with this gem:—

"A tyre shall not for the purpose of the Regulation be deemed to be pneumatic unless:—

(1) It is provided with a continuous closed chamber containing air at a pressure substantially exceeding atmospheric pressure when the tyre is in the condition in which it is normally used, but is not subjected to any load.

(2) It is capable of being inflated and deflated by the driver of the vehicle without removal of the wheel or vehicle; and

(3) It is such that when it is deflated and is subjected to a normal load the sides of the tyre collapse."

Personally I should have said, "It's pneumatic if you can have a puncture," and left it at that. However, the Ministry of Transport apparently likes to feel that no one can blame *it* for not getting the big idea across.

But my earnest hope is that the Army Council will not republish too much of this sort of thing or the Army itself will catch the bug. And then just think what would happen.

Instead of, say, the usual notice boards near the rifle ranges, reading:—

"DANGER.

PERSONS MUST NOT CROSS THE RANGES WHILE FIRING IS IN PROGRESS."

There would be an enormous placard as follows:—

GENERAL REGULATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR PERSONS DESIROUS OF CROSSING ANY RIFLE RANGE ON WHICH FIRING MAY BE IN PROGRESS.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS—HAVERSHOT.

(1) That portion of the area generally known as the Haversbot Rifle Ranges which lies between the target butts and whichever of the various firing points (100 yards, 200 yards, 300 yards, 400 yards, and upwards at 100 yards' interval) may be at any time occupied for the nominal purpose of firing shall, when any one of the hereinbefore mentioned points is definitely occupied by a troop or troops engaged in firing with a rifle, machine-gun, arquebus, cross-bow or other lethal weapon, be deemed to be a "dangerous area."

(2) A "dangerous area" is to be considered dangerous when its entry, crossing or partial crossing involves danger to the life, limb, nerves or clothing of any person making such entry, crossing or partial crossing.

(3) It is prohibited to all persons to cross such "dangerous area" when dangerous, whether on foot, on hands and knees (collectively or separately), on the back of the neck, the stomach, or the base area; whether mounted on a horse, mule, goat, elephant or other quadruped; whether riding in, upon or round about a bicycle, cart, limbered waggon, barouche, dragon, caterpillar or any other vehicle, whether self-propelled, mechanically propelled or propelled by human, divine or other agency.

The above prohibition need not be held to be effective when the "dangerous area" is no longer dangerous (excepting the Channel Islands). For the definition of a "dangerous area" see above. (Rifle Regiments kneel and remove caps.)

(4) Firing shall not for the purpose of this Regulation be deemed to be in progress unless those soldiers at such firing point as they may be purporting to use at the time have with them lethal weapons of any pattern at any time authorised by any War Office (battle-axes excepted) and in the case of rifles possess also ammunition designed to fit, and fitting, those rifles, which ammunition they or their officers are causing or permitting, or are intending to cause or to permit, to be used in the hereinbefore mentioned rifles in such manner as to direct the bullets from the muzzle of the rifle at a substantial speed in the intended, presumed or general direction of the targets at the butts. Full stop, period or other punctuation sign intended or employed to denote a substantial pause and conveying the information of the conclusion of all the guff hereinbefore mentioned.

* * * * *

Which means, as America might put it all:—

DANGER!
GET! A. A.

COTTON FOR QUEENS.

[The QUEEN is to wear cotton fabrics from Lancashire this summer to encourage the industry.]

Jenny of Lancashire,
Spin, Jenny, spin
Fabrics of cotton
Flowered and thin;
All over England
The girls shall be seen
Going to work, Jenny,
Dressed like a Queen!

"NOTED DETECTIVE REDUCED."
Daily Paper.

The fifteen days' diet has a lot to answer for.



THE ROAD BEAUTIFUL.

(A forecast of "Safety Week," May 19–24.)

MOTORIST } *(together)*. "AFTER YOU, SIR!"
PEDESTRIAN }



OUR NATURE-WORSHIPPERS: BLUEBELL TIME.

The Lady (reprovingly). "LOOK, BERT—YOU 'VE MISSED ONE!"

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

WHEN asked for his verdict on the West Fulham bye-election by a morning newspaper, Lord BEAVERBROOK is reported to have replied with the two words, "Glory, Hallelujah!" thus endorsing my own view that Empire Free Trade is to be considered rather in the light of a spiritual revelation than as a politico-economic arrangement with the Dominions overseas, and enabling me, with the help of a notable clairvoyant, to forecast some of the principal sensations of the summer of 1930 (A.D.).

May 15.—All social functions are renounced by Empire Free Traders, who devote themselves to knight-errantry, the rescue of maltreated industries and the Romantic Quest of *The Daily Mail.*

May 19.—Mass meeting of Empire Free Traders at Trafalgar Square. Lord BEAVERBROOK sings, "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth." Conversion of a policeman on point-duty. Representative of *Daily Express* notices that waters of fountain have a ruddy tinge, and the liquid, being analysed, is found to contain Australian wine. Mr. LANSBURY is converted to Empire Free Trade.

May 21.—Sackcloth and Ashes Day. All Empire Free Traders travel to the City in this attire. Programme-girls refuse to wear stockings until the Empire becomes a solid economic whole. Conversion of Mr. C. B. COCHRAN to Empire Free Trade.

May 24.—Empire Day. *Hartal,* or mourning strike, proclaimed. No work to be done by any Empire Free Trader. Lord BEAVERBROOK announces that he will neither cut his hair nor shave until he has built a Tariff Citadel in England's green and pleasant land. Annoyance of members of the Barbers' Trade Union, who join the I.L.P.

June 2.—Passive resistance to olives, sardines and Italian vermouth by Empire Free Traders in all hotels and restaurants-de-luxe throughout the Metropolis. A French bean is publicly cooked with Normandy butter on the Stock Exchange and trampled underfoot.

June 3.—Two wrens build their nest in Lord BEAVERBROOK'S beard.

June 4.—Derby Day. Empire Free Traders lie down on the Epsom Course as a protest against the intrusion of a foreign oat into the favourite's feed.

Mr. AMERY decides to grow whiskers until the dream of Empire Free Trade becomes an accomplished fact of politics.

June 5.—Empire Free Traders denounce French windows, Spanish onions, Dutch gardens and Italian art.

June 6.—The Oaks. Lord MELCHETT, arriving in a chariot drawn by Canadian oxen, publicly rends his robes and pours sulphate of ammonia on his head as a gesture in favour of Imperial Free Trade.

Conversions of Messrs. AUGUSTUS JOHN and WALTER LINDRUM to Empire Free Trade.

June 9.—Whit-Monday. Opening of Norfolk House, reconstructed as a tabernacle for Imperial Free Trade. Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, appointed Pontifex Maximus, preaches for five hours to an enraptured audience on Adjustable Protective Tariffs as a Penitential Discipline for the Soul.

The Bishop of BIRMINGHAM is received into Empire Free Trade.

June 13.—Test Match at Nottingham. Demand by the Editor of *The Daily Express* that the Test Match should be a draw in order to promote Imperial solidarity and goodwill. As by grace, this occurs.

June 16.—Discovery in Lord BEAVERBROOK's beard of two larks and a hen.

June 17.—Ascot. Hunger strike against *pâté de foie gras* by Viscount CASTLEROSSE, followed by forcible feeding, as a demonstration on behalf of the Cause.

June 19.—International Horse Show. Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER leads a riot against the non-imperial competitors, denouncing them as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. He permits himself to be slapped on both cheeks for the sake of Empire Free Trade.

Popcorn and chewing-gum prohibited in the office of *The Daily Express.*

June 23.—Wimbledon Tournament begins. Barracking of W. T. TILDEN, JEAN BOROTRA and Señorita ALVAREZ. A ball-boy testifies to Empire Free Trade during the course of a game on the centre court and is made a sub-editor of *The Sunday Express.*

June 24.—Banana Day in the Strand.

June 25.—Canterbury Lamb Day. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY is converted to Empire Free Trade.

June 27.—Anti-Argentina Day. Chilled Beef refused in all the restaurants of Great Britain by the disciples of Empire Free Trade. Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON decides to wear a hair shirt.

July 1.—Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT converted to Empire Free Trade. He denounces French omelettes and literature. Children are cured of German measles by touching Mr. AMERY's whiskers, now a yard long.

July 2.—ARCHIE COMPSTON is converted to Empire Free Trade. He proposes the introduction of adjustable machine bunkers to resist the encroachments of American professionals on all British and Imperial courses throughout the world.

July 11.—Eton *v.* Harrow match. Eton and Harrow are converted to Empire Free Trade and leave Lord's in a body to testify.

July 14.—Lord ROTHERMERE walks from Carmelite House to Shoe Lane with peas in his boots.

July 19.—Great Revivalist Meeting conducted by Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD in the Albert Hall, in which thousands of agnostics and infidels hold up their hands for Empire Free Trade. Ransacking of Woolworth Bazaars by infuriated mob.

July 22.—Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is turned back on the road to Aylesbury by a vision of Empire Free Trade in the form of Lord BEAVERBROOK seated on a tremendous dam. He writes a novel entitled *The One Just Man.*

July 24.—Public demonstration against Westphalian ham. The Archbishop of YORK is converted to Empire Free Trade.

July 29.—Goodwood. A horse lies down at the starting-point and testifies to Empire Free Trade. Satisfied with his jockey's conversion, he goes on to win.

July 30.—POET LAUREATE converted to Empire Free Trade. He writes a Pindaric Ode on Reciprocal Graded Tariffs between England and the Overseas Dominions, with Favourable Consideration for Certain Specified Commodities, which shakes the world.

Mr. DAVID LOW's dog refuses to bite a non-Imperial bone.



"I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE BORN. IT WAS ON A MONDAY."
"COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A MONDAY, GRANDPA, COS I HAVE DANCING LESSONS ON MONDAYS."

July 31.—Mr. MAXTON is converted to Empire Free Trade. Lord BEAVERBROOK, now totally concealed behind his beard, goes away for a holiday.

August 4.—Bank Holiday. Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS discovers that Empire Free Trade was foretold by the Pyramid, and that RICHARD COBDEN was the Great Beast mentioned in the Book of Revelation.

August 7.—Lord BEAVERBROOK's beard outgrows the Home Counties and spreads into the Midlands.

August 9.—Lord BEAVERBROOK becomes Archdruid of Wales. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE goes over to Empire Free Trade.

August 12.—Grouse shooting begins over Lord BEAVERBROOK's beard.

EVOE.

MEMORANDUM TO THE LORDS.

BY the time the following memorandum appears the fate of the Canal-Boat Bill (in the House of Commons) will be known. I therefore address it to the House of Lords, who can still be trusted to use their common-sense:—

Memorandum on the State of Public Education, with Special Reference to the Canal Boats Bill.

MY LORDS, the basis of this strange measure, as it stands, after amendment in Standing Committee B, is educational. No canal-child is to be allowed to "reside" on a boat with its mother and father during the school term—excepting during the week-end. This, by the way, is believed to be the first case of the statutory week-end. The idea presumably is that the canal-parents, travelling along the canal in the region of Birmingham, shall send their motor-cars to Brentford to fetch the children on Friday evenings and send them back to school by special train on Monday mornings. That, however, is a matter of detail. The general principle is that the children will be better "educated" if they live in a street with strangers and go to a stationary Council school every day than if they live in the open-air with their own parents on a moving boat.



Mendicant (pathetically). "I AIN'T BEGGING FOR MESELF, LIDY."
Householder. "INDEED? THEN WHO ARE YOU BEGGING FOR?"
Mendicant. "ME BROTHER, LIDY; 'E'S 'AVIN' A DAY OFF."

MY LORDS, as I have hinted before, a lot depends on what we mean by "education." I have for many years been observing with interest the progress of those young Britons who are being or have been educated at the public, that is, at my expense in this not wealthy part of London; and I must confess that I do not feel that I am getting my money's-worth. I have not examined them in reading or arithmetic; I know they can write, because they write rude words on the pavements and sometimes scribble their names on the front-doors; but in manners, discipline, decency or dignity I regret to say that I notice no advance among them.

For the convenience of your Lordships I will deal with this matter under separate heads:—

(1) *Run-away rings.*

A very fair test of the progress of urban education is the percentage of run-away rings per front-door per week. Judged by this test, the ratio of progress is disappointingly meagre. Though the actual figures per thousand front-door weeks are lower, there are certain disquieting new features which more than set off the numerical improvement. The miscreants now operate in "gangs," organised on the Chicago model. If the injured householder emerges before the gang have fled, the leader points to one of the smaller boys and says, "Yah, *he* done it," standing his ground. The smaller boy, as if conscious of his guilt, takes to his heels. Either the householder thinks that he is too small to chastise or he pursues and, if the boy is captured, mildly chastises or rebukes him. The small boy bursts into pitiful tears at his approach and whimpers, "It wasn't me, guvnor;" and that evening the father of the small boy himself rings at the front-door and truculently demands an interview with the person guilty of knocking his kid about. Half-a-crown to buy sweets for the innocent boy will generally avert a summons for assault, but it is thought that half-a-crown is an excessive price for a run-away ring.

(2) *Use of the word "Oy!" with insulting intention.*

This is on the increase. That passion for standardisation which inspires our legislators appears to govern the minds of young persons educated at the Council schools. On observing any citizen whose appearance is in their opinion strange or out of the common, an athlete training for a race in the evening, an artist with no hat or a beard, a gentleman with long hair or tortoise-shell spectacles, a lady with a short skirt, they feel themselves entitled to point with their fingers and draw the attention of passers-by to these oddities with shouts of "Oy!" and other expressions of a hostile character. The ladies who row on the Thames in fours and eights, when resting on their oars, are increasingly subjected to insult and mockery from small boys and youths who gather on the tow-path. From this and other evidence I form the opinion that too much time is paid to the teaching of rudeness and impertinence in the Council schools.

(3) *Spitting from Thames Bridges on the navigators below.*

This practice remains normal. Hard things are said about our Public Schools, but in the current year no Public School boy has been detected in the act.

(4) *Interference with Property.*

(*a*) *Window-boxes.*—Nature-study, I believe, is a feature of the curriculum in our public elementary schools, and most of my neighbours have given up the attempt to keep pretty flowers in their window-boxes, as the eager students would pull them out by the roots.

(*b*) *Motor-Cars.*—The children are still taught, I gather, to blow the horn of any motor-car left unattended in a side-street, also to turn out the lights if they are on, and *vice-versâ*.

(*c*) *Boats.*—When the tide is out the children delight to play on the foreshore and clamber on newly-varnished boats with muddy feet, also to untie the mooring-ropes of boats so that when the tide rises they float away. More than one "educated" child has climbed into my garden and gone away with oars and other mementoes. One little dear selected a pair of sculls and rowlocks and went away for the night in my dinghy; and the following afternoon he sold the whole outfit to another boy at the very reasonable price of one shilling for the boat and a penny for each oar.

(5) *Alleged singing and other noises in quiet side-streets.*

This is on the increase. Much is



Waiter (to returned reveller). "BUT YOU 'VE ALREADY DINED, SIR."
Reveller. "PHEW! IT 'S THOSE DAM REVOLVIN' DOORS!"

said about the loud singing of semi-intoxicated adult revellers. For myself I find much more painful and frequent the alleged singing of sober hobbledehoys, raucous, formless, tuneless, joyless and purposeless. This noise appears to come from no natural spring of gaiety or music; it is a form of self-advertisement and a form of offensiveness. The singers are determined to impress their agressive personalities on their fellow-citizens. They reflect small credit on their places of education.

(6) *Language.*

This is bad—(*a*) in a literary and (*b*) in a moral sense.

MY LORDS, under all the above heads the children and young persons residing in canal-boats will, generally speaking, be found to be superior. They are quiet, courteous, disciplined and dignified; they have a proper respect for persons and property; they express themselves simply and clearly; not being constant attendants at the cinema they use no American slang, and their parents, contrary to the general opinion, use less unnecessary bad language than persons of a similar standing on shore. Further, the children acquire the elements of a useful and honourable trade—navigation.

MY LORDS, a Bill to compel all children now educated at the Council schools to spend a term or two in a canal-boat might be for the benefit of the nation. The present measure is retrograde. MY LORDS, it is a typical example of modern nose-poking. MY LORDS, it is bunk.

A. P. H.

IN BERWICKSHIRE.

WHEN I go into Berwickshire and cross
the bridge of PEASE,
To wander up th moorland road above
the rumbling seas,
How glad I am that very few its praise
have sung or spouted,
How thankful that Sir WALTER SCOTT
did not write much about it.

In Berwickshire the summer days are
(nearly) always sunny;
It 's known that bees in Berwickshire
produce the finest honey;
The ladies and the fisher-girls have eyes
of grey or blue,
And the bondagers* of Berwickshire
are bonny lasses too.

The swallows think that Berwickshire 's
a pleasant place to nest in,
And wise men know its village inns are
very good to rest in;
There 's Lauderdale, a comely dale, and
the broad Merse, rich and free,
But *my* heart 's where the Lammermoors go tumbling to the sea.

Let tourists to the Trossachs ride, so
long as I can rove
From Channelkirk to Coldingham, from
Bemersyde to Cove;
Let trippers trip by bonnie banks of
Lomond, Doon or Dee—
St. Bathan's and St. Ebba's land will
do quite well for me.

* Women field-workers.

Equity and Equestrianism.

"Mr. Justice Hill to-day made absolute 151 decrees nisi.

With Beary up, he went well in a seven furlongs gallop."—*Liverpool Paper.*

"BOXER WITH A MOUSTACHE.
HARRY MASON CAUSES A STIR."
Daily Paper.

We understand that the Catch-as-Catch-Can branch of the Wrestlers' Union will shortly insist on side-whiskers for all their members.

A WARNING TO HISTORIANS.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND began it by declaring that there was no truth in the legend of KING BRUCE and the Spider. In the very same week Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC wrote to the Press explaining that SHAKESPEARE did not describe the signing of Magna Carta for the excellent reason that he had died before that legend was invented. Another authority found no evidence that KING ALFRED ever disguised himself as a harper or burned the widow's cakes. This is very disquieting, I think.

That is the worst of historians. They have no *esprit de corps*. Lawyers stick together. They may argue against each other in court but they never give their learned friends away to the public. But historians simply delight in writing books to demolish the history of other learned historians. It is all very confusing to the lay mind.

We do not now believe that CANUTE commanded the waves to retreat, that Pope GREGORY said, "Non angli sed Angeli." PRINCE CHARLES never hid in an oak-tree; DRAKE did not know how to play bowls; Sir WALTER RALEIGH never trailed his cloak in the mud before the feet of his Queen; OLIVER CROMWELL did not say, "Take away that bauble," and QUEEN ELIZABETH never boxed people's ears.

Such nice stories they were. The British Empire has been built up by men who believed those stories, and now we are told they are legends. This makes it a little difficult to believe anything any more. Already I have my doubts of GEORGE WASHINGTON and his Little Hatchet. In another minute I shan't believe that GLADSTONE said anything in '82.

And such a waste too. Many valuable years of my life were spent in acquiring the above information for the purpose of satisfying the examiners of the Cambridge Locals. I have been confined during half-holidays; I have even been caned to encourage me to memorise these historical facts. And now I find they were not historical facts at all. I wonder whether the examiners I satisfied were aware of this. I feel that they owe me an apology.

The hours I spent on history, if placed end to end, would reach—I mean I could have done so much with the time I wasted on these legends. Cricket, for instance. I could have fielded at long-stop for at least seven-hundred-and-fifty hours and completely mastered the technique of that key position. I could have walked to the wicket over a hundred times, taken middle and leg a hundred times and walked back to the pavilion a hundred times. I might even have scored a few runs. But I do not wish to push the argument too far.

My parents paid quite a lot in school fees so that I should learn history. And what did they get for their money? A few legends. I could have filled my mind with legends for a few pence. Really good legends like *Sexton Blake* and the *Iron Man* could be bought in those days at any bookstall for a penny.

Let our historians have a care. It may seem a small matter for them to argue that Judge JEFFREYS was in fact an inoffensive little fellow who first introduced the practice of binding over prisoners, or to prove that BLUFF KING HAL was a confirmed woman-hater and the founder of the Bachelors' Club. But little differences between historians have important reactions. They tend to destroy confidence in education. Their bewildered readers wonder whether anything they learned at school was true. For instance, is BOYLE'S Law really a law or is it merely a legend? BOYLE may have been just as great an impostor as KING BRUCE. And did our old friends A, B and C really spend their spare time to the second decimal place in filling cisterns?

If our historians persist in this unseemly wrangling, not only will they destroy confidence in education, but they will cripple their own industry. We may cease to read our historians, and they may be driven to earn an honest guinea by writing gossip about the living in the brighter organs of the Press. We may even complain to the B.B.C. of the quality of their broadcast talks. This will be bad for the historians. They have never had so many defenceless listeners before. But let them remember that even a worm can turn the knob that switches off the learned historian.

Worse still will be the effect on our American visitors. Americans believe our history, even the more incredible details. Their attitude to English history is one of simple piety. To them Plymouth Hoe, Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of WASHINGTON and other cute li'l locations are sacred ground. If America loses her touching faith in our history, how are we to maintain our export trade in ancient monuments and ancestral homes?

W. E. R.



Dear Old Lady. "THIS IS THE RECORD OFFICE, ISN'T IT?"

P.C. "THAT IS CORRECT, MADAM."

Dear Old Lady. "WELL, I WANT AN EIGHT-INCH RECORD OF 'I'M A DREAMER, AREN'T WE ALL?'"

A Retrospective Apology Demanded.

"HOW ALEXANDER DIED.
THE EVIDENCE OF A BUST."
Sunday Paper.

"COBB'S EMPIRE LOAF will tour the West Fulham constituency to-day to remind voters that Empire bread is one of the planks of the Empire Free Trade Crusade."—*Daily Paper.*

Beaverbrook Boarding is particularly delicious if taken with a little salt.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



Lord SPENCER *(to Mr.* AUGUSTUS JOHN*).* "SO THIS IS CHELSEA!"



The Groom. "I DON'T 'OLD WITH DIRT-TRACK RACIN' FOR 'ORSES—THROWS A LOT O' EXTRA WORK ON ME."



Unhappy Infant. "I WISH THEY'D STOP THE LULLABY AND LET ME GET TO SLEEP."



Mrs. DOD PROCTER'S *"Baby in Long Clothes," looking round the Academy.* "OH, DOD! WHAT A LOT OF BABIES!"



ETON BOY; OR, WHY I AM SENDING MY SON TO HARROW.



BRITANNIA CATCHES A GURNARD DURING A STRIKE OF FISHERMEN.

The Dolphin (apprehensively). "ME NEXT!"



The Dark Lady. "LIFE IS *SO* COMPLICATED!"

The Fair One. "TRUE. I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHETHER I HAVE TWO ARMS OR THREE!"



A LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE SAXOPHONE.



Absent-minded Jockey. "I *KNEW* I'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING—THE *HORSE*, OF COURSE!"



Visitor. "IF THIS IS 'GENESIS,' GIVE ME EXODUS; I'M OFF."

THE LITERARY TOUCH.

["Dickens as Text Book for Burglars" is the headline given to the obvious expedient of lowering a boy through a fanlight, as was done in *Oliver Twist*. The present writer recalls another crime in which the influence of literature could also be traced.]

THE facts were commonplace enough,
A case of family strife
Begun with angry words and rough
And ended with a knife,
And it was hard to find (although
It had to be recorded)
A snappy headline to bestow
On news so truly sordid.

The criminal did not appear
Of that romantic sort
That women line the streets to cheer
Arriving at the court;
There never was a story yet
More obviously needing
Sub-editorial art to whet
The public's taste for reading.

But all were at a loss to see
How best it could be billed
Till one recalled it chanced to be
An uncle that was killed;
Invoked the Bard and to his name
Tossed off a grateful dramlet
From whom his inspiration came:—
"Assassin's Hint from *Hamlet*."

STARS IN THEIR COURSES.

A CRITIC, commenting upon an all-star performance of *Hamlet*, complained that Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE, who was one of the outstanding successes of the afternoon, played the *First Gravedigger* exactly as he did *Churdles Ash* in *The Farmer's Wife*.

Personally, I regard this as cause rather for congratulation. A London audience, if it were honest, would admit that, when it goes to see a play of SHAKESPEARE'S, it goes to see stars whose familiar idiosyncrasies are associated with other fields of drama. HENRY AINLEY, however admirably he may transform himself into *Hamlet*, is, I submit, not half so characteristic as AINLEY playing the North-Country dealer in antiques, *Quinney*. So I suggest that next time our stars play in *Hamlet* they should be permitted to speak their lines with the accents and manner for which other plays have made them famous, and also "gag" in the style of their former successes.

By way of illustration I present an all-star version of *Hamlet*, Act I., Scene 2:—

A Room of State in the Castle.

Dramatis Personæ.

The King. Mr. GEORGE GRAVES.
The Queen. Miss MARIE TEMPEST.
Laertes. . Mr. FRED TERRY.
Polonius. Sir JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY.
Hamlet . Mr. HENRY AINLEY.
Horatio . Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death the memory be green—anyway, he 's dead, my boy. Daisy food. Vitamin B for the worms. I always knew he 'd come to a sticky end. I 've seen that man eat his asparagus through a straw. *Slooshed* his meals, that 's what he did, and, once a sloosher, never dry behind the ears. And now we 're all expected to bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom—and I suppose that takes in Wigan—to be contracted in one brow of woe. Oh, dear me! And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?

Laertes. Lud love you, Sire, thy leave and favour to return to France. My thoughts and wishes bend again to France, for, dammit! I protest my little Chauvelin would be lost without me. Ahiha! Ahiha!

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Polonius. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave. A far, far better thing than I have ever done. I do beseech you, give him leave to go. He has a sweet name and a sweet nature.

King. But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son, how is it that the clouds still hang on you? Nasty damp things, clouds.

Hamlet. A little more than kin and less than kind, Mr. Enquire-Within-About-Everything.

Queen. BUH? HRRRRP?

Ham. Don't make them silly noises. They sound like a mind out o' whack. I 've been up half night on ramparts, tossin' about an' tinglin' all over. Fair furs me tongue to think of it.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, and—something or other—*you* know. And so on. I always think long speeches so dowdy. They make one's clothes sit all wrong. Why doesn't somebody listen? Was I going to say anything important before I began saying it? AHHH! I know! Do not forever with thy veiléd lids seek for thy noble father in the dust. So germy!

Ham. By gum! 'tis not my inky cloak, old lady, nor customary suits o' solemn black that can denote me truly; an' you put that in your pipe an' smoke it, Mrs. Marry-In-Haste. But I have that within which passeth show, an' if you was half a judge o' human nature you 'd know that well 's I do, old dear. But you always was took in by fakes. That chair you 're sittin' in 's got genuine Chippendale legs, but the back 's mid-Victorian. Lawsey! how I hate rubbish! Rubbish is beastly! Rubbish is sinful!

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet.

Ham. An' it 's just the same with your choice of friends, exceptin' Ophelia, an' she 's like a bit o' Chelsea. The real soft paste, an' as good as she 's pretty. But all these 'ere courtiers—printed stuff with a rotten glaze! You take a good squint at 'em when you 've nowt else to do, Mrs. Don't-Care-A-Damn.

Queen. I pray thee, stay with us; go not to—what *is* that place that isn't Woking? AHHH! Wittenberg! Such a meaningless name.

King. Madam, come. Beat it.

Ham. Ay, bung off, old dear. Lookin' peaky, you are. (*Exeunt* King *and* Queen.) Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt. I 'm all in a muck o' sweat when I think o' that chair. Eh, 'Amlet, you 've got a lot to learn still about period stuff. And, now I come to look at 'em, I don't believe them tapestries are genuine, neither. Good design, but a rotten weave. But break, my heart, for I must 'old my tongue. (*He goes to a niche in the wall, takes from it a decanter of brown sherry, pours himself out a small glassful and drinks it slowly, smacking his lips.*) But there 's no doubt about age o' that, by gum!

Enter Horatio.

Horatio. Hail to 'ee. (Hamlet *nods and hastily replaces the sherry.*) I du be from down-along, tu Wittenberg. I came to see your father's funeral, drabbit it!

Ham. Oh, did you, Mr. Curiosity-Killed-A-Cat? I think it was to see my mother's weddin'.

Hor. Yeou be so pesky as vuzzen. I seen your Dad last night, I tall 'ee!

Ham. Go on! Let me hear.

Hor. Iss, fay. Main an' queasy I bin since. My innards be so wambly as junket.

Ham. Eh? Looked he frowningly? Put out, like?

Hor. 'E looked middlin' clever.

Ham. Ho! I will watch to-night. I 'll speak to it though 'Ell itself should gape, an' if you 'ave made a mistake, Mr. Delirium Trimmings, you 'll soon find out it don't pay to joke with 'Amlet. (*To the Court*) Now you scoot, my lads. I 'm busy. (*Exeunt all but* Hamlet.)

I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Foul deeds will rise; they always do, by gum!

CURTAIN. RACHEL.

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

"GARCIA'S Law relating to the Carriage of Goods by Sea in a Nutshell."
Bookseller's Catalogue.

Not perhaps a very seaworthy craft.



Waiter at Country Hotel (breakfast-time). "THE LAST EGG 'AS JUST COME DOWN, ALF."

A BALLADE OF THE NEXT WAR.

ENSCONCED in book-revetted trenches,
Over the hills and down the dales,
Fritzies and Tommies, also Frenchies,
Sit scribbling till the daylight fails;
Fired with the rage for record sales
And dreaming of some strident stunt,
They write to catch the homeward mails—
All's quiet on the Western Front!

They reproduce the sickening stenches
That reek from rusty refuse-pails,
And passing loves with passing wenches,
And frowsy cells of filthy jails.
No mustard-gas pollutes the gales,
No tanks to battle clank and grunt;
Their grimy crews are telling tales—
All's quiet on the Western Front!

No more the nervous nov'ce blenches
As bullets whine or shrapnel hails,
But galley-slips from printers' benches
Drift through the air in endless trails;
And proofs in packs and books in bales
Pile up the trucks men shove and shunt
Down miles of military rails—
All's quiet on the Western Front!

Envoy.

Great Mars, thy terror nought avails;
Call back thy war-hounds from the hunt;
For till the boom in war-books stales
All's quiet on the Western Front!

SIMPLE STORIES.

MRS. TENTACLE.

ONCE when Mrs. Tentacle was going out for a walk in her best clothes, because she thought she might meet Lord or Lady Ruffle or the Honourable Egbert Ruffle and she wanted to look as rich as she could so that they would take notice of her, a malefactor suddenly jumped out of the hedge and pointed a pistol at her head and said your money or your life.

Well that was just the sort of thing that Mrs. Tentacle didn't mind at all, because she had looked after mad people in a lunatic asylum for some years and had married one of them when he had had a lucid interval, and she had had a good deal of difficulty with him before he had died and left her all his money. So she first kicked the malefactor hard on the funny-bone and made him drop his pistol, and then she hurled herself on him, and as she was rather heavy she bowled him over like a ninepin. Then she knelt on him and caught hold of his collar and screwed her knuckles into his neck, so that he couldn't do anything except wish that he had waited for somebody who looked more fragile.

Well just at that moment the Honourable Egbert Ruffle happened to come round the corner, and he was rather weedy in appearance and a little feeble in his mind, but the blood of the Ruffles ran in his veins and directly he saw a lady struggling in the middle of the road with a malefactor he sped to her assistance and tried to hit the malefactor with his walking-stick, but as Mrs. Tentacle was kneeling on him and more of her was showing than of him he could hardly help giving her some shrewd blows without meaning to. But by this time she had reduced the malefactor to pulp, and she would have hurled herself on the Honourable Egbert Ruffle, but she saw who he was as she took her knees off the malefactor and began to get up, so she only smiled at him and said it is a good thing you came when you did or this man would have murdered me, I am only a weak woman.

Well she wasn't half bad-looking, though when she bought things ready-made in a shop she had to have out-size, but the Honourable Egbert Ruffle rather admired ladies like that, being weedy himself, and he was rather good at old-world courtesy, so he took off his grey felt hat and bowed and said madam my right arm is always at your service.

Well Mrs. Tentacle hadn't much use for his right arm or his left either, because one of hers would have measured as much as both of them, but she did want Lady Ruffle to call on her, so she smoothed down her clothes and said I am sure I don't know what you must think of me looking like this, my clothes are all spoilt, but I have plenty more of them at home and even if I hadn't I could afford to buy myself as many new ones as I wanted because my husband left me all his money to do what I like with, and he didn't put in that I should have to do with less of it if I married again, he wasn't quite right in his head and thought he was KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR at the end, but he had made a large fortune before he went queer.



"'MADAM, MY RIGHT ARM IS ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.'"

Well it so happened that the Honourable Egbert Ruffle had been thinking about money just before he came round the corner and wishing that he had more of it to spend, so he was interested in what Mrs. Tentacle told him, and he said are you the lady that has just come to live at Ormolu Court? And she said yes I am, do you think Lady Ruffle will come and call on me when you tell her how rich I am?

And he said well you haven't told me how rich you are yet, I know she didn't mean to call on you because she had heard you were so common, but perhaps I could persuade her to if it were worth my while.

Well by this time the malefactor had got up and found that no bones were broken though he wasn't feeling at all well in his throat and his chest, and while they were talking he had reached out for his pistol, but Mrs. Tentacle had stamped her foot down on it and on one of his fingers, so he knew she hadn't forgotten him though she had gone on talking. So he thought perhaps the best thing he could do would be to run away. But just as he had turned his back on her Mrs. Tentacle gave him a good hard kick which sent him flying into the hedge, and she said now you clear out, and if I ever see you about here again I'll wring your nose off. So he cleared out.

Well the Honourable Egbert Ruffle admired her so much for the strong way in which she had kicked the malefactor that he overlooked her being so common as to talk about wringing his nose off, and he said I don't mind a little commonness as I am so refined myself that it is a pleasant change, and my father Lord Ruffle is just the same, but my mother Lady Ruffle was only a laundress before he married her so she has to be more careful, now what would you give me if I persuaded her to call on you?

Well Mrs. Tentacle didn't believe in making herself too cheap, and she was beginning to think that she had hooked the Honourable Egbert Ruffle already, because he was almost ogling her as he was speaking, so she said well if your mother was a laundress I don't know that I want her to call on me, I am better than that myself, my father was a rate-collector and thought nothing of calling on Members of Parliament if they didn't pay up, excuse me I think I will go indoors now, I wasn't expecting to have to throttle somebody when I came out and I should like to sit down for a little and drink some whisky or brandy.

Well this sign of womanly weakness was just what was wanted to fan the Honourable Egbert Ruffle's feelings for Mrs. Tentacle into a flame, as he was just a shade feeble-minded, and he said politely lean on my arm madam.

So Mrs. Tentacle did that, though she didn't lean all of herself, and she was beginning to like him very much and didn't mind his being weedy because

he would be less trouble to manage if she married him. And by the time they got to Ormolu Towers she had told him how much money her husband had left her and that she couldn't bear spiders. And he had told her how many times he had been in love before and that he was Oxford in the boat-race. And they got on so well together that it was like knowing each other all their lives, and by the time they got to Ormolu Towers they were engaged.

Well Lady Ruffle made rather a fuss about it at first because Mrs. Tentacle was so common, but Lord Ruffle quite took to her and he said to Lady Ruffle she isn't nearly so common as you were when I married you, and Egbert is such a born fool, like all your relations, that she will be just the wife for him, honi soit qui mal y pense. And Lady Ruffle could never bear him to talk French to her because she didn't know any of it herself, so she gave in and made the best of it, and there was quite a grand wedding with plenty of confetti. And the doctor of the lunatic asylum gave Mrs. Tentacle away, and he told the Honourable Egbert Ruffle that he had got a wife in a thousand, and that he had never known anybody as good as she was at managing refractory patients and having her own way. A. M.

A SABBATH MORN.

Some extracts from the Sunday Press.

A MOTHER of ten has been stabbed in the back by a man;
The Hammers are doing their best to avert relegation;
My final selection for Kempton is FLASH IN THE PAN;
We call on MACDONALD to deal with the Fish Situation.

An elderly woman has bitten her grandfather's ear;
A cargo of lace was destroyed by a fire at the shippers';
Your trouble is goitre, so cut down your ration of beer;
An American magnate has just made a corner in kippers.

A bachelor judge has declared that men marry too much;
The principals all made a speech at the fall of the curtain;
JIM BLENKINSOP foiled his opponents with ease and found touch;
His prospect of winning the Derby is very uncertain.

A valuable clue has been placed in the hands of the Yard;
"There is definite cause for despair," says Lord Monty Megantic;
Two baronets' aunts have been murdered, one feathered and tarred;
A mill-girl from Wigan is training to swim the Atlantic.

You will find on page 20 a New Free Insurance—for YOU;
No news has arrived, and a horrible doubt has arisen;
A large hippopotamus swallowed a dog at the Zoo;
A Society host has been sentenced to five years in prison.

Twenty down—a Peruvian word (obsolete) meaning "squash";
He blackened my eyes and my character; she got abusive;
And who should I meet in the Park but Lord Bottle of Bosh?
Next week we shall publish the Strangler's confession (EXCLUSIVE).

The Sub-Editor Plays "Consequences."

"CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BEAT HUNSTANTON. The results were:—
BOBBY JONES LEAVES FOR ENGLAND."
Sunday Paper.

A Breathless Moment.

"The years seemed to fall from him like magic, and, striding to the window, he opened it and threw out his chest."—*Weekly Paper.*

Lucky for the years that they had already fallen from him or they might have been thrown out too.



Wife (to Husband). "'ERE, 'AROLD, COME AWAY FROM THAT IMIGE—MAKING A GROUP OF YERSELF!"



MANNERS AND MODES.

WE HEAR THAT THE LONG SKIRTS ARE TO BRING IN A REVIVAL OF THE "LANCERS." AT A RECENT REHEARSAL (WE LEARN FROM A DAILY PAPER) THE YOUNG GIRLS, "WHO LACK THE GRACE AND GRACIOUSNESS OF THEIR ELDERS," DID IT SO BADLY THAT LADY —— AND LADY —— HAD TO JUMP UP AND SHOW THEM—

THE ROAD-HOG.

"IF," began Uncle Henry, who had just returned from the first trip in his new car—"if I drove continuously at a fixed distance from the edge of the road and refused to pull in to the left to allow other people to pass me I should be accused of obstruction?"

"Undoubtedly," I said.

"Or, again," he continued, "if I wished to overtake someone ahead and, instead of going out to the right, hooted loudly until he moved out of my way, I should be looked upon as a public nuisance?"

"Very probably."

"Furthermore, if I would not draw in to the kerb to allow a passenger to alight, but stopped without warning in the middle of the road and expected other traffic to wait until he had strolled across to the footpath, my conduct would not be tolerated?"



HOW IT WAS DONE IN THEIR YOUNG DAYS.

Again I agreed.

"And I take it that the fault would be aggravated if I drove without a number plate, had no proper head-lights after dark and stamped continually on a large gong?"

This time he did not wait for an answer, but went on at an increasing rate.

"And, if my unspeakable behaviour were aggravated by defects in the deplorable vehicle with which I encumbered the road, I am sure that that would not extenuate the offence. And, if the so-called vehicle required a light railway track along the centre of the road on which to run, would I be allowed to lay it?"

"Certainly not," I said.

"And yet," he concluded with a triumphant gleam, "the trams do all these things and no one lifts a finger or says a word. Why?"

An Impending Apology.

"Miss Sandison, who is only just 19, has grown since last year. In patches her form was most impressive."—*Daily Paper.*

"Offers Wanted for Mixed Counts, Combed Egyptian, Gassed, and Plain."
Manchester Paper.

It sounds like a clearance of the late Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX'S stock-in-trade.



SITTING TIGHT.

BRITANNIA (*to Tiger*). "IN CASE YOU 'RE UNDER ANY MISAPPREHENSION, I AM NOT LIKE 'THE YOUNG LADY OF RIGA.' I PROPOSE TO RETURN FROM THIS RIDE WITH OUR RELATIVE POSITIONS UNCHANGED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 5th.—The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA has his hands full nowadays when his turn comes to be first on the Order Paper. Members to-day wanted to know all about it: Would GANDHI be a first-class prisoner? Would he be tried? What *had* been happening at Peshawar? and so on. It was left to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY to deplore any possible impression that the truth about India was being withheld. If such an impression existed, replied Mr. BENN a shade tartly, he hoped his hon. and gallant friend would do his best to correct it.

But India has other troubles besides GANDHI. Major GRAHAM POLE, who specialises in the Gorgeous East (and is not above being a bit gorgeous himself when the sartorial occasion arises), wanted to know what the Council of Agricultural Research was doing about locusts in India. Mr. BENN replied rather vaguely that at some time or another he seemed to have seen a report somewhere or other that a sub-committee had been appointed. What the SECRETARY OF STATE has on his mind is not *peochis* but *pandits*.

"The Affair of the Missing Courier" sounds more like a detective story than a subject for House of Commons' Questions. Mr. HENDERSON explained, to the obvious satisfaction of the House, that the missing courier from Cairo had arrived and negotiations over the proposed Egyptian treaty could now be resumed.

What with being badgered about Mexico's default to British bondholders to the tune of one-hundred-and-fifty million pounds, about Egypt and Russia, and the Saar Basin and Malta, it must have given Mr. HENDERSON quite a lot of pleasure to be reminded of a spot that he will not have to worry about much longer. Wei-Hai-Wei, he announced, will be handed back to China in October next, always supposing there is a Chinese Government knocking about for it to be handed back to.

Nothing has yet convinced Mr. BUXTON, who is none too quick on the uptake himself, that seals catch fish, and, unless Sir ROBERT HAMILTON borrows one from the Zoo and feeds herrings to it out of his top-hat, nothing ever will. Once more Sir ROBERT pleaded in vain that seals, like shirts, should be destroyed in the Wash, and then the House took up the subject of Air Transport Money Subsidies. Members showed a marked tendency to criticise the poverty of our national air enterprise and to suggest that better results would be achieved if civil aviation could be divorced from Air control. There was one bright particular star in this chorus of disagreement; while all the critics disagreed with something or other, Captain HAROLD BALFOUR disagreed with everything and everybody and said so. After that there was nothing to do but pass on to the Overseas Trade Bill. This let in Mr. A. M. SAMUEL. If he does not get that £150,000,000 out of Mexico it will not be for want of trying.



Gaily the Troubadour touched his guitar
As he was hastening home from the war,
Singing, "From Fulham (West) hither I come;
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home!"

SIR CYRIL COBB.

Tuesday, May 6th.—Led by LORD NEWTON, Conservative peers assailed the granting of diplomatic immunity to the Soviet Trade Delegation without any guarantee in return to abstain from the propagation of their gospel and in spite of their previous abuse of such privileges.

LORD PONSONBY tried to brush aside the Arcos raid as a political farce, only to be pounced on by LORD BRENTFORD and smitten hip and thigh with the testimony of Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS. A more useful defence was opposed by LORD PARMOOR, who pointed out, reasonably enough, that all the propagating the Bolsheviks aimed to do could as well be done through their Embassy as through the trade delegation. Three diplomatically immune persons outside the Embassy would not help them much.

In the Commons Mr. GRAHAM came in for some sprightly heckling *à propos* of the German Reichstag's new tariff wall against Poland. The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE is never very happy in his efforts to convince the House that the Tariff Truce Convention is not injurious to this country's interests. On this occasion his reply to Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, that he had made it plain at Geneva that it was not the policy of this country to embark on a Protectionist policy, was a little unfortunate. Had he been aware of how West Fulham was going to vote Mr. GRAHAM might have given a more thoughtful reply.

Mr. SNOWDEN is always inclined to be a bit peppery when his *rôle* of financial strong man is questioned, and to have it questioned by Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS seemed to give the offence an added sting. It was with an obvious effort of self-control that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER explained how the British share of the forthcoming Reparations loan came to be so much less than the Spa percentages.

The irritation persisted but did not prevent the CHANCELLOR from putting up a vigorous defence of his Budget Resolutions. It culminated in an exchange of acidulities between Mr. SNOWDEN and Mr. CHURCHILL, each charging the other with breach of faith in respect to some mysterious arrangement as to business negotiated between the Whips and each protesting that never, never would he trust the other again.

Wednesday, May 7.—Lord SALISBURY asked the Government to say a few well-chosen words about India; but all that Lord RUSSELL could tell the House was that the Government had as yet "had no general appreciation of the situation" from the Government of India. "Appreciation" hardly seems the *mot juste* for what Lord IRWIN must recognize as India's reply to his conciliatory advances.

Thereupon their Lordships passed with extensive view from the East Indies to the West Indies, from GANDHI's attempts to make salt to Mr. SNOWDEN's determined efforts to unmake sugar. Lord PLYMOUTH urged the Government not wantonly to destroy the West Indian sugar industry.

Once more Lord PASSFIELD waved ineffective hands and said that, should the West Indian sugar industry show unmistakable signs of becoming extinct, the Government would have to consider what should be done. This cheerful promise to put a lock on the stable door after the horse had been stolen roused Lord OLIVIER to fresh outbursts of indignant protest, in which, heedless of Liberal frowns, he denounced Lord PASSFIELD's speech as a "panegyric of cheapness," and declared that Free Trade was "an invention of Manchester manufacturers to advance mass production."

In the Commons Members showed more satisfaction on learning that they would be given a joy-ride in the R100 or R101 in July than it did with the report on the situation in India read to it by Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN. On the other hand the House cheered loudly the SECRETARY FOR INDIA's graceful tribute to the officers and men engaged in the difficult task of maintaining law and order in the disturbed areas and not less his expression of the Government's confidence in the VICEROY.

The question of the distribution of Bolshevik propaganda to soldiers and others was also raised, and drew from Mr. CLYNES in his reply the rather astonishing statement that "Communist literature was less abundant now than before the Labour Party came into office." On the other hand it differed from that issued when the Conservatives were in power, only, said Mr. CLYNES, in containing "a little more unrestrained vituperation of the Labour Government."

Thursday, May 8th.—It is a peculiarity of British politics that the task of calling the Ministerial kettle black is usually undertaken by some equally sable pot of the Opposition. That being the convention the slight irritation felt on hearing a politician upbraiding his successor for doing what he failed to do himself has to be discounted. All the same it was a little unfortunate that Lord BRIDGEMAN, in assailing the Government's share in the London Naval Treaty, should have found no cause for satisfaction save in the fact that all the delegates showed the greatest good temper and friendliness.



Buttons (*Sir OSWALD MOSLEY*). "IF THE GUV'NOR CONTINUES TO BEHAVE IN THIS MANNER I SHALL REALLY HAVE TO THINK OF GIVING NOTICE."

It may not have been Lord BRIDGEMAN's fault, but the Geneva Naval Conference had no such happy experience. The substance of his argument was that the London Treaty did not give this country an adequate allowance of cruisers. Lord CARSON frankly bemoaned our lost mastery of the seas, but did not mention where the money was to come from to maintain it. Lord READING praised the Treaty. Lord CARSON had said that he objected to being dictated to by America. Lord READING objected to the Government being dictated to on Naval affairs by the Admiralty.



The Bridge Builder (*Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON*). "FIRST THE CHARING CROSS SCHEME BROKE DOWN, AND NOW MINE HAS TO GO."

Lord JELLICOE deplored the effect of disarmament on the Navy's personnel. Lord WESTER-WEMYSS said we should have left America out of our calculations and confined our attention to Europe; and Lord PARMOOR argued that the Treaty was a far, far better thing than the previous Government had ever done.

In the Commons Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON very briefly announced that the Anglo-Egyptian Conference was definitely "off." The Opposition did not conceal its satisfaction or some of the Government's supporters their chagrin.

Mr. HANNON drew the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE's attention to the resolution of the Birmingham Anglers' Association to the effect that river pollution is sadly curtailing the supply of "whoppers"; and Mr. ROSBOTHAM invited him to make regulations for grading and marking shellfish. "But not on us," the oysters said. . . . The idea of having third-class winkles and C3 lobsters did not seem to appeal to Mr. BUXTON.

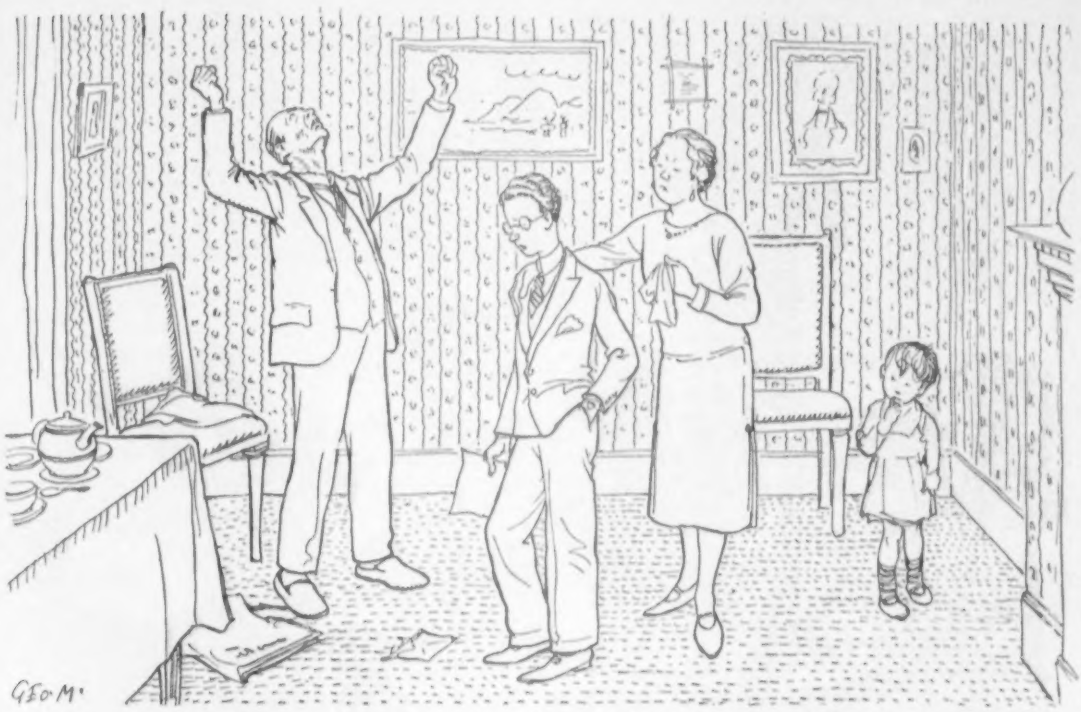
At the end of private business Sir CYRIL COBB, looking every inch a Crusader, took his seat amid the loud cheers of the Opposition and a chorus of "Glory, Hallelujah!"

Mr. GRAHAM then moved the Second Reading of his Consumers' Council Bill. He made out a strong case for doing something, pointing out that eightpennorth of codfish is bought at the port of landing for 1·66*d.*, while for 2/2*d.* worth of milk the farmer has received 1/1*d.* He was less successful in showing that the Bill will enable the consumer to get as good an article as at present for less money, and the view of Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, who was not so tergiversational as usual, that the Bill was the apotheosis of bureaucracy, seemed to hit the mark.

The Second Reading was carried and the Bill sent to Committee upstairs.

". . . his ideas for the settings of the Command performance have been suggested by the music of Debussy's 'Afternoon on a Farm.'"—*Portsmouth Paper.*

We wonder what he would make of DVOŘÁK's "Next-World Symphony."



POIGNANT DOMESTIC SCENE. THE HOPE OF HIS FAMILY IS SENT DOWN BY HIS CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.

"NOTHING CAN LIVE WITH YOU."

I INVITE the attention of the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT and all the other optimistic opponents of speed-limits to a cheery little leaflet which advertises the "—— 'Special' car, Hottest —— '7' on the Road. A Snappy Sports—With a Guaranteed Seventy." (The italics, later, are mine.)

"There are many 'Baby' Cars that look like speed, but few have any real performance.

"The —— Special has none of the appearance or the action of a small car, but (*sic*) it creates in the driver's mind the perfect illusion of a big Sports 'bus.'

"Its cornering is amazing. You can jerk the wheel at 45 miles per hour without rolling. You can take a main road bend at 35 miles per hour with your foot on the gas without overturning or even momentary 'wind-up.'

* * * * *

"*If you would get your thrills inexpensively, drive a —— Special and nothing can live with you on the road.*"

Frank, you must confess.

I am not a difficult man; I only want to remain alive. It is, perhaps, an old-fashioned point of view. But there are more than forty million people who use the roads of the United Kingdom, and less than one million of them own private motor-cars. I am not a difficult man; but ought the roads to be regarded as places where less than one in forty of the population can *get inexpensive thrills*? *The Motor*, I know, thinks I am a difficult man; but what does *The Motor* think about this? The death-rate is rising steadily. Each of the last two quarters has broken all previous records.

But I must not speak of that or I shall be accused of being prejudiced against motorists; for *The Motor* will not believe that one is anxious for motorists also to remain alive. Perhaps, after all, I am an ignorant fellow; but is it desirable in the interests of other motorists to take even a main road bend "at 35 miles per hour with your foot on the gas," even though you yourself are delightfully free from "even momentary wind-up"? I suppose that in all fatal accidents the drivers were free from "even momentary wind-up" until a few seconds before they were torn to pieces or burned to death.

This, I know, is only an advertisement, and perhaps an exceptional one; but I have seen a good many nearly as frank and funny; and they have been increasing ever since it was announced that there was to be no speed-limit. Also it seems to my tired old eyes that the speed of motors has increased, as the fatal accidents have—but I must not mention that. The experts tell us that it is quite absurd to suppose that motors in general will travel faster when there is no speed-limit, and of course they know better than I do. But the writers of these advertisements do not seem to agree with them. They seem to think that there are drivers who want a guaranteed seventy and desire to get inexpensive thrills by amazing cornering with their feet on the gas. I don't want to be difficult, but I believe they are right; and I believe there are more such drivers than there were; and I believe there will be still more; because we have now canonised Speed, and we have acquitted Speed of any share in the rare "fatalities" on our roads. Nor do we give knighthoods to people who drive very safely; we reserve them for those who drive very fast. So I do not blame any young man who thinks that the main thing is that he should be able to corner at thirty-five with his foot on the gas and without even momentary wind-up in a motor-car with which "nothing can live on the road."

Indeed, I see now that I have been a difficult old dodderer upon this subject. Here and now I recant my heretical views, and here and now I express the true faith: "The English roads are the



Big Sister. "MUMMY, BABY GETS LOWER-CLASSER AND LOWER-CLASSER EVERY DAY."

safest place in the world. It is the speed of motor-cars which makes them safe. And the greater the speed of motor-cars the safer will everybody be."

And if the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT would care to see this jolly little leaflet I should be happy to send it to him.

A. P. H.

Mahatmas at Play.

"MR. GANDHI IN GOAL."
Birmingham Paper.

"FOR SALE.—Live Perak Tigers. One pair full grown, at fair price. Apply Birdshop, 92, Hugh Low St., Ipoh."—*Advt. in Straits Paper.*

Canary-fanciers are advised to examine their purchases before leaving the shop.

"The Hampton (U.S.A.) Institute was founded in 1868 to educate newly-fried slaves."
Sunday Paper.

If it had been founded earlier, many of them might have known enough to keep out of the frying-pan.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: No, Angela, the "hip-slapping" party recently organised by the New York Prohibition agents is not related to a new process of slimming. Its object was to reduce the spirit, not the flesh.

LINES

ON THE ORIGIN, GROWTH AND DECLINE OF THE ENGLISH COTTON INDUSTRY, COUPLED WITH A FURTHER ADJURATION TO CONTINUE THE GOOD WORK COMMENCED LAST WEEK IN THE PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN ON BEHALF OF COTTON. COMPILED IN THE BELIEF (NOT TO SAY THE CERTAINTY) THAT THE NEW POET LAUREATE WILL SHIRK THIS EXTREMELY IMPORTANT NATIONAL TASK.

THERE is a grace in cotton,
A beauty and a pride
Which shall not be forgotten,
Which may not be denied.

Though Cotton Week is over,
Beneath my cotton vest
I am a cotton lover
Who cannot let it rest.

Silk and the brede of wool,
The patient camel's hair,
Earth has made beautiful
And given to men to wear.

But lovelier to my mind
Than weft of creatures dumb,
Out of the seed-pod's rind
She has made cotton come!

The First Man looked and saw
The vegetable boon,
But left it lying raw
Beneath the barbarous noon.

None was there yet to know
How, fraught with urgent fate,
This stuff was calico
In the unwoven state.

But the high cataract
And the green whispering woods
Knew it to be in fact
Ordained for textile goods.

(I cannot say how springs
And forests have this wont
Of understanding things
That common persons don't.

But so it was.) Came dreams,
Came human intellect;
The woods, the mountain-streams,
Proved perfectly correct.

Time with its gift of tears
Rolled on. 'Neath India's sun
And China's, it appears,
Cotton was ginned and spun,

Till East by West was taught;
Dauntless, alert and cool,
ARKWRIGHT arose and wrought
His patent spinning-mule.

This curious machine
That moves the strands along
Has not, I fancy, been
Hymned in our island song.

Ah, would that various circs
Did not prevent my quill
From stating how it works!
Some time, perhaps, I will.

Nor must I write, though fain,
On futures and on shorts,
Nor clog the advancing strain
With brokerage reports.

Enough that all went well;
Cotton from England jumped
To heights past parallel,
Then by ill-fortune slumped.

(From the First Man, who spied
In distant ages gone
The seed-pod's burst inside,
How far we have got on!)

Still, with unfaltering speed
I strike the impetuous strings
To emphasise the need
For cotton underthings.

No patriot shall desert,
Whilst I have lungs to spare,
The use of cotton shirt
For morn and evening wear.

No maid of all this isle,
On river, lawns and locks
Shall seem so well to smile
As when in muslin frocks.

Cotton be round about
Our beds, our boards, our seats,
Present in every clout,
Imperative for sheets.

On poor man's chimney-stack,
On rich man's castle-roof
Hoist we the Union Jack
Of genuine cotton woof!

Shed pearly tears for Cotton
Till her industrial griefs
In gladness are forgotten
Through sales of handkerchiefs!

Cotton, the bald brow cover
That needs at noon repose;
Cotton, when suns are over,
Be near the afflicted nose!

EVOE.

Le Mot Utterly Juste.

"But the craze for originality goes to such fearful lengths—like belts with watches in them, which I find hard to stomach. . . ."
Sunday Paper.

"Mrs. McPherson is accompanied by her daughter and 64 followers."—*Evening Paper.*
Her afternoons out must be crowded affairs.



Professor (for once remembering his wife asked him to buy something). "LET ME SEE—I WANT A YARD OF—OR TWO YARDS—WELL, ONE OR TWO YARDS OF—ER—NO DOUBT YOU 'LL KNOW—IT 'S SOMETHING WOMEN BUY YARDS OF."

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR JOLIMENT,—I must tell you of an odd experience I had last week. On the Wednesday I went to the New Gallery to take a seat for a talking film. It doesn't matter what; they are all the same in London now: either back-stage life or crook life and full of "S.A." The girl in the box-office made the necessary blue-pencil additions to the ticket with her left hand. "Do you always write with your left hand?" I asked her. "Always," she said. "Ever since I was a child." Later in the day I went to the Empire, which, when you left England, was a theatre but is now given up to the films, to take a ticket there, and again the ticket was filled in by the girl with her left hand. I told her about the girl at the New Gallery and asked if it was an essential accomplishment in order to get the post; but she said No.

Generalising from the particular is such a luxury to the poor writer that it is with difficulty that I do not affirm that



TENSE MOMENTS IN SUBURBIA.

THE NEW MEMBERS APPROPRIATE NO. 1 COURT.

all girls in film theatre box-offices write with their left hand. Almost justifiable, don't you think?

Since those last few words were put to paper with my flowing right I have spent several minutes in the effort to transcribe them with an infirm and reluctant left and have made a sad mess of it. My left when grasping the pen refuses to move—there is an unbridgable gulf between it and the brain—but that such a want of co-operation can be overcome is proved by the experience of one of the most illustrious of living authors and septuagenarians, who during an attack of arthritis in his right arm about ten years ago taught himself to use his left and has since never reverted to the other side. We have had no more *Little Ministers* or *Admirable Crichtons*, it is true, but there may be other reasons for that.

So far as I can ascertain, the new Australian team has but one left-hander, and that is HORNIBROOK, the bowler. This is an unusually small proportion of Benjamite leaven and makes me regret CLEM HILL the more acutely. LINDRUM, whom I saw performing marvels during this past winter, is left-handed until the situation demands the use of his right, when he can be accurate and heart-breaking with that too. But one of the most remarkable instances of ambidexterity that I ever heard of was LANDSEER'S gift of drawing, for she amusement of his friends, at one and the same time a stag's head with his left hand and with the other the head of a horse. Nothing but the absence of a third hand can have deprived his friends of a dog's head too.

I am told by those who know that, if parents, nurses and schoolmasters had the time and cared anything about the result, everyone could be as ambidextrous as LANDSEER, if not so talented, or as WILLIAM YARDLEY, the Kentish amateur, who, when tired of bowling with his right arm, used to bowl with his left.

Another temptation to generalise from the particular came to me the other evening when at a literary gathering I met two London journalists each with a black patch over his right eye. These were not the result of a personal encounter between the two, but of some ocular malady. A further coincidence is that they were both named James or Jimmy. Should I be entitled to say that all men with black patches over their right eyes are London journalists named James or Jimmy? Very tempting.

The change in the Poet Laureateship reminds me of one of the best-known and most spirited poems by Lord TENNYSON—the ballad of "The Revenge." You will remember that the narrative tells how Sir RICHARD GREVILLE defeated the Spanish. Well, there is a steward on one of the boats of a line running between England and the Argentine who used to take part in the concert on each voyage. His special gift was recitation and his stock piece was "The Revenge," which he rendered with so much dramatic intensity that one didn't know where to look. When he came to the couplet—

> "I will hang those dogs of Seville,
> The children of the devil,"

his venomous rancour and determination nearly carried him over the side. I know, because I have heard him.

But he recites this ballad no more, the reason being that one of the passengers complained to the captain that the lines were "offensive to Spain and to those of Spanish descent." TENNYSON, with all his poet's vision, could never have foreseen that. E. V. L.

INCREDIBLE.

I HAD forgotten how lovely the Spring is;
I had forgotten—how foolish was I!—
The sparkle of little green leaves on the branches,
The rapturous marriage of blossom and sky.

I had forgotten how lovely the Spring is
(Oh! but the Winter was solemn and drear);
Brand me a dullard, brand me a dotard;
I had forgotten the lilac, my dear.

R. F.

"—— College succeeded in turning the tables on their opponents in the subsequent table tennis tournament."—*Welsh Paper.*

Is this quite ping-pong?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SILENT WITNESS" (COMEDY).

The Silent Witness, by JACK DE LEON and JACK CELESTIN, is a good straight crime novelette, according to the good old moral formula—outraged innocence protected, noble self-sacrifice tried in the fire and rescued, villainy appropriately and inevitably laid by the heels. The story is well told, the suspense ingeniously maintained, and no too great strain placed upon our credulity.

The outraged innocent is young *Anthony Howard* (Mr. ROBERT HARRIS), romantically in love with the bad young woman, *Doreen Smith* (Miss MARGERY BINNER), who is of the type that battens shamelessly on callow honourable youth. *Anthony* provides a flat and such casual open cheques as an indulgent and unbusiness-like father hands him from time to time. Forbidden fruits, however, being not to his taste, he pleads for marriage and the right always to be near to protect his beloved, share her troubles and so forth. His parents at Finchley (with whom he should now be sitting in the stalls of the Princess's Theatre) will welcome her with open arms, he fondly asserts. *Doreen*—we agreeing—thinks this unlikely. To them enters unexpectedly a most unpleasant young man. The husband! "How could you?" says *Anhony*, and, having masterfully ordered the husband out of the flat, goaded by the taunts of the now unmasked *Doreen*, who has incidentally torn his latest cheque across and flung the two halves in his face—a satisfying if unlikely gesture—he proceeds to strangle her, and rushes away, carelessly leaving his pocket-book and the mangled cheque to make it easy for *Inspector Robbins*. The silent witness, by the way, was a burglar, interrupted in his work and concealed behind the curtain during this diverting scene.

It is midnight in the Finchley villa. Poor *Anthony*, having made his dreadful confession, has been sent to bed. His father (Mr. MALCOLM KEEN) will deal with the situation; after all, thinks the good simple man, we have a perfect alibi; we were all at the theatre together. Carefully burning the unused ticket and putting the ashes under the sofa cushion (we thought this was to be a further helpful clue, but it wasn't) he is ready for the *Inspector*.

We next see him on trial nobly accepting the position of the lover of the murdered woman but relying on the theatre alibi for his acquittal on the capital charge. He had never noticed that each ticket is crossed off on a form by the attendant, nor did he know that, besides this check, the surrendered halves are bundled together and kept by the management. *Sir John Lawson, K.C.* (Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON), for the prisoner, tries to look as if he hadn't lost his verdict; *Mr. Drinton* (Mr. VICTOR LEWISOHN), for the prosecution, drives home his points relentlessly. The attempt of young *Anthony* to make a confession in court is thwarted by the stern judge, when at the last moment the silent witness can keep silent no longer and an effective curtain leaves us to guess what course the trial is to take; to guess, because the silent witness has seen more than we have seen and more than it is discreet for me to divulge.



THE PERFECT MOTHER.

Anthony. "I'VE KILLED A WOMAN!"
Fond Mother. "NEVER MIND, MY BOY; IT'S A THING THAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO ANY OF US. DADDY AND I WILL SEE WHAT'S BEST TO BE DONE ABOUT IT."

Austin Howard . . . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Anthony Howard . . . . . MR. ROBERT HARRIS.
Mary Howard . . . . . MISS MARIE LÖHR.

In a final scene at Scotland Yard, prisoner, his wife and son, the burglar and the villain are all collected together—a procedure which I feel sure was exceedingly irregular not to say impossible. Indeed I fancy the authors had some misgivings, for did not *Inspector Robbins* say that he had mentioned the matter to the Home Office and they obligingly said that it would be all right? However, ingenious authors may reasonably claim, I suppose, some liberties in the working of their complicated pattern if they contrive to entertain us so intelligently.

Mr. MALCOLM KEEN and Mr. ROBERT HARRIS made us feel the agony of their position. I thought that Miss MARIE LÖHR (*Anthony's* mother) took it a little too lightly, at any rate in the moment of the boy's confession. Mr. WALLACE GEOFFREY most cleverly made for us the kind of thoroughly offensive villain that clamoured to be kicked.

A brilliant and in the circumstances forgivably overstressed little portrait of a taxi-driver by Mr. HAROLD SCOTT and one of a theatre attendant by Mr. SAXON-SNELL agreeably mitigated the solemnity of the trial. I doubt if prosecuting counsel would have been so uniformly truculent as Mr. LEWISOHN, who showed no gleam of human sympathy when cross-examining so unhappy (and so comely) a lady as *Mrs. Howard*. T.



THE WITNESS WHO WAS NOT SILENT.

Mr. Justice Bond . . . . . MR. WALTER SCHOFIELD.
Henry Hammer . . . . . MR. HAROLD SCOTT.

IRRELEVANT ATMOSPHERICS.

[Sir EDGAR SANDERS, a witness before the Royal Licensing Commission, in reply to a question from Mr. A. SHERWELL, said that if you introduced the atmosphere of the Athenæum into an ordinary working-class club you would close it at once.]

MUST we assume that members of a club
Of working-men would be asphyxiated
By borrowing from London's cerebral hub
The "atmosphere" which it has generated?
Or that frequenters of a decent pub
Would be infallibly contaminated
By the peculiar and unique aroma
Alleged to cause a state of chronic coma?

'Tis an old fable dating from an age
When someone christened it the Megatherium—
A home of human fossils—in the stage
When naught is heard above a faint and dreary hum—
Hermetically sealed within a cage
Like so much mummified *Patum peperium*,
Potted cadavers waiting in cold storage
For export by the means of Charon's carage.

And yet, although the members of that day
Were not exactly riotous or rowdy,
Their conversation was alert and gay,
Nor could you call a club austere or dowdy
Where THACKERAY gave his wit and fancy play
And TROLLOPE "executed" *Mrs. Proudie*,
Where there were *noctes et cœnæ deorum*
With DICKENS as *magister poculorum*.

These ancient glories let us not forget,
Nor plague their present state with Parker's nose,
Since it is contrary to club etiquette
The secrets of the prison-house to disclose.
And *Punch*, who likes to think they are not yet
Extinct or stifled by effete repose,
Regards as baseless and impertinent slanders
The cruel comments of Sir EDGAR SANDERS. C. L. G.

THE EMERGENCY "DIAL"; OR, THE TELEPHONE-BELLE.

WE do not commonly associate conspicuous initiative and resource with certain Government departments, but, in view of the recent startling experience which befell Eustace Digby, a young man who tried to telephone from a cabinet connected to a London Exchange (which we will call Sandboy), we may perhaps revise some of our preconceived notions regarding the drabness of officialdom.

The telephone in question was automatic, and Eustace was imperfectly acquainted with the dialling system. After about half-an-hour's ineffectiveness, he suddenly burst out of the cabinet foaming and spluttering, taxied straight to the Sandboy Exchange, sprang violently from the cab and entered the building in a fume.

An office-boy noticed him belabouring the closed partition of the cubby-hole marked "Inquiries" and fearlessly engaged him in conversation. Was he, the office-boy, justified in supposing that there was some complaint to be made?

At which Eustace hissed savagely at him, "Fetch me the Supervisor, fetch me the Supervisor, you silly little ass!" and was with difficulty persuaded to step into an ante-room and compose himself until such time as Someone in Authority appeared.

A slight delay only served to add fuel to the flames of his fury, so that comparatively soon there was engendered in the bosom of Eustace an absolutely volcanic passion.

Then the door opened and into the ken of the angry young man there swam, or floated, a dream of beauty, a vision of radiant loveliness, a Peach.

So fair a face, such perfection of feature and form, Eustace Digby had never hitherto been privileged to see.

"Oo!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"Have you a complaint to make?" murmured a gently-lisping voice.

"Well, I—that is—I, in fact—complaint, no, certainly not," stammered the young man, so thoroughly abashed by the proximity of so lovely a girl, whose pleading mouth and limpid eyes might have melted a man of stone, that he became practically bereft of speech.

Was there, inquired the Peach, some point on which he desired to be informed?

N-no; Eustace did not think that there was.

Was he, she asked, quite certain that there was no complaint to be made?

Whereupon Eustace, in a sudden access of courage, admitted laughingly that he *had* had a little bother with the telephone, but that, of course, was all over now, and his fault anyway.

"You see," he explained, "it was an automatic telephone, and I—I'm clumsy with my fingers—a'ways was, you know—and—oh, well, there it is."

"It's all according to what you've been accuthtomed to," cooed the Peach with grave kindliness, and before long Eustace was so utterly appeased by her beauty and sweetness that when she had gone so far as to lisp prettily that she was "Thorry he had been troubled" he thought that never had such exquisite pearls fallen from such exquisite lips, and being of a singularly susceptible nature he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels until he found himself outside on the pavement gazing sheepishly at the building which sheltered his divinity.

That was the end of Eustace's little complaint.

As for the Peach, after uttering the one word "Thoppy," she returned to the duties to which she had been expressly appointed for the purpose of assuaging wrath by the charm of her voice when at the switchboard and of her face also when away from it.

And the moral, should you feel disposed to question the ethics of the situation, would seem to be that Fair Exchange is No Robbery. WOON.

The Original Sinanthrope.

To distinguish it from the Pithekanthropus, the skull of the fossil man of Peking, recently exhibited to the Geological Society of China, has been called Sinanthropus, in allusion to its discovery among the Sinae, or ancient Chinese. The forthcoming Lambeth Conference will therefore be wrong if it concludes that Science has paid a delicate compliment to Orthodoxy by accepting the doctrine of Original Sin.

Tongues of Fire.

"Miss Evelyn Laye is back from America. She has returned to us pleasantly sun-burned with American slang."—*Daily Paper.*

"Mr. James Farley, chairman of the New York Commission, has informed Reuter's correspondent that there is little doubt that his body will permanently ban Carnera from appearing in any ring in New York."—*Daily Paper.*

We think his friends should buy him a concrete waistcoat.

"London's maximum temperature had dropped from 67 deg. on April 1 to 46 deg. on April 5, and it was shown that evidence from many similar occurrences in the past was strongly in favour of the thermometer making an excursion into the seventies before the end of the month in the south of England."—*Daily Chronicle.*

We take this to mean that they thought it was going to be hot.



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

THE CRUSADER.

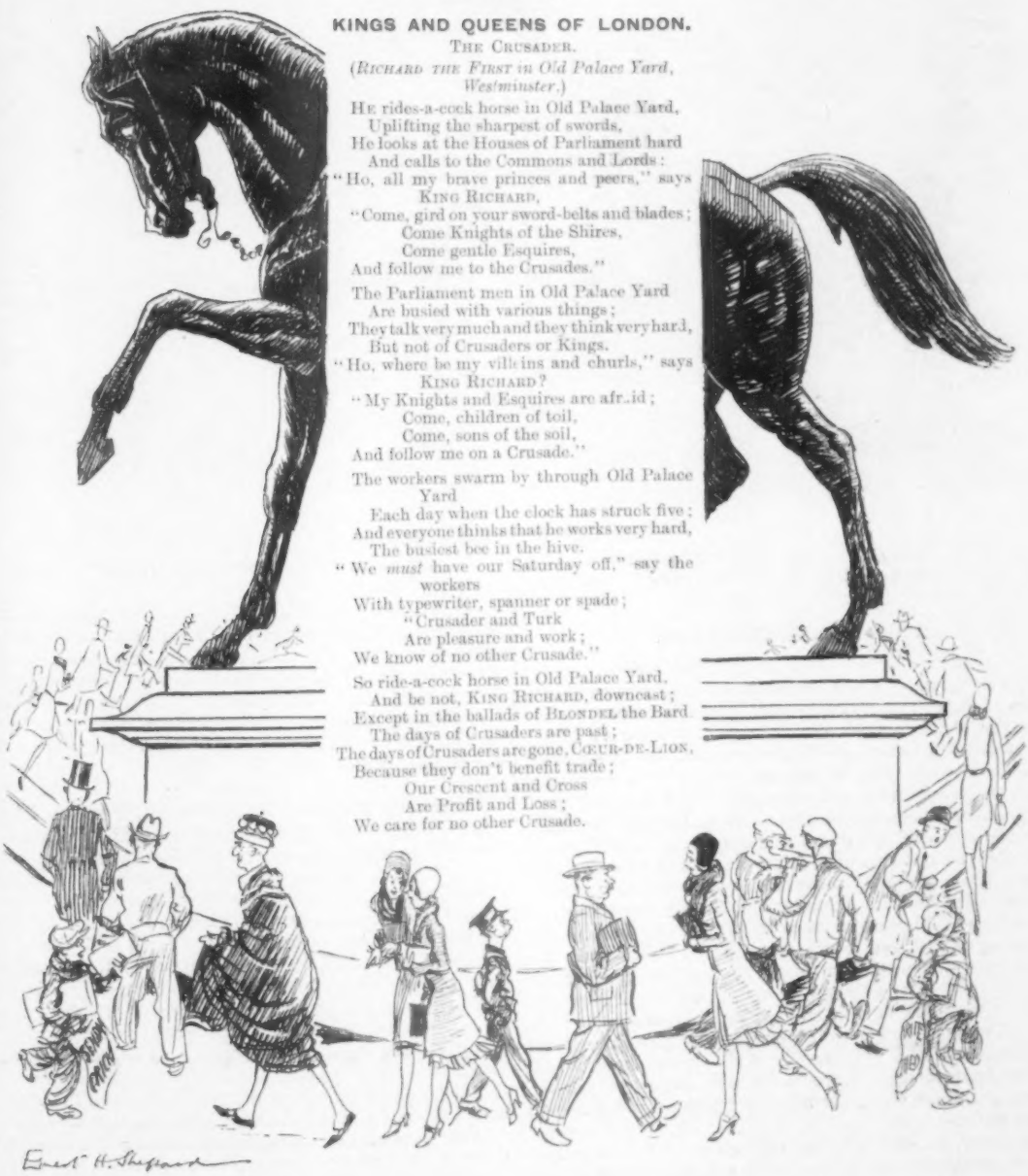
(*Richard the First in Old Palace Yard, Westminster.*)

He rides-a-cock horse in Old Palace Yard,
Uplifting the sharpest of swords,
He looks at the Houses of Parliament hard
And calls to the Commons and Lords:
"Ho, all my brave princes and peers," says King Richard,
"Come, gird on your sword-belts and blades;
Come Knights of the Shires,
Come gentle Esquires,
And follow me to the Crusades."

The Parliament men in Old Palace Yard
Are busied with various things;
They talk very much and they think very hard,
But not of Crusaders or Kings.
"Ho, where be my villeins and churls," says King Richard?
"My Knights and Esquires are afraid;
Come, children of toil,
Come, sons of the soil,
And follow me on a Crusade."

The workers swarm by through Old Palace Yard
Each day when the clock has struck five;
And everyone thinks that he works very hard,
The busiest bee in the hive.
"We *must* have our Saturday off," say the workers
With typewriter, spanner or spade;
"Crusader and Turk
Are pleasure and work;
We know of no other Crusade."

So ride-a-cock horse in Old Palace Yard,
And be not, King Richard, downcast;
Except in the ballads of Blondel the Bard
The days of Crusaders are past;
The days of Crusaders are gone, Cœur-de-Lion,
Because they don't benefit trade;
Our Crescent and Cross
Are Profit and Loss;
We care for no other Crusade.





WHERE OUR BATSMEN ARE MEN.

Bowler. "'ADN'T WE BETTER CHUCK IT NAH, NOBBY? I CAN'T SEE THE BALL UNTIL IT 'S 'IT ME."
Die-hard Batsman. "GARN! YER GOT TO STICK IT—THE MOON 'LL BE AHT SOON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ON his "positively last appearance" at a book auction—it was at SOTHEBY'S in 1921—Mr. HUGH WALPOLE carried from the stricken field *The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 30/-). A selection from these twenty-three quarto volumes has now been edited by Mr. WILFRED PARTINGTON, with the design, as Mr. WALPOLE gracefully explains, of exhibiting the noble integrity of SCOTT and the amusing multifariousness of his age. Letters intrinsically important have been printed whole; those of merely casual interest have been occasionally curtailed; all are helpfully annotated; and the result is a volume of high importance and still higher fascination. Grouping follows subject-matter, and Mr. PARTINGTON has heroically refrained from compiling a fat chapter on "Spongers." So the ETTRICK SHEPHERD clamours for cash under "Poets," BENJAMIN HAYDON enjoys a section to himself, CHARLES LAMB begging for GODWIN and GODWIN on his own behalf crop up elsewhere, and blue-stockings appeal for the sponsorship of their literary bantlings *passim*. Great men figure characteristically in a small way: BYRON builds a little cutter at Genoa; WORDSWORTH bides his opportunity to kick Mr. JEFFERAY (*sic*). But excellent entertainment is to be got out of the minor satellites, who send material for the next book—dubious Napoleonic history, folk-lore for some future *Old Mortality*—and forward a series of capital after-dinner stories for a correspondent never backward in appreciating them. SCOTT might and did summarize his own life in the headlines "Under-valued . . . Getting forward . . . Broken hearted," but through neglect, stress and defeat he indomitably preserved his still communicable zest in it.

The *Letters of Prince Von Bülow* (HUTCHINSON, 24/-) are noteworthy not mainly because they deal once more with some of the eruptions into world-politics of an All-Highest who feared to be found a thing of no importance in the judgment of history, but rather because they illustrate with peculiar force that ill-feeling towards this country which lay behind the building of the German fleet. With such repeated denials of this hostility do VON BÜLOW and his master fill their despatches that they seem to be burying even out of their own sight an enmity which none the less is a primary axiom definitely governing their policy. Only once, in a scathing letter by VON METTERNICH, is the pretence boldly torn aside. For the rest, these papers evoke sympathy for the gentleman who, having attained the summit of ambition, finds that, in language of Oriental abasement, he has to correct the Imperial and Royal aberrations of a sovereign who with equal facility sends picture-postcards or threatens suicide to secure compliance with his wishes; and the spectacle is the more piteous because the CHANCELLOR in a

maze of tortuous diplomatic intrigues is himself visibly floundering with ponderous inadequacy. His letters convey more impression of flexibility than of fixed principle, though his desire for peace is genuine enough, provided peace carries with it the spoils of victory. "In international relations," he says, "right and wrong are of particular importance when the wrong-doer is not strong enough to over-ride all his opponents." He could hardly have expressed himself—the whole of himself—more neatly.

Perusing Mr. S. M. ELLIS's third selection of *The Hardman Papers* (CONSTABLE, 21/-) I am surprised to find how much of the tun-bellied three-tier-chinned spirit of the aboriginal Georgian magistrate could survive in the mid-Victorian, and I rather agree with Mr. ELLIS, whose ample and pleasantly opinionative notes make no bones about the matter, that Sir WILLIAM HARDMAN and the "nice circle" he gathered round him at Norbiton Hall in the 'sixties were not quite so nice as they thought themselves. Maintaining in public the most pious sentiments of aversion from such unpopular novelties as SWINBURNE's *Poems and Ballads*, their conversation "when the ladies had gone" dealt mainly with the dreariest *facetiæ*. There is not a single good story to be culled from Sir WILLIAM's repertoire, and his glances at his contemporaries are chiefly remarkable for the annotative scope they give his editor. Yet the character of the merry knight—he sat for FRITH's "Henry VIII." and looks the part to a T—emerges with fascinating completeness from his letters and journals. We see him dismissing vagrants to the House of Correction. We see him selling hot-house strawberries at half-a-crown an ounce. He wages a fierce but losing vendetta against the church-bells that jangle his wife's nerves. He escorts her to a Parisian theatre to see the French "surpassing themselves in indelicacy." He backs up the South, cock-fighting, *Papalini*, Governor EYRE and Cambridge when Oxford always wins the boat-race. And his period sees the dawn of the characteristic felicities of ours: Australian corned-beef, rock-gardens and Trade Union intimidation. Watching him record these *memorabilia*, while the moths singed in the gas-light drop down on to his manuscript, I wholeheartedly admit his admonitory value in the Englishman's National Portrait Gallery.

White Maa's Saga was a good book, and *Poet's Pub* (CAPE, 7/6), though in quite a different manner, is equally good. Curiously enough—for titles nowadays are apt to be misleading—it is about a poet who keeps a pub, or, if you prefer it that way, about a pub kept by a poet. And, whatever the quality of *Saturday Keith's* poetry may be, the "Downy Pelican" at Downish (somewhere, I gather, in middle England) is a very superior pub indeed, boasting a cook who can serve up an Elizabethan banquet and a barman who invents cocktails in two distinct shades of blue—a colour hitherto only potable in London milk. Moreover, the company which gathers there is worthy of such noble fare, though it is two persons who are not what they seem—a red-haired chambermaid and a bespectacled American bibliopole—whose ambiguous activities transform what begins as a comedy of conversation, a little after the Huxleyan style, into something equally comic but more exciting—a wild and wildgoose chase in which no fewer than four cars are involved. The whole thing is an excellent entertainment, for Mr. ERIC LINKLATER has ingenuity, high spirits and a pretty wit.



English Visitor (bursting into vernacular). "YON'S A BONNY WEE BURRN!"
Scottish Shepherd. "QUITE A DECENT LITTLE STREAM."

To the lives of the sea-venturers of the past—DRAKE, HUDSON, RALEIGH—which formed the subjects of previous volumes of the *Golden Hind* series (THE BODLEY HEAD, 12/6), is now added that of the last of the great brotherhood, Captain SCOTT, which in its splendid achievement and even more splendid failure bears a closer likeness, perhaps, to that of HENRY HUDSON than any other of his forerunners. The

SCOTT whom Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN has drawn is, like NELSON, not the typical seaman, still less the typical naval officer. He started his career with handicaps both physical and mental: an inclination to bodily delicacy on the one hand, a tendency to dreaminess and inherited indolence on the other. The Navy helped him to overcome both the one and the other; his own indomitable will completed the process. But even so the unquenchable spark of imaginative idealism still lived, without which the deathless story of the last voyage would never have been told. Mr. GWYNN has brought to the making of his portrait much new material, including many letters to the explorer's wife and mother, some of which it is difficult to read without a sense of intrusion into the sacred privacies of the writer's life; and the result is a biography as complete as it is convincing of one whose name is fitly placed beside those of the great explorers of the Elizabethan age.

After Puritanism (DUCKWORTH, 8/6) drives more directly at its goal than did any of Mr. HUGH KINGSMILL's previous books, though perhaps the title does not point too obviously at the author's purpose. He takes four men who may be said to belong to the Victorian era, and attempts to show how each in his way assisted in the final overthrow of the "prison of Puritanism" which, according to MATTHEW ARNOLD, held our English spirit in bondage for a matter of two hundred years. His four rather curiously assorted protagonists in this struggle turn out to be Dean FARRAR, SAMUEL BUTLER, FRANK HARRIS and W. T. STEAD; and he gives us admirable character-sketches of this quartet. There is something of the LYTTON STRACHEY touch about his caustic and penetrating analysis. He has studied his four subjects with care and writes of them with a sufficiently keen eye for their weaknesses. Personally I liked the BUTLER essay as well as any. It gives, I think, a truer likeness of the man than most of the innumerable sketches that followed on Mr. FESTING JONES's mammoth Life. Perhaps at last we are getting far enough away from the author of *The Way of All Flesh* to see him in his proper perspective.

All persons who visit the United States and thereafter make a book about it entertain the harmless delusion that they and they alone are for the first time revealing the true inwardness of things American, sparing neither age nor sex. Mr. COLLINSON OWEN is so convinced that he is performing this useful office that he calls his book *The Great Illusion* (BENN, 12/6). There is of course no illusion about the United States or its people. They are just like the descriptions of them. The interesting question is not what they are like, but why; but to that no answer is vouchsafed by the visiting scribe, least of all by Mr. COLLINSON OWEN, who saw Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, but otherwise nothing that is not on every America-seeking Briton's itinerary. But America is an easy subject. Any writer who has his eyes and ears open and has an agreeable style can make a readable book out of a trip to the land of Liberty, Prohibition, Uplift, Racketeering, Fundamentalism and Films. Mr. COLLINSON OWEN has reviewed the moving American scene with a genial eye and no prejudices, and *The Great Illusion* is excellent reading, even if nothing new is revealed nor any illusion exposed.



Barber. "CAN I TAKE YOUR HAT, SIR?"
Customer. "I DON'T WEAR A HAT."

No contemporary writer of mysterious fiction is more ingenious in contrivance than Mr. FRANCIS EVERTON. *The Hammer of Doom* was a masterpiece of ingenuity, and *Murder at Plenders* (COLLINS, 7/6) is an additional proof of the author's technical knowledge and skill. I shall not reveal by what means the rascals of the drama managed first of all to frighten one man and subsequently to commit a cold-blooded murder, but I am free to say that their method was as credible as it was peculiarly skilful. Mr. EVERTON is almost pedestrian in pace when compared with the break-neck speed of some sensational novelists, but his tale moves fast enough to maintain its interest, and should receive a warm welcome from those who, without being sensation-hogs, like occasionally to read a well-told and clever story of crime and detection.

Young couples in fiction are disposed to marry in a hurry and then to treat the contract only as one of form; but I have seldom met a man who married with more haste and less reason than *Alan Wareham*. A baronet and very attractive to women ("since he was nineteen Alan had not met a woman who had not, if he so wished it, told him pretty well anything he wanted to know"), he first of all plunged into the sea to pull *Blodwen Garth* out of it, and shortly afterwards took a matrimonial plunge. In *Missing Girl* (CASSELL, 7/6), Miss BERTA RUCK relates the history of this adventure and once again proves herself an accomplished story-teller. Indeed my one real grumble at a tale which moves smoothly to its happy ending is that her hero possessed little or no personal fascination for me.

"One was a hair-haired nice looking youngster. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*
Far nicer than the wire-haired sort.

CHARIVARIA.

WE read of girls in large families who have their own private telephone numbers. Yet we doubt whether this arrangement reduces the chances of getting the wrong sister.

* * *

Scottish Nationalists are reported to have expressed sympathy with the aims of Mr. GANDHI, but rumours of a complimentary *hartal* in the Highlands should be taken with a pinch of Dandi salt.

* * *

Professor GARSTANG says that a recent archæological visit to Palestine has convinced him of the truth of many incidents related in the Bible. It's really very good of him to say so.

* * *

The revelation by statistics taken in Chicago that most deaths occur at 3.30 A.M. would seem to confirm the suspicion that gunmen keep late hours.

* * *

According to a *Daily News* correspondent cuckoos seem to be fascinated by the running of a motor-car. Perhaps so, but pedestrians don't perch in trees.

* * *

"See Your Own Country First," says a poster. You will find it behind the petrol pumps.

* * *

Nothing could be more significant of the restored tone of confidence in the City than the decision to revive the Stock Exchange Chess Club.

* * *

It is said of LA BELLE STUART, who came to England during CHARLES THE SECOND'S reign, that "the KING would kiss her for half-an-hour at a time." Despite the frantic efforts of American film-producers this close-up record still stands.

* * *

Those who have seen a published photograph of Mr. MASEFIELD feeding his horse will have had little difficulty in identifying the animal as Pegasus.

* * *

"Every time you cross Regent Street," says a paragraphist, "you are walking over the heads of Tube passengers." In the Tube itself you are walking over their feet.

* * *

Professor A. S. EDDINGTON advances the theory that space is constantly expanding, so that it follows that knowledge of events in some parts of the universe can never reach certain other parts. The feeling in Fleet Street is that he under-estimates the power of the Press.

* * *

Nursemaids, a gossip-writer reminds us, are excluded from Rotten Row between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. during the summer months. No such restriction is imposed upon gossip-writers.

* * *

The acquisition of Ben Lomond as a monument to Sir WALTER SCOTT is advocated. A further suggestion is that, in recognition of his achievement as a master of historical fiction, its name should be changed to Ben Trovato.



"WHY ARE YOU BLUSHING SO PRETTILY, RUPERT?"
"I'M AFRAID I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF YOUR ANKLE."

Attention is drawn to the increasing congestion of pavements with perambulators. A strong candidate for the post of Pram-Controller is Dr. MARIE STOPES.

* * *

The statement by a speaker at a conference of instructors that ball-room dancing is at a standstill strikes us as exaggerated. It proceeds at walking-pace.

* * *

According to Mrs. SAROJINI NAIDU alchemy is the material counterpart of poetry. Idealists have long been baffled by the problem of converting poetry into a precious metal.

* * *

"Most street musicians play by ear," says a writer. Unfortunately we have to listen the same way.

* * *

In a *Times* article the coal-merchant is described as "standing" with a "royal flush" every time, while the sales agents are lucky to "see" him at all. No reference is made, however, to the consumer's poker-hand.

* * *

The owner of a Great Dane which chased a doctor over a wall has been ordered to keep it under control. This is calculated to discourage others from putting into practice the theory that Great Danes are more effective than apples.

* * *

As a consequence of the revived interest in *Hamlet*, play-goers of the younger generation are complaining that they hear too much about the Hamlets of their rude forefathers.

* * *

A man writing from Devon to a daily paper states that he lived in Wolverhampton for sixty years and never saw a street-fight. No wonder he moved.

* * *

A University man complains that he cannot obtain a post with the B.B.C. because he stutters. But surely he is just the man to give a running commentary on a County cricket-match.

* * *

A contemporary writer thinks that every busy man should keep at least ten collar-studs. The best business men of course buy theirs by the pint.

* * *

A gossip-writer tells us that he always uses both hands when shaking hands with a friend. This rather suggests that he must once have lost a watch.

* * *

Referring to the meeting of Young Crusaders at Queen's Hall an evening paper says that Youth has no use for "ifs" and "buts"; what it wants to know is "when." Won't somebody say "when"?

* * *

A speaker at the Boot Trade Federation Conference at Hastings said the public should consult their shoemaker, as they do their doctor. You can picture the cobbler telling the boot to put out its tongue.

* * *

"Switzerland is the ideal place for mountaineering," says a writer. This will come as a great surprise to those who were thinking of pursuing this hobby in the Sahara Desert.

MR. GRIMMETT:

OR, THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

WHEN day by day some deadly sign
Confirms the general intuition
That England, in a swift decline,
Is bound for ultimate perdition;
When unemployees on the dole
Numerically touch the limit—
Thank Heaven the country as a whole
Retains enough of self-control
To concentrate on GRIMMETT.

The news of India's coral strand
Covered with disaffected salters
Might leave a weaker type unmanned,
But our brave public never falters;
Aloof from fear that this unrest
May damage our prestige or dim it,
They ask themselves, "Will England's best
Fall, in a far, far greater Test,
Ten at a time, to GRIMMETT?"

What if, defying all the Powers,
Lord MUSSOLINI takes the water
And tells the world, "The sea is ours!"
(*Bravos* from gallery breathing slaughter)?
That wouldn't stir their stolid bile
Though G. D'ANNUNZIO's self should hymn it—
No, they are wondering all the while
If Nottingham's pitch will suit the guile
Peculiar to GRIMMETT.

The question 's not, as you might deem,
"Is BEAVERBROOK annoyed with BALDWIN?"
But "Will the skipper of our team,
When either head or tail is called, win?"
You'd guess that Trade's appeal for dopes
Would fill the nation's heart and brim it?
They 're praying, "May our opening Hopes
Push each delivery to the ropes
Until they knock-off GRIMMETT!"

O. S.

FANCY-DRESS: SOME CAUTIONS.

WHENEVER I am asked to a fancy-dress party (and one is never really safe from this form of merrymaking all through the year) I am quite miserable. The dress will probably be expensive and draughty, or, if it is something in the Tudor line, suffocating and unbecoming. (Not soon shall I forget the head-piece in which my illustrated history book assures me CATHERINE OF ARAGON lamented her divorce from HENRY THE EIGHTH. One exonerated him from blame on the spot.)

When the misery has passed, my mind becomes a blank, and I think, if costumiers were really helpful, they would issue a list of possible wear, under practical headings, in the following manner:—

I.—THE WARDROBE YOU HAVE BY YOU.

(Only to be resorted to in aggravated cases of despair.) These costumes almost certainly include (*a*) The Dutch Girl, in which you appear in a knee-length velvet skirt of pastel blue, with white silk stockings and sabots, and in which the fact that Dutch girls have never been known to dress so doesn't deter you in the remotest degree. (*b*) The Peasant. The Peasant is of no specified nationality, but will be easily identified as a peasant by the sequins round the bolero and the laces across the corslet. If any further doubt survives in the bosom of the spectator, one glance at the skirt, which has three bands of black velvet, or red and blue braid, will dispel all further misunderstanding. (*c*) The Pierrette. This, on the other hand, is unmistakable. If worn with a black hat, it is permissible to call yourself French Pierrette, and if you bear in your hand a doll-head on a stick that, when whirled, goes "Tinkle-tinkle blip-blip," you may describe the whole get-up as "Folly" without a qualm. But, whatever you call it, the dress itself is (or may be) contrived out of the most inexpensive and depressing materials. Examples which spring to the mind are sateen, muslin and crêpe paper. *See also* IV. (*a*). With this dress the proverb that a fool and his money are soon parted does not hold good.

II.—THE SYMBOLIC.

Under this head fall those costumes which seek to convey an idea, such as Dawn, The Sun, Basket of Roses, Tennis and Powder-Puff. They look well on paper, but, as they nearly always have to be made at home, the failures are frightful, and the wearer will know at last what it means to be surrounded by a crowd of guests all exclaiming, "What *are* you?" Extreme care has to be exercised not to look like nothing on the earth or under it, and the lady selecting "Powder-Puff" would do well to remember to powder her nose before setting out, a nuance which is frequently overlooked.

III.—THE VOLTAGE COSTUME.

This dress is almost sure to win the first prize, perhaps because it is obviously an intolerable burden to the wearer and one not unattended by the interesting possibility of her being sensationally scorched, and also because it is patently expensive. The main idea is that you should be covered with electric lights and have a small invisible battery lashed to your back. You can then with complete impunity call yourself "Electra," "Fireworks" or "Demon Princess." Care should be taken to turn on all your lights during the march past the judges, and the stumpy umbrella or silver napkin-ring are yours.

IV.—THE EMBARRASSING COSTUME.

See also I. (*c*).

These dresses fall under two heads—(*a*) The Personally Embarrassing and (*b*) The Embarrassing to Others. The former is personally embarrassing because it is a freak, or flighty, dress, made of unconventional and non-durable material, such as crêpe paper and tarlatan. It is quite often selected for flower dresses and ballet-girls. If you are not very careful indeed you end up the evening in your (shall I say?) petticoat, for the fancy part is by this time fairly distributed among the palm in the passage, the arm of the sofa, the towel-rail in the cloak-room and the cuff-links of your last six partners. (*b*) is embarrassing to others because it is one of those large, selfish, knobby, scratching fancy-dresses which never should be danced in at all. This type may represent Angels, Witches, QUEEN ELIZABETH, Pillar-boxes, Dragon-flies, Fairy Queens, Pagodas and Pelicans. Always remember that, to accept a man's invitation to dance and then to slap, grate, bump, lash, bang, prick, stab, gore and blind him, is asking for an empty programme next time.

V.—THE CHALLENGING COSTUME.

Should not be attempted before at least six conscientious and dispassionate visits to your looking-glass have been made. People with faces like horses, muffins and lap-dogs should fall back, rather, on I. (*b*) or Number III. The Challenging Costume includes CLEOPATRA, HELEN of Troy, and GAINSBOROUGH'S *Duchess of Devonshire*.

* * * * *

When my last invitation to a fancy-dress party arrived I threw it on the ground and cried to the family—

"I shall go in evening dress as a Gentlewoman of the Period."

"That would be a character part," remarked my sister.

"And that," I said, "is the oldest wheeze in the world."

RACHEL.

Cynicism from Smith Minor.

"*Poeta nascitur, non fit*: A poet is unfit from birth."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

"CABINET CHANGE OF FRONT.
LACE DEPUTATION TO BE RECEIVED."
Daily Paper.

Ministers will probably welcome something frilly to replace the stiff shirt-front during the summer months.



IMPARITY; OR, A BIT ABOVE PAR.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (*suffering from "Sea-fever"*). "IN THE WORDS OF THE POET LAUREATE OF BRITAIN, ONCE RULER OF THE WAVES, 'I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN.' AND WHOSE IS THE SEA?"

CHORUS OF FASCISTS. "OURS!"

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "SO BE IT."

[The concluding sentence of the above speech, together with the subsequent dialogue, is taken from a report of Signor MUSSOLINI's recent appearance at Leghorn.]



Flapper. "I SEE YOU ADVERTISE 'HATS FOR EVERY OCCASION.'"
Milliner. "YES, MADAM."
Flapper. "WELL, I WANT FOUR HATS TO BE PROPOSED TO IN, AND ONE OF THEM MUST BE TO SAY 'YES' IN."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

I HAVE now definitely come to the conclusion that we cannot cure unemployment except by abolishing Science.

I do not refer to the kind of science which discovers that by splitting the atom into rather neater fragments we may precipitate a new metal, which destroys the nebular hypothesis and turns time into aluminium. That is the sort of science which I do not clearly understand. Nor in fact do the newspaper reporters. When they have to interview a scientist who behaves in this way they are practically reduced to a single headline saying that time has been turned into aluminium, a photograph of the scientist's wife and daughter, and a few lines of the nebular hypothesis taken straight out of the *Encyclopædia Americana*.

That sort of science can go right on. It is not going to do us any real harm. It is the practical application of science to industry that is going to ruin civilisation unless we keep a sharp look-out.

A very simple example will show clearly what I mean. Here is a box of matches. At least, I think it is. I was sitting on something hard a moment ago. Research will establish its whereabouts eventually. Ah, yes, there it is. Forty years ago, very likely, when matches were rarer than they are now, every match in a box of this kind would be hewn, shaped, finished, dipped in sulphur and tested so as not to strike except on the box, by a skilled human labourer earning good wages, employed for eight hours every day except Saturday, when he went out poaching rabbits, and Sunday when he went to church. One man, perhaps, would mould twenty matches in the course of a week, planing and adzing the sides with care and craftsmanship, mixing the sulphur preparation and delicately placing it at the end. Afterwards he would try out each match with care on every surface except the box, to make certain that it would strike there and there alone. It was a labour not only of art but of love.

Hundreds of happy homes were built up in this way. The match-maker was a prosperous and respected artisan. As soon as it grew clear that smoking was about to become one of the principal industries of the world there seemed no reason that the son of every match-maker should not follow his father's honourable trade. Then what does science go and do? Helped by engineers she invents a terrible machine which pours out matches with incredible velocity almost as good as the hand-made variety, and which employs only one man to turn a little wheel or press a little button where formerly thousands of artisans spent the whole day at the lathe, the laboratory and the experiment shed.

What happens to all these men? Ousted by science from their hereditary trade, they cannot make anything but matches, and, even if they could, pride would restrain them from doing so—they must be supported by the community. And again, owing to science, they probably live longer than their fathers did and have healthier families too. The employer, asked why he instals this disastrous match-making machine invented by science in his match-works, merely replies—

"I am forced to keep abreast of the times. If I did not use the most economical machinery available the competition would ruin me."

Then he receives his income-tax form

and observes with horrible oaths that he is paying a thumping tax for the maintenance of the people he has ceased to employ. Science in fact has proved his bane.

A hundred years ago, of course, when science first began to interfere with industry, this complication would not have occurred. The match-makers thrown out of employment would have seized sticks and stones and tried to wreck the new match-making machine; the employer would have collected troops or constables and had the match-makers thrown into gaol; and gaols a hundred years ago were cheap. But we now live in an age which has seen the triumph of humanitarianism and still permits science to go on. The two are quite incompatible so far as industry is concerned.

What I have said of the match-making industry—and perhaps it was not matches, but some other kind of article of which I was thinking—is no doubt equally true of the provision trade. Science, for all I know, has discovered a method of pickling the onion which demands none of the careful handling and delicate treatment of the individual bulb or root which our ancestors used to devote to this branch of manufacture. A few girls, I should surmise, rolling onions along an inclined plane at the rate of two hundred a minute into bottles filled with vinegar by hydraulic pressure and corked by radio-activity emanating from a dynamo, have supplanted the old honest toil of men. In the meantime the unemployed pickle-makers hang about a scientific Labour Exchange infested with formulæ and energised by typewriting machines. So the vicious circle proceeds.

JOHN RUSKIN, with his infinite wisdom, foresaw the trouble I have indicated. So did WILLIAM MORRIS. But their protests were made principally on æsthetic grounds. Mine are economic. I am a social reformer of a sterner and better kind and I do not allow sentiment to run away with sagacity. When I find that in the overcoat-button industry it formerly took two men a week to made a single button, whereas there is now an apparatus capable of making fifty thousand overcoat-buttons in a day, and also sewing them on, and that this apparatus is managed by a mere girl who drives it solely by magnetism or sex-appeal, I am forced to ask myself whether every new machine is not a new menace to civilisation. And the answer is only too plain.

All our great trade exhibitions, it seems to me, are organised on the worst system imaginable. Instead of showing labour-saving devices, which mean unemployment-creating devices, they should exhibit machines cunningly constructed to employ as many men as they can.

"Nothing short of the labour of ten strong men," the exhibitor should say in effect, "can wrench the wooden lever you see in front of you in such a way as to actuate the fly-wheel of the condenser and connect the pulley with the ratchet, so that the thingumabob sets in motion the trolley which conveys another biscuit or chocolate to the pile."

Since the manufacturers have to pay for unemployment, whatever kind of machine they use, why not ask science to create machines which simply will not move unless they are badgered and beaten by gangs of perspiring men? Or, if science will not do that for us, let us say good-bye to it and return to the dear old hand-made goods. Even the pen that I write these words with has probably been turned out in batches of a million in a foundry tended by a lad reading a detective-novel, instead of employing the whole-time work of a carpenter who would have made it to my special requirements with pleasure and pride. The ink, a product of synthetic chemistry or something and full of little lumps, has thrown deep-sea cuttle-fishermen on to the dole. And still we permit the application of science to industry to continue.

To what—I repeat it—end? EVOE.



Boy (*as K. S. DULEEPSINHJI goes in*). "HOW DO THEY PRONOUNCE HIS NAME, DAD?"

Dad. "I COULDN'T SAY. PERSONALLY I CALLS 'IM 'RANJI'!"

A Clerical Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The Rector, who presided, observed that the year had gone on steadily."
Manchester Paper.

MISLEADING CASES.

THE FORTUNE-TELLERS.

Rex v. *"The Colonel," "Seer," "Pathfinder," "Old Joe," "Ajax," GILBEY, WALLACE and the Racing Correspondent of "The Times" newspaper.*

AT the Old Bailey to-day the Attorney-General opened the case for the prosecution in the Fortune-Telling case. He said:—

"Milord, the prisoners in the dock are charged under section 4 of the Vagrancy Act, 1824, with pretending or professing to tell fortunes. Under that Act, milord, any persons using any subtle craft, means or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive the people are rogues and vagabonds and punishable with imprisonment and hard labour. In a previous case to-day a woman named Sibylla was tried and convicted for pretending to tell fortunes by means of palmistry; yesterday a gipsy woman was sent to prison for professing to tell fortunes by means of playing-cards. The prisoners in the dock are charged under the same section of the same statute and, though in appearance they are more respectable than the individuals I have referred to, they are equally obliged to obey the law and the essence of the offence with which they are charged is the same.

"Milord, the essence of that offence is the deception of the people by a person pretending to have the power to predict the future. The laws of England have for many centuries regarded with jealous suspicion any claim of that kind. Our judges and legislators, knowing by long experience how difficult it is for mortal man to give a correct account of what took place only a few weeks ago, will not believe that he can give a correct account of that which has not taken place at all. By a statute of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S reign, now repealed, false prophecies were punishable as misdemeanours, as raising enthusiastic jealousies among the people and terrifying them with imaginary fears. If the prophet ISAIAH were to appear in London to-day he would be at once arrested. Foresight, milord, is a quality which wins applause for the citizen, provided that he looks forward to his own future only and does not pretend to see into other people's. The distinction is perhaps a fine one——"

The Judge. Not at all, Mr. Attorney. It is very simple. I may look into my own bedroom but I must not look into a lady's. (Laughter.)

The Attorney-General. Ha! Very good, milord. A matter of property.

The Judge. No, no, propriety. (Laughter.)

The Attorney-General. Your Lordship is exceedingly witty and well-informed. But, with great respect, milord, that is not exactly the basis of the offence, otherwise it would be equally dangerous to give an account of other people's parties.

The Judge. It very often is. (Laughter.)

The Attorney-General. Milord, the prisoners in that dock have for many years been earning a livelihood by pretending to tell the fortunes or predict the futures, not of men and women, but of horses. They vary in method, in prose-style, in confidence and in popularity: but they have this in common, that they do hold out to the people who read their newspapers that they are able, by some special gift or power or information, to predict with something approaching to certainty the future conduct and fortunes of race-horses. It will be proved in evidence, milord, that for these predictions, which are issued daily—even, I regret to say, milord, on the Sabbath Day—they receive money; and that numbers of the people are deceived by their pretensions, act upon their predictions and suffer damage. Some of the prisoners, milord, to take an example, have already predicted that a horse named Diolite will win the Derby.

The Judge. What is the Derby?

The Attorney-General. Milord, the Derby is one of the most popular horse competitions, in which colts of——



"YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, BUT THEM 'ADDOCK OUGHT TO BE CENSORED."

The Attorney-General here conferred with the Solicitor to the Treasury and continued—Milord, I am instructed that both colts *and* fillies of the age of three years take part in this race, and that considerable sums of money are wagered upon the result.

The Judge. Is it one of these trotting-races?

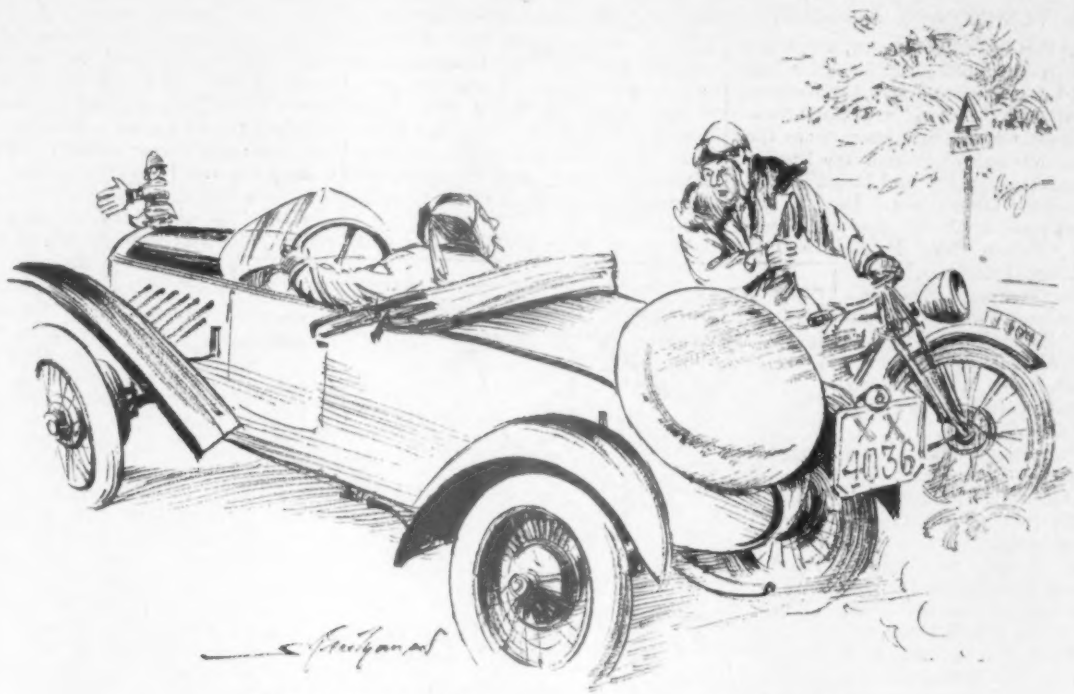
The Attorney-General. No, milord, it is a galloping-race. Now, milord, in the eyes of the law there is no distinction between a man and a horse——

The Judge. Have you any authority for that, Sir Richard?

The Attorney-General. I mean, milord, for fortune-telling purposes. The woman Sibylla was sent to prison for telling a police-officer that he would have good fortune and travel abroad, that a large sum of money was coming to him, that he would go a long journey and meet a dark lady in a foreign capital. Can it be said that that man is less deceitful and dangerous who tells *the people* that such-and-such a horse will start from a given place, at a given time, travel a given journey and arrive at a given destination in advance of thirty other horses, selected from a large number for their swiftness and staying power? The jury may well think that the latter set of prognostications is the more difficult to justify. For the conduct and career of the average man obey certain laws of probability and reason——

The Judge. Did you say "man" or "woman"? (Laughter.)

The Attorney-General. "Man," milord. (Laughter.) Most of us, for example, have, in fact, gone a long journey and met a dark lady in a foreign capital. But the behaviour of horses, as the expert witnesses will presently testify, appears to conform to no known laws, either of reason, psychology or mathematical probability. Their actions are impulsive, capricious and incalculable: their health is delicate, their nervous system easily disturbed, and their moral sense negligible. The merest straw is sufficient to upset their temperaments and the hopes which human beings have formed concerning them. And this is especially true of those highly-bred and sensitive animals who compete professionally in the public horse-races. We shall hear in the course of this case, milord, of certain horses called "favour-



The Cyclist. "Hullo, old boy, what are you doing these days?"
The Car. "Oh, seventy mostly."

ites"—horses, milord, which because of their parentage, their past performances and the known ability of the jockeys who are to ride them, are confidently expected by a majority of the persons interested to defeat all the competitors in this race or that. But we shall also hear that it is comparatively a rare event for the so-called "favourite" to finish first; and in fact, milord, he (or she) has been known to finish among the last, so many are the chances and accidents which in a race between horses may disappoint even the unanimous expectations of a people. Yet these are the animals, milord, whose fortunes the individuals in that dock have pretended to tell.

The Judge. Do you say, Mr. Attorney, that the prisoners have never made a prediction which proved to be correct?

The Attorney-General. No, milord; there have been cases——

The Judge. Then, if the essence of the offence is the deceit, these cases must be placed to their credit.

The Attorney-General. No, milord: with great respect, milord, they are an aggravation of the offence. For the rare occasions on which the prisoners are right must tend to persuade the people that they have special powers and will be right again; and in fact, milord, these occasions are carefully recorded and advertised for the purpose of encouraging that belief. Boastful placards, milord, such as "Who gave you that Nap?"——

The Judge. What is a "Nap?"

The Attorney-General here conferred with the Treasury Solicitor.

The Attorney-General. A "Nap," I am instructed, milord, is a prediction made with such exceptional confidence that the person addressed is advised to go "Nap" upon the indicated horse, that is, milord, to put his shirt on it——

The Judge. Is that what is meant by a horse carrying weights?

The Attorney-General. No, milord.

The Judge (*impatiently*). It is all Greek to me. Go on, Sir Richard. Please don't waste time.

The Attorney-General. Milord, at a later stage I shall ask you to find different degrees of guilt among the prisoners. The prisoner from *The Times* newspaper, for example, has never, I believe, gone so far as to offer his readers a Nap. His method is, milord, to discuss the history and idiosyncrasies of the various horses in prose of a thoughtful and delicate style; and in conclusion he will write, after a hint of diffidence, some such phrase as, "I must therefore take Beetroot to win." A more modest formula, milord, than the "Nap"; but in essence, according to the prosecution, it is the same, that is to say, a prediction that Beetroot will be successful, a pretended telling of Beetroot's fortune. Indeed, milord, there is some evidence that the restraint and quietness of this man's prophetic utterances have induced in the public a greater confidence than the boastful purveyors of "Naps" and "Doubles" have been able to do; that is to say, the section of the public which he addresses are made ready to bet, and therefore, in the end, to suffer damage. Nevertheless, milord, you may be prepared to consider, in mitigation of sentence, the care and beauty of this man's prose.

The Judge. What exactly is a bet? What is the procedure?

The Attorney-General had not concluded his address when the Court adjourned.

A. P. H.

Statements Which Appear Unnecessarily Blunt.

"Gandhi Addresses His Revolting Followers."
Montreal Paper.

"Impressions Related to Rotarians.
. . . . Drifting on, the steamer visited Monte Carlo, reaching it by the Grand Cornishe Road."—*Scottish Paper.*

The spectacle of the *Mauretania* "drifting" down from La Turbie would be enough to make anyone rotate.

A TEMPORARY PARADISE.

IN this little Swiss town, which does a thriving summer trade in blue lakes and brown cuckoo-clocks, there are two hotels, the "Falcon" and the "Bear." At least when I first knew them they were thus named, though now they call themselves the "Grand Hotel Falcon" and the "Grand Hotel Bear." In a short time, no doubt, they will become the "Palace Hotel Falcon" and the "Palace Hotel Bear." There is keen competition between these hostelries. At present the "Falcon" is leading comfortably, for the "Bear" holds not a single patron. I am the sole guest at the "Falcon."

For it is not yet the Season. The Season in this part of Switzerland does not begin just yet, simply because visitors do not come. The climate is excellent, though slightly on the cold side; there is no more rain than on the Riviera and every prospect pleases, with the further advantage that one has the place to oneself.

What makes life intolerable is the presence of Other People. In most holiday resorts it is the Other People who make noises in the corridors and are always using the lift when you want it. It is the Other People who demand so much service that there is none left over for you. It is the need for preparing for Other People that prevents the chef from studying your tastes. That is why I avoid Other People.

So long as I have the place to myself I occupy a definite position in the town. I am regarded everywhere as the first swallow. In me the shopkeepers see promise of the harvest to come. The Burgomaster salutes me publicly and the Sanitary Inspector always passes the time of day when I encounter him. The Pastor beams on me; the tobacconist tells me all the local news. I have all the prestige of royalty without its oppressive sense of duty.

The landlord of the "Falcon" is not the sharp greedy fellow you have to deal with during the Season, but a kind of major-domo in my private mansion. The whole place is at my disposal; I can order any food I like, and every day some new scheme for my entertainment is devised. Last week the Kossuth Tzigane Orchestra, which was on its way to Nice, was unloaded from the train and persuaded to give a gala performance in the Opera House. I was the guest of honour in the Royal Box. Last Saturday I again occupied the Royal Box, to witness the performance of *Glorious Britain*, one of the most astounding productions of the German film-factor.

At home, mine host and his staff simply live to minister to my well-being and convenience. They are terrified lest I should leave them. Should I detect the least slackening in their attentions I have only to call for a time-table to make them redouble their efforts to excel themselves.

Happiness, of which I am the centre, reigns supreme. There is not a single sad face on the landscape save that of the landlord of the "Bear," who can be seen through his glass-doors pacing up and down his deserted lounge and gnashing his teeth in impotent despair.

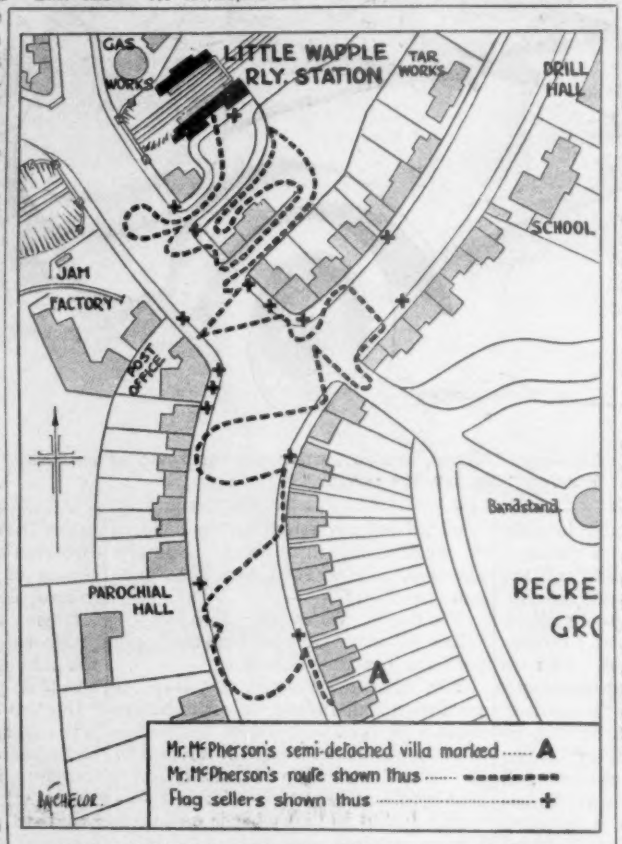
For the present my reign continues. I make the most of it, for I know that it cannot endure for ever. Only yesterday I had a narrow escape. As I was leaving my house a cab drew up at the entrance and deposited an American traveller. We met on the steps. Being prepared for just such an occasion, I had only to pull up my coat-collar and emit the noisy shiver which I had previously rehearsed. As I expected, the American immediately twirled about, re-entered the cab and returned to the station. He had seen enough to form his own opinion of the adequacy of the central-heating in the "Falcon." He did not trouble to wait and inquire whether ice-water was available. My term of paradise was lengthened a little.

But sooner or later will come the day (I have seen it all before) when the decorators will arrive to regild the sign of the "Falcon." There will be no respite anywhere, for I know they will also be regilding the snout of the "Bear." Ladders and paint-pots will impede my exits and my entrances. I shall be required to dine in a small parlour, for the restaurant will be under treatment. My major-domo will gradually withdraw his finest courtesies, and the waiters, instead of concentrating upon me, will gaze hopefully through the windows to catch first sight of a brisk influx of guests. I shall call for a time-table without any result beyond its being brought to me.

* * * *

The tobacconist tells me that two persons, one male and one female, have arrived at the "Bear." Even as I write there ascends to me an indubitably English voice asking to be assured that the beds are well-aired. The Season has begun.

I leave to-morrow. E. P. W.



OUR CARTOGRAPHER SUBMITS A CONTRIBUTION.

MR. MCPHERSON ONLY JUST MANAGED TO CATCH HIS TRAIN ON FLAG DAY.

"FILL UP HERE.
FARMHOUSE TEAS. ACCOMMODATION."
Roadside Notice.

Smith Minor thinks he can supply the accommodation himself.

"CANAL BOAT BILL TALKED OUT."
Daily Paper.

The match being awarded to Lighterman Tom, his opponent having the misfortune to repeat himself at the end of the first half-hour.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Mephistopheles (to Faust). "LOOK HERE, LADDIE, I'VE JUST FOUND A SKULL. WHAT ABOUT RUNNING THROUGH A BIT OF *HAMLET*—ACT FIVE, SCENE ONE?"



ILLUSTRATES THE MAGNIFICENT PHYSIQUE PRODUCED BY A GRAPE DIET.



"SISTER ANNE! SISTER ANNE! DO YOU *HEAR* ANYONE COMING?"



Cupid (a busy day). "HERE'S ANOTHER!"





COMMUNIST DENOUNCING THE IDLE RICH.



"HERE COMES THE CRITIC FROM *THE TAILOR AND CUTTER*; LET'S PREEN OURSELVES A BIT."



"DEAR SIR—OR MADAM?"



The Dog. "I HATE THESE *DOLCE FARS*."



Ercs. "CHEER UP, MOTHER; WE'VE GOT BOTTICELLI BEATEN TO A STANDSTILL."



VIEW OF OXFORD, WHERE THE MORRIS CABS COME FROM.



Both together. "PLEASE, DAME LAURA, WHEN WE'RE A LITTLE OLDER MAY WE JOIN A CIRCUS?"

THE WALKER CUP.

[As it might have been reported by the new POET LAUREATE, if he had happened to be there and had wanted to do it. The reader is asked to remember very clearly that the conversations recorded in the lines which follow are not so much matters of historical fact as of poetic insight and imagination.]

AN hour before the start they talked together,
A pair of golfers in the mild May weather,
TOLLEY and his companion, WETHERED.

For England they had oftentimes been dead.

TOLLEY was large of frame and bold of rig,
Striding the Downs had made his body big.
Stalwart he was, and what he said he felt;
He gave the tiny ball a fearsome welt.
Wide tees he loved and holes with longest carry,
He let into his brassies like Old Harry;
Yet sometimes he could be the very devil
At holing chipped approach-shots to keep level.
In photographs he had a bulldog pipe,
Filled with tobacco from his baccy-kipe.
He loved the mown grass better than deep clover;
He wore a very beautiful pull-over.
The captain, WETHERED, had equal grit;
He made long parks seem paddocks when he hit;
He had the lordliest kind of follow-through
And hit sweet iron-shots. Such were these two.
But now the course was by the bents and sands
And ready for firm sinews and strong hands.
The sun shone high above the German Ocean
(Or the North Sea), which moved with faint emotion.
There was a light wind from the land, not strong.
"The course," said WETHERED, "won't play too long.
The greens are quick. The ball that's meant to drop
Or creep up to the hole is like to pop
Over the tin and run a good way past it."

"I know it is," said TOLLEY. "—— and —— it!"
"Too early," WETHERED replied, "to swear;

"Wait till we find a bunker."

The warm air
Was full of all the scents and sounds of Spring;
Both SMITH and CAMPBELL were inclined to sing
Some sweet old Scottish air like "Annie Laurie,"
Which they included in their repertory.
"See," shouted HOLDERNESS," the mounting lark
In the blue zenith up above us. Hark!"
But STOUT and HARTLEY cried, "The only regal
Bird in the air to-day must be the eagle."
The team included also T. A. TORRANCE;
They all looked fit and hearty. None wore sporrans.

Sandwich was packed. Lord Bullmonth came from Garp
In a green limousine with Lidy Yarp;
The Misses Smythe were there from Tipton Green,
And Colonel Gooch, a rather poor sixteen,
And Wilson, who achieved the Molthy medal
At Wragge last week, defeating Dr. Peddle,
And young Jane Isinglass from Scawby Cole,
Who won the Ladies' Invitation Bowl.
Golfers were there from Scotland and from Wales
And the far West, who told each other tales
How they had pulled or sliced into the burn
And triumphed, being two down at the turn.
A Hottentot was talking to a Jap,
Who held a twenty-seven handicap
At Tokio, and all the vivid blazers
And stockings of the girls attracted gazers.
The world had come to see the Walker Cup,

They hoped and prayed that England would be up.

At the top of his form was BOBBY JONES,
Golf was his blood and golf his bones,
All the American courses there are
He had holed at some time under par;
From Oklahoma to Ohio
He had laid the golfing records low,
And was thought by many to be a snip
This year for the Amateur Championship.
He was a hard one to overwhelm,
And so were WILLING and G. VON ELM,
And VOIGT and MOE and R. MACKENZIE
Had driven opponents into frenzy.
Men looked at JOHNSTON, men looked at OUIMET,
"Golly!" they said, "a darn good team, eh?"
They said, "It will be a difficult thing
To beat these lads with their lovely swing,
Their lovely swing and their wonderful rhythm
And all the clubs they have brought here with 'em,
Their lovely swing and their beautiful stance
And the way they snatch at the lightest chance,
And the line they take with their ten-yard putts;"
They said, "These beggars are full of guts;
They hit the ball with the kind of wollop
That a barman deals to a drunken trollop."

These were the things that men were saying.

Meanwhile the players started playing.
They played two days with a verve and vim
Not to be matched by seraphim.
The crowd was pale. It was dull, elated,
Its heart stood still, its breath was bated.
It ran from the tee to where it reckoned
Was the likeliest place to watch the second;
It stood like cormorants round the green,
The wind came over the sand-hills clean,
The Press photographers moved their shutters
To the sheen of aluminium putters.
A far sail hung in the cloudless offing,
"Gee!" said a guy, "this is sure some golfing!"
It was drive to drive, it was pitch to run-up,
A woman fainted when VOIGT was one up.
Song cannot sing how steel and wood
Socked indiarubber. Nobody could.
I should dearly like to relate the score
That each man took, whether three or four,
WETHERED working in vain while JONES
Sank his putts as a pond sinks stones,
Hole after hole and round by round—
But man by his destiny is bound;
Fate rings him close, and his might is minished,
I am forced to get my narrative finished
In time to send it along to the paper.

Night fell, and the sea was thick with vapour.

But under the mist the stars came up.

America held the Walker Cup. EVOE.

A Choice of Two Evils.

"Are You Too Stout?—Wonderful method of reduction; no drugs, massage, dieting, or appliance."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

The end seems scarcely worth the sacrifice of all our little hobbies.



Bridge-Player (to young doctor, at the end of a tedious account of his symptoms). "AND I HAVE A STABBING PAIN IN MY SIDE. WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THAT, DOCTOR?"
Doctor. "TWO NO TRUMPS; PLEURISY."

A COMMON INFORMER.

The Thatched House,
Sweetcroft Lane,
March, 1930.

To the Superintendent of Police.

SIR,—One of the pleasures of my semi-rural existence is the walk to the station in the morning. For some time now, however, that pleasure has been marred by a young female motorist who flashes down the lane at fifty miles an hour and temporarily devastates the entire region.

Far be it from me to suggest that our dashing young females ought to be unduly restrained (for what is man in this age of rampant feminism?); but it occurs to me that, if one of your constables happened to be on early duty in the lane, he might put in a bit of useful work. But let him wear an identification disc in case his agility is not equal to his good intentions.

I am, Yours truly,
TOBIAS MIDDLEMISS.

I sealed and stamped the letter with some satisfaction; it had just the right snap. Then I glanced at my watch. Heavens! it was 9.20. In the throes of composition I had forgotten the time and I had an important appointment in town. I seized my hat and dashed out. It was hopeless, of course, but I kept it up for forty yards, then slowed down, gasping. Confound the girl! She had now crowned her other misdeeds by making me lose my train on the worst possible morning. If only—— A hum smote my ears, a roar, a scrunch of brakes and finally a silvery voice inquiring in friendly tones if I needed a lift.

It was she. For a brief moment I felt inclined to unseal my letter and

read it to her on the spot, but this would clearly involve refusal of the proffered help. Besides, on a nearer view she was much prettier than I had imagined.

"Thanks," I said stiffly; "it is of the utmost importance that I catch the 9.30."

She whistled. "You 've cut it rather fine, you know. Jump in."

We should have done it comfortably if it hadn't been, first, for an idiotic flock of fowls and, second, for a man with a barrow who in spite of repeated hootings persisted in maintaining the middle of the road. As it was, the last half-mile was a rather hair-raising affair and I breathed a sigh of relief as we flashed up to the station just as the train was snorting in.

As I dropped into my corner-seat I could not help smiling at the irony of the situation. If only she had known the contents of the letter I carried, how she would have stared. Run me to the nearest pond probably and tipped me in. The sooner that letter was torn up the better. I felt in my pockets. What on earth had happened to it? A feeling almost of horror came over me. In my scramble I must have dropped it in the road—or in the car.

Gracious! suppose the girl herself—— But no, it was sealed and stamped, and the worst anyone could do was to post it. Confoundedly annoying, though. Almost like an act of treachery. I should have to warn her now. Without committing myself, of course. Just tell her I had heard the police were on the war-path. It was the least I could do.

* * * * *

I had just finished dinner when a constable was announced. He came in, a ruddy-faced man with a merry eye. I greeted him with tactful affability.

"This is very kind of you, Officer," I said.

"Instructions, Sir," he answered briskly. "The Super said as I was passing this way on me bicycle I might as well look in and acknowledge your letter."

"Very thoughtful of the Superintendent."

"One of the best letters he ever read, the Super said it was, Sir."

I smiled; the police had a keen sense of humour, it seemed.

"May I ask what steps you propose to take?" I asked.

"Well, it 's a funny thing, Sir, but we took action before ever we got the letter. Me and a plain-clothes man timed her this mornin'."

For a moment I did not quite grasp the dreadful significance of this, then a cold sensation started at the base of my neck and crept slowly down the spine. "This—this morning?" I faltered.

"Yes, Sir, from Tinkler's farm to the village. And she wasn't half moppin' along."

"Good gad—I mean—er—good."

Heavens! Why, they must have seen me mopping along with her. Me, the writer of the letter, accusing her of mopping along. An odd sort of limpness came over me. Surely the fellow must recognise me? Yet apparently he didn't. I strove to pull myself together.

"Does—does the lady know about this?" I murmured.

"Oh, yes, Sir. I came up with her at the railway-station and told her she 'd be reported for a summons."

"W-what did she say?"

She said, "Oh, hell!"

"Quite. I mean was that all?"

"That was all, Sir."

I took heart. There was evidently nothing to identify me as the passenger, and my obvious course was to reimburse the girl the amount of her fine and lie doggo.

"I only wish I could get the gent who was with her for aiding and abetting," continued Robert with some feeling.

"Oh, there was a gent with her,



Small Child (who has repeatedly been knocked over by the sea). "I DON'T FINK THESE SILLY WAVES WANT ME IN THEIR SEA. MUMMY."

was there?" I asked, growing still more confident.

"There was, Sir. Eggin' her on too. I reckon he was worser than what she was."

I coughed. "Some of these—ah—middle-aged gents are worser—worse than the young ones," I ventured.

"Not half they aren't," he chuckled.

"But you can't get him, you say?"

"Well, Sir, it's her car, you see, and she was driving it, so we can't hardly——"

"Of course not," I put in hastily. "Well, I must thank you for your courtesy. By the way, when did you get my letter?"

He rose and took his helmet from the table before replying. "When the young lady give it to me at the railway-station, Sir," he said, and it seemed to me there was suddenly a wicked twinkle in his eyes. "You see, she found it on the seat just after the gent got out, and she said, as it was addressed to the police, I might as well have it. Oh, and I was to say," he added with a ghastly chuckle, "that the Super proposes to read the letter in court. Good day, Sir." C. M.

MORE FOOTNOTES TO HISTORY.

[In amplification of Lord MOYNIHAN'S statement, in his speech at the Academy Banquet, that the contemporary bust of ALEXANDER THE GREAT in the Uffizi Gallery clearly indicates that he died of cerebro-spinal meningitis.]

CAVE pictures found on prehistoric easels
Reveal the fact that MERLIN died of measles,
And ARTHUR of that species of thrombosis
Which now is called *arthuriosclerosis*.

'Tis now suspected by Sir ERNEST BUDGE—
And there is surely no more temperate judge—
That the fair Queen of Egypt, NEFERTITI,
Was cut off in her prime by chronic D.T.

Though VIRGIL in the *Æneid* does not tell us
The details of the death of young MARCELLUS,
The expression of the features on a bust
Recently rescued from Pompeian dust
Proves beyond question that MARCELLUS (young 'GUS,
As he was called) was poisoned by a fungus.

None of the Sleepers Seven, who ne'er awoke,
Can be regarded as a normal bloke;
Research reveals that their Ephesian homes
Were simply hot-beds of Trypanosomes.

Though CLEOPATRA'S grave defies location,
And so eludes the arts of excavation,
Sir BERNARD SPILSBURY, having spared no pains
To probe the later PTOLEMIES' remains,
Has now collected evidence which convicts
Them all of being aspirin-addicts.

Great HANNIBAL, who hauled across the Alps
His elephants, in search of Roman scalps,
After the sad catastrophe of Zama,
Passed from the famous internecine drama
Of Rome *v.* Carthage; but to say he died,
As the historians do, by suicide,
The fiction of some Syrian Ananias is:
The actual cause was just elephantiasis.

C. L. G.



Sandwich Man. "BIT OF ALL RIGHT THIS IS, I DON'T THINK. 'ERE'S ME BIN AHT O' WORK ALL THE WINTER, AND NOW THE WARM WEATHER'S STARTED I GOT THIS SORT O' JOB."

Low Flying.

"The weather in some parts of Africa was very wet and very cloudly, compelling the flyers often to skim the tree-tops."—*Egyptian Paper.*

"PORTSMOUTH NAVY WEEK.

"Real Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., has undertaken to stage a demonstration."
Sunday Paper.

This disposes of our suspicion that the Admirals on view during Navy Week are merely waxworks.



Expensive Plebeian (to butler). "JENKINS, SHOW MRS. BROWN OVER THE NEW WING OF THE FOWL-'OUSE."

EFFICIENCY IN CHINA.

POLICE METHODS.

CHINA of course is a great and free country. Everybody knows that now. And it 's really rather absurd for us Britishers (that 's what we 're called out there) to think that in our quarters out there we must have our own laws, our own policeman and all that. I mean, what 's the matter with Chinese laws and Chinese policemen?

Being anxious to understand the Chinese service from the inside, as it were, I went to see our local chief of police. He is a charming fellow, known originally and quite simply as Mr. Chang (pronounced Chang, Chong, Chung or, if you are an authority on China, Jjarng). When he went to America to learn about Democracy he acquired a Christian name, Henry. And when he became chief of police he acquired the rank of Colonel. Making in all Colonel Henry Chang. Let 's just call him Henry.

Henry was very nice to me. He showed me all round the place, laughingly pointing out the relics of the barbarous past—the heavy bamboo, for instance, and an ingenious instrument designed for the purpose of inflicting the death of a thousand cuts. We chuckled together over these before turning to the enlightened present, to the finger-print department, the photographic apparatus and all the modern devices for the suppression of crime.

Henry took a particular pride in his "Rogues Gallery," as we should call it. Only that morning, he told me, a dangerous criminal had escaped from the gaol. No fewer than six photographs had been despatched immediately to the police department of the province. No doubt the prisoner would be speedily recaptured. I was filled with admiration.

A few days later I happened to look in again. Henry was affable as ever. After some polite exchanges I ventured to ask him about his escaped criminal. He beamed at me, opened a drawer in his desk and handed me a telegram. He said nothing, but his eyes were more eloquent than words. "There you are," they seemed to say; "that 's what we 're made of in China." I read the telegram. It was from the department of the province, and ran as follows: "Six photographs received. Six criminals as per photographs duly arrested and executed. Awaiting further instructions."

Magnificent, was it not? What promptitude! What efficiency!

"Only this morning," said Henry, noting my amazed admiration, "another criminal escaped. This time we have sent twelve photographs." He smiled significantly. My gaze, wandering round the well-appointed office, alighted again on the quaint old instrument so ingeniously designed for the purpose of slicing the criminal a thousand times and no more. How obsolete it seemed, how ill-adapted to the needs of modern life!

So much for the suppression of crime, but there is a broader aspect of the matter. China, they say, is over-populated. But at least an effort is being made to deal with the problem on scientific lines; to weed out the least desirable types, as the phrase is. And still we Britishers cling obstinately to the idea of administering justice by our own local laws and our own special police. Rather absurd, don't you think?

AFTER WORDSWORTH.

[Owing to ruthless depredations by the public the daffodils on a certain estate in England are guarded by police.]

I WANDERED with the usual crowd
That every haunt of beauty fills,
And hoped I should have been allowed
To strip the place of daffodils;
But there I saw what puts the breeze
Up citizens with plans like these.

For constables in close array
Were watching for the likes of me;
I thought, "I 'd better keep away
From such a stalwart company;
Their portly presence fairly kills
My chances with the daffodils."

W. K. H.



OUR HONOURED GUEST.

MR. HENDERSON (*to Bolshevist*). "I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO BE INTERRUPTED IN YOUR WORK, BUT THIS SEEMS SUCH A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR RESUMING OUR FRIENDLY TALK."

[Simultaneously with the granting of special privileges to the Soviet Representatives in London, it is reported that the Communist International of Moscow has decided to give further financial encouragement to anti-British propaganda in England, India and Egypt, and to transfer the centre of their European activities from Berlin to London.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 12th.—A good deal is going on in India these days, so the House was not surprised to learn that the Report of the SIMON Commission is also going on nicely and is expected to be published in two volumes on June 10th and 24th respectively. It was Mr. WARDLAW-MILNE who suggested that the winter of India's discontent should be made summer by a summary of the Report. Mr. BENN intimated that the idea was excellent but that the summary would have to be made by the Commission, which was not at the moment looking for more words to conquer.

When Mr. SMITHERS asked the PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS if his attention had been called to an article in the British Communist paper, *The Daily Worker*, applauding and inciting military indiscipline, he probably expected the stereotyped answer that such efforts were futile and beneath notice. Mr. DALTON's reply—that the Government had not yet come to a decision in the matter—provided an agreeable surprise.

Captain EDEN had a poser for Mr. DALTON. As the 1921 Soviet Trade Agreement only gave personal diplomatic immunity to the Russian trade agents why was that principle now extended to cover their offices? The obvious answer was that diplomatic immunity is precious little use to a hard-working Communist if he can't have a place to be diplomatically immune in. Mr. DALTON merely denied that there had been a change of principle. By way of getting a bit of his own back he presently flouted a modest request by the Member for Warwick and Leamington that copies of a certain League of Nations' Report should be secured for the use of Members. A gentle flick of the Liberal whip, lightly but effectively administered by Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, brought the Under-Secretary to his senses. He would (on second thoughts) convey the request to his right hon. friend.

The rebuke was timely. The House allows full-blown Ministers a reasonable latitude of truculence. Cheek from mere Under-Secretaries is another matter.

"Intelligent anticipation" recently caused certain newspapers to announce the Government's decision to arrest GANDHI. Suspecting a leakage of State secrets, Mr. MACDONALD complained to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and the minions of the Law thereupon closed in on several editors and one unhappy journalist, demanding the source of their information. The examination of the journalist lasted five hours. To-day the House of Commons wanted to know all about it, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL explained that action was taken under the Official Secrets Act, 1920, which makes it an offence for a citizen, to whom an alleged official secret has been communicated, to refuse to disclose the source of his information, notwithstanding that no charge has been made either against the citizen in question or anybody else.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.
MR. HENDERSON AND MR. DALTON.

Why the PRIME MINISTER should have "gone up in the air," as they say, because it appeared in print that GANDHI was about to be arrested—his main ambition at the moment—was not revealed, but it was clear that very arbitrary use had been made of the Official Secrets Act, 1920.

Mr. BUXTON has been asked so often to state the Government's agricultural policy and has replied so often that he would do so when the proper occasion arose, that when the Ministry of Agriculture's Vote came up in Committee some misguided Members really expected a great scheme of agricultural revival to be expounded. The only panacea produced by the MINISTER was that farmers should eat more plums! For the rest, Little Boy BUXTON blew a very inefficient horn.



A LATE AWAKENING.
"Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn;
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn."
MR. NOEL BUXTON.

The House had much to say, but the gist of it was said quite effectively by Mr. QUIBELL, the Labour Member for the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire. Farmers, he said, had plenty of intelligence and did not require to be lectured on how to manage their business. They had plenty of markets and plenty of capital. What they needed was the stabilization of prices at an economic figure. Let the MINISTER get a move on and his colleague, the LORD PRIVY SEAL, would not have so much to worry about.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE urged the House to treat the subject on non-party lines, without however disclosing how he proposed to persuade his stalwart Liberal supporters to treat the fiscal protection of a British industry on non-party lines.

Tuesday, May 13th.—The Lords'

debate in Committee on the Coal Mines Bill resolved itself into a sort of match, Yorkshire *v.* The Rest, from which Yorkshire emerged victors, in spite of the insidious bowling of Lords GAINFORD, JOICEY and MELCHETT.

The defeated Motion was to the effect that there should be a central levy as well as district levies—a provision deleted from the Bill in the Commons at the instance of the Liberal Party. The Yorkshire side contended that a central levy would simply mean penalising Yorkshire in the interests of Northumberland and Durham.

When the Air Estimates are introduced into the Commons one is always assured a lively discussion, and when, to-day, the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR introduced the Air Transport (Subsidy Agreements) Bill many Members showed acute symptoms of wanting to say it all over again. Sir SAMUEL HOARE seemed to be concerned chiefly with airships, as to which he revealed himself as one of the optimists who believe that the super-balloon has a future. Not so Mr. MALONE, who smelt a rat, or rather a new airship, which he understood the Air Ministry was preparing to build. Sir WILLIAM BRASS wanted to see the money spent on flying-boats. Rear-Admiral SUETER canvassed the possibility of helium gas-springs in Canada.

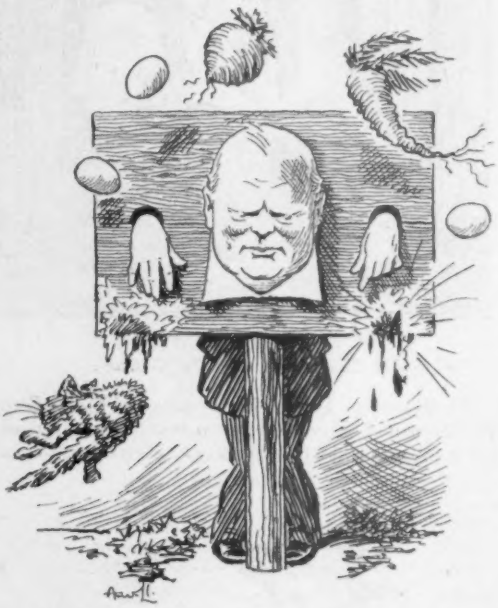
The UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR pointed out that the Bill did not provide any fresh money for Civil Aviation; therefore much of the debate was, as he courteously expressed it, wide of the mark. As to airships, he merely explained that the next stage "must be one of experiment."

The House passed on to the Mental Treatment Bill. It was late, or rather early the next morning, and the House managed to make it clear that lunatics are not the only ones that require mental treatment.

Wednesday, May 14th.—The Lords' labours in Committee on the Coal Mines Bill were distinctly lightened by a digression on the part of Lord READING, who explained to a slightly derisive Chamber that there had been no Liberal-Labour pact. The Liberals had stated the four points the Government must accept to secure Liberal support for the Bill. There was no bargain at all.

"And to think," commented Lord SALISBURY, "that they had all along been imagining that the Liberals were supporting the Government so as not to endanger the Naval Conference!"

In the Commons the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, unsubdued by his experiences of the previous day, once more assumed what Sir NICHOLAS GRATTAN-DOYLE justly described as "a superior tone," and it fell on this occasion to Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN to apply the hand of correction to the seat of exuberance. Mr. DALTON had declined to elucidate an answer he had given on the ground that the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS would be back the following week. Sir AUSTEN thanked Mr. DALTON for the information. "I shall be very glad to see the SECRETARY OF STATE back," he added with gentle irony.



Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in the Debate on the Naval Conference. "NO ONE CAN DOUBT THAT I HAVE BEEN CORRECTED."

Thursday, May 15th.—The Lords defied the wrath of the Miners' Members of Parliament and inserted the "spread-over" Clause (allowing for a forty-five hour week or ninety-hour fortnight to take the place of the seven-and-a-half-hour day) in the Bill by 123 votes to 16, but failed by a matter of 20 votes to screw up its courage to pass Lord MELCHETT's Amendment to keep the eight-hour day in force.

The Commons made the most of their first opportunity to discuss the Naval Treaty. At least, they made a good deal of it, and would doubtless have made more if their attention had not been diverted to the collateral question of whether Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL had not heinously and of malice aforethought, and probably feloniously also (though the Defence of the Realm Act does not appear to apply to ex-Cabinet Ministers), read extracts from a certain secret document of State, to wit, a Cabinet paper.

Mr. CHURCHILL thought not. Everybody else however seemed to think yes, including Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. He however could not bring himself to think that the document—a letter from the Cabinet to Lord BALFOUR at Washington in 1921, urging him not to agree to any restriction in small warship tonnage—was read by Mr. CHURCHILL in sheer turpitude. It was pride of parentage, Mr. CHURCHILL having in fact penned the document himself.

The matter died down, but came up again when the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY called on Mr. BALDWIN to say whether he accepted Mr. CHURCHILL's view that the document was not a Cabinet paper. Mr. BALDWIN clearly did not, but diplomatically suggested that the Party leaders should confer on the subject for future guidance. Mr. CHURCHILL had the last word—an apologetic word, in which he admitted that he should have paraphrased and not read the fatal document.

Meanwhile the question of the Naval Treaty had got rather overlooked. Mr. CHURCHILL, Mr. AMERY and one or two of the small fry had argued that we had got the small end of the deal with the United States and that the Conservative Party could not accept responsibility for it. They did not however succeed in undermining the impression, which the PRIME MINISTER had rather easily made, that, whatever might be argued about a ton here or a gun there, the Naval Treaty was a great step forward in the way of naval disarmament and peace.

How to Make the Soufflé Lather.

Miss Ida M. ——, the well-known authority on cooking, uses ——'s Soap."—*Daily Paper.*

Commercial Candour.

"Before lunching elsewhere visit our restaurant."—*Advt. of Winchester Restaurant.*

Humane Self-defence.

"After being punched into a state of bewilderment and floored like a skittle, the referee, Sam Russell, humanely intervened to stop the slaughter."—*Daily Paper.*

"Sprung from the lions of the medieval Church as were the colleges of our ancient universities."—*Daily Paper.*

For us this is a new light upon the activities of the early Lecs.



HERO-WORSHIP IN ANTIQUITY.

WHAT THE GLADIATOR PROBABLY HAD TO PUT UP WITH.

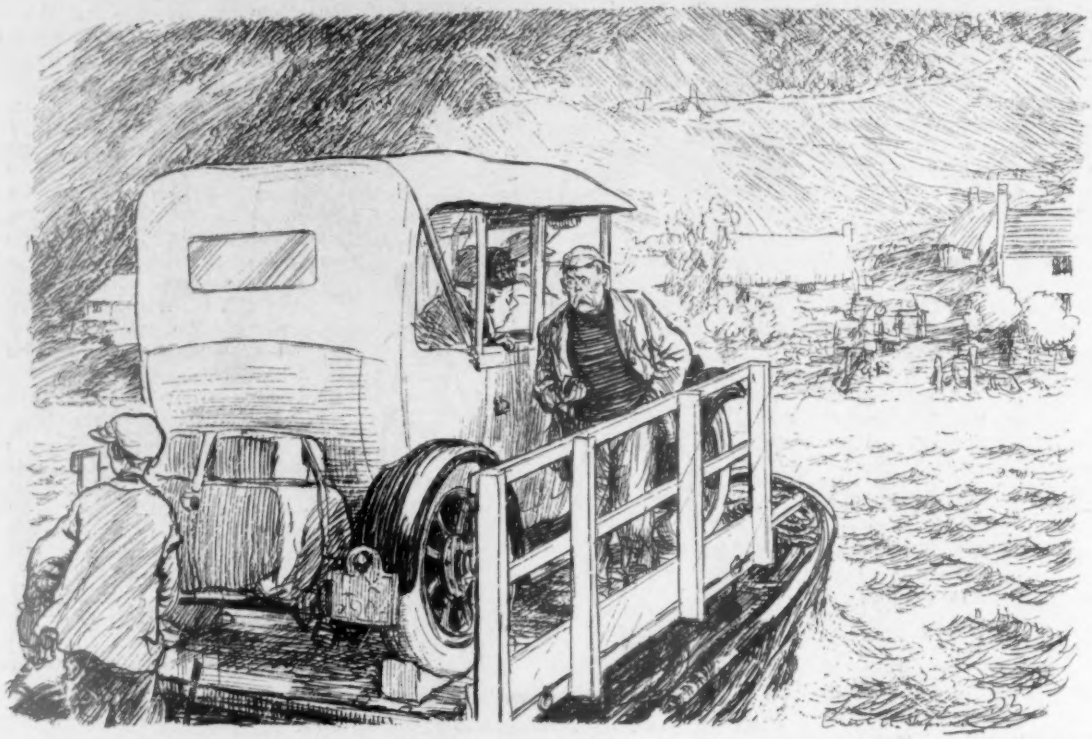
LABOUR-MAKING MACHINERY.

ONE of the most comical fallacies of our comical age is that all this machinery and muck are labour-saving. I find that the tendency of most modern inventions is to make me do work which was previously done by somebody else I keep meeting people who are quite worn out with dialling all day; I have not, thank Heaven, got the foul contrivance in the home myself, but I have had a couple of free dials at friends' houses and I find that I have to do seven actions where I used to do one. And that, I understand, is called the "automatic" telephone system. Automatic! Huh! It's about as automatic as a garden-roller.

And then, in the evening, one spends the whole time switching off the wireless, winding-up the gramophone, finding the favourite record and answering wrong numbers on the telephone. Yes, I know they are marvellous inventions; they have brought CHALIAPIN into my home, and they have brought the PRIME MINISTER into my home, and Mr. HOOVER and Mr. SNOWDEN, and that darned insurance fellow, and several good people who want me to do things about charities. Yes, I know I ought to be grateful, but I don't *want* all these people in my home! Before they came barging into the place I used to sit quiet in the home and read; now I spend the whole evening taking exercise. "Portable" wireless-set—marvellous! you can carry it about. Yes, but *who* carries it about? *I* carry it about. And very heavy it is. I carry it down to the dining-room for dinner to get Mr. SNOWDEN (as if I *wanted* Mr. SNOWDEN!). I carry it up to the drawing-room when we join the ladies, or I carry it up to the top-floor for the sick child. Wonderful invention, yes. But in the old days I was not constantly carrying heavy weights about the house, and life seemed to flow along almost as smoothly. You do see the point, don't you?

If not, buy one of those very charming sets of records of suites, concertos, symphonies and so forth. As a rule they are in A minor, and things in A minor are always too long. Ten records, some of them; ten two-sided records. Just play one of these sets or suites to the family some evening. How blithely one puts the first record on (wrong side, generally), fits the new needle in, winds-up and starts the machine; sits down, lights the pipe, and surrenders the soul to the music! Just as it looks as if there was going to be a tune there is a click and the thing stops. Get up, short walk, new needle, wind up, adjust needle, press lever, short walk, sit down, light pipe again. This happens twenty times—twenty new needles—forty short walks. Some of my symphonies and things in A minor last an hour or more, without allowing for stoppages to answer the telephone. Towards the end I don't really care if I miss the Andante. I feel I have been for a long country-walk—or rather a long town-walk. Marvellous invention, oh, yes; but in the old days we used to go to concerts and musicians *played* the thing to us while we sat quiet in our seats.

Then there is the new Tube station at Piccadilly Circus. I have a deep admiration for the Underground—one of the best bits of organisation and efficiency in the world—and therefore I looked forward eagerly to the opening of the grand new circular station under Piccadilly Circus, with the old-fashioned lifts done away with, etc. What a disappointment! It may save money, but as a convenience for the public it is in the same class as "dialling," an ingenious arrangement for making the public do the work. I remember how in the good old primitive days one entered the station from the Haymarket, bought a ticket and stepped into a lift; the lift descended and there was the train. Perfectly simple. In these days you may



Old Lady (her first experience of a Highland ferry). "THIS DOESN'T LOOK VERY SAFE, BOATMAN. DON'T YOU EVER HAVE AN ACCIDENT?"

Ferryman. "AY, MA'AM. THAT'S WHY I'LL HAE YER FARE NOO."

still enter the station near the old entrance at the top of the Haymarket, but you have a long walk before you reach the ticket-office; and then there is no ticket-office. At least I have never been able to discover one—not a real ticket-office, where you can buy a ticket from a human being and have an argument about the change. Instead there are a lot of shop-windows with ladies' underclothes—which cannot, by the way, be bought, so I suppose they are put there to annoy the ladies. Also there are rows of unfeeling automatic machines, one of which (if I can find the right one) will give me the ticket I want (if I have six coppers on me). I have to do all the work, you see. I have to find the right machine; and if I have not six coppers on me (as is always the case) I have to go over to the money-changer and change some silver; then I have to come back to the machine and put the six pennies in the slot, one after the other—six motions instead of one.

After that I have to trot round the circle looking for the pit-head. There are far too many people standing about and obstructing my passage, for the place has become a sort of rendezvous for lovers and business-men and visitors from the North. At last, half giddy from trotting round the circle I find a moving staircase and descend. I have no particular passion for moving staircases; when I feel active and walk down them the other people will stand on both sides and block the way, and when I feel tired and stand still the other people will keep barging past me.

At the end of the moving staircase I feel that it is almost time I had a smell of a train. But no, I now have to collect my forces and totter on to a *second* moving staircase. Well, one moving staircase may be more convenient than a common lift; but two? I doubt it.

At this point, by the way, a man wants to see my ticket; and I have seen strangers arrive at this stage with no ticket at all, having been quite bewildered by the mechanical doings up above. These unfortunates, I believe, have then to go up the first moving staircase and start all over again, change their money and choose their machine.

Personally, I lounge down the second staircase and at last discover a train. A wonderful station, no doubt. But I calculate that I have walked about ten times as far as I did in the good old primitive days of lifts and ticket-offices; I have done about fifteen actions where I used to do five, and it has taken me a little longer to reach the train. No harm done, I dare say, and walking exercise is good for all of us. I like the decorations and the undies and the lighting, and I suppose the Company have saved some labour. But let nobody kid themselves that they are saving mine.

And I hope that nobody will invent an automatic bus, for it will only mean that I shall have to push it. A. P. H.

MUSIC-BOXES.

WHERE girls and boys and baskets
And cowslip-fields belong,
I found three atom caskets
Each made to hold a song;
Round, browned they lay, ungilded
In all that golden pride,
Three music-boxes builded
To hold a song inside.

The flotsam of a fairy?
A jetsam of the elves?
Says you; says I, Views vary
And folk must please themselves;
But not unorthodox is
Opinion when she begs
Folk think of music-boxes
Who find a skylark's eggs. P. R. C.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE VAGABOND KING."

ALTHOUGH, to London's loss, M. MAURICE CHEVALIER has disappeared from the Carlton Theatre, he has left Miss JEANETTE MACDONALD behind, again to represent a royal and impulsive lady in a romantic musical play. But, whereas *The Love Parade* was set in an imaginary realm, *The Vagabond King* has for its background mediæval France in a definite period, the reign of LOUIS XI. I think *The Love Parade's* way the better, for, if one knows any of the facts with which the authors have trifled, the distortion of history can be irritating, and I am peculiarly in the position to be irritated, should I give way to that impulse (which I don't intend to), because I have recently read two books on the leading characters at the Carlton, by Mr. D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS, who, when he is not being nonsensically and satirically funny for the popu ar Press, is a serious and erudite student of the Middle Ages. These two remarkable works, *François Villon* and *King Spider*, tell all that is to be known of LOUIS XI. and of the poet of the thieves' cellar, who in the cinema play is "The Vagabond King" (by which is meant the King of the Vagabonds), and I hope that a visit to the Carlton Theatre may have the effect of adding to the number of their readers.

As for the *Louis* and the *Villon* of the Paramount Studio, they make an excellent entertainment, with changes to the good not only from history but from both the predecessors of the film on the stage: Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY'S play, *If I Were King*, and the very successful musical comedy with the same name as the new talkie, which had the added charm of RUDOLF FRIML'S haunting melodies, many of which are now reproduced. The result, all done in colour photography, is a very agreeable and soothing phantasmagoria.

Apart from the lure of the music and the wish to see again such a favourite musical comedy as *The Vagabond King*, there is another attraction to draw people to this picture, and that is the presence of Mr. DENNIS KING as *Villon*; for Mr. KING, I understand, after too long a sojourn with the seductive Uncle Sam, has been taken to London's heart. Of English birth—he is a fellow-townsman of Lady GODIVA—he courted fortune by running away at the age of fourteen and becoming a theatrical call-boy. It is true that it was not to London that he ran, but to Birmingham; but none the less he ran, which is the true hero's gait to eminence, and—well, see where he is now: leading figure of *The Three Musketeers* at Drury Lane, leading figure of *The Vagabond King* at the Carlton: a double triumph, in the flesh and in simulacrum. But there is even more to it than this, for in the interim, while in America, Mr. KING discovered that he



Voice of Patron. "PITY TO WASTE HIS ROYAL BREATH WITH ALL THOSE EXTINGUISHERS ABOUT!"

Louis XI. . . . . MR. O. P. HEGGIE.

had a voice, and it is his voice, even more than his fine free way on the stage—a blend of LEWIS WALLER and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—that makes him such a magnet. It is a robust, rich and tender baritone, which *Villon's* days and nights of tippling and excess have done nothing to impair. Gifted thus, it is only natural that this *Villon* should carry all before him—browbeat the *King*, bewitch the *King's* niece, insult ambassadors, overcome assailants at heavy odds and, when the time arrives to drive the Burgundian army from the walls of Paris, should do so with a handful of cut-purses and drunkards at his heels, furnished only with sticks and stones, and return to be pardoned and marry the *Lady Katherine*. What else could happen?



Villon the Vagabond (made Grand Marshal by way of a joke). "MY PROGRESS IS RAPID."

The Barber. "AND MAY I COMPLIMENT YOU ON AN EQUALLY RAPID ASSUMPTION OF A COURTLY DEMEANOUR?"

Villon . . . . MR. DENNIS KING.
Barber . . . . MR. ARTHUR STONE.

We may not take this revised and ordered *Villon* too seriously, even while watching his adventures with admiration; but the *King* is in the hands of so experienced and competent an actor that now and then, in spite of Paramount, we are forced to think him real. These hands are those of Mr. O. P. HEGGIE, who for too long has been lost to the English stage, the seductive Uncle Sam again intervening.

E. V. L.

COWSLIPS.

SWEET are your frame-grown tinted freesias,
Proudly your newest primulas grow,
But these wild foundlings, they guard a secret
That choicer blossoms may never know,
While their faint fresh scent brings a fragrant memory
From the great May mornings of long-ago—

When we went wandering in Arcadia,
With garlands twined round the goat-herd's crook,
Went gathering cowslips in Midland meadows,
Down by the willows that fringe the brook,
Daphnis, Corydon, Amaryllis,
Straight from THEOCRITUS his book.

Old folk's flowers and old folk's follies!
In gardens grander, mid blooms more rare,
Young Damon walks by the well-kept borders,
With labels and Latin everywhere,
Viscosas, roseas, denticulatas,
Medalled treasures from Vincent Square;

And smiles, I fear, at our faded fancies,
Our cowslip fields and our pastoral scenes,
So we 'd best not tell him about Arcadia,
Where he may find it or what it means;
We 'll say that you book to it from Victoria,
And it 's full of curtseys and crinolines.

A. C.

AT THE PLAY.

"DISHONOURED LADY" (PLAYHOUSE).

Madeleine Cary, the dishonoured young lady in question, is the beautiful daughter of a relatively impoverished American gentleman on Washington Square, who drinks strychnine-and-water for his heart and whisky-and-water for his private delectation. The late *Mrs. Cary* had practised infidelity on a substantial scale and her full-length portrait hangs in the *Cary* library for perpetual reminder of the fact. Devoted males swarm round the lovely *Madeleine*, including young *Dick Wadsworth*, of the District Attorney's office, and a blunt self-made and self-satisfied Scotsman, *Robert Brennan*. *Madeleine* and the young criminal-thwarter are merely on general petting terms, but she has the key of *Brennan's* flat and gives him her frequent bills to pay. Their relations, however, are purely platonic, not for lack of zeal on *Brennan's* part. But *Madeleine* has more exotic tastes—the result of heredity, the post-war psychology and the universal habit of drinking confusion to Mr. VOLSTEAD.

We are shown a sample of her technique. She has met in Paris an Indo-Spanish musician, *José Moreno*. They have danced together; he has written her passionate letters and sent her an expensive pearl cross. Now that he is in New York she presents herself in the small hours of a November morning. This is her way of answering letters, she explains. The delighted *Moreno*, brutally dismissing his young woman of the moment, devotes himself wholeheartedly to this more serious affair, which proceeds until a worthy young English peer, the *Marquis of Farnborough*, who has joined the British Labour Party from the highest motives, appears in Washington Square. The dishonoured lady falls for the first time honourably and completely in love. As for the honest *Marquis* he takes the count abjectly in the first round.

Madeleine has in fact experienced, as she explains in one of her too many naïve speeches of self-revelation, the devastating phenomenon, "conversion." The hectic, sponging, cocktailed past is to be buried and forgotten. *Moreno* is simply dropped without explanation or apology.

When the front pages are starred with the marriage announcement the passionate musician appears. You can't, says he, just drop Indo-Spaniards like that. If she wants marriage then he's her groom. And she can tell the cold Englishman to return to his ice-bound island or he will take it upon himself to make the explanations. Upon which the converted lady offers him an exceedingly unladylike account of his racial characteristics and personal habits, which he counters by a savage blow upon the mouth. Not thus does he allow his women to speak to him. And I confess that, though *José* was not a pleasant person, he had my sympathy in this exchange as an ill-used man. He will expect her then as usual to-night.



THE DAGO TOUCH.

Madeleine Cary . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.
José Moreno . . . . MR. HAROLD HUTH.



A MIXED DIET.

Rufus Cary (MR. C. V. FRANCE) SUPPORTS LIFE ON WHISKY AND STRYCHNINE.

It is now that her father's little bottle of neat strychnine, always lying about in the library, gives *Madeleine* her great idea. And in due course we see the deadly bane poured into fond *José's* coffee and are not spared those horrifying contortions which are the accompaniment of that inconsiderate way of disposing of one's enemies. Methodically wiping with gloved hands her finger-prints off cups and door-handles, carefully removing her toilet gear and the poison bottle but leaving the pearl cross and characteristically making a speech of explanation to the now expiring *José*, she steals from the apartment by the garbage exit just as the police are battering down the doors.

The explanation? Her motives are something subtler than the mere need to remove an inconvenient obstacle. She has discovered to her dismay (and our embarrassment) that, in spite of the well-beloved *Marquis* and the conversion, she is unable to resist the ardours of her "South American rat." She is so ashamed that she feels bound to l'arn him to be a rat. I hope this deep thought comforted the poor fellow in his last moments.

Back then to Washington Square on the night following the murder; *Madeleine* as calm as you please returning from dinner with her infatuated *Marquis*; entry of the young Attorney's assistant. "You are suspected; absurd, of course, and I only want to help you. Just answer a few questions." And (the American's home, even on Washington Square, being emphatically not his castle) the zealous young man, warming to his job and placing truth before friendship, conducts his examination, brings in his witnesses and, after three hours or so of bullying and wheedling (the passage of time mercifully indicated by black-outs), exposes the whole tissue of lies manufactured by the too-resourceful *Madeleine*.

An interval for *Madeleine's* trial; then her acquittal, by what feats of advocacy was not explained. *Farnborough*, loyal to the last, still proposes to take her back to England; is not dismayed by her avowal of the murder, and is only driven away horrified by her confession of the dead man's power over her to the

last—a simple confiding Englishman, whether intended to be honoured as a hero or pitied as a mutt, I don't quite know.

A not unexciting affair, you will say. And yet somehow we were singularly unmoved by the sufferings of *Madeleine*. There were unresolved contradictions in her character beyond any power of Miss FAY COMPTON to reconcile. As an honest shocker this play, I conceive, might have more success. The pale cast of thought has robbed it of the virtues of that engaging form of art. We don't, of course, deny that honour and dishonour, corruption and the horrified reaction against it, often harbour in the same soul. What we do feel is that we only have the word of the authors, MARGARET AYER BARNES and EDWARD SHELDON, for the fact that this particular Madeleine was enough alive to have acted thus and been thus beloved and have so lied and agonised and fallen to pieces in so unlikely an environment. I don't think it was Miss FAY COMPTON that was at fault. Mr. NIGEL BRUCE (*Brennan*); Mr. C. V. FRANCE, excellently disguised in face and manner as tippling old *Mr. Rufus Cary*; Mr. HAROLD HUTH, who admirably interpreted the unamiable *Moreno;* and Mr. GEORGE CURZON, very simple and staunch and likeable as *Lord Farnborough*, did much to keep the play from sagging. T.



THE OLD BRIGADE.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL, MISS ELSIE FRENCH, MR. FREDERICK RANALOW AND MR. ARNOLD PILBEAM.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

To Dr. GOLDSMITH, who stooped to conquer, succeeds Mr. GAY in a revival that stoops still further and is advertised as positively his last appearance at this theatre. He and his opera have done superlatively well there during the past ten years and have earned a rest. Not that the music or the libretto or LOVAT FRASER'S scenery and costumes stale, but that the production itself begins to show signs of wear and tear, and some of the long-service characters a disposition to step out of the frame and play too openly to the gallery.

It would be churlish to stress at this late hour what seem to me the lesser virtues of this production, although they are so characteristic. They have been patent from the first and may even have had much to do with making the play so popular with the present generation. But they do suggest that there are other and possibly not less effective ways of bringing such an old masterpiece to life. So concerned are the characters with flirting their skirts or kicking up their heels, with setting to partners and embroidering the recitative with arabesques that the old opera might well be apprehensive of becoming mere stylised ballet, a self-conscious pastiche overlaid with neo-Georgian icing.

Miss ELSIE FRENCH'S bedizened *Mrs. Peachum*, one of the bulwarks of the show, was never a reticent study, and has now reached the height of flamboyance. With the ace of clubs stamped plain on one raddled cheek and the complementary aces hall-marking other salient features of this old harridan's anatomy, she has emerged from the comedic chrysalis into the complete low-comedy dame. A raucous laugh crowns each conversational sally, and her simulation of inebriety grows more thorough with each repetition. Yet she is very effective in her super-Hogarthian way and would be missed. Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL'S *Peachum*, another prime favourite, is looser in style and more confidentially avuncular than ever.

Pioneers who recall the crystal-cold singing and clear candour of Miss SYLVIA NELIS, the first *Polly Peachum*, cannot but mingle hope with fear at the prospect of seeing yet another of her successors. So let it it be said at once that Miss OLIVE GROVES is charming. She sings her pretty lyrics delightfully and bears herself with that artful modesty that gives this demure yet experienced daughter of the horse-leech her peculiar fascination. Her high notes have an angelic sweetness, and if anything could excuse the gallery's incontinent demand for encores it would be her discretion with the shake.

Mr. FREDERICK RANALOW, who has so established himself in the pink and the periwig of *Macheath* as to have the field to himself, takes no liberties with our approval. Even when the producer's apparent fear lest the prison scenes should unduly depress us keeps the spirit of pastiche active among the gyves and the dungeons, his cello voice and reposeful self-assurance put things upon a firm footing again.

Among the newcomers Miss FLORENCE HAYES is one of the most commendable. She takes full advantage of the licence given to *Lucy Lockit* by the text to act boldly, sings her impassioned laments in style and presents to *Polly's* imperturbable demureness an effective foil. Mr. LESLIE HOLLAND too is a nice little comedian who keeps the antics of *Filch* within bounds while singing and acting well.

The bevy of choral strumpets, though personable and vivacious, seem forced to snatch at their melodies in a hit-or-miss fashion owing to the exacting manœuvres that turn this tavern near Newgate into a sort of Palais de Dance of the period. The Handelian highwaymen, on the other hand, though by no means static, contrive to give the music its due by singing well and taking and holding a position while doing so. Some of their complexions perhaps pay greater tribute to caricature than to life, so black and blue are their jowls, so inflamed their cheeks and so awful the grimaces that convulse them.

The tableau of the scaffold, with its muffled drum obbligato, is a good one; and the quick conversion of the gallows-tree into a maypole for the final song and dance effectively disperses any fears for *Macheath* which the arrival of the doxies complete with babies may have failed to remove. This *finale* completes a rendering that seems more anxious to underline the fun of the fair than to rely upon its inherent vitality. That there is method in this manner is proved by the cheers of the gallery; indeed it is possible that subtler methods of handling this fine old material, while pleasing the fastidious, might have left its virtues less generally acclaimed. H.

Things that might have been expressed more Happily.

"Woodfull has the consolation of knowing that the side will be particularly well led whenever he himself wants to rest."
Evening Paper.

"A raid was arranged by Mr. John ——, who enlisted the services of several noted shots. Mr. —— succeeded in killing one big dog fog."
He must come and try his luck in London next November.

MR. CAXTON.

WHEN Mr. CAXTON came to town
And brought his printing-press
He opened shop and settled down
To make it a success.

All day his workroom-door stood wide
In summer and in winter,
And painted on the outer side
Was "Mr. CAXTON, Printer."

So while he printed people came
And asked all sorts of questions
And flustered him by making tame
And tedious suggestions;

Yes, even kings would come and sit
And muddle him with chatter;
They didn't understand a bit
And thought it didn't matter

If m got printed much too small
And r was pRinted bigly
Or e did not app ar at all,
Or paragraphs went wiggly.

But authors worried him the most—
Not two or five or ten men,
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And so oblige me vastly;
It 's just *too* good a chance to miss;
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They brought him "copy" good or bad,
Yes, everything they 'd written.

Till Mr. CAXTON changed his tone
And someone heard him hinting
He wished that he 'd left well alone
And not gone in for printing.

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(*Enclosure.*)

"MERCY,

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Mercy, from earliest days, has been a quality which cannot be forced. It must come as spontaneously as an April shower gently falling from the skies on to parched Mother Earth. Moreover mercy, or, better, pity, does not only benefit the recipient; it is one of the highest qualities of man and cannot fail to benefit him who exercises it, whether he be the king on his throne or the pauper at the gate. For crowns, sceptres and the like are but the emblems of temporal power by which the monarch holds sway on earth; but the quality of pity is an attribute of the soul and is therefore eternal . . . etc."

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"READ THIS PROVOCATIVE ARTICLE DEALING WITH A GREAT PRESENT-DAY PROBLEM.

ARE WE LENIENT ENOUGH?

BY

W. SHAKESPEARE.

The promising young dramatist, whose recent play, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' had a considerable success, here discusses a possible tendency to over-harshness in present-day life.

Leniency, as the judge in a recent *cause célèbre* wisely remarked, cannot be turned on and off like a tap.

FORGIVING HUSBAND.

He was of course referring to the unusually forgiving nature displayed by a husband whose wife had proved unfaithful to him on ten occasions—

> This case (with details of all ten occasions) was fully reported in *The Stratford Times* for last Thursday.

But such outstanding examples are only too rare nowadays.

We are apt to look on pity as something that is given and benefits only the recipient. Actually its moral value to the giver is even greater.

KINGS AS WELL AS COMMONERS.

To be lenient is not only the prerogative of aristocracy. A poor man can be merciful as well as his lord.

Crowns, sceptres and the like are but the emblems of temporal power by which a king holds sway. A monarch should be as lenient as a burgher.

There are to-day in England many harsh laws. Death sentences are not often enough commuted to transportation.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

Leniency is indeed the eternal quality of mercy and its exercise. . . . etc."

V.—*Note from Editor to Sub-Editor.*

N.B.G. Not provocative enough for our readers, and a darn sight too provocative for QUEEN ELIZABETH. That "lenient monarch" bit will get the author and us into trouble with Her Maj. Remember there is this fellow Walt Wallingford in Newgate due to be hanged on Friday for treason and she has refused to pardon him.

I will try to get something else from SHAKESPEARE. By the way, I like that phrase, "The Quality of Mercy"; it has a swing about it.

VI.—*Letter from Editor of "Stratford Times" to W. SHAKESPEARE, Esq.*

DEAR SIR,—We like your powerful article on "Mercy" very much, but unfortunately, owing to Her Majesty QUEEN ELIZABETH'S severe attitude towards certain men convicted of treason, we feel it would be impolitic to publish it. Perhaps you could give us a little poem instead on, say, "The Quality of Mercy" *without* mentioning royalty?

VII.—*Letter from Mr. SHAKESPEARE to Editor (with enclosure).*

DEAR SIR,—I like that phrase "The Quality of Mercy" and have already roughed out a few lines in blank verse, but I have decided to incorporate them in a play upon which I am at the moment engaged. I send you instead a small sonnet on love.

VIII.—*Note from Editor to Sub-Editor.*

Here 's a hot sonnet. Think up a synonym for that "black-list" word he 's used in the fifth line and run it under the following head:—

Specially written for "The Stratford Times" by W. SHAKESPEARE, the well-known poet, whose 'Venus and Adonis' caused such a sensation by being nearly banned over two years ago.

And while we 're at it recast some of those bits about the leniency of monarchs in that article you re-wrote and run it as

WALT WALLINGFORD'S LAST WORDS.

Condemned Man's Outburst Against Harsh Penal Code.

I don't think it 'll hurt me and it can't get *him* into any more trouble than he 's in already. A. A.

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

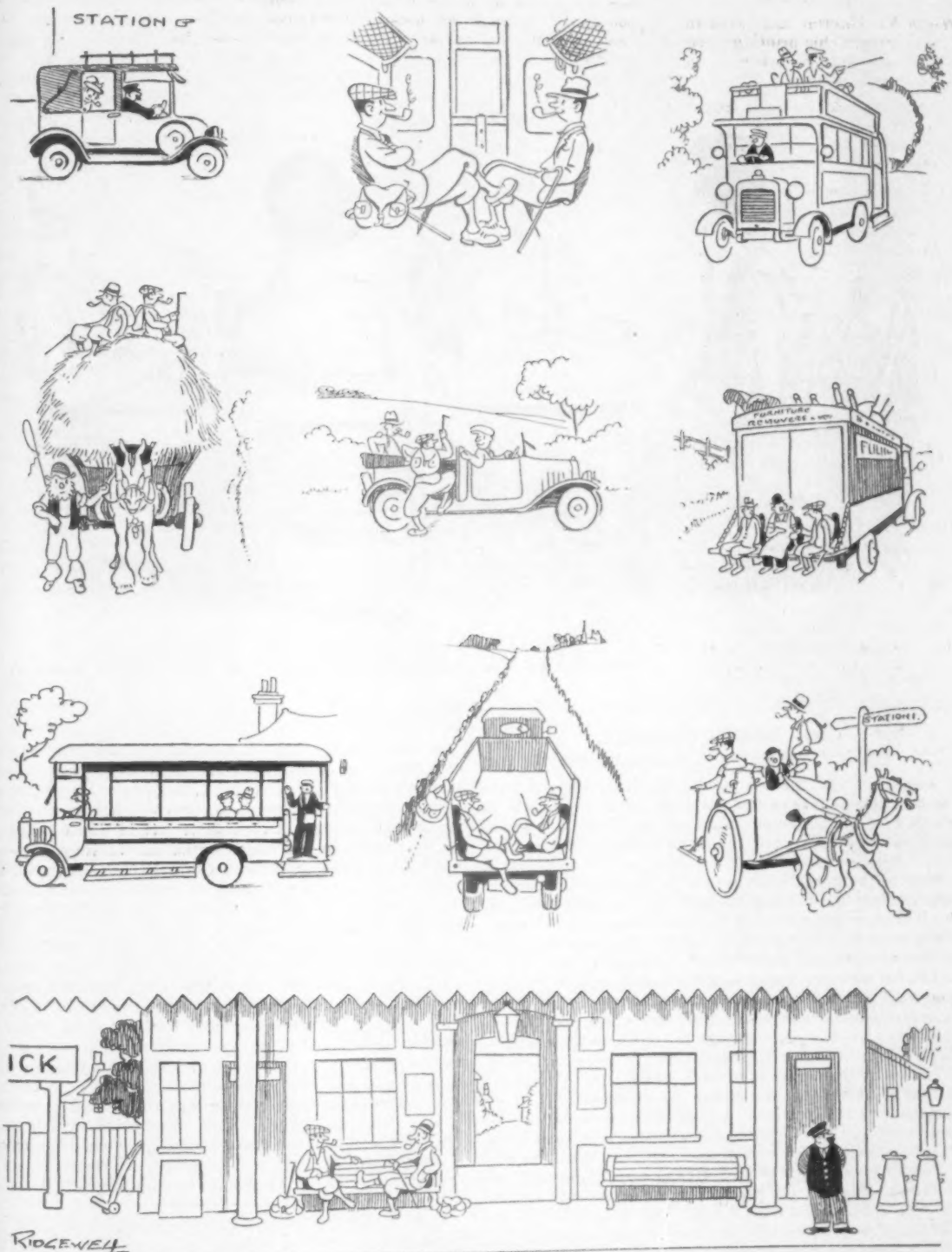
"Glover (T. R.). The Conflicts of Religions in the Early Roman Empire, 8vo., cl. (dull)."
Bookseller's Catalogue.

Birmingham hadn't a see in those days.

"The Portuguese Government is making a gift to King Albert of one dozen bottles of port which are exactly one hundred years old.

The Lord Mayor of London is to visit Antwerp on Sunday, May 25. . . . On the following day he will visit the port."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

The presentation of a bouquet should be superfluous.



"AFTER ALL, CHARLIE, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A WALKING-TOUR."

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KINGS AS WELL AS COMMONERS.

To be lenient is not only the prerogative of aristocracy. A poor man can be merciful as well as his lord.

Crowns, sceptres and the like are but the emblems of temporal power by which a king holds sway. A monarch should be as lenient as a burgher.

There are to-day in England many harsh laws. Death sentences are not often enough commuted to transportation.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

Leniency is indeed the eternal quality of mercy and its exercise. . . . etc."

V.—*Note from Editor to Sub-Editor.*

N.B.G. Not provocative enough for our readers, and a darn sight too provocative for QUEEN ELIZABETH. That "lenient monarch" bit will get the author and us into trouble with Her Maj. Remember there is this fellow Walt Wallingford in Newgate due to be hanged on Friday for treason and she has refused to pardon him.

I will try to get something else from SHAKESPEARE. By the way, I like that phrase, "The Quality of Mercy"; it has a swing about it.

VI.—*Letter from Editor of "Stratford Times" to W. SHAKESPEARE, Esq.*

DEAR SIR,—We like your powerful article on "Mercy" very much, but unfortunately, owing to Her Majesty QUEEN ELIZABETH'S severe attitude towards certain men convicted of treason, we feel it would be impolitic to publish it. Perhaps you could give us a little poem instead on, say, "The Quality of Mercy" *without* mentioning royalty?

VII.—*Letter from Mr. SHAKESPEARE to Editor (with enclosure).*

DEAR SIR,—I like that phrase "The Quality of Mercy" and have already roughed out a few lines in blank verse, but I have decided to incorporate them in a play upon which I am at the moment engaged. I send you instead a small sonnet on love.

VIII.—*Note from Editor to Sub-Editor.*

Here 's a hot sonnet. Think up a synonym for that "black-list" word he 's used in the fifth line and run it under the following head:—

Specially written for "The Stratford Times" by W. SHAKESPEARE, the well-known poet, whose 'Venus and Adonis' caused such a sensation by being nearly banned over two years ago.

And while we 're at it recast some of those bits about the leniency of monarchs in that article you re-wrote and run it as

WALT WALLINGFORD'S LAST WORDS.

Condemned Man's Outburst Against Harsh Penal Code.

I don't think it 'll hurt me and it can't get *him* into any more trouble than he 's in already. A. A.

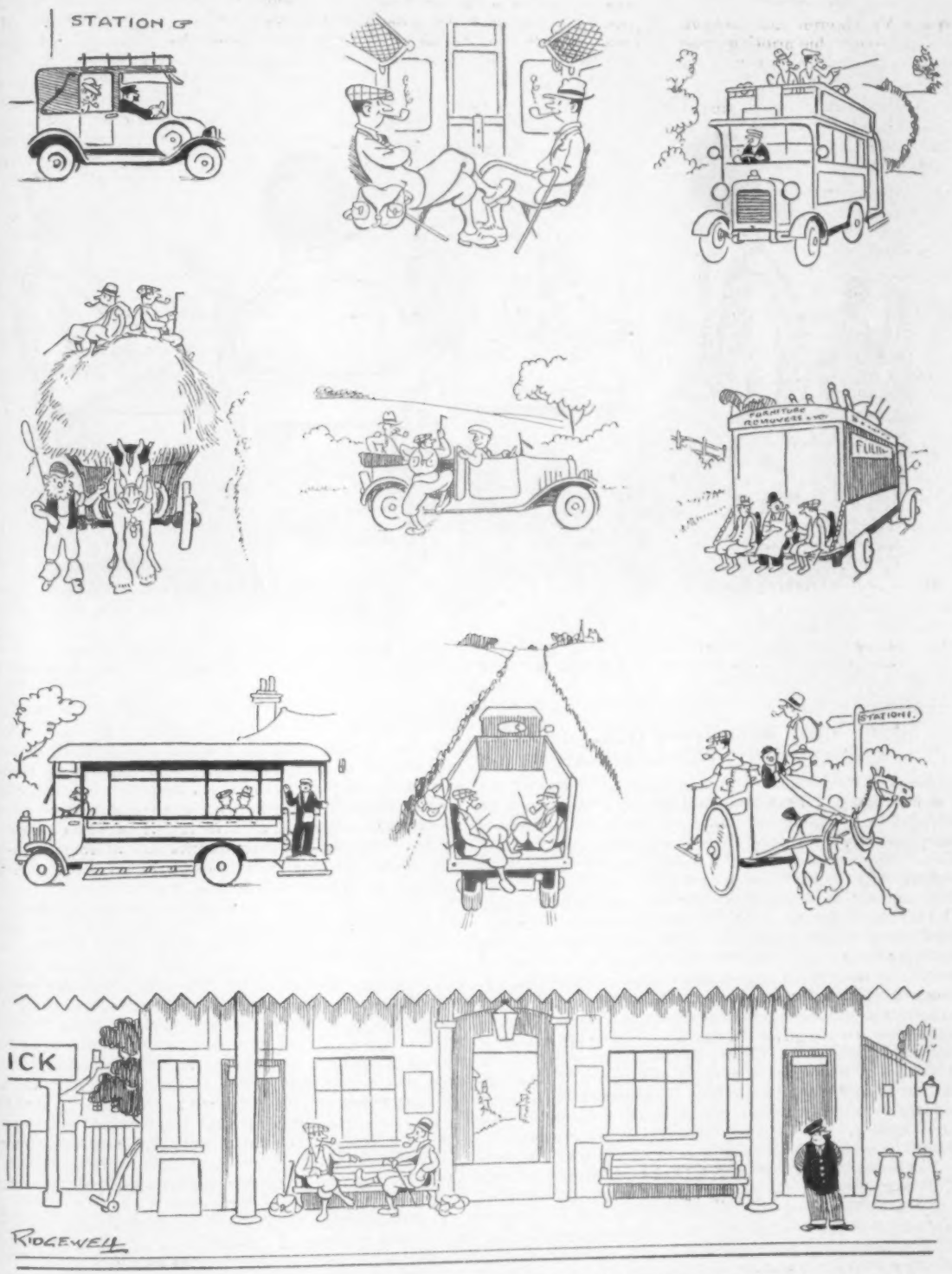
Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

"Glover (T. R.). The Conflicts of Religions in the Early Roman Empire, 8vo., cl. (dull)."
Bookseller's Catalogue.

Birmingham hadn't a see in those days.

"The Portuguese Government is making a gift to King Albert of one dozen bottles of port which are exactly one hundred years old. The Lord Mayor of London is to visit Antwerp on Sunday, May 25. . . . On the following day he will visit the port."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

The presentation of a bouquet should be superfluous.



"AFTER ALL, CHARLIE, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A WALKING-TOUR."



First Bridge-Player. "I SAY, I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D HOLD YOUR HAND UP. I CAN SEE ALL YOUR CARDS."
Second Ditto. "ALL RIGHT, ONLY YOU NEEDN'T BE SO SNAPPY. YOU'VE BEEN SHOWING ME YOURS ALL THE AFTERNOON AND I HAVEN'T COMPLAINED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN ANATOLE FRANCE praised the short story for being "in better taste" than the novel, the clinching reason he adduced for the preference was that the short story wasted comparatively little of the intelligent reader's valuable time. This "supreme mark of good breeding" was not, I think, so lacking to the novel in the days of the DICKENS serial, when each number as it came out had an integrity of its own. But it is often disconcertingly to seek in the more "literary" products of to-day, especially, I note, in those produced by undergraduates and graduates of the older universities. I find it, for instance, easier to admire than emulate the patience with which Mr. GODFREY ELTON convoys a hero given to leisurely and inconclusive criticism of adolescent conditions from his seventeenth year (in 1910) to the middle of his post-War twenties. *Rodney Gayne*, the youth in question, is reared by his father in a series of Continental capitals. Orphaned at sixteen, the young cosmopolitan is suddenly plunged into the humdrum unsophisticated life of English rural society. His attitude towards this and towards the Oxford subsequently encountered gives his story its title of *The Stranger* (CONSTABLE, 7/6); but I am inclined to think Mr. ELTON stresses *Rodney's* aloofness in order to emphasize his moral—that the typical Englishman is not the submerged conventionalist but the Olympian critic. The main weakness of a gracefully-told tale is the weakness of its principal character, and the fact that the swift and decisive actions of a memorable eight years are seen through so ineffectual a temperament.

Brief Candles (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6)—and what a *flair* Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY has for the arresting title!—consists of four stories, none of which displays its accomplished author quite at the top of his form. It may be that he is mellowing, ceasing to be just the supremely clever young man—his study of a little girl in *The Claxtons* is certainly evidence of a more comprehensive humanity—but in all these tales one misses the polished virtuosity, the brilliant ingenuity of wit which, in the earlier books, blinded one to tenuity of plot or wilfulness in characterisation. The most Huxleyan of them is "The Rest Cure," in which a foolish young Englishwoman of the "baby doll" variety succumbs to the charms of an Italian detrimental, who is half romantic and half—what the lady's husband crudely calls him; but by far the best is "After the Fireworks," the pitiless analysis of the rise and decline of an "affair" between a middle-aged novelist and an admirer only just out of her nonage. All these stories, indeed, are better than most people can write; but, uncompensated by the old brilliance of fantasy, one confesses to growing a little weary, in the long run, of a cynical psychology which finds hypocrisy, conscious or unconscious, the principal element in the human make-up, and of a *Schadenfreude* which so persistently places its victims in humiliating situations.

There is still the same exquisite entertainment and imponderable airiness of instruction about Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL'S essays. The completest numbers of *Et Cetera* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) are as good as anything their writer has given us; the slightest have incidental *memorabilia* one would grieve to have forgone. Personally I consider

the essayist almost wasted as a reviewer—he is so much more fair to his subject than to himself. His particular inquisitions on the HICKEY *Memoirs*, on CRABB ROBINSON'S *Letters*, on the *Diaries* of Messrs. TURNER, WOODFORDE and JONES of Broxbourne, remain resolutely at the height or depth of their matter. His more general investigations soar into an air of their own. Take "A Few Warning Words for Would-Be Autobiographers." With what admirable irony does he indicate the *pros* and *cons* of writing one's own life! A man may even (he hints) be persuaded to live, like COLLEY CIBBER, more picturesquely in the interests of his autobiography. But let him beware how he counts on gulling the public. "Nowadays many readers are at least as clever as most authors." This essay and "The Province of the Reviewer Determined" enjoy, I think, the greatest preponderance of Mr. BIRRELL'S quality. But I am bound to admit a delightful reciprocity as between author and subject in "Boswell Unrobed." The fate of BOSWELL'S still unpublished letters—some of which have wrapped up parcels in Boulogne while others have lain *perdu* in an Irish castle—is of itself intriguing; but the aphoristic wisdom with which their writer's character is handled is the crown of the matter here.

It would be easy to find superficial faults in Mr. RICHARD BLAKER'S very long War-story, *Medal Without Bar* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/6), as perhaps in any book that sets out to tell so much truth to the uttermost. It is often too slow in its movement, is marred by irritating notes in brackets anticipating the course of events, and flags rather when the emotional relationship between the central figure, *Cartwright*, a City solicitor turned gunner, and his wife is in question. But when all is said it remains true that the author has written one of the most faithful accounts of the daily life of a battery in action that could ever be penned, while his psychological study of the effect of battle conditions on many men of many types will not easily be surpassed. Here the separate fears and heroisms of individual fighters are seen coming to light, so that while the dread of a "premature" burst at the battery will impel *Cartwright*, for instance, to choose far greater danger in accompanying infantry in a big fight, another man will face any open risk rather than play tricks with blind god, Chance, by taking the simplest duty out of his appointed turn. Here too is bottomless scorn, contrasted with friendships splendid as immortality, begun and ripened and finished between one battery casualty and the next. This is one of the War-books that might have been expected, but which somehow did not quite arrive, in the first days after the agony had passed. Yet we cannot think that the force of its appeal will suffer from this delay.



Tramp (to his mate). "WE CAN'T BE TURNED OUT OF 'ERE, WILFRED, 'COS I SEE IN A NOOSPAPER THAT THE TOWN COUNCIL 'AVE BOUGHT THIS BIT O' LAND AS A PERMANENT BEAUTY-SPOT."

Of a former book by Miss I. R. G. HART we have an ex-Cabinet Minister's enthusiastic benediction in large type sprawling above the title of her latest. So much praise naturally inclines the critic to scrutinise her claims rather jealously. Of its kind, as a study of neurotic character, *Forests of the Night* (BENN, 7/6) is not a bad book. It professes to describe the sensations of a young man who had accompanied his uncle, a famous explorer, into the Malayan jungle, where the two had apparently got on each other's nerves. *Maurice Forbes* had tried to persuade *Uncle Clifford* to turn back, and *Uncle Clifford* had obstinately pushed on, so that when at last he had a fall and damaged his foot *Maurice* thought fit to leave him to die in the jungle

while he made his way back to civilisation. The bulk of the book is taken up with his condition of mind when he gets home, to meet *Clifford's* widow and the girl to whom he himself had become engaged just before starting on the fatal expedition. Miss HART displays a good deal of acuteness in her analysis, but it becomes more than a little tiresome. Her theme would have been more suitable for a short story than for a full-length novel.

Elizabeth, the eldest of *Richard Laventie's* three children, grows up a cold, admirably-poised writer of essays for the more intellectual reviews; *Dick*, lazy and intolerant, is in the pattern of his father, lacking his polish but showing random sparks of genius as a sculptor; and as for *Ann*, I cannot felicitate her enough on being chosen by Miss MARGERY SHARP as the heroine of her first novel, *Rhododendron Pie* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6). Her luck lies in the fact that Miss SHARP, if I may hazard a guess, is herself situated half-way between the two camps of Cold Intellect and Intelligent Heartyism, and so understands her very well. Decent to the core and a reversion to a former and sturdier generation of *Laventies*, *Ann*, as she matures, evinces on the one hand a frank liking for normal people, and on the other a feeling of shame that she cannot sympathise more sincerely with the æsthetic creeds of her family and their Chelsea guests. Marriage provides the real test. Wavering between the epigrams and glitter of one of her sister's circle and the blunt but gilt edges of the young man next-door, she decides for the latter; and I for one cheered.



STAFF-HYPNOTIST TRYING TO MAKE A MAN RECALL HIS WIFE'S ORDER.

The characters of Mr. ALFRED PERCIVALL'S *Gorse, Heather and Peat* (BASIL BLACKWELL, 7/6) are typical of the country-folk that one meets in books, and, since they *are* in a book, I should not be so irritated by this quality if the author in his foreword did not hint at their reality, referring to his eight sketches as being the third volume of *The Chronicles of Hawkescombe*. I do not doubt the authenticity of his people, I only dislike the self-conscious literary manner in which the author presents them to us as his friends, stressing their quaintness and rusticity, their respectfulness and simplicity. Those readers who can bear with an over-dose of sentimentality about golden-haired and prayerful children and are not put off by so much "quaintness" will find compensation in the informing passages on folklore and natural history and in the real humour that leavens pages and pages of Somerset dialect.

Mr. W. G. RAFFÉ not only provides in his book, *Poster Design* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 36/-), an amazing collection of reproductions of familiar and unfamiliar posters gathered from all over the world, but he draws diagrams and graphs to indicate why they have or have not "pull" or "punch" or whatever they are supposed to have. Anybody therefore who has bought or refrained from buying any commodity, gone to or avoided any place, because of the advertisement, will be able to discover from the book whether he was right or wrong, not because the place or commodity was good or bad, but because he was attracted or repelled by something or other which psychologically ought or ought not to have had that effect. Thus I should say that all who are engaged in schemes of publicity should find the book very valuable, but it has an entirely distinct interest as a sort of catalogue of pictorial advertising in all its multifarious branches.

Should you be seeking a change from ordinary fiction you will find it in *Seven, Bobsworth* (FABER AND FABER, 7/-), which is a comic history of a Garden City in the making. *Mr. Fiddler*, who under the guidance of Mr. J. D. BERESFORD tells the tale, was Bobsworth's publicity agent, and *Sir James Cobbold* (a knight with an eye to a peerage) and *Lord Grout* (a newspaper proprietor of unlimited ambition) were his employers. For some time *Fiddler* found his job none too difficult, but eventually obstacles in the path of Bobsworth's progress, on the lines which the knight and the peer were prepared to bless, began overwhelmingly to appear. Cranks of various denominations multiplied in one part of the growing city, and an edict was issued that they must be put to flight. *Fiddler* in fact found himself wedged in between the devil and the deep blue sea. For the means employed to purge Bobsworth of these eccentrics I refer you confidently to its diverting history, which is delightfully satirical and humorous, and never, except possibly in its concluding pages, in the least grotesque.

Were treasure-hunts as frequent in fact as in fiction *The Chank Shell* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) would go far to convince me that innocents who take part in them ought to be safeguarded. When *Cray*, axed from the Navy, was wandering "on the sou-western coast of Sumatra" he picked up his lucky shell and also found *Carnahan*, who was not entirely a fortunate discovery. Together they went treasure-hunting, and after they had been successful in their search *Carnahan* tried twice to kill *Cray*, and was himself justly slain. Exit *Carnahan*. No sooner, however, had *Cray* got rid of this clumsy hornet than the subtle and venomous *Van Dwine* was thrust upon him. With consummate craft and no hesitation *Van Dwine* committed a couple of murders, but when he tried to poison *Cray* the heroine of the story stepped in and played her part to perfection. All of which is told by Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE with an eye wonderfully alert for colour and in a style that is most alluring.

"THE DAVIS CUP.

The Polish player served with a kick, but Lee handled these deliveries with confidence."—*Sunday Paper*.

The rules seem to have been rather loosely interpreted. But if these Central Europeans serve with their feet we think that LEE was justified in using his hands.

CHARIVARIA.

MANY proposals of marriage were received by Miss AMY JOHNSON in the course of her triumphant flight. How these Moths attract flames!

National Safety Week was supposed to be a close time for pedestrians. Too close in some cases.

While lunching in a famous grill-room a gossip-writer saw a mouse eating the crumbs that fell from the table of a writer of powerful articles. The little creature was unaware that the collecting of crumbs that fall from such tables is the prerogative of gossip-writers.

A German artiste now appearing at Covent Garden has declared that the British really like classical music. At the same time it seems to be very uphill work trying to convince them of it.

Speaking at an Empire Crusade meeting in Hastings Lord BEAVERBROOK paid a tribute to Lord ROTHERMERE. It is believed that he did it deliberately.

During a recent golf contest the referee rebuked the crowd for applauding. His reprimand was regarded as tantamount to a reminder that a golf course (like a Court of Justice) is not a place of entertainment.

Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN declares that he is no longer afraid of mud-slinging. Uneasiness is still felt, however, as to what he himself may do with clay.

At the Biennial Conference of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, Mr. E. G. GOOCH, the acting President, mentioned that on the walls of some cottage homes there were still portraits of W. E. GLADSTONE. This suggests the possibility that there may still be cottagers who can recall what he said in '79.

Farmers in some districts are complaining of a plague of queen wasps, but they are understood to be reconciled to the uselessness of making representations to Mr. NOEL BUXTON.

An art critic reports that BOTTICELLI's "Birth of Venus" hangs once more in its accustomed place in the Uffizi, where he has seen it far more comfortably and closely than he ever could at Burlington House. Those who had difficulty at Burlington House should start early for Florence to avoid the crush.

Eight L.N.E.R. locomotives hauling passenger-trains are to be named after famous racehorses. We have had experience of trains hauled by also-rans.

Notwithstanding an eminent German architect's statement that the only British building which he admires is the Crystal Palace, Sydenham residents betray comparatively little exultation.

"Braces should match suspenders," says a men's fashion note. We are risking the discovery that ours don't.



Culprit (after conviction). "ER—DOES THE SECOND DIVISION INCLUDE GOLF?"

Our feeling with reference to a film which, we learn, has been made of Soho is that it would be interesting to see a waiter in accelerated motion.

Mr. PAUL ROBESON is a remarkable man to have played with distinction football, baseball and *Othello*.

After relating that Miss AMY JOHNSON used to box with the apprentices as a toughening exercise, her instructor in engineering is reported as saying that she used to "swat" her mechanics hour by hour. Yet we should deprecate the spread of a "Swat that Mechanic!" movement.

Dr. FRANCIS BENEDICT's discovery that half a peanut or a biscuit supplies all the brain-food a University professor needs for an hour of continuous thought should have the effect of bringing University professors into greater popularity as pets.

After finding a snake in his kitchen a Sussex man discovered that a blue-tit had made its nest and laid seven eggs in a letter-box outside his cottage. Life in Sussex is just one thing after another.

In one of the first races in which Sir THOMAS LIPTON's *Shamrock V.* was engaged, her pilot was the skipper of a shrimp-smack. Frequenters of seaside resorts will have noted the happy association of shrimps and tea.

A contemporary reminds us that Iceland remained a Danish possession in 1814 because the negotiators of the Peace of Vienna had never heard of it. Newspapers in those days contained no reports of the depressions.

"Are we to be denied the example of a new *Swiss Family Robinson*?" asks Lord BIRKENHEAD. What about a Swiss Family Smith?

A complaint has been made that the plots of certain London plays are revealed before the night of production. On the other hand the plots of some plays are not revealed even after they have been running for weeks.

A woman has asked a London magistrate if her landlady had any right to throw flat-irons and saucepans at her. We think it is all a matter of taste.

According to an expert the first quarter-of-an-hour after birth is the most dangerous period of life. You have probably seen babies like that.

A critic complains that a new War-book is published at a prohibitive price. Most authors of recent War-books are not so considerate.

A London burglar left his jemmy behind him in a flat he had invaded. If he will call at any police-station and describe the article he will be rewarded.

An actress declares that the older a man is the more roughly he dances. It sounds as if centenarians will soon be barred from the best night-clubs.

The Lakes of Killarney are in the market, but confidence is felt that the Free State Government will not allow them to leave the country.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF DEMOCRACY.

In Charing Gardens, where re'uctant Spring
  Delays to figure in her best coat,
Where pigeons flutter, heavy on the wing,
  Or stroll about with bulging waistcoat,
    Signs here and there are seen
That distantly suggest a putting-green.

Though each allotment is in point of size
  Regrettably below the normal,
Its surface rude, affording rotten lies,
  Its dressing—palpably informal—
    A simple coat of smuts,
The public takes it for a green and putts.

This is not one of LANSBURY's lovely dreams;
  The L.C.C. in spasms of leisure
Snatched from the ardours of its pontine schemes
  Has dug these holes for London's pleasure,
    And lined 'em with a tin
Which people try to push a golf-ball in.

Here, at a charge of threepence on the nail
  (Weather and state of turf permitting),
Suburban clerks their feeding-time curtail
  And lightly through the rough go flitting
    In spirals, like a lark,
Matched with a flapper or another clerk.

From my riparian casement as I muse
  Upon the spectacle they offer
I wish the Great and Rich would come and fuse
  Here with this humbler class of golfer,
    On equal links for all,
Just as in Eden prior to the Fall.

I live in hopes of seeing, some fine day,
  Now they 've approved his resignation,
Sir OSWALD MOSLEY, Bart., unbend in play,
  Wielding with men of lowlier station
    A putter which may be
Hired at a very reasonable fee. O. S.

A HUNDRED-PER-CENT "HAMLET."

IT was in order to investigate the rumour that our four imminent stage *Hamlets* are to be quickly followed by a *Prince of Denmark* on the celluloid that I found my way to the immense, almost cathedral-like studio where so many masterpieces of the screen have been born.

A yellow-haired young woman was singing through a megaphone to the accompaniment of a ukelele:—

"Avenging Prince! I love you.
  By all the stars above you
    I swear my love will nev——"

With a wave of the hand Mr. Peppitt cut short her rendition and invited me to sit down beside him.

"What do you think of that for a theme-song?" asked the film-magnate anxiously. "Will it speak to the great heart of the masses? There 's another one we 're trying out. I 'm not sure I don't prefer it. I think it would be better for plugging purposes."

He searched among his papers and handed me in manuscript a love-duet entitled "You Chase Away My Elsinore Blues."

"So it is true?" I asked quietly.

"Yes," replied the great producer modestly. "We are planning to reinstate SHAKESPEARE as the world's premier dramatist. We are going to immortalise one of his masterworks on the screen. What we have in view is nothing less than a full-length production of *Hamlet*. One hundred per cent everything."

"You think it would screen well?"

"Sure of it. *Hamlet* is a magnificent play. It needs only a few minor alterations to fit it for the screen. The framework is there. Thus we already have a melodrama acted at *Hamlet's* commands before the Court. What could be easier than to replace this by an up-to-date revue with star turns and a mammoth beauty-chorus?"

"Then you are doing a *Hamlet* in modern dress?"

"Foreign dress. Native Danish costume. I haven't had time to look it up yet, but it 's certain to be picturesque. The revue company will be an international troupe, touring the principal cities of Europe and playing at the principal theatre in Elsinore, or, better still, brought straight from Paris at the expense of the King."

"I presume the revue will be the high light, so to speak, of the film?"

"Not a bit of it. It will be followed by a truly stupendous Trial Scene. *Hamlet* unjustly accused of the murder! Everything looks black. He seems certain to be convicted. Then a mysterious old man, who has been sitting motionless in the corner of the court, insists on giving evidence. His tones are uncanny. He knows strange things; he has been to strange places. Slowly it dawns upon the excited throng in the court of justice that this man is the ghost of *Hamlet's* father!"

"Terrific," I murmured. "And *Ophelia*?"

"*Ophelia* is to remain alive and marry *Hamlet* at the end," said Mr. Peppitt. "To let her die young is more than I dare ask of the public or of the very talented young New York actress I have engaged for the part. Those whom 'the gods' love must not die young."

"But in essentials you are following SHAKESPEARE's text?"

"Apart from the minor changes I have indicated I shall stick scrupulously to the story. To do otherwise," added the great cinema figure reverently, "would be a sin against art."

In conclusion I asked when the film would be made.

"Production will begin almost at once," I was informed; "as soon as Mr. EDGAR WALLACE has found time to rewrite the dialogue."

All that remains to be added is that, since SHAKESPEARE's works suffer unjustly in the public mind from their educational associations, the film will probably be called *The Avenging Prince*.

THE ANTHOLOGIST.

THE anthologist searches the poets to find
Short extracts to use of a suitable kind;
Dead authors he usually favours, as these
Are less likely to charge him for copyright fees.
If he 's forced to include any copyright work
He gives the poor poet a pound as a perk;
The poet is flattered, and welcomes such sums
To pay for the rent of his room in the slums,
Nor does he perceive that the process is prone
To circulate books which will damage his own.
Yet, however I crab the anthologist's plan,
It will not discourage this practical man,
For he feels, when a dozen editions have sold,
That he 's travelled in "realms" which are truly
  "of gold." G. B.

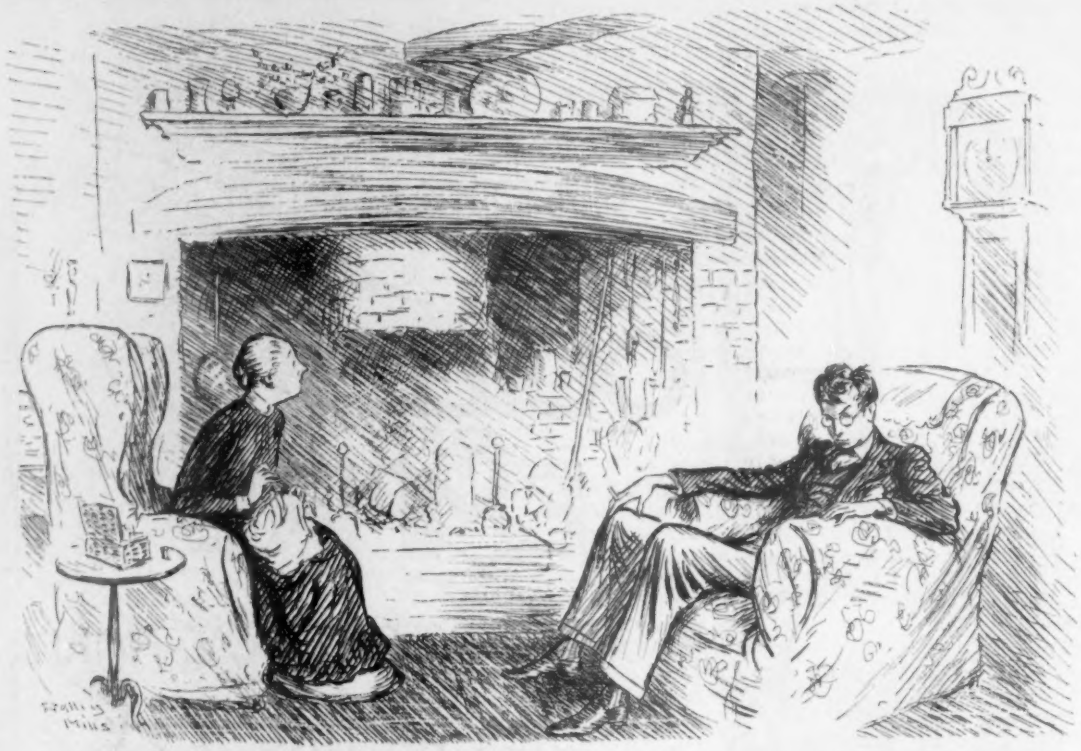
"So marked is the success of the new *Daily Herald* that even the ranks of Tuscanny can scarce forebear to cheer."—*Daily Herald*.

Nothing is said of the Trade Union ranks of Ca' Canny.



THE WRITIES.

[THE FOURTH IMPERIAL PRESS CONFERENCE OPENS IN LONDON ON JUNE 2ND.]



Aunt. "BUT, MY DEAR BOY, YOU MUST ADMIT THAT IT 'S THE VERY PEOPLE YOU DISLIKE, THE SOBER-MINDED, OLD-FASHIONED, LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE, WHO HAVE MADE ENGLAND WHAT IT IS."
Nephew. "THAT 'S JUST IT."

NATURE NOTES.

THE typed circular I received not long ago from the Automobile Association, bearing the Reference No. P.N. 730, and entitled, in a thoroughly business-like manner, *Where to Hear the Nightingale*, has caused an old sore to rankle.

"The Automobile Association," it began, "has received a request from members for information regarding localities where nightingales sing. Places in Surrey where nightingales can generally be heard are:—

Ashtead A.A. Roadside Telephone, London-Worthing Road. Close to the box each night, 11.30—12.30."

Followed a list of similar map references, indicating other spots where nightingale song had been organised for the benefit of registered bird-lovers subscribing to the Association, and a special note was added at the bottom of the page to the effect that "The birds are very easily disturbed by noise caused by running engines and horn-blowing."

This is all very well. I have no doubt that the schedule of times and places was perfectly accurate, though in the case of Ashtead late-comers have informed me that the traffic ought to have been regulated so as to move at a foot pace past the box, and then reversed, in order to secure satisfactory audition. The trill and even the jug-jug of the bird were at times indistinguishable from the ordinary black-cap and disappointed a number of two-seaters and side-car combinations which had been blocked while passing through Richmond.

But I myself was not there. I have grown tired of nightingales. Two years ago I joined a merry party in a motor brake chartered at Penge, bearing a placard with the words:—

"ETERNAL PASSION, ETERNAL PAIN!
HEAR THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD
IN COMFORT!"

and stating the precise fare. Owing to a skid we collided with another motor vehicle near Dorking and arrived late at the rendezvous. Many of us were severely shaken, and a good deal of the hilarity with which we had set out on our trip had already evaporated.

The site selected was near a railway-bridge on the Southern line, and the grass was found to be more than damp underfoot. After we had stood about for nearly an hour in complete silence a sound was at last heard in the distance.

"There!" said one of our party.

It turned out to be the 12.14 to Brighton.

Disgusted by this, we continued our vigil, whiling away our time, as did most of the other members of our crowd, by returning to our conveyances and playing poker for penny points, or *vingt-et-un*.

I am loath to complain of inefficiency, but the truth remains to be stated that, apart from a low cry at 1.15 A.M., which proved to be merely that of a cow in pain, nothing occurred until nearly two o'clock, when a harsh kind of noise proceeded from a neighbouring spinney. I inquired rather sharply of the driver of the motor-coach what this might be, and after a moment of hesitation the man confessed that it was a nightjar.

"I don't know what you other gentlemen may think," I said, turning to the rest of my party, "but I consider that we have been grossly deceived. I propose that we now return and register our protest at the depôt to-morrow morning."

On one pretext and another the garage proprietor refused to refund our

fares, and, although I wrote several letters to *The Ornithological Review*, they still remain unpublished. Nor is this an isolated instance of mismanagement. Last year I had occasion to ring up our local branch of the Touring Car Confederation, in Gloucestershire, on a similar emergency.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "what white, what purple fritillaries the grassy margin of the river-fields is producing just now?"

They informed me that there was a spot near Cirencester where the required facilities were available and fritillary plucking could be carried out under the by-laws of the County Council, either singly or in groups. I set out in a light six-cylinder roadster with four-wheel brakes and found that many of the roads indicated in the route supplied to me were totally innocent of tarmac, the camber deplorable, the corners blind, and in some cases without warning notices. The day happened to be wet. No kind of provision in the way of tarpaulin tents or marquees had been made near the car-park, and, though there was a fair abundance of fritillaries, scarcely any of them were white, whilst in crossing from one field to another I tore one of my trouser legs badly on a piece of barbed wire and was chased for nearly a mile by what I still believe to have been a bull.

Nor was I more fortunate on a later occasion in my efforts to obtain assistance from the Royal Automobile Club, when I telephoned to inquire at what hour in Stoke Poges the moping owl could be relied upon with some certainty to complain to the moon. They said that no arrangements had yet been put in hand, but that scores of persons had heard the owl mope, in this vicinity, at vehicles of various types; and they recommended me to beware of the new police trap near Slough. The reader may find it difficult to believe me, but on the night which I selected for my expedition not only was I compelled to wait for half-an-hour in a queue outside the churchyard gate, but there was actually no moon. Inquiries made of the sexton rendered it doubtful whether even the owl was in voice on that particular evening, and this although not the slightest warning had been given by the parochial authorities to the morning Press.

Friends have told me of similar experiences. A gala procession in fancy-costume was organised recently by Morris and Austin owners for the purpose of watching a pair of nuthatches build near Brooklands, and the whole affair ended in a fiasco. The notices were affixed to the wrong tree, and when, after long search, the mistake had been rectified and the champagne luncheon served it was found that, through some cause or other, nidification had been totally abandoned. A chiff-chaff was in song, but this was small recompense for the elaborate care and the large amount of secretarial work which had been devoted to the success of the fête.

The monster rally of East Anglian motor-cyclists is another case I have in mind. Excellent speeds were recorded and the supply of sandwiches and ginger-beer proved ample. But there was a complete breakdown in the principal and most attractive item of the programme, which was to listen to the booming of the bittern in a solitary fen.

The fact is they do these things better abroad. In Czecho-Slovakia I attended a Civic Hoopoe Soirée, at which all the proceedings were admirably conducted, and at Siena I remember that on expressing a wish to hear the golden oriole sing I was escorted into the campagna in a motor ambulance, attended by a party of *fascisti* with clubs. The performance was not only rendered *con brio*, but was punctual in the extreme.

EVOE.



Mistress. "WHAT'S GOING TO WIN THE DERBY, MARTHA?"
Martha (who has an annual flutter). "WELL, MUM, JUDGING BY THE PAPERS, THERE'S ONLY ONE HORSE IN IT—AND THAT'S TOTE."

A Pretty High Tea.

"Middlesex (*v.* Derby) 48-8. Tea.
Later: Middlesex 62 all out.
Later: Derby 39-4. Tea."
Evening Paper.

MISLEADING CASES.

WHAT ARE SNAILS?

Cowfat v. *Wheedle.*

THE hearing of this case, which raises a legal point of far-reaching importance to gardeners and horticulturists, was concluded to-day.

Mrs. Cowfat, who appears *in formâ pauperis*, is suing her neighbour, Mrs. Wheedle, for alleged trespass and damage to property. Plaintiff and defendant live in adjoining houses in the suburb of West Munsey. Both are keen gardeners, and plaintiff alleges that defendant has made a practice of throwing snails and slugs over the dividing wall, thus damaging Mrs. Cowfat's plants and injuring her chances of gaining prizes at the West Munsey flower-show.

Mrs. Cowfat's cross-examination was continued this morning.

Mrs. Cowfat. I seen 'er done it—see?

Mr. Swoot (*Counsel for the defence*). You say you saw the defendant transferring snails from her garden to yours?

Witness. I tell you I seen 'er done it. Can't speak plainer than that, can I?

Counsel. I put it to you that your story is a tissue of fabrications?

Witness. I seen 'er done it. And my clean 'olly-'ocks nothing but 'oles from that day to this. More like a sponge, they was.

Counsel. Will you tell my lord what time of day it was that you saw defendant engaged in this manner?

Witness. Ask 'er oo it was won fust prize for 'olly-'ocks, Mister.

Counsel. Answer the question, please, Mrs. Cowfat. What time of day was this?

Witness. Night-time, of course. Think she 'd have the face to do it in the daylight? Nasty creeping thing——

Counsel. Then it would be dark, Mrs. Cowfat?

Witness. Dark? I should say so. Gone half-past ten, because I 'd heard Wheedle come back from the pub, singing somethink awful——

Counsel. Very dark?

Witness. You 're right, Mister. And she 's a dark one. If I was to tell all I know——

The Court. You are here to tell all you know, Mrs. Cowfat, provided it is relevant.

Witness. Well, then, ask 'er 'oo it was fed 'er two cats, night and morning, when she went off Whitsun——

Counsel. One moment, Mrs. Cowfat. You have told my lord that it was very dark. And yet it was not so dark that you were unable to see the defendant throwing snails over the wall?

Witness. I seen 'er done it.

Counsel. On the 18th of May did you rebuke defendant for putting salt on the snails in her garden?

Witness. That 's right. Nasty cruel thing! Standing watching 'em shrivel. That 's what put 'er against me.

Counsel. You disapprove of that method of immobilising a garden pest, Mrs. Cowfat?

Witness. I seen 'er done it.

Counsel. Will you tell my lord how you dispose of the snails in your own garden?

Witness. Never were no snails in my garden, Mister, not before Flo Wheedle begun 'er dirty games. *Nor* slugs.

Counsel. Oh! So there were no snails or slugs in your garden, Mrs. Cowfat, prior to the 14th of June?

Witness. You 'eard what I said.

Counsel. A very remarkable garden, Mrs. Cowfat, in its complete freedom from destructive gasteropods?

Witness. Remarkable? You oughter seen it last summer—fust prize 'olly-'ocks, sea-kale and lettuce. *And* a second for geraniums.

Counsel. To what, Mrs. Cowfat, do you attribute your immunity from snails?

Witness. Patent fertilisers, Mister. Turns their stummicks and they don't come a second time.

Counsel. I put it to you, Mrs. Cowfat, that your immunity is susceptible of a more sinister explanation?

Witness. Pardon?

Counsel. I suggest to you that for many years past it has been your habit to transfer your snails to your neighbours' gardens?

A Woman in the body of the court. That 's right.

Witness. Oh, you wicked man! Oh, how dare you! Say that again, Liz Roberts, and I 'll tear your eyes out! (*Witness became very excited.*)

The Court. Please control yourself.

Witness. All right, guvnor. Only you wait till I get at her—see?

Counsel. Would you say, Mrs. Cowfat, that the snail was an animal *feræ naturæ*?

Mr. Bottle (*Counsel for the plaintiff*). Milord, I object!

Mr. Swoot. If me learned friend will have a little patience——

Mr. Bottle. The witness cannot be expected——

The Judge. I don't *quite* see where this is leading us, Mr. Swoot.

Mr. Swoot. Milord, it is the defendant's case that she did not in fact throw snails into the plaintiff's garden, and



Aunt (*to child in pain*). "WHAT IS IT, DEAR? WAS IT THAT THREE-CORNERED PUFF?"

Child. "YES."

Aunt. "WASN'T IT NICE?"

Child. "YES, L-LOVELY, BUT IT FEELS AS IF IT WASN'T QUITE THE RIGHT SHAPE."

in the alternative that, if she did, they were snails which, so far as there can be property in snails, were the property of the plaintiff, and, thirdly, that they were animals *feræ naturæ* which the defendant had not brought on to her own property and therefore was under no obligation to keep upon her own property. Milord, in the case of *Rylands* v. *Fletcher*——

The Judge. Dear, dear! *Must* we have *Rylands* v. *Fletcher*?

Mr. Bottle. Milord, at the proper time I shall have a good deal to say about that case, which, in my submission, milord, is on all fours, milord, with the present——

Mr. Swoot. Milord, in that case it was held that a person who keeps a wild beast or dangerous thing upon his property is answerable for the consequences if that animal or thing escapes and does damage to the property of his neighbour; but, milord——

Witness. 'Ere, Mister——

The Judge. Do you distinguish, Mr. Swoot, between a destructive mammal and a destructive gasteropod?

Mr. Swoot. No, milord. But I distinguish between the cases. Milord, if my client had kept a tiger on her property, she would be answerable for the consequences of its escape. But if a wandering tiger, milord, over which she had no control, were to come upon her property, I submit, milord, she would be entitled, milord, to take any steps which suggested themselves in order to induce it to leave her property, even, I submit, milord, if she were to open the gate dividing her property from her neighbour's and persuade the animal by gestures to depart through that gate——

The Judge. An interesting point, Mr. Swoot, but does it arise?

Witness. Oy!

The Judge. Be quiet.

Witness. 'Ere, guvnor, am I giving evidence or 'im? I seen 'er done it, wish I may die!

Mr. Swoot. Milord, I rely upon *Swabe* v. *The Ecclesiastical Commissioners.* Milord, the snails in defendant's garden were not brought there by her and are not under her control, being at liberty at any time to cross the wall into the plaintiff's garden. Milord, I ask you to rule that the snail is an animal *feræ naturæ*——

The Judge. What has Mr. Bottle to say to that?

Witness. I seen 'er done it.

After further legal argument, his Lordship said: "The legal points involved are of considerable importance and complexity. The evidence discloses a long-standing feud between two neighbours; both of them, as horticulturists, are naturally anxious to rid their properties of the destructive snail, with its well-known affection for the suburban *flora*. It appears that the plaintiff, whose evidence was almost wholly unsatisfactory, has for long made a practice of transferring or urging her snails into defendant's garden, since she has a feminine shrinking from the taking of life herself. The defendant, less sensitive, has destroyed them with salt, admittedly a painful and humiliating end. The plaintiff made adverse comment upon this practice, whereupon the defendant, according to the plaintiff, transferred them to her neighbour's property, from which, we may suspect, they were again ejected. We have a picture, therefore, of a state of affairs in which the snails of this neighbourhood have been changing their location with a rapidity to which they are quite unaccustomed. It is not too much to say that in West Munsey Villas it rains snails. If the evidence is to be believed, the snail war has spread beyond the original parties. The plaintiff suggests that many of her neighbours, taking the defendant's side, have conspired to collect their snails and deposit them in quite unreasonable numbers upon her hollyhocks. There are concerted operations, there are night expeditions, there are watchers at windows. The question for me is, Does this deplorable state of affairs disclose a cause of action at law? I find that it does not. A person may lawfully frighten the birds from his orchard, though he knows that as soon as they leave his own property



Our Village Captain. "LOOK OUT FOR THIS CHAP, FRED. HE MADE EIGHT AGAINST US LAST YEAR."

they must enter upon his neighbour's: and similarly he is entitled to urge the wild snail with threats, entreaties or loud noises into his neighbour's garden. Mr. Bottle asked me to draw a distinction between the persuasion or intimidation of a snail and the deliberate throwing of a snail; but that distinction is too fine for me. I must not be understood to say that defendant is entitled to pelt the plaintiff with snails; but trespass to property and trespass to the person are two different things, and in the absence of the latter I hold that the property-owner may dispose of his snails in what way he pleases. The action therefore must be dismissed. I am told that this decision will cause grave suspicion, unrest and enmity in our towns and suburbs, but I cannot help that. It is the law." A. P. H.

JAMES CYRUS MARABOUT.

James Cyrus Marabout
  Is very grand and great,
His coat is all a silken mist,
  He has a lion's gait;
Of silver velvet are his paws,
  His eyes are amber pools,
He wraps himself in royal dreams,
And all the rest of us he deems
  Plebeians, serfs and fools.

James Cyrus Marabout
  Is very proud indeed,
He will not lie as we must lie
  Nor feed as we must feed;
He will be gracious when he will
  And how he will, forscoth,
Ignoring with a high disdain
The overtures of common men,
  The blandishments of youth.

James Cyrus Marabout,
  To sum him up aright,
Is but a vicious ornament,
  A lovely parasite;
He does not toil, he does not spin
  (He never caught a mouse),
His virtues are both faint and few,
He does not strive, like me and you,
To do the things he ought to do;
Yet James Cyrus Marabout
  Is master of the house. R. F.

America Breaks Loose.

"The Untied States, Britain and Japan agree to dispose of the following ships. . . ."
African Paper.

Smith Minor Strikes a Good Patch.

"Edward VI. was the son of Henry VIII., but he had an awful lot of mothers."
Schoolboy's Answer in Exam.

"The scenery was simple but adequate, the costumes were almost beyond criticism."
Oxford Paper.

Probably just as simple but a little less adequate.

THE SECOND ROUND.

IT was the second round that ruined me and set a blight on my future.

No, I don't think I mean what you mean. I mean I don't mean what you think I mean. I am not now referring to that memorable afternoon in Fifeshire—see *St. Andrews* v. *Footle*, a case which established the liability of players to restore small cromlechs and rare shrubs growing on displaced divots.

I mean that it was the second round at the Aquarium in the Zoo that wore me down and frayed me out.

Not that there would have been a second round if it had not been for Monica May. Monica May is my niece. She is seven years old and has a bourgeois mind. Indeed, on the subject of birthday treats she definitely sinks to the plebeian. A birthday treat has not been a birthday treat for her unless she has been—

(1) Lost.

(2) Rude to a perfect stranger. (I use the word "perfect" in a comparative sense.)

(3) Smacked.

(4) Sick.

(5) In imminent danger of death from falling, immersion, vehicular perils, overeating, nervous fatigue, muscular exhaustion, etc.

Therefore, when it was suggested to me (by Monica May) that we should spend a birthday treat together, I demurred until she reminded me that my own birthday was less than a month away. She put the case before me as one of simple economy—two birthdays, one treat—and I was forced to concede.

For the next two weeks Monica May examined the rival claims of a half-guinea trip in an aeroplane (suppressed by her mother), an all-day ride on the trams (suppressed by me), seeing China Town, or going to Southend.

The day of execution revealed, however, so perfect a phenomenon of English spring that I was not surprised to find that she had chosen the Aquarium. If the weather is only fine enough, Monica May can enjoy the Geological Museum.

I was still having breakfast when she arrived with her nurse. And I fancy I caught a gleam in that good woman's eyes like that in the eyes of a drowning man rescued from a small but troublesome shark. I understood. My niece's high spirits in continuous undiluted doses can, I imagine, prove an accumulative poison to the middle-aged.

Monica May was already busy unpacking her new attaché-case (a compulsory present from her uncle). It was arranged in tiers and resembled a cross-section of an Atlantic liner. On the saloon deck was a tin of treacle, a harvest of apples and a bunch of bananas. The second class held bread and oranges, and the third class and steerage were crammed with packets of biscuits and a bag of nuts.

"But I thought we were just going to the Aquarium," I said blankly.

"This is only in case we meet any poor little hungry animals on the way," replied Monica May, shutting up her case with that air of finality a good commercial traveller displays after an unsuccessful interview.

That was in the still early hours of the morning. We reached the Aquarium after lunch.

Now, I am not complaining about any of the small things that happened that day. I was reconciled to the fact that the attaché-case would come undone during the outing, though I admit that it was unfortunate that it should have come undone on the bus, and that we should have been carried on to Camden Town before the mass of grocery and greengrocery had been scooped up again. I do not wish to blame Monica May for having her handkerchief (an essential part of Monica May's equipment) eaten by a prognathous llama. I do not even feel disposed to rebuke her for having dropped my presentation umbrella over into the Monkey Hill—I expected it.

Also, it was perhaps only to be expected that her impetuous use of a hygienic drinking-fountain should drench a crowd of other people's children, and there was no element of surprise in finding that she had knocked over an artist's easel in the Lion House.

And the first round at the Aquarium was uneventful. Monica May, it is true, immovably jammed the turnstile on the way through, but she can't help that sort of thing. And, admittedly, it was a trifle troublesome that she should have been saying with the regularity of a minute gun, "Wasn't he silly, uncle, the man who thought live lobsters were red?" I had told her the facts of the case as we came.

We drew near to tragedy in the gloom of the Tropical Hall, when the bag of nuts that Monica May was expectantly carrying burst with the noise of shrapnel on frozen ground. The explosion was terrific and the place swarmed with keepers in a moment.

Monica May kept her head, however. Soon she was directing the operations of a score of people, all on their knees, who were helping her to retrieve her nuts. And a party of boy scouts came along at the double, in the belief that there had been a smash and grab raid on one of the tanks. Then the rumour went round that someone had broken a



Lady (who has brought her boy to the hospital). "IT'S 'IS 'EAD, NURSE. 'E 'S 'AD IT OFF AND ON EVER SINCE 'E WAS BORN."

pearl necklace and *everyone* was on the floor. A peculiarly cretinous patrol leader kept a basilisk eye on me in the belief that I knew something about it. I did.

Monica May did not allow the incident to damp her spirits. In the ordinary way she asks about one question a minute, but when excited the rate is necessarily somewhat higher. And Monica May's method of asking a question is both comprehensive and emphatic. I will give an example; it goes something like this: "I don't think Angel Fish is a very good name for an Angel Fish, Uncle. Do you think Angel Fish is a good name for an Angel Fish? I don't think Angel Fish is."

To which the bewildered adult can merely reply, "Don't you really? No, I don't either—don't you?"

That question set up a baleful train of thought in Monica May's mind.

"Who gives all the fishes their names?" she asked.

"Well, it says in Genesis . . ." I began.

"No, I mean sensibly," retorted Monica May with that rationalistic intolerance which is so distressing in the young.

"Perhaps it's the head keeper," I suggested.

"I don't think he's very good at it—do you?" inquired my niece. (See style of question given earlier.)

"No good at all," I answered mechanically.

"Because what's a Hellbender?"

"Ssh, dear! It's just a kind of fish."

"Well, what's a Mouthbreeder?"

"Oh, that's just another kind of fish."

Monica May stood transfixed for a moment. Seven years' experience has taught me the symptoms of demoniacal inspiration.

"Let's go round and think of better names for them," she shrieked in a kind of Organising Secretary voice.

Now, as I said, I don't want to complain about small things. But I do feel that twice round the Aquarium is too much. PHEIDIPPIDES himself would



"THE PLOUGHMAN HOMEWARD PLODS HIS WEARY WAY."

(*Modern Version.*)

have collapsed somewhere between the Electric Eel and the Giant Salamander under such a test.

But by now Monica May was in a mood that was something between an American Third Degree investigator and a headmaster examining the "B" side of the school. Her hail of questions and suggestions was positively and progressively annihilating. Only once did she interrupt it to observe in that hoarse shout that she calls a whisper, "Look, Uncle—there 's a lady getting one of our nut-shells cut of her foot."

When at last I tottered out into the sunshine again I felt—chewed. Absolutely chewed.

And I think that you will understand my remark about my future being in full blight when I tell you that Monica May's last words to me that night were: "On your birthday, Uncle, don't you think that perhaps we 'd better come again and see if any of the poor little animals have got the wrong names?"

"Cheese Springs into Limelight."
Montreal Paper.

Some Camemberts don't know what shyness means.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

Dear Joliment,—I am thinking of employing a detective, not for any squalid purpose but for fun. The reason is that the other day in the middle of a country road I came upon the body of a black cat recently killed by a car. Now to run over a black cat must be, if there is anything in the tradition at all, the most unlucky thing that anyone can do, and my idea for employing the detective is that he should trace the driver of the car, not in order to bring a malefactor to book, but merely that an eye could be kept on his future and we could see in what way the Fates punish him, and, in short, if it is worth while being superstitious.

To trace the driver might tax too highly the powers of even the most ingenious sleuth, but while watching the films, and especially those where revues are depicted, I have often thought of tasks for detectives that would need only patience and industry. "You see the girl in the second row of the chorus, the third from the left," I can imagine a millionaire beauty-lover saying to Colonel Gore or Inspector French or old man Reeder or whomsoever he was employing: "well, I want to know all about her." Once the inquiry-agent reached the studio where the picture was made there ought not to be much difficulty.

This reminds me of a friend of mine, one of whose novels has recently been an outstanding success of the cinema. Having seen it and admired it, he wrote a letter to the leading actor thanking him for bringing so much imagination and skill to the part. In course of time he received a printed reply stating that the Star was distributing no more signed picture-postcards of himself.

You will like to know that my collection of broken English, which you have occasionally helped me to enlarge, grows all the time. Two of the latest examples are connected with the films, one being from a programme of a cinema in Kandy, where the synopsis of the great Indian epic, *Ramayana*, alleges that "chastity and virtue in a woman are the parts and parcels of her whole being," and another from a programme of a cinema in Ismailia, where the "sensationing" picture, *Marinka's Heart*, is thus described:—

"Great drama, in 3 parts, of a poignancy interest, assisting with anguish at the terrible peripeties of a Young Girl, falling in hand, of Bohemian bandits.

Pictures of this film are celicious, being taken at fir trees and mountain's of the Alpes."

A French handbill advertising autocar trips to Pau and Lourdes is another new addition. It seems that of Pau GIBBON said, "Pau has the most magnificent land panorama in the world, wich all men should see before they die"; while "Glossop say Lourdes is the center of the Gulf Stream of the spirit world and no man or woman will forget the divine afflatus that obsessed them when made their pilgrimage thither."

Who, you may ask, is GLOSSOP? Another of these leaflets tells me that he is REGINALD GLOSSOP, the celebrated romanticist, author of *The Ghastly Dew*. I must confess to ignorance of this book and indeed of any others by the same florid hand; but here is a portion of the extract with which the Auto-Car Excursion Company lures the public to buy tickets for San Sebastian and the bull-fight. The sentiments are GLOSSOP'S; the spelling and punctuation are the Company's:—

"If you have never lived before, you will live that day, you will have left your disgruntled self, you will be obsessed with Spanish fire and dazzled by the mantillared Senoritas around about you, provided you are in the select seats, all that you have read about beautecus Spanish girlhood pales into comparative insignificance before San Sebastian's adorable young ladies. . . .

"You will behold a blue black Bull swift as a race horse dash from darkness into the light and rush here there and everywhere like a bunck of mobile bronze after the men with capes of flaring red and orange satin you will understand then the terrific force behind a Bull's horns an when trumpets blare forth and bands crash out whilst thousands of girls hearts flutter as the idol of all Spain steps out alone into the centre of the circe of scintillating sand to try conclusions with the Bull. A Bull Fight for sportmen, people proud, brave, and artistic; dull people may fall back upon a tamer récréation, eating a succulent steak in one of the Bull's bodies in a San Sebastian restaurant after the corrida is over and you have one day nicht in Spain."

Such is the style of *The Ghastly Dew*. Some book!

And now let me quote something simpler, from a youthful French pen. The last few words should please Lord BADEN-POWELL:—

"Je tiens à te faire savoir que depuis un mois je suis Boy-Scout dans le groupe des Eclaireurs Unionistes; et je suis bien content; cela a complètement changé ma vie."

One other quotation from the French: I was reading not long ago one of the Paris daily papers, I think it was *Le Journal*, and for the first time I discovered from it that the regimental numbers of the four Guardians of the Flame, that is to say, the custodians of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe, are published every day. Thus:—

"LES GARDIENS DE LA FLAMME.

Ce soir à 18 h 30 à l'Arc de Triomphe: 413e *R. I.*, 416e *R. I.*, 160e *et* 360e *R.I.*"

Something very fine about that, don't you think? French instinct for drama and routine at its best.

So you have changed your name to Rocna. Very good. I will remember.

Yours E. V. L.



Girl (inspecting bathing-dress). "DOES THIS COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH WELL?"

SIMPLE STORIES.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

ONCE when Mr. and Mrs. Juniper were just going out to have tea in their front-garden a large motor-car came bursting through the hedge and sent everything flying and broke down their chief laburnum before the young man who was driving could stop it.

Well if it had been a minute later Mr. and Mrs. Juniper would both have been killed because they would have been sitting at the table, and they were getting rather old and were not used to having things like that happening to them, but the young man was so nice about it and explained that he had only just bought the car and didn't know how to drive it yet, and he had already had his name taken by two policemen for running into a lamp-post and a delivery van, that they couldn't say much, and besides it was partly their own fault for having tea in the front-garden instead of the back where it wouldn't have happened.

And he said he hoped they would let him pay for the table and chairs and all the china he had broken and buy them a new laburnum from a nurseryman, and he was so nice and made jokes about the jam sandwiches being spoilt by petrol and being able to fill the kettle with hot water again from the radiator that they quite took to him and invited him to have tea with them in the back-garden if he wouldn't mind waiting for a little until they could have it laid again with some other things instead of those that were broken and have some more sandwiches cut.

Well he didn't really want to stay to tea because he was so keen on driving his new car, and he was so rich that he didn't mind how much damage he had to pay for, though he didn't want to run over anybody if he could possibly help it because he was kind-hearted and thoughtful for others. And he was just going to make an excuse to get out of it when Mr. and Mrs. Juniper's granddaughter Lavinia came out of the house, and then he was glad that he hadn't made an excuse because she was so absolutely lovely that he fell in love with her the moment he saw her. And Mr. Juniper said this is my granddaughter Lavinia and if you will kindly tell me your name I will introduce you to her.

Well he was just beginning to come to a little from the shock of seeing somebody as lovely as Lavinia and he said Smith, and Mr. Juniper said Lavinia this is Mr. Smith who has just dropped in to have tea with us, if you will help Granny and Irene to get it ready we will go and sit in the back-garden and have a nice little talk. And he said to Mr. Smith Irene is our servant, we couldn't always afford to keep one but a sister of Mrs. Juniper's who was housekeeper to a lord and had saved a lot of money out of what she got for showing people over his house died a little time ago and left all her money to us, so now we are in more affluent circumstances.

And Mr. Smith said what was the name of Mrs. Juniper's sister? And he said well it was Carbuncle, but she died of influenza. There was an epidemic of it and the lord whose house she showed people over died of it just before she did and left her a hundred pounds as well, so it all came in very convenient, as they had to die some time or other. And Mr. Smith seemed rather interested but all he said was ha.

And while they were waiting for tea Mr. Juniper told him that he had been a shipping-clerk in a wholesale ham warehouse, and Mrs. Juniper had been a cashier and sat in a little box not very well ventilated giving out change to people in a provision shop before he had married her, and they had had a very beautiful daughter called Ermyntrude, and they were so proud of her that nothing would do for them but she must marry an Earl. And she had done that through going on the stage, but it hadn't turned out at all well because the Earl had been so wicked, and he had spent all his money long ago, and died by falling down a precipice when drunk, and Ermyntrude had died soon afterwards when Lavinia was quite a baby and they had brought her up ever since.

And Mr. Smith said you seem to have had rather a tragic life Mr. Juniper, and he said well I have rather, but I am quite comfortable now, what with the wireless and cross-word puzzles, and it will soon be time for Lavinia to get married which will be interesting, but whatever happens I shan't let her marry an Earl.

And he said well I suppose you would if he was a good Earl and had plenty of money. And Mr. Juniper said no, no more Earls for me, I have had enough of them.



"HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HER THE MOMENT HE SAW HER."

Well they had a very nice tea, and Mr. Smith couldn't keep his eyes off Lavinia she was so absolutely lovely, and he didn't know what he was putting into his mouth, but that didn't matter as Mr. and Mrs. Juniper had both been in the provision business and everything they had to eat was good, and he managed to keep lively and made them all laugh several times which nearly finished him off because Lavinia looked lovelier than ever when she laughed and it was like listening to silver bells chiming, only better. And she liked him too because he was so lively and amusing and, when tea was over he couldn't contain himself any longer and he said to Mr. and Mrs. Juniper would you mind going into the front-garden to see if anybody has stolen my motor-car yet, because I have got something private to say to Lavinia?

So they did that, and the moment their backs were turned he said to Lavinia Darling I love you, and she said I love you too, and before Mr. and Mrs. Juniper had got into the house they were kissing each other.

Well that evening as they were listening to the wireless the announcer said before taking you over to Billingsgate Market for a talk on plaice and haddocks I have an announcement to make, will Lavinia surname withheld who is engaged to the Earl of Montbretia go at once to the Bond Street Hospital where he is lying seriously ill through having run into a confectioner's shop copyright reserved I will repeat that will Lavinia surname withheld et-cetera, we are now taking you straight over to Billingsgate Fishmarket.

Well it was the first that Mr. and Mrs. Juniper had heard of Mr. Smith being really the Earl of Montbretia, but he had told Lavinia, and he was the son of the lord who had left Mrs. Carbuncle a hundred pounds, so Mr. Juniper couldn't very well object to her marrying an Earl though he had said that he wouldn't let her. And they went straight off to the hospital in a taxi-cab. And when they got there they found fourteen other girls and women who said their name was Lavinia and they were engaged to the Earl of Montbretia, and more were being put down at the hospital by every bus that went along Bond Street. But directly Mr. Juniper had told his name the porter made short work of all the rest and he took them upstairs to where Lord Montbretia was in bed in a private room.

Well he really wasn't seriously ill now because he had only been cut a little by being hurled through a plate-glass window which his motor-car had already broken, but what had been rather serious at first was that he had fallen with his nose and mouth in a heap of éclairs and had nearly been smothered in cream and pastry. But they had washed him and lent him some clean pyjamas, and Lavinia fell into his arms, and Mr. Juniper said he shouldn't say anything more about his being an Earl and he was sure it would turn out all right.

And it did turn out all right, and as Lavinia was the daughter of an Earl on the father's side nobody could say it wasn't a suitable match. And Lord Montbretia soon learnt how to drive his motor-car without having so many accidents, and he took Lavinia for some lovely drives in the country, and they were as happy as two love-birds and picked masses of bluebells. A. M.



Taxi-Driver (to client tendering half-crown for ninepenny fare). "THEY TALKS ABOUT US NEVER 'AVIN' NO CHANGE, BUT IT 'S THE FARES THAT NEVER 'AS NONE. IF YOU WASN'T ALWAYS WANTIN' SOME WE WOULDN'T ALWAYS BE NEVER 'AVIN' NONE."

RATIONALISATION OF INDUSTRY:

AN INDIAN SUGGESTION.

FOR some time after I left India my old bearer, Fusaldar, lived in retirement. A few years ago, however, I was surprised to receive a letter from him, informing me that he had opened what he called a "Cheap John shop for selling all sort and condition of thing," and that I had been appointed "for the sleeping partner of my business for the advice and the good counsel, but with no sort or kind of responsible for the profit or the bankruptcy."

I have never formally accepted office, but Fusaldar has continued to send me reports about the business, and he usually calls for my "advice and good counsel" in connection with his more important schemes of development. With a characteristically Eastern inversion of Western methods, however, he very often takes me into consultation after he has made his own decisions and acted upon them. "I am therefore inform Master," he frequently writes, "as legal sleeping partner and duty bound to do, that he will send advice and approve of my doings as aforesaid."

Early in the history of the business progress was seriously interrupted by the machinations of one Subrati, who, Fusaldar informed me, "is hungry beast and is making filthy dodge of commencing Cheap John shop in opposition for me."

The feud between the two Cheap John merchants started with a price-cutting campaign which brought Fusaldar's business to a condition, to use his own words, "of no dam profit and ruin staring the face." Fusaldar therefore brought forward the quaint proposal that I should bring the matter before the "Prime Minister Sahib," with the view of having Subrati prosecuted under the Safeguarding of Industries Act.

Since then Fusaldar and Subrati have conducted their respective businesses under conditions of guerilla warfare, and the majority of Fusaldar's reports have read like despatches from the battlefield.

Recently my old bearer suffered a severe reverse. "I am," he wrote, "hearing news of measly Subrati hiring orator fellow for standing at my door and drawing all customer away to his place with lying words. I am therefore making secret buying of firework whirligig and squib and arrange for cunning little



Absent-minded Guest (at dinner-party). "NO SOUP, THANKS. I'LL GO STRAIGHT ON TO THE FISH, WITH A NICE CUTLET TO FOLLOW."

boy for firing off and spoiling words of orator. But night before I am roused in bed with father and mother of unholy bang and pop, and all my firework is blow itself into a smithereen. Who is this but work of greasy snake Subrati, with nosey-parker information of my secret arrangement."

Feeling no doubt that his rival has the advantage of him in this primitive form of fighting, Fusaldar has decided to revert to another form of strategy. He writes as follows:—

"To-day Babu is telling me of great new Act of Rationalisation of Industry that is making, for instance, precise enactment of one Cheap John shop only for one place. This is glorious news for my salvation, and is surely coming for putting last kibosh on ugly rat Subrati. I am praying Master will send with all speed all necessary form and particular of legal requirement. Meanwhile Babu is preparing grand petition of vile doings of notorious scoundrel with totally superfluous Cheap John business, and long story of criminal interference and opposition for me in my legitimate commercial affairs. And now Master will be praying of his old Fusaldar will see freedom in consequence of abolishment and elimination of this wholly unnecessary man."

MY LOVE HAS GONE A-ROAMING.

My love has gone a-roaming
  Beyond the misty blue,
She may be in Wyoming
  Or else at Timbuctoo;
Returned from their migration
  The swallows on the spouts
Possess no information
  As to her whereabouts.

Discarding social trammels
  With maidenly disdain,
She may be riding camels
  Across the Libyan plain;
All roads to her are easy,
  The Bedouins to a man,
Polite though somewhat greasy,
  Escort her caravan.

She may be out exploring
  The Amazonian night,
Which I should find too boring
  Because the insects bite;
Or dancing round some idol
  And studying Voodoo tales
Which make the reader bridle
  But have tremendous sales.

The atlas holds no terror
  For her all-conquering ear,
Though once she made an error,
  I think, near Potter's Bar;
The bare rock is her pillow,
  Her thews are tempered steel,
She dives into the billow
  Precisely like a seal.

She flies, the world beneath her,
  She has no certain house,
Of all the ambient ether
  She is the *Fledermaus;*
She drops to earth from heaven,
  With one loud cry of "Fore!"
She shoots her seventy-seven
  Where we take ninety-four.

My love has gone a-wandering—
  I 'll waft her this caress,
Though some might call it squandering,
  Since she has no address;
And, though the wild winds speed it
  And rough seas bear it through,
I doubt if she will need it,
  As girls were wont to do.

But, should she tire of roaming,
  Perhaps will come a day
When, weary of seas' foaming,
  And tanned by tropic ray,
And seeking to recover
  On some soft manly breast,
She 'll turn to me, her lover,
  And steal into my nest. EVOE.

Our Capitalist Press Again.

"THE *DAILY HERALD* PROTECTS THE INVESTOR."—*Poster.*



PENANCE.

MR. THOMAS. "ON BEHALF OF MY FRIENDS WHO PERMIT ME TO REPRESENT THEM IN THIS PENITENTIAL OVERALL, I HERE RECANT THE HERESY PREACHED BY US AT THE GENERAL ELECTION, NAMELY, THAT THE LABOUR PARTY HAS THE SOLE SOLUTION FOR THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT; AND IF MY PRESENT HUMILIATION SERVES TO LIFT THIS GREAT QUESTION ABOVE THE LEVEL OF PARTY POLITICS I SUFFER IT GLADLY—OR DO I?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 19th.—When the farmers are complaining that they cannot cultivate the existing land with profit, the purpose of creating more by means of an expensive Land Drainage Bill is none too clear. It was none too clear to the Lords when they went into Committee on the Bill this afternoon. It was so little apparent to Lord CLINTON that he moved to postpone the coming into operation of the Act until 1935, but afterwards withdrew his motion on being assured by Lord DE LA WARR that the Bill did not involve the imposition of new rates.

Lord DESBOROUGH said no Bill had ever given such absolute power to a Minister—the word "Minister" occurred in the Bill a hundred-and fifty-seven times. This grasp of statistical detail so overawed the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR that he meekly accepted most of the Amendments subsequently offered, in spite of which their Lordships were still at it when they rose at 11.15 and called it a day.

Question-time in the Commons was largely absorbed by Indian affairs, so much so that the SPEAKER, reminded possibly of rare BEN JONSON's advice that

> "It is not growing like a tree,
> In bulk, doth make man better be,"

found it necessary to tell Mr. BECKETT that "they could not grow a sort of tree, with branches on it, on every Question."

From such topics of old standing as religious persecution in Russia, dumped German oats and the Naval Conference the House divagated to the subject of flowers. One cannot picture Mr. FREEMAN walking down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in his transcendental hand, but after the thymy fastnesses of Brecon and Radnor a flowerless House of Commons is rather more than he can stand. Members looked a shade apprehensive when Mr. LANSBURY announced sympathy with his hon. friend's proposal that certain rooms in the House should be decorated with flowers from the public Parks, and Mr. C. WILLIAMS suggested that they should at least be British flowers.

Sir G. DALRYMPLE-WHITE austerely suggested that the House went in for too many bouquets as it was. He is right. Anyhow in the interests of the nation's business Members should confine themselves, as heretofore, to saying it with flowers of speech.

From flowers in the House Members passed easily to the kindred topic of flowers in the parks, where, Mr. LANSBURY informed them, all but four per cent of the bulbs that are blooming in the spring, tra, la, are British born.

But the parks, it seems, will soon burgeon with more than floral beauty, for the FIRST COMMISSIONER stated that his Department was now prepared to consider applications to stage film plays there in the early morning.

An early-morning encounter between, let us say, Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN and Rima would contribute substantially to Mr. LANSBURY's schemes for brighter parks.



WHAT THE BUTLER THOUGHT.

"TIRED OF DOING NOTHING, IS HE? PITY THE LAD COULDN'T SEE HIS WAY TO STAY AND LEND ME A HAND WITH THESE FLOWER-POTS."

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY AND MR. LANSBURY.

[The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS has been asked if he would provide flowers for the decoration of certain rooms in the House.]

It is a long time since a Lord Privy Seal came as near to losing his salary as did Mr. J. H. THOMAS when, at the close of to-night's debate on unemployment, the vote for it was carried by a beggarly majority of fifteen. It was not Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN's fault. His exposition of the barrenness of the Government's performances as compared with the wealth of its electoral promises was merciless, but he credited the LORD PRIVY SEAL with doing his best to achieve the impossible. Nor was it Mr. THOMAS's own fault. He faced the music like a little man, admitted that the unemployment figures were appalling and that nothing could be done about it. Panic relief legislation he urged, was worse than useless, tariffs would not help, rationalization would not help, trade uncertainty begotten of the threatened imposition or withdrawal of duties did anything but help. Nothing helped. But was he downhearted? No!

Even the defection of Mr. MAXTON and his Chinese army of malcontents did not make him downhearted, nor Mr. KIRKWOOD's reminder, when the MINISTER was congratulating the House that our unemployed are better off than those in other countries, that "they had got all that from the Tories and Liberals." Not even Sir G. COLLINS' declaration that the only regret of the Liberal Party was that the LORD PRIVY SEAL appeared to be hastening very slowly, nor the subsequent discovery that the said Liberal Party had no intention of hastening, slowly or otherwise, to his support, could persuade the sanguine Mr. THOMAS that the tide of depression would not shortly turn.

Tuesday, May 20th.—The Lords completed the Committee stage of the much-amended Land Drainage Bill, but not until they had carried Lord CLINTON's Amendment postponing the operation of the Act to January 1st, 1935.

The Commons, having bickered a bit over various questions connected with Safeguarding, heard the P.M.G.'s explanation of why a German-speaking Communist in the Postal Service had been transferred from the German board of the Foreign Trunk Exchange in London to another post. Between Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, who was for outing the fellow neck and crop, and Mr. W. BROWN, who argued that if the Labour Party discriminated against Communists the Tory Party might find occasion to discriminate against Socialists, Mr. LEES-SMITH was able to show that he had steered a just middle course. According to his version of the incident, the offending Communist had simply been transferred from an exchange where he could be a nuisance to one where he could not.

The motion to reject the Second Reading of the Finance Bill produced yet another of those tepid fiscal debates, unenthusiastic Conservative cheers greeting the Protectionist utterances of Sir ROBERT HORNE, half-hearted Labour applause rewarding the Free Trade breathings of Sir HERBERT SAMUEL and Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

Sir ROBERT as usual ploughed an austere furrow, but Sir HERBERT bright-

ened things up by likening Mr. CHURCHILL's testamentary disposition on leaving the Exchequer to that of RABELAIS: "I owe much; I have nothing; the rest I leave to the poor."

Rating relief had added enormously to the taxpayers' burdens. Talk of a dole! That was a typical Conservative dole. As for the Labour Party, its backbenchers were dissatisfied because the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was not redeeming pre-Election promises. The Party had no right to hold out such promises and retribution was now following their success at the polls.

Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE's defence of the Budget was laboriously orthodox. The speech of Mr. W. J. BROWN, on the other hand, though slightly irrelevant, was refreshingly frank. He saw no hope of any comprehensive State scheme for unemployment in Mr. SNOWDEN's present or prospective Budgets. But the Government was doomed to be turned out as soon as unemployment reached the two-million mark. So why not stop this Kerensky régime and let the Lenins get to work?

The simile was brightly taken up by Mr. BRACKEN in a useful maiden speech. Mr. BROWN's picture of Mr. SNOWDEN as a Kerensky simply invited the suggestion that the retiring CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER was preparing to play the part of LENIN. Mr. BRACKEN twitted the Trade Unionists with helping the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to venerate COBDEN, who had said that he would rather live under the DEY of Algiers than under a trade union. Personally he would as soon have the DEY of Algiers as the Dey of Downing Street.

Wednesday, May 21st.—The Lords are ahead of the Commons in one respect. They seem to realise that any debate on unemployment must, to be effective, be a debate on Empire Free Trade. Lord ELIBANK joined the two in his motion to-day, and the Lords voted by 103 votes to 25 that the way to deal with unemployment is a comprehensive policy of safeguarding, anti-dumping and Imperial economic unity.

Hurling the sticks of fact against the Aunt Sally, or rather the Aunt COBDEN, of Free Trade is easy, and Lord ELIBANK registered the usual number of hits. Lord MELCHETT registered even more, Lord ARNOLD having amiably provided a second target.

To Lord SALISBURY as leader of the Conservative Party fell the more delicate task of steering a middle course between the Scylla of Free Trade and the Charybdis of Food Taxes. Lord BEAVERBROOK did his best to convince the House that Charybdis, at any rate, was the mildest-mannered monster that ever ate out of a wanderer's hand, and Lord BEAUCHAMP restated the venerable fallacy that wherever tariffs had been imposed prices had become higher.

In the Commons Mr. HENDERSON assured impatient Conservatives that various Questions connected with Soviet propaganda were receiving serious consideration. Further than that he naturally declined to go.

After Mr. HENDERSON had assured Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN that forthcoming steps to "harmonise" the eggs of the League Covenant and the ham of the Kellogg Pact into one delicious whole could be debated if the right hon. gentleman sought an opportunity through the usual channels; and after Dr. SHIELS had informed Sir PHILIP RICHARDSON that there would be a Joint Committee of both Houses to consider the proposals of His Majesty's Government regarding the question of closer union in East Africa, and after MACDONALD *père* had informed MACDONALD *fils* that the Government would publish the report of the Sub-committee of the Economic Advisory Council if the nature of the report were such as to allow it, the House settled back in its seat to hear Sir OSWALD MOSLEY's reasons for resigning from the Government of the day. The substance of his letter to the PRIME MINISTER, which he read, was that Mr. SNOWDEN's Committee had rejected not only the MOSLEY-LANSBURY-JOHNSTON memorandum but every useful alternative proposal that might have been put forward. He had therefore no other way of appealing to the judgment of the party than by resignation from the Government.

From this piquant interlude the House turned with depression to the resumed debate on agriculture, a depression from which it was momentarily lifted by hearing Mr. LAMBERT, who blooms like a lone Liberal strawberry in Devonshire's sea of Conservative clotted cream, declare that "there is no Free Trade in agriculture to-day." Gloom resumed its inspissated sway when Mr. WINTERTON suggested that the way to save agriculture was for the public to get the milk habit, and did not lift when the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE rambled off on the question of facilities for telephoning to inspectors in cases of swine fever.

Thursday, May 22nd.—Both Houses, having dealt with the agreeable topic of Whitsuntide holidays, resumed their muttons, the Lords concluding the Report stage of the Coal Mines Bill and the Commons turning to Scottish Agriculture and the vexed question of the potato pool.



ULYSSES STEERS A MIDDLE COURSE BETWEEN SCYLLA (COBDENITE FREE TRADE) AND CHARYBDIS (EMPIRE FREE TRADE).
MR. SNOWDEN, LORD SALISBURY, LORD BEAVERBROOK.

The Blue Post.

[Application has been made to the Westminster City Council for permission to put up Blue Pillar-boxes for the Air-mail post.—*Daily Press.*]

THE latest Post new uniform is wearing—
Sky-boxes of celestial hue;
So letters which demand a swifter bearing
We must despatch into the blue.

A Saving Grace.

[A writer in support of the pillion-rider points out that her silk stockings catch the light of overtaking traffic and so diminish the chance of accidents.]

THE startling fact I cannot blink,
Which I till now did not suspect:
Although her head may seldom think,
At least her legs reflect.

Smith Minor Strikes another Good Patch.

"Gandhi was recently arrested for breaking the Salic Law."

"ICE CORNETS."
Advertisement Outside Shop.

This latest development should interest those who have made much of "Hot Trumpet" Solos.



Policeman (fiercely). "SO YOU 'RE THE CLOUD O' DUST THAT FLASHED PAST ME THIS MORNING?"
Delinquent (proffering hush-money). "WELL, WHAT ABOUT A SILVER LINING TO IT?"

THE NEW SET.

O BRAND-NEW set of golf-clubs with your slender shafts of steel
(Superior to hickory by far),
Whose elegance inspires the long-defeated mind to feel
A quiver as of bogey, even par,
Whose pride could wean my caddie from his acid melancholy
To cart around the ten of you, not mentioning a brolly,
Before we start to emulate the glories of a TOLLEY,
I wish to state exactly where we are.

O driver and O brassie—I may also add, O spoon—
By some untoward visiting of fate
Your many predecessors have been lacking in the boon
Of keeping even tolerably straight;
I don't care how it 's done, along the ground or by the airway,
But if you'd manage now and then to land me on the fairway
The change to me would be like climbing up the golden stairway—
A joy that has escaped me up to date.

O graduated irons of the latest fashion, known
By number, not by name as heretofore
(A fact that in itself conveys a *cachet* of its own),
I have tried other irons by the score
But none that was immune from an exasperating habit
That never let them hit the ball, but always made them stab it,
Which merely sent it scuttling to the heather like a rabbit—
Avoid it, and I ask for nothing more.

And you, my fairy putter, I have much to tell you, but,
Though lovelier than any I have met,
An old umbrella handle, if it wanted to, could putt;
Moreover, I confess to my regret,
My clubs are still of hickory, old-fashioned and unsightly;
The wonders that I sing of, though I dream about them nightly,
Are but a base'ess fabric, or, to put the matter tritely,
I haven't, as a detail, got them yet. DUM-DUM.

Another Feather in the Kangaroo's Tail.

". . . The discovery, in a New York jeweller's basement, of the diamond necklace presented by Napoleon to his Empress, Marie Louise of Australia."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

"BLEACKLEY (H., M.A.). STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS. 8vo, *cl. gilt (trifle shaky).*"—*Bookseller's Catalogue.*

There are many who insist that our aristocracy is tottering.

The Night-Life of Lombard Street.

"All London will be crowded with society folk anxious to have their part in . . . the dances for debentures."—*Argentine Paper.*

Our debentures are so entirely static that we have come to regard them as incorrigible wallflowers.

More Truth About Old Blayds.

"Among the art treasures in this hall are three tapestries by Mortlake (1700), depicting the story of Nero and Leander. . . ."
Local Paper.

NERO, of course, was the cox who fiddled while Leander sank; but we didn't know it was in view of Mortlake.



Lady (at her first otter hunt). "WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW?"
M.O H. "THEY'VE CAUGHT HIM."
Lady. "OH, HOW HORRIBLE! I ONLY CAME OUT BECAUSE I WAS TOLD YOU NEVER BY ANY CHANCE KILLED AN OTTER."

ARE CARRIER-PIGEONS HAPPY?

I HAVE been conducting a "probe" into the question of carrier-pigeons. You have often seen on railway-station platforms empty baskets which have once contained carrier-pigeons. You have less often seen the same baskets with a dozen or so birds definitely inside and marked "*To Stationmaster, —— Station. Please release as soon as possible, etc.*" But have you ever seen the pigeons actually being released? How do you know they are not released straight into a pie for the stationmaster? And are you satisfied in your own mind that the pigeons get treated squarely while awaiting release? Can you sleep peacefully in your bed when you think that dozens of your dumb feathered friends may be getting a dirty deal? Well, anyway it was all this which made me visit Midfield station last Sunday morning determined to see exactly what happened to the pigeons, or die under the 10.20 up.

There were six basketfuls when I arrived, and I regret at once to record that they were piled up without any regard for the inmates. Some pigeons could see nothing but milk-cans; others, worse off, had merely the exterior wall of the Third-Class Waiting-Room at two-foot range. No attempt had been made to ensure the pigeons enjoying their stay and taking away happy memories of Midfield back to—I looked at the labels—Clapham Junction. Those pigeons' minds were going to grow up all warped if they got nothing better to look at on Sunday mornings than milk-cans and waiting-rooms.

And, anyway, why had they not been released? The label said: "*Release as soon as possible free of wires and obstructions, except in rain or fog. Please return the basket by next train.*" There was no fog, no rain and but few wires; and they could easily have been released free of the milk-cans and the waiting-room. Determined to allot the responsibility for this delay I approached a porter checking over luggage, engaged him for some while in tactful conversation, and at last said, "What time do the pigeons go up?"

"When I've got a minute to do it."

"Oh!" I had had visions of the stationmaster himself, surrounded by a semicircle of porters, making a little speech and then ceremonicusly lifting each lid and declaring the pigeons well and truly released.

"And when will that be?" I asked severely.

"When I stops talking and finishes this here."

I said, "Oh!" again. Responsibility for the delay was now allotted. It appeared, in some degree, to be mine. I walked away in silence and brooded on the sadness of a carrier-pigeon's life. Packed uncomfortably in baskets they were sent on Sunday mornings, when other people were thinking of church, to all sorts of outlandish stations and then had to look at milk-cans and waiting-rooms till surly porters chose (or were allowed by talkative strangers) to release them. Even then the poor boobs possessed an instinct which made them fly back home as soon as possible, ready to start it all over again. How they must long to pretend to lose their way once in a while and return home *vid* a week-end in Paris!

A hard life; worse, a boring life. In fact, I should think the only excitement they ever get is by accident, as on the occasion when my Aunt Araminta was

given a basket of pigeons at Ely in mistake for a tea-basket and did not discover the error till she had opened it in the compartment with an hour to go before the next stop. I bet those pigeons still talk of that in the loft on winter evenings.

I was musing so hard over this that when I looked round the porter had released the contents of five of the six baskets and was just tackling the last. I hurried up in order to watch the method and to see that there was no cruelty.

The method was not complicated. He opened the door and tilted the contents out over the edge of the platform, like a housemaid emptying a waste-paper-basket into the dustbin. The pigeons fell in a cluster, but began to fly before they reached the metals. They then went up and took a full circle round the station, presumably to let the clean air blow the milk-can memories away. After that I expected that they would all strike out for home independently, each one choosing the route he thought quickest. Not a bit of it. Of all that bunch, so far as I could see, there was only one pigeon who had any idea what he was doing, and the rest simply followed him wherever he turned. Even he was pretty vague, for he made seven right-angle turns in as many minutes. Or possibly he was just playing a game on the other poor saps, trying to get them all lost and dizzy before he streaked for home himself.

The stationmaster approached while I was watching. I said the birds seemed a bit slow off the mark. He said they liked to get up high. I told him I had been investigating the whole thing and asked if he thought the birds enjoyed it. He gave the matter thought and said very seriously, Yes, they did, because they made a little game of the whole business.

"A game?"

"Yes, Sir. A sort of race."

"How?" I asked; and at that moment a train for London came in and a porter started loading the empty baskets into the van.

The stationmaster drew himself up and proudly tapped his chest. Too late I saw the twinkle in his eyes. "They hope, Sir, *one* day to get home before we deliver their baskets."

"Oh! Ah! Yes!" I said thoughtfully and went.

One of these days I shall get even with that stationmaster. I shall send him a basket of pigeons. But they will be ordinary London pigeons, not carriers. And if I know anything of London pigeons they *won't* fly. They'll hang round his station for the rest of their lives, stopping trains and making a thorough nuisance of themselves. And I hope they'll nest in the Third-Class Waiting-Room. A. A.



Shopman. "I SEE, SIR, THAT YOU RETAIN THE BAND OF YOUR CIGAR. CAN I INTEREST YOU IN THIS NEW LINE—AN ELASTIC BAND THAT ADAPTS ITSELF TO ANY CIGAR?"

THE TWO ANCIENTS.

OLD Father Time
Is a *Fidgety Phil,*
For a rest or a rhyme
He will never sit still
Under gay garden stems
Where another old lad—
Old Father Thames—
Goes on almost as bad.

Old Father Thames
Up to Town gets along,
Though his mill-tails spout gems,
Though his cuckoo's in song,
And always when I'm
By his Saturday shore
His challenge makes Time
Go more fast than before.

Ah me, the old scamps
That so emulous go
Under branched chestnut lamps,
Under lilacs that blow,
Blow in blue diadems—
Is an "easy" a crime,
Old Father Thames?
Old Father Time? P. R. C.

"TRAINING FARMS FOR SETTLERS.
NEW SCHEME A SUCCESS."
South African Paper.

The old scheme of training settlers for farms was often a dismal failure.

"Fish have been taught to recognize the bag containing their favorite food by means of letters at a Berlin university."
Montreal Paper.

We usually treat them less formally and just drop them a line.

"Litter Greyhound Pups, cheap; sire Mr. Johnston, dam Flag Day."—*Evening Paper.*

We don't know Mr. Johnston, but we agree with the concluding sentiment.

AT THE PLAY.

"OTHELLO" (SAVOY).

MR. MAURICE BROWNE deserves much credit for hazarding a purse in these flippant days upon our neglected SHAKESPEARE, and much gratitude, because we always realise anew what wit, what splendour and subtleties of thought and phrase we miss by our apathy.

There were two conflicting currents in this production. Mr. PAUL ROBESON played the Moor with great simplicity and directness and succeeded better than any *Othello* I have seen in making plausible the difficult passage of sudden transition from a proud trusting love to an insane ungovernable jea'ousy.

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Desdemona (*Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT*). "THIS FOUR-POSTER IS SO TALL."

Othello (*Mr. PAUL ROBESON*). "ALL THE BETTER TO STRANGLE YOU IN."



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of similar ventures, some of them of the most elaborate and ambitious dimensions.

Foremost amongst them is *The News of the World* symphony, by Lord RIDDELL, the title of which is admittedly suggested by DVOŘÁK'S popular work, but which is developed on entirely original lines. Laid out in Four movements, the Symphony opens with an Allegro Pulpitoso, "Morning in Bouverie Street," in which the arrival of lorries laden with drums of paper is realistically reproduced. The Second movement, an Intermezzo, depicts the brief respite from his labours enjoyed by the great newspaper proprietor on the Walton Heath Golf Links, with JAMES BRAID as his partner in a foursome. A peculiarly poignant effect is obtained in the Coda by the use of a solo horn, appropriately fitted with steel crooks, which gives out a solemn fanfare indicative of the triumph of the winning pair.

The Grand March which follows typifies the return of the proprietor to his office and the enthusiastic welcome given him by his staff; and the Finale, "Going to Press," richly scored for full orchestra, reinforced by gongs, xylophones, brontophones and sirens, brings the work to a sumptuous and strepitous conclusion.

Students of Gregorian music will not be surprised to learn that from his earliest years Lord PASSFIELD has been a devoted admirer of the Psalms and Motets known as Graduals. It will be none the less a source of deep satisfaction to them to hear that he is engaged upon and will shortly produce a new Book of Graduals, in which, by the inevitability of the progressions employed and the economical handling of the modulations, a contribution of first-class importance has been made to the evolution of this branch of composition. There is, however, no foundation for the rumour that Lord PASSFIELD'S interest in hymnology has inspired him to set COLERIDGE'S famous poem to music under the title of "The Ancient and Modern Mariner."

At present we have only heard of one excursion into the domain of opera, but that is of a nature which excites the liveliest and most pleasurable expectations. Colonel MERVYN O'GORMAN will be his own librettist in his Grand Opéra Comique of *Autocarmen*, and, apart from the happy perversion of the title, has not borrowed a single word from MÉRIMÉE'S famous story. The book of the words is of remarkable length, and those who have been privileged to see it estimate that it would occupy at a rough estimate about sixteen hundred columns of small print in *The Times*. But its voluminousness is fully equalled by its vivacity. Here we can only give the briefest outline of the plot, which describes how the villain, a disreputable soldier of fortune in a marching regiment, of the name of *Lieutenant Walker Jay*, after subjecting the heroine, the beautiful *Lady Limousine de Luxe*, to countless perils by his unwelcome attentions, is finally run down by her in her 200-h.p. 16-cylinder saloon when on her way to witness an electric-bull fight.

The Tenth and final Act describes the trial, in which the heroine is triumphantly acquitted of manslaughter and elected an honorary member of the Athenæum under Rule II. for her distinguished services to the cause of traffic control. Sir THOMAS BEECHAM is stated to have declared that the orchestration is even finer than that of Lord RIDDELL and that the libretto, though written in prose, is void of the slightest taint of pedestrianism.

A CLASH OF UMPIRES.

OUR annual match *versus* Piston Slappe was played last week at Little Dithering, and we won by 7 runs, the score—as printed in *The Little Dithering Gazette* (1*d.* every Friday)—reading, Dithering 28, Piston 21; but by another mode of reckoning the totals may be no less accurately assessed at 5—2 in our favour, as I shall hope to show.

Our umpire, Mr. Umberleigh, weighs nineteen stone and has the interests of his club at heart. Our opponent's umpire, Mr. Crabb, though of less weight in actual avoirdupois, is equally devoted to the fortunes of *his* club. The decisions of both, as being big men, are received without question.

Thus it will be seen that a match between Little Dithering and Piston Slappe readily resolves itself into a match between Mr. Umberleigh and Mr. Crabb, the players being little more than pawns in the game.

We batted first in this year's conflict, the Vicar facing the bowling of Ned Laskey, who relies more on speed than either length or spin and is in consequence the mainstay of the Piston attack. Mr. Umberleigh, terrific at the bowler's end, proclaimed "Play!" and closed his eyes. Whereupon Ned Laskey lumbered up to the wicket and sent down a snorter which spread-eagled the Vicar's wicket. Mr. Umberleigh shouted "No-ball!" thus scoring the initial point in the encounter between himself and Mr. Crabb. Ned's fourth ball was a high one, passing over the batsman and the wicket-keeper; it would have hit the long-stop had he not smartly ducked. The batsmen ran four byes, and at this stage Mr. Crabb took a hand in the game. "Two short!" he roared.

By this announcement he gained moral credit but scored no point for himself, this reward being confined to decisions affecting a batsman's wicket.

(Scores at the end of the first over: Mr. Umberleigh, 1; Mr. Crabb, 0.)

Two wickets fell in the second over, the Vicar being again bowled and Mr. Tawton, the undertaker, getting his throat in front of a rising ball. A confident appeal for l.b.w. from square-leg was upheld by Mr. Crabb, who thus equalised (1—1).

Wickets continued to fall, and quite soon Mr. Umberleigh was extended. The doctor was palpably out to a catch at the wicket and started *sponte sua* for the pavilion, but was recalled by Mr. Umberleigh, who explained to him in a kindly manner that his bat was "sprung and clicking at the splice, Zor."

In this way Mr. Umberleigh's score rose to two.

But even with such ingenious expedients on the part of Mr. Umberleigh the rot that had set in could not be checked. Little Dithering were soon all out and tea was taken early.

(Scores at the tea interval: Little Dithering, 28; Mr. Umberleigh, 2; Mr. Crabb, 1.)

A great deal now depended on Mr. Umberleigh—and, of course, on Mr. Crabb too. Would they rise to the occasion? They would and did.

After tea Mr. Umberleigh opened brightly by giving a batsman out, caught off a bump-ball, but Mr. Crabb effectively retaliated by disallowing a run-out. Incidentally he added "Wide!" which however, as I have explained, did not affect his personal score.

(Scores: Mr. Umberleigh, 3; Mr. Crabb, 2.)

The game proceeded keenly until, with eight runs required for victory, two wickets in hand, and Mr. Crabb looking dangerous, the situation became rather tense; but Mr. Umberleigh is not easily rattled in an emergency. At this critical point he touched his best form and drew clean away.

In one over he disqualified an incoming batsman under the two-minute rule, and adjudged the last man out for obstructing the field because he picked up the ball after playing it hard on to his ankle and threw it back to the bowler.

(Final scores as announced in *The Gazette*)—Dithering, 28; Piston, 21; as computed by the Umpirical method—Mr. Umberleigh, 5; Mr. Crabb, 2.)

WOON.

"Mr. Ranalow . . . his Macbeth is every bit as engaging a reprobate as ever."
Daily Paper.

We picture Miss ELSIE FRENCH as an equally engaging *Lady Macbeth.*



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

THE WEARY KING.

(JAMES THE SECOND, near the Horse Guards' Parade.)

JAMES THE SECOND in Roman dress, looking terribly underfed,
You 'll find behind the Admiralty, with a wreath on his drooping head,
And heavy eyes which seem to say, "I wish I could go to bed."

Every day at eleven o'clock (Sundays only, at ten)
He sees the mounted Guard go by, officer, corporals, men
(Except when the Court is out of Town ; there isn't an officer then).

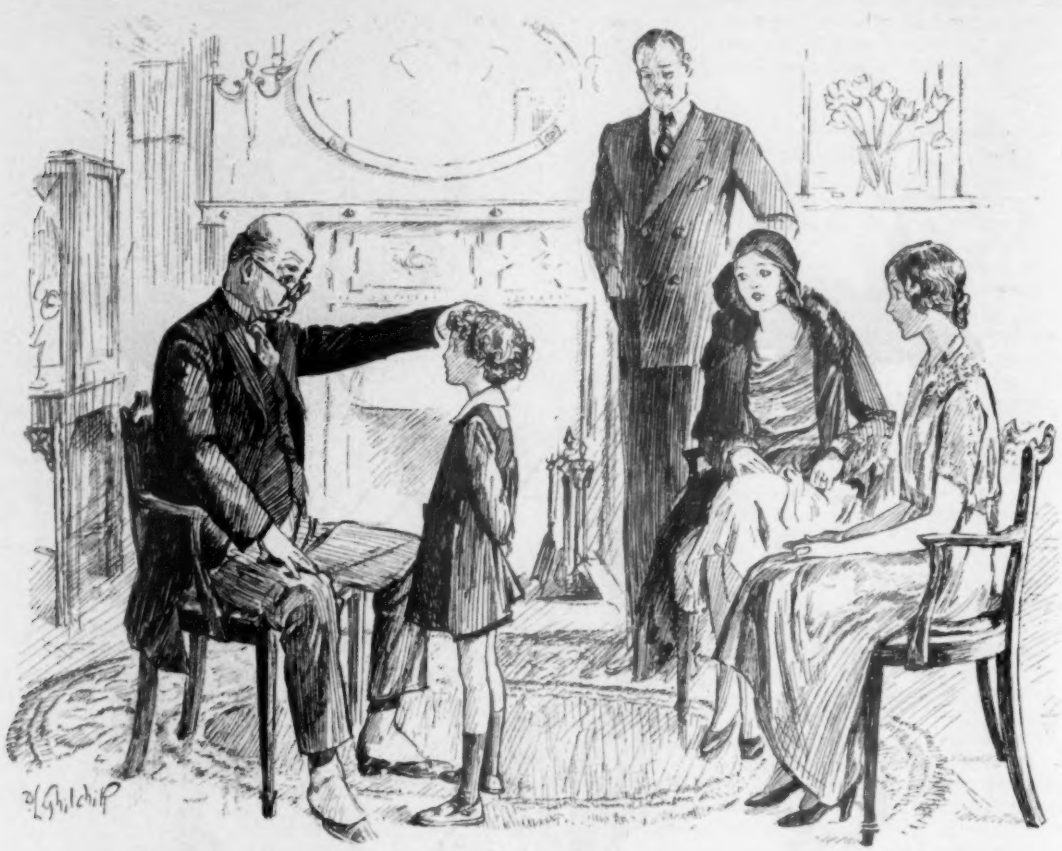
"I was a Lord High Admiral once," says JAMES in a weary tone ;
"I was a King at Whitehall too, with a mounted guard of my own ;
All the King's horses and all the King's men can't put me back on my throne."

He hears the time by the Horse Guards' clock (which always ignores Big Ben) ;
He hears the trumpeter sound Last Post when they shut the gates at ten
(Except when the Court is out of Town ; there isn't a trumpeter then).

He hears the cry of the waterfowl and the lonely policeman's tread ;
He sees the hard white lights of the Mall, like diamonds on a thread ;
"I am so tired," says JAMES THE SECOND, "I wish I could go to bed."







Pompous Visitor. "Ah, my dear, if only I could be your age and back at school again, knowing what I know now!"
Child. "Oh, I expect you 'd soon catch up to us."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is difficult if not impossible to write a first-rate biography of an inveterately second-rate man; and, though it is obvious that Mr. Edmund Blunden's *Leigh Hunt* (Cobden-Sanderson, 21/-) is a labour of love, it is easier, I feel, to appreciate the labour than the love. Professor Saintsbury, trying to do the generous thing by Hunt, remarked that he was the master, not the pupil, of Lamb, Hazlitt, Keats and Shelley; and that to be "improved upon" by the first couple in prose and the second in verse gave the improved-upon a certain status. This status is soundly and critically established in the first half of Mr. Blunden's book—a chronicle no more diffuse than is rendered necessary by its subject's self-diffusion. The journey of all the Hunts to Italy, on Byron's invitation, urgently voiced by Shelley, occurs as a sort of desperate "half-time" in the family's shuttle-cock fortunes. Stable association with a well-conducted paper might have been the making of Hunt. Actually the experimental nature of *The Liberal*, along with Shelley's death and Byron's egotism, proved a set-back. Its victim returned to the "poetical Tinkerdom" described by Carlyle; but this was very far, as his biographer clearly establishes, from the *Skimpole* legend so cruelly circulated by Dickens. Mr. Blunden is a trifle over-inclined to cast the whole blame for Hunt's anomalous position on his drunken wife and her (*sic*) abnormal son, John. Yet there is a pitiful grace about his final chapters which show both Hunt and his accomplished biographer at their best.

There is a curious interplay of feeling in Hilaire Belloc's *Richelieu* (Benn, 21/-). He claims, on behalf of the terrible Cardinal, that in virtue of his policy opposing the Hapsburg encirclement of France he was the agent who finally crystallized nationalism and secured a measure of religious toleration in Europe, and he is frankly proud to find a Frenchman and the subject of his own biography playing so resounding a part; but on the other hand he is not at all clear that even nationalism is a thing to love, while he deplores the continued separation of Europe into two camps in matters of religion, meaning by this the failure of a wise and beneficent Inquisition to destroy the work of the Reformation. He is simultaneously happy in the greatness of the deed and miserable in its results, and it should be small comfort that few historians will either share the grief or consent to accept the claim. With all his charm of narrative, his often very fascinating analysis of character and his familiar hankering after that form of military exposition which makes simple things appear profound, it must be understood that the writer is primarily concerned to keep on saying, in a spirit of the utmost good fellowship, things that in Protestant ears are quite simply damnable. He begs all the essential questions with even more than his custom-

ary air of engaging innocence, and still possesses beyond all others the art of making Englishmen love him by the lack of delicacy with which he offers them insults.

I suppose it is true of most of us that we devote a far less sloppy manner of thinking to the small but pressing problems arising out of our work than we do to the mighty but largely evadable challenge of time and eternity. It is not surprising to find the meditations of a novelist philosophically second-rate; luckily (or unluckily) for the reader they are swallowed with fare more easy to assimilate. Mrs. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN has produced, in *Men on a Voyage* (CONSTABLE, 5/-), a complete small commonplace book of undraped observations. Her publisher's blurb calls them "aphorisms," which suggests a scholarly precision to which Mrs. MILLIN makes no claim. Her little paragraphs or congeries of paragraphs deal with God, man and the content and technique of fiction, their ability increasing in inverse ratio to their height of theme. She seems, if I may say so, to have met the First Cause of her theological comments solely under the auspices of M. ANATOLE FRANCE and Mrs. OLIVE SCHREINER, and gives you the impression of never having escaped from the assiduities of her host and hostess for a quiet word alone with their guest. Her mere men, on the other hand, are interesting, especially when she sees them as matter for fiction. But the crown of her book is its professional disquisitions, "Money and Art," "The Best-Sellers," "Artistic Self-Consciousness" and so on. And here she speaks as a worker to workers, for "when an artist begins talking about his art and not his work he is done."

If there is a correct answer to the riddle: When is a novel not a novel? then I think it is to be found between the covers of Miss HELEN ASHTON's new book, *Doctor Serocold* (BENN, 7/6), which is sub-titled "A Page From His Day-Book," and is a detailed account of twenty-one hours in the life of a country practitioner. It is certainly not to be recommended to the squeamish or hypochondriacal, but those who have the courage to read meticulous descriptions of death, diseases and operations will find many rewards for their pain. As an author Miss ASHTON is singularly unobtrusive; she, as it were, introduces us to *Doctor Serocold* and leaves us with him. We could not have a better companion, for he is a delightful person—kind, wise and philosophical. Through his eyes, in the space of one day, we see the whole life of a small country town and become acquainted with a number of characters who are all associated with one another in different ways. The *Doctor* is their go-between; he is their messenger, their champion, the arranger of their love-affairs and their confessor, proving himself worthy of the honourable title of *general* practitioner. The phrase "human document" is very much over-worked, but it is descriptive of Miss ASHTON's book, which is also remarkable for the ingenuity of its construction. For these two qualities it deserves to be widely read, but only by people who have the double endowment of sanity and fortitude.



Voice of Telephone Operator. "NUMBER, PLEASE?"
Conscientious Subscriber. "WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT, ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO I WANTED THE FIRE BRIGADE, BUT THAT'S BEING ARRANGED FOR NOW. THANKS VERY MUCH."

Death, no doubt, is an impressive theme; but with fifteen death-scenes—fifteen *Exits and Farewells* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT, 7/6)—it comes in the long run to seem monotonous fare. One finds oneself waiting with a growing sense of weariness for the foregone and inevitable conclusion. Not that any lack of variety is to be found in Miss MARJORIE BOWEN's monotony. The characters of her victims are as heterogeneous

as their manners of quitting the stage of life. There are noble figures like STRAFFORD and CONDORCET; base figures like the DU BARRY and that profligate duke whom POPE called "the scorn and wonder of his age"; ambiguous figures, like PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA and Madame HENRIETTE, CHARLES II.'s fair sister. And there are executions, assassinations and suicides; sudden demises and long-drawn agonies. With one or two exceptions the scenes are firmly based on documents, and it says much for Miss BOWEN's ability that on the whole she can sustain comparison with Madame DE LA FAYETTE's moving picture of the end of MADAME or the pamphlet reporting the *ipsissima verba* of MONMOUTH on the scaffold. Nevertheless she has provided us with rather a depressing entertainment.

When you receive a book called *Tariff Walls* (MURRAY, 7/6) you take it for granted that the title is metaphorical and that you are in possession of another dull, and probably unintelligible, treatise on economics. But when you open the book and find these walls repeated in many photographic illustrations and realise that their curious meanderings follow the international boundary lines on the map of Europe you begin to sit up and take notice. If this is economics, it is a new and perhaps an amusing presentation of the dismal science. And so it is, both new and amusing. Sir CLIVE MORRISON-BELL, like his old chief, Mr. CHURCHILL, is an enthusiast for the craft of BALBUS, and he is also a knight-errant. Having built his walls on a map of prodigious scale, he has carried it round Europe, intent to slay the dragon of High Protection with its awful warning for weapon. For he is convinced that in immuring themselves behind ever-rising tariffs the nations are engaged in a suicidal and fratricidal policy, and he has hit on this ingenious device for demonstrating the fact. His account of his adventures with his remarkable toy, and of its reception, always attentive and often cordial, by statesmen and bankers and economists, makes entertaining reading, though he does not neglect the serious statistical side of the question which he has so seriously at heart.



Fastidious Criminal. "EXCUSE ME—DO YOU CALL THESE DARBIES OR DURBIES?"

In *Hammersmith Hoy* (FABER, 21/-) Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR tells the story of his success and its direct and indirect origins with a real, not merely an affected, modesty, duly seasoned with wit and occasional mild malice—as in his diverting account of Lady OXFORD AND ASQUITH blandly instructing him in the whole art of producing and acting—and for the most part avoiding those anecdotes of purely professional interest which are characteristic of theatrical reminiscences. "A hoy is a small sailing-ship capable of carrying a modest freight for a short distance," and inevitably the most interesting part of this well-produced book is the account of the hopes, hazards, disappointments, plots and personalities of his main adventure from the moment when he first hoisted sail on the ill-found abandoned ship, *Lyric*, and made it carry a satisfactorily heavy freight for a series of voyages, owing to his seamanlike capability for picking good officers and competent crews. Not of set purpose but in casual asides Sir NIGEL betrays the real knowledge, critical acumen and zeal for the good theatre on which his well-deserved success is based. He is content also to attribute his few failures to his own errors of judgment rather than to malicious fortune, and is particularly generous to his co-operators. A friendly unpretentious book.

Having read *Traveller's Rest* (COLLINS, 7/6) before seeing the caption on its jacket, I was a little surprised to find that the central idea of Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY's tale is "the search of a very unworldly girl for perfection." It is, however, absolutely true that *Clara Fountain*, when she left a Church of England convent school to keep house for her brother, knew very little about the world. This brother was a clergyman and (under the influence of strong wine) a brilliant preacher, but presently, having stimulated himself to excess, he met with a fatal accident, and then *Clara* married *Simon Flattery*. These *Flatterys* were all more or less mad, and, as *Simon* was far from being an exception to the general rule, *Clara* left him and eventually committed bigamy. If her search was really for perfection, which I doubt, she seems to have followed a curiously false scent. But, whatever *Clara* was hunting for, the story of the chase is engagingly told, and Mrs. DUDENEY, skilled as she is in the drawing of character, has excelled herself in her portraits of the *Flattery* clan.

Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON is a leisurely teller of short stories, and some of the tales in *The Golden Pound* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) are so lacking in dramatic incident and so prolonged that they are tiresome to read. Naughty school-girls have obviously impressed themselves upon Mr. HUTCHINSON's attention, and from the bunch of yarns in which their pranks are related I select "The Disciplinarian," because it may provide harassed mistresses with an effective method of subduing rebellious pupils. But I prefer Mr. HUTCHINSON when he turns to fantasy: both "The Magic Stick" and "Odd Case of W. H. Brabazon" are gracefully absurd and stand out as the gems of a not very brilliant collection.

Luxuriant Underwear.

"One man I know has a garden which he keeps full of expensive flowering pants."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"Almost all the murders in England now were by men or women."
Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, as reported in Manchester Paper.

The cat-murderer is almost extinct.

CHARIVARIA.

Lord BEAVERBROOK is disposing of his racehorses in order to devote himself to the Empire Crusade, but it is understood that he is retaining his newspapers.

A news item states that a lemon weighing two pounds has been exhibited in a Worthing shop. This is thought to be the very fruit that Sir O. MOSLEY handed Mr. J. H. THOMAS the other day.

The Government's refusal to publish the MOSLEY Memorandum is understood to be without prejudice to any idea Sir OSWALD may have of getting it set to music.

Mr. SAM HAYWOOD, ex-Mouth-Organ Champion of Great Britain and Ireland, is anxious to regain the title, which he lost, three years ago, to Mr. GEORGE MAXWELL, a Scotsman. The question arises (as our evening Press would put it): Can Sam come back?

An eminent novelist referred recently to the tradition that authors do not care for music. We sometimes wonder whether authors care for literature.

Mr. G. B. SHAW's reported admission that he is only human has produced a disquieting effect in Shavian circles.

A correspondent writing to *The Daily News* accuses Mr. G. B. SHAW of seeking publicity. It is said that upon reading this the famous dramatist went red in the face and later broke out all over in paragraphs.

We read of a Herefordshire man who went out two years ago to buy a postage-stamp and has just returned. Yes, but did he get the stamp?

The centenarian who, as we are told, took up bowls at the age of eighty and played it for twenty years is a living confirmation of the belief that longevity is conducive to bowls.

One of Mr. HUMBERT WOLFE's latest poems is described as giving the reader the sensation of being accompanied on a little run up the Matterhorn. Surely this should be Parnassus.

Attention is drawn to Mr. MACDONALD's practice of speaking of the "Labour" Government, and not of the Socialist Government. The extremist view, on the other hand, is that he might just as well call it the Liberal Government.

Eyelashes, according to a beauty specialist, may be improved by the application of certain oils with a small paint-brush. Attention to this detail should help to mitigate the reproach of not being an oil-painting.

A party of Torquay ramblers heard sixteen nightingales in the space of four miles. This never happened to KEATS.

Those critics of the New York Underground railways who are demanding that every standing passenger should have something to hold by are suspected of being envious of the luxury enjoyed by London strap-hangers.

With reference to the proposed Tube extension the Hertfordshire County Council has intimated that it does not want Cockfosters to become another Golders Green. The feeling in Golders Green is that Cockfosters would find it difficult.

Badgers are observed to be increasing in numbers near London and to have taken to visiting suburban refuse-bins in search of food. The possibility of a badger at the bin should add a spice of excitement to life in the suburbs.

Professor H. H. TURNER informs *The Times* that the suggestion (telegraphed by him to the Lowell Observatory) of Pluto as the name of the newly-discovered planet was originally made by an Oxford young lady to her grandfather at breakfast. Cambridge young ladies must look to their laurels.

Experiments with rubber shoes for the horses of the mounted police are being carried out. Hitherto this branch of the force has been handicapped by the difficulty of galloping noiselessly.

A photograph has been published of a crowd of jay-walkers in a New York police-court, where they were fined five dollars each for disregarding traffic signals. Motorists will have noted their villainous appearance.

According to a nature-writer worms are the only invertebrates which never seem to get flustered. So much for the theory that if you chase them about the garden they will eventually lose heart and migrate.

A case containing eighty thousand cigarettes was stolen one night from a Leyton tobacconist's shop. When will burglars realise that it is illegal to steal cigarettes after 8 P.M.?

A set of teeth and a pair of boots were unearthed on a Rugby field in the North. It is supposed that the rest of the referee must have escaped.

A report attributes the success of the Nanking Army against the Northern forces at Laifeng to the fact that one of the Generals suddenly changed sides. The report does not state the amount of the transfer fee.



BRIGHTER ADVERTISING.

THE COURTESY OF THE ROAD.

(To Mr. Punch, being the views of a Motorist-Pedestrian).

THE DOUBLE LIFE.

Like yourself, Sir, I lead a double existence. I am, in fact, both a motorist and a pedestrian.

We are not peculiar in this, for practically everybody, even the poorest, takes the road from time to time in some form of horseless vehicle—private car, hired car, charabanc, omnibus or tram. That is to say that practically every pedestrian is also a motorist, and, apart from a few who have lost the use of their legs through atrophy, we may also affirm that every motorist is also a pedestrian.

Let us therefore drop the silly theory that pedestrians are a different class from motorists and let us recognise that when attacks are made by pedestrians upon the conduct of certain motorists they are made by pedestrians who are also motorists. I am about to make one of those attacks myself, and I do so because I am concerned for the good name of my countrymen, who are all motorists.

THE CAR AS A LETHAL WEAPON.

To make a short letter long, I will, before coming to my point, refer to those of my fellow-motorists who ascribe the appalling death-roll of our streets mainly to the criminal negligence of their fellow-pedestrians; and I will remind them of the hallowed platitude that every motorist, when he drives, or is driven in, a car, is employing a lethal weapon, and that in this respect he differs from the unarmed pedestrian. No motorist goes in fear that at any moment a pedestrian may crash into him, grind his car to powder and kill its occupants. At the worst he fears that a pedestrian, dazed by the roar and speed of the motor-traffic, or temporarily oblivious of the fact that his course lies across a battle-fie'd, or rendered desperate by deferred hope, may step off the kerb before he can see a clear space of a hundred yards in each direction, and so compel the motorist, if he would avoid him, to make a sudden swerve at the risk of colliding with a lamp-post, another car or other—and innocent—pedestrians on the pavement.

FEUX-DE-JOIE IN PICCADILLY.

Now the employment of a lethal weapon, like the sale of poisons by a chemist (though a chemist gets very little fun out of it), entails a special responsibility. If I go down Piccadilly carrying a revolver and letting off *feux-de-joie*, with the result that I lay out several citizens, no jury would accept my plea that the regrettable incident was due to their carelessness in walking into the line of my fire.

It will perhaps be argued that to let off *feux-de-joie* in Piccadilly is in itself an illegal proceeding, whether I hit anybody or not. Well, then, let us say that I go out after driven partridges—a perfectly legal proceeding. Every moment I am aware, if only subconsciously, of the responsibility that I incur in carrying a lethal weapon. If, in following a bird, I were to point my gun down the line and take my chance of destroying other life than the bird's, my behaviour would be the object of caustic comment and I should not be asked again next year. Yet the motorist, who must at all costs have the bird (symbol of speed) that he wants, is constantly taking such chances.

However, I understand that, when the new Traffic Bill becomes law and the speed limit is withdrawn, all danger to pedestrians, except the suicidal kind, will be automatically removed. And, anyhow, the object of this letter is not to discuss the dangerous conduct of certain drivers but to call attention to the almost universal discourtesy of my fellow-motorists towards their fellow-pedestrians.

AFTER YOU, SIR.

When you, Mr. Punch, in your capacity, for the time being, of pedestrian, have stood on the edge of the kerb waiting interminably for an opportunity of eluding a continuous stream of cars whizzing by from left and right (or more tediously still, when the traffic is one-way only), have you ever known a case where a motorist has voluntarily—that is to say without compulsion exercised by the Arm of the Law—drawn up or even slackened speed to allow you to cross intact? I will hazard the conjecture that you have never once had that experience, or that, if you have, it has been a red-letter day in your life. Yet this small act of courtesy would cost the motorist a few seconds only of delay and might save you whole minutes of your time, which I shall assume to be at least as precious as his.

CLEAN RECORD OF THE UNDERSIGNED.

Had I ever seen you, Sir, waiting hopelessly on the kerb I should certainly have pulled up to let you pass. I have never yet been guilty of the discourtesy on which I have here set the stamp of my disapproval. The boast may seem immodest, but I make it without hesitation because I do not happen to be a driver-motorist.

I lately read in a motor-trade paper an honest and honourable protest against the intrusion of the motorist into silvan solitudes and his disfigurement of their beauty. I have little leisure for penetrating such scenes, as alone they should be penetrated, on foot; but I make my protest against the disfigurement of those other scenes in which my daily lot, through the inscrutable decrees of Providence, has fallen—namely the streets of this Metropolis—by the motorist's indifference to the common courtesies of the road.

Finally let me say that I trace no corresponding lack of regard for these courtesies in the pedestrian's attitude. I take my own conduct as typical of the consideration which the motorist expects from him and receives. Constantly, when crossing the street on foot, I have stopped abruptly in mid-passage to allow a car to go by. I claim no merit and ask no thanks for an act of ordinary politeness which I owe to my own sense of dignity and fitness. Besides, it is certain that if I failed to perform it the driver would administer a sharp, and possibly fatal, rebuke for my bad manners.

O. S.

ACQUIRED SIN.

[A household hint recommends taking the chill off the water with which indoor plants are moistened, as they dislike it cold.]

I was always pained at hearing my
Amelia declare
(And the thing was likely daily to
occur)
That, touching the vagaries of our little
son and heir,
He didn't get his naughtiness from
her;
I don't deny that, taken at the value on
its face,
This statement is a true one, but I
rather
Demurred at its corollary, that every
lapse from grace
Was a proof of his resemblance to his
father.

But this ludicrous suggestion will no
longer mar my peace;
Though doubtless still for censure he
will call,
Henceforward all debate about hered-
ity will cease,
The matter has been settled once for
all;
We shall smile at one another, both
resolved that not again
Shall our altercations jeopardise each
rafter,
For his hatred of cold water we consider
makes it plain
It 's the aspidistra that the child
takes after.

"POLICE MOVE ON AN AIR LINER."
Daily Paper.

It ought to have known better than to loiter with no visible means of support.



THE UNEMPLOYMENT DERBY.

WHY THE GOVERNMENT COLT WON.



Mother (to daughter, as her husband comes hurtling down the cliff). "NOW, IF THAT ISN'T YOUR FATHER ALL OVER!"

"A CAVALLO."

LIKE a good many others in Florence who said they wouldn't, I set out early on the great morning to see the DUCE. I walked quietly along by the Arno in the direction of the Cascine, where he was to inspect the troops. Half-way there a carabiniere gently sent me across the road. Then another sent me somewhere else. If he had told me to walk into the Arno I suppose I should have gone. It's a queer thing, but when a gentleman in a cocked-hat and striped trousers tells you to do a thing you find yourself doing it very quickly. There is something about revolvers, however well secured in their holsters.

At the Cascine gates I paused. It looked beautiful and green in the early-morning sunshine and the gates were open to the flocking crowds, but one would have to walk through an avenue of revolvers—perfectly nice revolvers, like the others, but still revolvers—and I saw other weapons too that might prove equally effective. Besides, once in, could one ever get out? Trying to look as if I had never meant to go in I withdrew to a stone bench on a little grass plot adjoining the gates.

Anyhow the DUCE was coming this way, we all knew that.

"A cavallo," said an old peasant who shared my bench; "Il DUCE—a cavallo."

I nodded brightly, but he felt sure I did not understand and repeated it.

"Si, si," I said, "capisco, Signor MUSSOLINI verro a cavallo! Maravigliosо!" I added hastily as a deep dark glance flashed in my direction from under a cocked-hat.

"A cavallo," said my old friend again and went down on all fours, or nearly there, to make himself still clearer.

I said again, "Si, si, grazie, capisco," and hoped the DUCE's steed would be more supple of movement. I hummed the Fascist hymn and watched the Bersagliere feathers fluttering in between the trees.

It was now nine o'clock and the DUCE had not arrived. But any moment he would be here on a prancing cavallo and with a gloriously-coloured retinue. Another cocked-hat came towards us and I stopped meditating and fingered my passport nervously. Was I anywhere I ought not to be? But he passed, and I strained my eyes for another glimpse of sky-blue uniforms or red plumes through the leaves.

Two bareheaded women joined us. My old man talked to them rapidly, and, catching the word "cavallo," I looked intelligent. Thinking I felt out of it he once more went on all fours, or nearly there, and the women heartily approved and said to me many times with many smiles, "Il DUCE—a cavallo!"

The minutes dragged on. My old friend mopped his brow. "Che è il cavallo?" I asked, thinking to make the time pass quicker by a little conversation. He gesticulated for a few seconds with his hands, then a bright idea showed in his face and, taking out of his pocket a stump of a pencil and borrowing my newspaper, he began to draw. I realised then that I must have said "what" instead of "where," a mistake I often make, and feeling it too late to explain I took out my notebook and pencil and did my best to make a cavallo too. He was delighted. "Non mulo," he chuckled when he saw mine, "*cavallo*;" which was unkind of him, considering that his own was exactly like a mouse with long legs.

Shortly after this my wandering gaze alighted on two neat black motor-cars which had come up very quickly and quietly to the left of us and were now disappearing through another gate. Then there was a wild cheer.

"That means he's coming," I thought, glad to be right for once. I turned to the old man, eager to give information after taking so much of his. But when I saw his face I knew all.

"Il DUCE?" I gasped. He just nodded. "But the horse," I cried, "il *cavallo*?"

"Niente," he said sadly, and hadn't the heart to remind me what a cavallo was.

So I turned from the glories in the Cascine that I could not see and made my way through side-streets to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, where I drank caffè e latte in the sunshine and watched aeroplanes writing DUCE in the sky. But they didn't write CAVALLO.

CRUISE 25.

THIS is the time, as TENNYSON has pointed out, when the dove takes on a livelier iris and several other seasonal phenomena may be observed. It is the time, too, when the thoughts of Colonel Bletherspoon, Mrs. Bletherspoon and Miss M. Bletherspoon turn, together with the thoughts of Professor Sabine and the Suffragan Bishop of Osprey, towards the Mediterranean. Who, you may ask, are these Bletherspoons, this Sabine and this Suff. Bish.? That, as *Feste* remarks, is out of my welkin. I only know that they have booked berths on the magnificent new Motor Mail Ship *Alphonse Daudet*, and that the owners of *Alphonse* would have me share their company.

Every year at about this time *Alphonse* slips silently down-stream full of Bletherspoons, Sabines and Ospreys. Every year I receive a cordial invitation to accompany them. I am beginning to know *Alphonse* from bow to stern, because they always send me a large plan of her (speaking nautically) intestines.

I can have a private suite for 175 gns. per person with two beds, bath and sitting-room. At this price I should have thought that the two beds and the bath at least would be situated on what the plan calls the "pont." But there they are, just about *Alphonse's* midriff. On the other hand for a mere 70 guineas I can have any one of Berths 301*b* to 313*d*. The asterisk means "These are inferior cabins and are approached by a narrow iron staircase." Miss E. M. Clegg is one who has chosen this strait and devious way. She must be Miss M. Bletherspoon's governess. The Colonel and his lady probably put their heads together and said, "We will have a 4 as 3 Berth cabin at 75 guineas per berth, and Cleggie can have one of those 'inferior cabins approached by a narrow iron staircase,' because she is covered by the National Health Insurance."

Poor old Lieutenant-Colonel Hoskin has been put in a "small inside cabin, having no porthole or natural light." I hope that they let him out in the daytime. Yet how pitiful it would be to see him emerging into the glare of the Mediterranean sun to blink his way round "Cyprus, Cnidos, Patmos, Piræus (for Athens) and Itea (for Delphi)." I should like to take a small inside cabin to bear the gallant old mole company.



THE HOUR-GLASS OF FASHION.

Girl (meeting friend). "I SAY, A LONG FROCK! I 'D NO IDEA IT WAS SO LATE IN THE AFTERNOON."

I notice that Deck C is very full this year. There is an M.P. there, also a Right Hon. The two Misses Smith (just plain Smith) are there too. It would be rather an inspiring sight to see a Right Hon. and an M.P. standing aside for two plain Miss Smiths in a case of "Women and Children first." E. Lovekin, Esq., is all by himself down one of those little corridors. Mrs. Dalby seems to have taken two whole cabins. How dull of those people who just say "Reserved"! I expect they are really gun-runners or dope-smugglers who do not care for their names to appear on the list.

There is to be a certain amount of clean fun on board, organised by the authorities, who have arranged for lectures by distinguished scholars and archæologists. Apart from that, I wonder how Miss Clegg and the Very Rev. the Dean of Swadlincote will spend their evenings. Then, again, do they let the

people from Deck D go and p'ay bridge with the people from Deck C? If I take one of those inferior cabins, shall I be kept awake by revellers falling down the narrow iron staircase? How will Lieutenant-Colonel Hoskin get out if there is an accident? Will the poor old gentleman be drowned like a rat in a trap?

If only the owners of *Alphonse* would give me notice in better time, I should often go with them, just to have my name blazoned on their circular; but I am not going unless I can have something like this broadcast round the country to make it worth while:—

"Single Cabins, 135 guineas each. Deck C, 83: Philip Ambrose Apricot, E q., B.A."

At present I do not quite feel justified in putting down 135 guineas unless there is a suitable amount of publicity attached to the proceeding.

Armour for the Misogynist.

"PLATED DRESS SHIRTS."
African Stores' Catalogue.

PASSING SHOWS.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

THERE are three good reasons why you should visit the Royal Tournament at Olympia: you are given a really thrilling entertainment; you have a chance of adding your mite to the thirty thousand pound odd by which Service charities hope to benefit; and you can cast a critical eye over what you get for your income-tax. Unfortunately you have only till June 14th to do it.

The new item this year is a Combined Display by R.A., R.E., Tanks, and of course P.B.I. It represents the forcing of a river against an enemy and includes the bringing up and "throwing across" (which is, I believe, the correct term—and not far wrong either) of three different types of bridge. The last of these is a steel girder bridge designed to take a twelve-ton load, plus two intrepid officers in a diminutive car.

My military books used to tell me that the forcing of a river was a formidable operation, but I see now they had it all wrong. Even the girder bridge was across in six minutes, or about the time it takes me to force Piccadilly Circus. Moreover the most fire-breathing pacifist alive cannot help being pleased at the lightness of the casualty list—one infantryman of the covering party spectacularly wounded. We were left with the feeling that the really dangerous place is not the forefront of the battle, but the centre of the building operations, where the efficient sappers are slamming heavy bridging material about to such purpose, where the gunners are rapidly disintegrating and integrating guns, and where baby "armoured vehicles"—little "cisterns" which may one day grow up into a big tank, like mother—are creeping threateningly across the floating bridge.

The *clou* of the Tournament, however, to my mind is the Historical Muster of London's Own Regiment, given by the 2nd Battalion the Royal Fusiliers. There is something particularly inspiring in the march past of the repre-



THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

EARLY SAXOPHONIST, 2ND BATTALION THE ROYAL FUSILIERS, IS ALLOWED OUT OF THE TOWER FOR A SHORT PERIOD EACH AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

sentative detachments, starting with the "Ordnance Regiment" of 1685, who carried fusils, fought behind *chevaux de frise* (turnpikes), and threw grenades. It is queer, by the way, to reflect that exactly two-hundred-and-thirty years later the regiment was again fighting behind *chevaux de frise* ("knife-rests") and throwing grenades. All this display, the advance in review order and the general salute, is pure pageantry, and when, following on the "thin red line o' khaki," the band and full-dress detachment (1930) pass with the Colours, anyone may be pardoned for feeling a trifle retrospectively militaristic. Moreover, the band marches up to the end of the arena playing hard, turns itself inside out and emerges the same band, which always gets me.

Looking back, I suppose the chief impression the Tournament leaves in the mind is the extraordinary combination of skill and fitness, the co-ordination of mind and body, that service training can induce. The Musical Drive by "J" Battery, R.H.A.—always a thrilling item and more dangerous than it looks when you realise the accumulated momentum of each unit of six horses, three men, a gun and a limber—is carried out entirely by men of less than two years' service who have been taught riding since enlistment. The highly-specialised Fencing Display and the Mounted Display are presented by N.C.O.'s who have just completed a few months' course of training as instructors at either the Aldershot School of Physical Training or the Weedon Equitation School. The Rope Climbing, during which some eighty stalwarts from the Navy and Royal Marines sport precariously on wooden frames fifty feet up, is done by men who have only been trained for six weeks. To show what they thought of it all they climbed back to earth head downwards. "Sooner 'im than me!" as a friendly stranger once remarked when we were both watching a steeple-jack.

The Naval Field Gun Race still holds pride of place in many hearts. Personally it fills me with indignant awe. To hump twenty-five hundred-weights of gun in barely manageable fragments across three walls and two thirty-foot chasms, putting the pieces together now and then in order to "poop off the bundooks" (technical phrase used by R.A.), and all in 4 min. 19 secs. (*H.M.S. Pembroke*) is enough to awe any man; while my indignation arises from the fact that I remember I was rarely able to do even the simplest thing with a rifle without hurting myself. Yet the way these handy lads dodge death by misadventure every few seconds. Ah, well! Sooner them than me!

The Musical Ride of the 3rd Carabiniers was beautifully executed, but a trifle too long. Evidently the mount of one of the trumpeters thought so too, or else she had been a star herself



THE 3RD CARABINIERS WIN FULL MARKS FOR THEIR MOUSTACHE.

in her day and resented her obscurity in the wings.

The Comedy Turn by the world-renowned "Death or Glory Boys" (if the 17th/21st Lancers will permit the



INDIARUBBER MEN OF THE ARMY PHYSICAL TRAINING STAFF.

familiarity), dressed as bandits and skeletons, was better than last year. They did everything possible on and round about their horses, but they could not fall off, which gave me a faint glow of superiority. But what a chance was missed by their tent-pegging humourists! If only they had tent-pegged one or two of the many hats which towards the end strewed the arena!

Speaking as a confirmed Sassenach I think bagpipes are just hell. I was therefore rather annoyed in the next turn to find myself quite thrilled by the massed Drums and Pipes of the Scots Guards.

Just before the end forty-five instructors of the Army Physical Training Staff (the "Worn—Worn-Tew Squad" as they have been rudely called) gave an Exhibition of Gymnastics in which they did such an amount of flying through the air over and round "horses" as compensated for the absence at the Dress Rehearsal of the R.A.F. recruits in their physical training display. They were not in a position to present this for a few days, as they were all unfortunately required for defence work—repelling, I understand, a hostile attack of measles.

A. A.

THE INEXPRESSIVE SHE.

[A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* asks if any reader has ever encountered the somewhat unusual female Christian name of COY.]

I AM thoroughly versed in the wonderful ploy
Which led to the siege and burning of Troy;
I can hum the principal airs from *San Toy*
And most of the ballads composed by MOLLOY;
I can tell a Great Dane from a Russian borzoi,
And taffeta fabrics from paduasoy,
And a Grimsby smack from a Hammersmith Hoy;
But I 've never met
A woman as yet
With the Christian name of COY.

I have mastered the system of avcir-dupois;
I know that *cui* was once written *quoi*;
I know where Cromartie is, and Croy,
I know that THE MACKINTOSH lives at Moy,
And "Q" at a place pronounced as Foy;
I 've listened to LUCCA singing *Voi Che Sapete*—when I was a boy—
But, alas! as yet
I have never met
A girl who was christened COY.

'Tis the way of the world: most pleasures cloy
And all too few are free from alloy;
Impudent urchins my peace destroy
By their derisive cries of "Oy!"
Phyllis was once "my only joy,"
But, alackaday and ὀτοτοτοῖ!
I admit that she
In her manner to me
Was only "sometimes coy."

C. L. G.

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MARRIED LIFE OF A RETIRED LADY CROOK.

Sadie Bloggs was not, we felt, the woman for you or me. Beautiful certainly, and we were agreeably surprised when she went so far as to loosen slightly the thongs that cut so deeply into the flesh of Montgomery Pitt, the celebrated detective, who so far had lost no opportunity of blundering single-handed into the den of thieves which was her adopted home. Still, we were a little incredulous when she discovered that she reciprocated Montgomery's affection and at the same time that she had all along been good at heart and the unwilling tool of these crooks. We wanted, in spite of the precipitancy of her reform, to believe that story of how, in a noble attempt to raise money to send her ailing father, a poor parish priest, to the South of France, she had drifted into the hands of these rogues and how, ever since, the fear of discovery and the effect it would have on her father, not yet fully restored to health, had compelled her to remain their unhappy accomplice.

Montgomery of course had been removed by marriage from the first rank of detectives, which is filled exclusively by bachelors reserved, as a rule, for the heroine and only rarely, as in his case, fobbed off with reformed lady-criminals. He was now restricted to such very small business as Hyde Park, marriage ceremonies and bargain sales.

It was at one of these sales that, to his incredulous horror, he discovered his wife in the act of secreting in her bag a silk scarf for which she appeared to have no intention of paying. She had not noticed him—not that it would have deterred her, for she had long been in the habit of lifting things from under

his nose and small change from his pockets. His training and experience had taught him never to suspect the obvious and he had built up his professional success by unmasking the too ostentatiously innocent. He would not have noticed his wife or her action on this occasion had not another woman on the other side of him been engaged in the same nefarious action with the same scarf.

Beads of sweat ran down his brow; agonised, he swayed this way and that, torn between love and duty. Must he arrest his wife? Must he stand in court to give evidence while the light of his home, the mother of his unborn children, stood pilloried and weeping in the dock? Did duty demand this much of him? It did, and duty was duty. The papers would be full of this noble sacrifice of a detective husband and a tear slid down his cheek as he contemplated this husband forced by an unerring sense of his obligations to give evidence in words that seemed to tear the roots from his heart.

During this emotional orgy the two criminals had slipped away and the scarf seemed to have gone with them.

Later he dragged his way wearily home, pausing only to make a sensational arrest of a respectable citizen in Hyde Park, an event powerless to console one whose palate had long been jaded by this sort of thing and who yearned for the days when he so successfully matched his luck against the skill of the underworld.

He entered his front-door. Immediately he felt himself struck violently on the chest. He staggered back, while his hand flew to his hip. But it was only his weeping wife, leaping into his arms.

"Dearest heart," she sobbed, "can you ever forgive me? I know that this base wretched wife of yours has for ever forfeited your trust, but do not, I beg, take from me all that life now leaves. I mean your love. Love me still—love me always, or I can no longer live. Ah! that you should have seen this one dreadful lapse in all these happy months that we have been together. I have fought against it, desperately fought against it and always won—until to-day. Do not think, dearest, that it is temptation that I fight against. I have no desire for these things nor any wish to steal. It is habit, a legacy from those dreadful years."

Montgomery kissed her solemnly and put her from him.

"Dearest," he said sadly, "not even this can kill my love, but I have my duty to my fellows, and it is greater even than my love. I could not love you, dear, so much loved I not honour more. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you."

"Montgomery, do you mean to arrest me, then?" she gasped.

"Dearest, I must."

"But you have no evidence."

"There is my word—that is enough," he replied proudly.

"But if I were to deny it?"



"REMEMBER, WILLIE, YOU 'RE NOT AT HOME NOW. SIT UP AND TAKE YOUR ELBOWS OFF THE TABLE."

"It would not matter—but you would not. You would not contradict your husband."

"No," she answered, dissimulating a very natural indignation. "No, I could not. But what would people say?"

"I care not what they say," he exclaimed loftily.

"They will say you are getting rid of me because you are tired of me."

"Good heavens! they wouldn't." He was horrified; that wasn't at all what they were expected to say.

"And very horrid people would say that you were sacrificing your wife to your promotion. And then again it may even be discovered that you shielded me from justice before, when you were not quite so anxious to get rid of me."

"But you were not guilty then; you were an unwilling tool. You told me so."

"But will you be believed?" she asked.

"The police are always believed. It is no use, dearest. Whatever the world may say, whatever suffering it may bring, I must do my duty."

"Montgomery, I cannot let you do this. I cannot bring shame on you." She turned to go.

"Where are you going?" he asked anxiously.

"To the river!" she exclaimed dramatically.

"No, no," he cried, rushing after her. "Stop!"

"It's no good your following me; you know you can't swim."

"Then I can drown with you."

"What," she asked, pausing—"do you mean that?"

"Er—well——" He was taken aback. "Yes, if you were in gaol I could always look forward to your return, but there is no return from the river."

"Quite. Can I have this in writing?"

"Why? What do you mean?" he stammered as she wrote quickly.

"Just a farewell letter from us both. Sign, please. No, you needn't read it. I have only said that we are doing this because we cannot bear the thought that one day our love might fade and wither. Thank you."

"It doesn't matter," he said dismally. "Shall we go now?"

"Not likely," she replied. "I shan't have any more nonsense from you now I've got this letter. Don't you realise you have signed a suicide-pact? Why, you can be tried for attempted murder."

The MacDoffinald of the Skyes.

"Interviewed after his arrival at Turnhouse Aerodrome, Mr. MacDoffinald said that he greatly enjoyed the flight. . . ."

Birmingham Paper.

More Fun for the Censor?

"2,000 ft. NEWS FILM.

. . . . This will be the first time that a tropical gazette of such length has been shown in London."—*Sunday Paper.*

"$1,500 HOMELESS."

American Paper.

We have already cabled a warm invitation.

"Fricassee de Volaille Ancienne."

Menu in Singapore Hotel.

Or "Spring Chicken," as we call it here.

HAROUN AND THE PHYSICIAN.

Haroun the Great had been a fortnight ill
And he was feeling very seedy still.
"How long, O fools, must I lie here in bed?
Where are the Court physicians?" Haroun said.

"Commander of the Faithful"—Giaffir spoke—
"Since on your peace this cursed illness broke
You've tried a fresh physician every day
And slain the dog. The rest have run away.

"Therefore, O Just One, will you design to see
One James to-day, a Frank or Feringhee?"
"A misbelieving swine?" said Haroun. "Yea,
Bring in this James and, if he save not, slay."

Mesrour the headsman introduced the Frank,
Who swiftly made a potion. Haroun drank
And in a little space, as it befell,
He suddenly recovered and was well.

"James," said the Just, "the cure is very neat;
Go and instruct my doctors in the feat,
And let thy potion reach to one and all
Within mine empire, be they great or small."

"To hear," responded James, "is to obey;
But will the Exalted condescend to say
That none may use the drink without a fee
Of one-and-fourpence, payable to me?"

"Must men in Europe," then inquired the Just,
"So pay thee?" "Yea," replied the Frank, "they must;
For it was I devised this drug of fame,
And I took out a patent for the same."

Then said Haroun, "Coadjutor of Fate,
Unto this scribe the formula dictate
That I may well establish by decree
For what thing and how much the payment be."

The Frank dictated, and when Haroun heard
The final whisper of the final word
He winked at Mesrour. The physician's head
Toppled off sideways and he fell down dead.

Among physicians of a modern breed
For Just Haroun there is of course no need;
Yet drugs and serums are, and more may be,
Thus patented, which seems all wrong to me.

(This tale may be translated without pay
In Germany and in the U.S.A.)

"Mr. George Voigt (North Hills, U.S.A.), who was taken to the 19th hole by Mr. E. R. Tipple, the young English player."
Caption in Scots Paper.

A very natural resort for one of Nature's Frothblowers.

"A. W. Carr, in a lounge suite and wearing a soft felt hat, bowled two deliveries."
Birmingham Paper.

In thus risking damage to the suite Mr. CARR set an example which is likely to have disastrous consequences in many a young batsman's home.

A correspondent writes: "I see from to-day's papers that some Oxford undergraduates have been boating on the Town Sewers. If I remember rightly this is nothing new, as a well-known Oxford divine arrived there once by the 'Town Drain.'"



FITTER PEDESTRIANS.

WHY NOT ORGANISE SPRINTING RACES BETWEEN NON-MOTORISTS TO MAKE THE MOST OF GAPS IN THE TRAFFIC?"



Boatman. "COME ON, SIR, SIT UP. THEM POLICE THINK YOU 'RE A BODY I PICKED UP IN THE WATER."

THE TIN BISHOP:

OR, TOYS OF TO-MORROW.

THE other day, in an eighteenth-century London square, I saw two twentieth-century boys at play. Both were about three feet long and both, I take it, were film-fans. For instead of playing soldiers they were playing murderers.

It is not for me to say whether this is an improvement. But what are the toy-makers doing? Are they keeping abreast of the nursery's taste? If the Tin Soldier is *vieux jeu* our babies will want *something* to play with—obviously the Tin Gunman?

I am setting up a toy-shop. And the following lines are earnestly recommended:—

NURSERY COUNTRY-HOUSE MURDER SET,
containing

1 Wealthy Landowner (with bullet-wound in bald head).
1 Murderer.
1 Clever Amateur Detective.
2 Stupid Inspectors from Scotland Yard.
4 Constables. 1 Butler.
2 Domestics. 2 Footmen.
6 Guests (all suspects).

Twenty pieces, Three Shillings.

The same, in lead, with eight guests and two murderers, Four Shillings.

The same, complete with charming old Library in Box-wood, Seven-and-Sixpence.

LITTLE GEORGE'S GANGSTERS.

1 Gang King. 1 Hooch King.
2 Bootleggers. 4 Gunmen.
1 Hi-jack. 3 Prohibition Agents.
1 Machine-gun.

Half-a-Crown.

The same, with Homicide Squad (six pieces), Four Shillings.

But my shop will not stop there. I have often wondered why the military should be the only profession admitted to the nursery floor. Playing with soldiers, or even murderers, must pall on little Willie after a time. Why should not Willie play with clergymen for a change, with lawyers, with stockbrokers? Why not Tin Bishops, Tin Admirals, Tin Civil Servants? Buy our

LITTLE WILLIE'S WHITEHALL.

1 Secretary of State.
2 Permanent Under-Secretaries.
1 Parliamentary Secretary.
4 First-Class Clerks.
8 Junior Clerks.
10 Female Typists.
1 Inspector of Taxes.

Three Shillings.

The same, with field-gun, Four Shillings-and-Sixpence.

Or,

THE GOOD CHILD'S CLERGY.

1 Archbishop. 2 Archdeacons.
2 Bishops. 4 Rectors.
1 Suffragan 4 Vicars.
3 Rural Deans. 17 Curates.

Two Shillings.

The same, with beautiful toy pulpit and one Colonial Bishop, Three Shillings.

The same, with field-gun, Four Shillings.

(I do not quite know why the field-gun creeps into all these boxes, but the children will understand.)

Then of course there are LITTLE LEONARD'S LAWYERS, THE CHILD'S CHELSEA, and

LITTLE RONALD'S RACING-MEN.

2 Jockeys. 2 Tipsters.
2 Owners. 1 Gipsy.
2 Trainers. 3 Racing Corre
4 Bookmakers. spondents.
2 Punters. 1 Mug.

Three Shillings.

The same, with field-gun, Four Shillings.

And now imagine a rich man's child who possesses *all* our sets! The whole field of human activity lies open to him. And what a wealth of drama his active brain will create from it! No dull parade and slaughter of soldiers by soldiers. Can you not see his Tin Clergymen marching in column of fours upon the Lancers? The Archbishop at their head, they mow the cavalry down. But look—the Civil Servants have manned the battleship and, assisted by the Bootleggers, are raking the fort from the fireplace end.

And now there is a swift change of fortune. A wealthy Landowner has been found in the fort with a bullet-wound in his head. The Tin Archbishop is arrested. The trial takes place at once, the Tin Lord Chief Justice presiding. But it is interrupted by a rather fierce battle between the Tin Civil Servants and the Tin Gangsters. The Gangsters, I am afraid, win; and the Gang King is married by one of the Bishops to one of the Domestics from the country-house party.

At this point Daddy enters the nursery, notices the Inspector of Taxes and puts him against a wall. . . .

Parents, I fancy, will spend a lot of time in that nursery.

These ideas, by the way, are patented, but for sale. A. P. H.



"YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALISE, SIR, THAT YOU 'VE ABSOLUTELY JIGGERED UP MY MONTHLY MEDAL."

THE COMING TESTS.

By a Special Cricket Correspondent (not Our Own).

CRICKET lovers will be glad to hear that there are this year—and I say it with assurance on reviewing the first few weeks of the season—as many and as tireless writers on the game as in any year in the past, and that we are looking forward to a most successful summer.

With the first Test match drawing near it is important that Special Correspondents should lose no opportunity for practice in discussing anything there is to discuss concerning it. Before starting on this task to-day, however, I wish to mention two first-class cricket records that have been brought to my notice as likely to be broken in the current year.

It seems that the largest score made in an eighth-wicket partnership between a right-handed and a left-handed batsman is the curiously low one of thirty-two; and also that on the county ground at Maidstone no batsman has ever hit more than two consecutive sixes in the time between the tea interval and the drawing of stumps for the day. Whatever other new records are made these are likely to be beaten any day. When they are, the facts will of course be duly reported in the Press.

Coming to the Test matches I shall postpone for the present the question that is on all our lips—should HOBBS, when called in to advise the Selection Committee, vote for his own inclusion in the team?—and put before you an interesting suggestion I have received from an ardent cricket-watcher on the subject of the composition of the English side.

"Those," he writes, "who have hitherto given thought, or rather pen, to this matter appear to me to have ignored four very important facts. They are these: (1) The Ashes are at present in England. (2) Unless the Australians win, the Ashes will remain in England. (3) Four days only are to be allotted to each of the first four Test matches, and (4) the last match, which according to the arrangement is to be played to a finish if the rubber has not already been decided, does not start until August 16th.

"Under these circumstances," he continues, "I offer the following advice without hesitation to the Selection Committee: Choose eleven opening county batsmen and play them for the English side!

"If this is done the first four matches are as good as over already. They are



My Lady. "SMITHERS, A MOUSE HAS JUST RUN ACROSS THE FIREPLACE."
Butler. "INDEED, MY LADY? I WILL ASCERTAIN IF THE CAT IS AT HOME."

drawn. For can anyone who has watched these batsmen perform credit the possibility of a team of eleven of them—think of it!—being dismissed twice within a period of four days? I think not. And as regards the last match, which, in the event of my suggestion being adopted, they would start with the intention of playing to a finish, I cannot but think that by then the sting would have been taken out of the Australian bowling for some time to come; but, even if there should still be some life in it after the awful ordeal of the first four matches, such is my faith in the dogged endurance of the class of batsmen I have named that I believe a team of them, instructed to play their natural game, would be capable of prolonging a match started on August 16th up to and beyond the date when the Australians have arranged to leave our shores, and, if their departure were postponed, well on into the autumn and, if necessary, the winter months. The Australians must have engagements in their own country. Sooner or later they would have to go. The Ashes would be saved, and once again British pertinacity would have won, or, as good in this case, have drawn, the day."

That this is an original and ingenious suggestion there is no doubt. And it is plain that its adoption would solve many difficult and much debated problems, as, for instance, if the side contain four hundred-per-cent batsmen, four hundred-per-cent bowlers and a wicket-keeper, in what percentage should the qualifications of the two remaining players be proportioned? Should the wicket-keeper be able to bat, and what about TITCH FREEMAN? All these and similar questions would go by the board.

Little would therefore be left for Special Cricket Correspondents to discuss, and for this reason I am inclined at first perusal to condemn the suggestion. But it merits further examination and should be good at some time in the future for at least one complete article, and quite possibly two.

Meanwhile in my next essay I shall discuss fully the reasons why the Selection Committee should wait until the last minute before deciding on the team for each match. This should make interesting reading by way of comparison for those who remember an article of mine that appeared earlier in the season on the advisability of choosing the team some time before the match in order to avoid dangerous eleventh-hour "inspiration" selections. C. B.

Mr. Punch At Home.

The New *Punch* Offices will be open for inspection, and an Exhibition of original drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER will be on view from June 17 to July 25. Admission will be by Invitation Card, which will be sent as a matter of course to those who subscribe direct to the *Punch* Offices and all other Subscribers whose names and addresses are there recorded. Invitations will be gladly sent to other readers, if they will apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Intimacy of the Press.

"AMY GETS THERE."
"AMY OFF AGAIN."
"Star" Posters.

Miss JOHNSON to the above organ:—

Though it would be ungracious to refuse
My thanks when you acclaim me,
I'm "JOHNNY" to my friends; I'm not your News-
Editor's private "AMY."

"The suburban fringe, neither town nor country, has its own beauty."—*Nature Paper.*
We prefer the urban chignon.



JOHNSONIANA.

SHADE OF DR. JOHNSON *(to his namesake)*. "MADAM, THOUGH I NEVER CONTEMPLATED, AND COULD NEVER HAVE APPROVED, THE IDEA OF FEMALE VOLITATION, I CANNOT BUT RESPECT, AND EVEN ADMIRE, AN ACHIEVEMENT WHICH HAS CONFERRED NEW LUSTRE ON OUR PATRONYMIC."

MISS AMY JOHNSON. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH. 'AND NOW, SIR, LET US TAKE A 'FLIGHT 'DOWN FLEET STREET.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 26th.—To-day was Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN's big day. Except for a word from Mr. LUNN, to the effect that all was quiet on the Maltese Front, and another from Mr. SNOWDEN, to the effect that there was no intention of making things less quiet on the Government Front by the publication of Sir O. MOSLEY's memorandum on unemployment, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA had things all his own way.

It was not a debate in the ordinary sense of the word, for Earl WINTERTON, who opened it, covered no dangerous ground and preserved a demeanour academic to the point of being almost ineffective. He could hardly do otherwise, seeing that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA was taking the opportunity of making, not a party speech or even a speech to the House of Commons, but a speech to the people of India.

It was a statesmanlike speech and quite belied Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's former estimate of Mr. BENN, uttered, to be sure, under some provocation—as a mere *funditor*, a light-armed skirmisher rather than a heavy shock-trooper of the political battlefield. The MINISTER reviewed the whole field of British administration in India and made it clear that, whatever measure of self-government Indians might presently attain and however soon, the Government of India in the meanwhile must and would govern.

Possibly, if the Secretary of State for India had been Mr. COPELAND BENN or Mr. MINTON BENN, he would not have risen to speak with a sort of patriarchal blessing from Colonel WEDGWOOD ringing in his ears. No doubt it was this tribute from the Right hon. and gallant "Josh," the traditional friend of the under-dog, that enabled Mr. BENN to "suffer and be strong" when assailed by the near-Bolsheviks in his immediate rear. Of these Mr. WILLIAM BROWN constituted himself the spokesman, and even his friends maintained an uneasy silence when he accused the Government of "carrying on the dirty work of British Imperialism in India."

Mr. BENN might reasonably have retorted that Mr. BROWN was apparently doing his best to carry on the dirty work of Moscow Communism in India. He preferred to continue in a strain of sweet reasonableness that should have impressed any truly reasoning animal.

A strong speech by Sir SAMUEL HOARE said all that Mr. BENN had left unsaid and concluded with the words, "The British Empire, once it has set its hand to a task of this kind (the creation of a self-governing India), carries it through to the end. The dogs may bark but the caravan of the British Empire passes on."

Mr. BROWN having barked, the House passed on—to the milder question of agriculture.

Tuesday, May 27.—It was in the House of Lords that Archbishop DAVIDSON was best known outside of his own ecclesiastical orbit, and it was in the Lords to-day that eloquent tributes were paid to the wise and conciliatory statesmanship of this "great-hearted, single-minded servant of God and of the Church and Realm of England."

Thereafter their Lordships, in Committee on the Railways (Rating for Valuation) Bill, passed a score or so of Amendments moved by Lord PONSONBY, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Transport, a tribute as much to the House's patience as to the Department's slovenly drafting.

Quick disposition of the Report stage of the Land Drainage Bill—by postponing it—cleared the arena for a brief but spirited encounter between Lord BANBURY and the Barbers (Sunday Closing) Bill. The Bill, with some help from Lord DE LA WARR, got a draw on points, but it was the Noble Lord who, with a ruthlessness born of the massacre of countless innocents, landed all the heaviest wallops. Lord BANBURY pictured his own uncertainty of mind if, as a barber, he became converted to the Jewish faith between one week-end and the next. Could he then legally shave a customer on one Sunday whom it would have been an offence to de-whisker on the Sunday before?

Lieut.-Colonel HENEAGE is evidently a paterfamilias, else he would not have intervened, when Miss BONDFIELD was giving Miss JENNY LEE the number of women undergoing training under schemes to relieve unemployment, to ask how many of the women were being trained as cooks or domestic servants. No answer was given, from which we may perhaps conclude that too many cooks are not likely to spoil the unemployment broth.

Post-Office efficiency received a striking tribute from Mr. LEES-SMITH when Questions were being asked by Sir ROBERT HAMILTON about mails lost in a ship wrecked on the Orkneys. Sir ROBERT asked if the Post-Office had made any efforts independent of the underwriters to salve these mails. "Certainly," replied Mr. LEES-SMITH indignantly. "The postmaster himself went out there in a small boat."

"Beer, beer! Glorious beer!" sang Sir ERNEST SHEPPERSON in Committee on the Finance Bill, at the same time bewailing the inglorious height of the excise duty on it. Actually he called it "beah," and demanded that it should be "puah beah," and the Socialists did most of the singing. This animated but irregular performance was brought to an untimely conclusion by the amazing ruling of Mr. YOUNG, the Chairman, that Members demanding a reduction of the Beer Duty must not argue whether it is a luxury or a necessity.

Source of conviviality and good fellowship elsewhere, beer rapidly causes angry passions to rise in the arid atmosphere of a legislative chamber. Or perhaps it was not beer *per se* but Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL *à propos* of beer, as ANATOLE FRANCE would have said, that caused the irritation. Mr. SNOWDEN had confined himself to stating austerely that the reduction on the duty proposed by Sir ERNEST would be swallowed up



DEUS IN MACHINA.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS to Sir OSWALD MOSLEY (after the plunge). "YOUR STROKE IS MAGNIFICENT, OSWALD, AND I WISH YOU LUCK; BUT PERSONALLY I SHALL STICK TO THIS MACHINE."

by the brewers, and that anyway the country could not do without the twenty million pounds it would cost. Mr. JACK JONES had endorsed and Colonel GRETTON had repudiated Mr. SNOWDEN'S remarks about the greedy brewers and the brewees, and Lady ASTOR in turn assailed the brewers in one of her comprehensive bursts of temperance oratory. This brought Mr. CHURCHILL into the field with the pertinent—or impertinent—if unkind suggestion that it would be better to see the profits going to the brewers, as in this country, than to the bootleggers, as in the noble Lady's native land.

The barleycorn of discord was now set fairly rolling, and in a trice Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. LANSBURY were at loggerheads over some immateriality or other. But even the topic of beer was doomed ultimately to run dry, and the Committee reached midnight with much of its allotted day's work still to do.

Wednesday, May 28th.—Unemployment debates in the Commons have long ceased to have any practical value. To-day's was an exception only in that it gave Sir OSWALD MOSLEY an opportunity of explaining his proposals for coping with unemployment in our time, proposals whose rejection by a pedestrian Cabinet devoid of the finer vision had caused the impatient Baronet to retire into the limelight.

Sir OSWALD'S schemes did not as a whole please anybody, though there were bits here and there—an unemployment loan, pensions over sixty, road development and so on—designed to attract both moderate Labour and Liberal approval, while his declaration that economic employment could only be permanently achieved by the development of home markets naturally found favour with the Conservatives.

As to the manner of it, Sir OSWALD'S speech was really a great personal triumph, for he spoke for over an hour without notes and without any disarrangement of the smooth flow of his well-organised argument. In fact it was altogether too much of a triumph for his late colleagues huddled gloomily on the Treasury Bench.

Moreover Sir OSWALD shone the more by comparison with his party's leaders, with Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, forced by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE into the rather ignominious admission that he really knew very little about the Government's employment schemes that he was supposed to be defending, and with Mr. SNOWDEN, dragged into the arena as it were by the scruff and forced to make a grovelling apology for having grossly libelled three great steel and iron companies.



A KNOCKABOUT TURN.
MR. LANSBURY AND MR. CHURCHILL.

For the rest, the bantering speeches of Mr. BALDWIN, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. CHURCHILL were passable contributions to the gaiety of legislators. As for poor Mr. THOMAS, the stout-hearted but unspectacular wheel-horse of the Government's band-wagon, he defended the course of common-sense realism against Sir OSWALD'S somewhat Utopian proposals with more effect than credit. It is not his fault that a Socialist who pleads the cause of common-sense is received with suspicion by his adversaries and with a pronounced lack of enthusiasm by his friends.

Thursday, May 29th.—The speech in which Sir C. TREVELYAN moved the second reading of the Education Bill probably understated the cost of raising the school-leaving age to fifteen in 1931, and still more probably over-estimated the relief that would be brought thereby to unemployment. Otherwise it seemed reasonable enough. Lord EUSTACE PERCY'S motion to reject the Bill was based chiefly on the plea that the school buildings and staffs required to cope with the extra children would not be ready in time. The additional burden on the taxpayers did not seem to worry him. His chief complaint was that the Bill was "mediævalism untempered by educational reform."

There seemed to be no great enthusiasm for the Bill among the Government's supporters, some of whom claimed that another two million pounds should have been found for maintenance grants all round instead of where necessary, but after Mr. JOHN BUCHAN had blessed it from the Conservative back-benches, they cheered up. Mr. BUCHAN'S Scots enthusiasm for education at any price was not echoed by Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, who argued that the Bill meant longer education merely, when what was urgently needed was better education. The Bill was committed to Committee of the whole House.



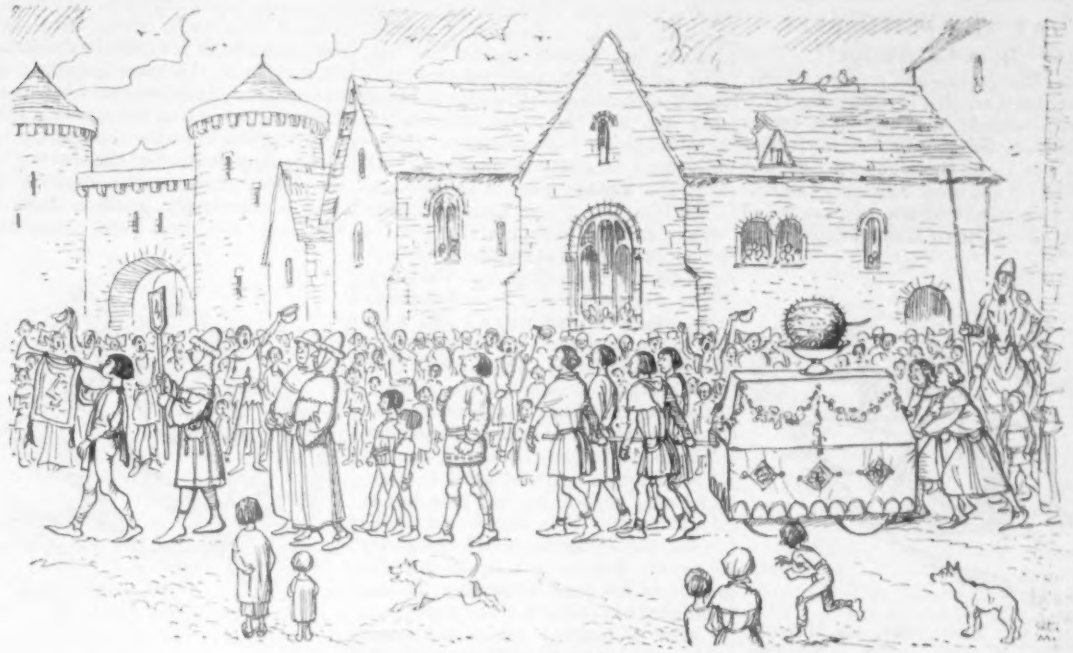
"A PIECE OF ARRANT MEDIÆVALISM."
SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN'S EDUCATION BILL AS SEEN BY LORD EUSTACE PERCY.
[After a 13th-century design in the Bodleian.]

Lewis Carroll on the Present Situation.

"There was a'so a Beaver that paced on the deck
Or would sit making lace in the bow,
And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from wreck,
Though none of the sailors knew how."
The Hunting of the Snark.

The vessel is of course symbolic of the Tory Party; the allusion in the second line is to the Nottingham by-election; and "the Bellman" apparently stands for Lord ROTHERMERE (not Mr. BALDWIN).

"JUROR OBJECTS TO HANGING."
Morning Paper Headline.
So should we.



THE MAN WHO GREW A GIANT GOOSEBERRY.

[*Period*: THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEFORE NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY.]

THE DERBY HORSE-RACE.

[There is too much technical jargon talked about racing in these days. The author of the eloquent lines which follow prefers to revert to the more detached and grandiose methods of the past.]

Author: Now comes the Derby horse-race once again;
Impetuous coursers bound along the plain,
Unlike the eager cit, their sole reward
To achieve the azure guerdon of the sward.
Not for the greed of gold, like Colonel Sims,[1]
They stretch their sinews and pronate their limbs,
But each by rivalry in point of speed
To outstrip the hindmost and the first exceed.
Panting, they urge their legs to obtain the prize,
Foam flecks their front, Ambition orbs their eyes,
Till Perseverance, aimed towards the goal,
Presents the palm to the victorious foal.[2]
Plaudits resound. In vain the rest are backed;
The numerals on the board proclaim the fact.
Tell me, O Muse, who vulgar and who smart,
Well-known in Politics, in Trade, in Art,
Dressed in the latest modes, forsook the town
To view the contest on the verdant down;
Who owned what palfrey guaranteed to run,
What feats of arms or wits his wealth had won;
Declare the titles of the various steeds,
Their place of residence, their previous deeds,
What sires bequeathed their legacy of pace,
What dams to each their energy, their grace;
What tints adorn the riders' blouse and cap;
Mention their past successes; draw a map
Of the whole course and briefly state your views
As to the likeliest winner.

She. I refuse.

Author: All right, then. To the less precise concern
Of general narrative I now return.
Lo! how the motley throng, from far, from near,
Assuage their drought with sparkling wine or beer.
Here Virtue on the grass with Primness goes,
Here Vice is marked by the empurpled nose;
Here Beauty, fashionably gowned, attends,
And various touts pursue their unhallowed ends.
The swart Egyptian from his caravan
Sells for a certitude the Also Ran;
Perspiring bookies make the heaven resound,
Silver pursues in vain the adventured pound,
Whilst in the paddock Wealth and Pride devote
Attention to the interesting Tote.
Burns the high sun[1] on muslin and on rags,
The ground is strown with corks and paper-bags.
The shout of triumph, the despairing wail
Commingle as the riders round the rail;
Statesmen implore the skies; grows pale the mob;
CHURCHILL and SNOWDEN arm-in-arm hobnob;[2]
Maidens, beset by hideous qualms, expose
For the first time to men the unpowdered nose,
Till Equitation, England's primal boast,[3]
Aided by Speed and Skill, has passed the post,
And prosperous Fortune with refulgent grin,
Wearing a tall hat, leads the Conqueror in.[4] EVOE.

[1] *Editor.* Who is this Colonel Sims?
Author. A golfing acquaintance of mine. I put him in partly to annoy him and partly to make a rhyme.

[2] *Editor.* Colt, surely, not foal.
Author. This is poetry.

[1] *Editor.* What if it rains on Wednesday?
Author. It probably will.

[2] *Editor.* Is this accurate?
Author. No. Merely poetry again.

[3] *Editor.* What about the sea?
Author. Well, what about it?

[4] *Editor.* I notice you don't give its name.
Author. If I knew it I shouldn't bother to write this.

AT THE PICTURES.

RUTH CHATTERTON.

ALL film-goers—and so far as I can gather their number is increasing every minute—should look out for a poster announcing *Sarah and Son*, for it is as good a talkie as there has yet been and it has in it the most convincing actress that this new medium has yet called forth—Miss RUTH CHATTERTON, who,



Anonymous Hero. "SAY, MR. MANAGER, WHY ISN'T MY NAME IN THE PROGRAMME? *YOU* CAN'T DO THIS WITH A STRAIGHT LEG!"

although the picture is of American make, is, I am told, English. We ought to be proud of her.

The story is simple and direct, and once the inevitable back-stage opening is forgotten, original in its course. *Sarah*, played by Miss CHATTERTON, is a German-American or Dutch-American music-hall artiste, married to *Jim Grey*, a loafer. When their son is born he loafs more than ever, being too lazy to work out a new act on his own, and gradually the home falls to pieces: the rent owing, the gas cut off, no milk. After one of many reproachful attacks from his wife, *Jim* rushes out and enlists—it was 1915 then—but before leaving sells the baby to a rich but childless financier. When *Sarah* returns from her search for food for it, the lodging is empty.

The rest of the story depicts *Sarah* in search of her son. In 1918 she is in France with a concert-party, and there, among the wounded men that make her audience, is her husband, dying, but living just long enough to have the name of the false parents wrung from him: *Mr.* and *Mrs. Ashemore*. Back in New York, *Sarah* begins a compaign against these usurpers, but they are too strong for her. When, however, in 1928, she has become a *prima donna* of international fame at seven hundred dollars a performance, she is in a different position, while her chances are not impaired by the circumstance that the *Ashemores'* lawyer has fallen in love with her and she with him.

We have now begun to see the boy himself, *Bobby Ashemore*, a spoiled darling, but spoiled against his will, most admirably played by a very intelligent juvenile lead with a pleasant open way, but with the name, which would be astonishing even among adult cinema stars, of PHILIPPE DE LACY. All that the mother asks is to be alone with him for a few moments, after which she will either claim him or renounce him; and at last the *Ashemores*, who are the weakest part of the story, being now honourable, now dishonourable, affect to give way to this wish, but in reality deceive her by borrowing the deaf-and-dumb offspring of one of their servants to impersonate *Bobby*.

Failing to find the identification mark and utterly in despair, *Sarah* goes off with the lawyer-friend to a country club, where, he is careful to let us know, his "ant" is staying for purposes of chaperonage. Now who should also be on his way to the same club but *Bobby* himself! Fed up with the boring solicitude of his putative mother, he has dedicated himself to a life of piracy, left a letter of farewell signed with skull and cross-bones, climbed through the window and taken to the road. With the assistance of a lift or two he reaches the country club, orders lunch, and at the moment when *Sarah* and her devoted solicitor arrive is preparing to embark in a motor-boat.

So far the film has not departed any



SHAKE WELL BEFORE TAKING.
HOW TO GET INFORMATION OUT OF A VERY SICK PATIENT.
Sarah Storm . MISS RUTH CHATTERTON.
Jim Grey . MR. FULLER MELLISH, JUN.

great distance from the stage. Everything we have seen could have been provided by the ordinary properties and scenery of the theatre. But the cinema comes to its own when *Sarah*, strolling out to the jetty, is invited by this very engaging thirteen-year-older to join him on his cruise, and they push off and race through waves which, in spite of an absolutely clear sky and serene harbour, are, as all hardened film-fans know, about to become dangerous. Meanwhile, cuddled close beside *Bobby*, *Sarah* finds the spot on his neck which she had looked for in vain in the mute impostor, and when the boy tells her that his name is *Ashemore* her cup of happiness is full.

But meanwhile also the current has been getting swifter and the sea rougher, and after a few terrible minutes the cinema completely justifies itself by capsizing the boat and projecting



Wise Child (cleverly recognising his mother). "IT *IS* A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN. WHY, WE HAVEN'T MET SINCE I WAS SIX MONTHS OLD!"

Sarah and *Son* into the water to swim and struggle for their lives. What happens afterwards I shall leave to the reader to discover.

This excellent and moving film is a triumph for its leading lady, who is convincing in every minute of it and as worth watching for her own subtle art as for her portrayal of *Sarah's* grief and good sense and pride. By which I mean that *Sarah* would still have our interest and our sympathy even though in the hands of a far less capable and charming actress, for the part is what is called "fool-proof"; but as played by RUTH CHATTERTON she is unforgettable. The growth of authority and assured poise between 1918, when she is still connected with variety, and 1928, when she is in grand opera, is most delicately indicated, while, though she never quite loses her Teutonic accent, that also is modulated as time goes on and she ascends in the artistic and social scale. The technique of Miss CHATTERTON'S hands should never be lost sight of; her face, always mobile, persuasive and attractive, has moments of great beauty.

E. V. L.

"OCTOPUS WITH 8 ARMS CAUGHT OFF BRIGHTON."
Daily Paper.

We are offering a prize of a dictionary to the best biped News-Editors with two legs.

A GALA PERFORMANCE.

[Nightingales, we are informed, sing best in the rain.]

WHAT though the rain-drops are falling unceasingly—
I can see nothing in that to deplore;
Rather the heart of me grows more increasingly
Jocund to think of the pleasure in store;
All the day long through the bitter and biting gale
I have looked nightward with infinite zest,
Blessing the prospect of hearing the nightingale
Sing at her absolute best.

Often aforetime I 've heard her by scoring out
Sleep in the balmier portions of June;
Now for my rapture she 'll shortly be pouring out,
Thanks to the weather, more liquid a tune;
Sweetly, ah! sweetly 'twill flow like a rill o' mell,
Rendered more honied because of the storm;
This is a night that is bound to put Philomel
Into the top of her form.

Some there may be who will moodily bellow "D——!"
Hearing the water impinge on the pane;
I, who am ever a beggar for melody,
Look on such folk with artistic disdain;
Bring me, Amanda, my heaviest mackintosh;
Seek not to stay me, for, if you should try
Painting the state I am bound to come back in, "Tosh!"
Will be my vulgar reply.

MORE STAGE NEWS.

"Othello," a "Debonair" young fellow, accompanied by "Magda," a "Dishonoured Lady," staggered "Down Our Street" in "The Middle Watch" singing "A Song of Sixpence," which so disturbed the tenant of "Liberty Hall" that he shouted, "'Götterdämmerung' your eyes, I won't have 'A Night Like This.'"

"The Three Musketeers" appeared "On the Spot" and flung the disturbers of the peace into "The Apple Cart" and took them to "The House That Jack Built," where "The Man In Possession" and "The First Mrs. Fraser" heaped "Insult" on them and kept them in "Suspense" from "Nine Till Six."

Recovery from a Death-Blow.

"The Rev. James Barr, the chairman, said that in considering the whole subject of capital punishment the Committee were very anxious to know how it was operating in countries where it had been abolished. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

"Next year, however, a Unionist administration, if wisely and moderately led, might be able to give just that extra fillip to trade and industry."—*Scottish Paper.*

"Fillip," please note, *not* "Philip."

"Scenes in many ways reminiscent of Ascot on Derby Day were witnessed at the Witwatersrand Show."—*South African Paper.*

We're sorry about the Show, but it must have been a refreshing experience for the reporter to have the place to himself.



Daphne (who has been moved into a higher form). "NEED I STILL BELIEVE IN FAIRIES, MUMMY? IT WOULD MAKE ME DREADFULLY UNPOPULAR WITH THE OTHERS."

AT THE PLAY.

"HAMLET" (QUEEN'S).

MR. GIELGUD'S *Hamlet* and Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS'S very intelligent and carefully studied production should justify Mr. MAURICE BROWNE'S second investment in Shakespearean (West-End) stock. The company of players is of course from the Old Vic, and it has given of its best by way of rising to an occasion. The setting is simple and uneccentric, ingeniously contrived to save time and mitigate the cutting still necessary in a hurried and distracted day. Mr. WILLIAMS has effectively dressed his players in Elizabethan liveries, and such little touches as the entry of the *King* in riding clothes to the "room in the castle" where the Court ladies are at work upon their tapestries give life to the scene. And there are a many such helpful devices.

Mr. GIELGUD has evidently put much intelligent thought into his study. Cleverly and without parade he introduces "business" suggested by the text, yet seems to be inside his part and carried away by it rather than contriving carefully-prepared effects.

There is a spontaneity and inevitability about the difficult because too familiar heroic passages, as if the thoughts welled up from within, that is artistically most satisfactory. He gives, too, to take a particular instance, real life and vigour to the exchanges with the often tedious *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*. The vehemence and bitterness of the colloquy with the *Queen* seem to suggest that he has glanced with intelligence at the Freudian theory of the Œdipus complex. And the part hangs together, is not a string of loosely-related and often contradictory passages. This *Hamlet* may be feigning madness, but he is often so overwrought as to be upon the indeterminate border-line of it. Here is a prince of intelligence and spirit, with the generous impulses and free carriage of youth, irresolute not from cowardice but because to think is always to find real reasons for postponing action yet not so as to escape self-reproach for inaction; and perhaps also because revenge by killing must always be a distasteful business for the sensitive, and inconclusive for the sceptical.

If one may venture a criticism it is that occasionally at the climax of a passage his effects of passionate intensity were attempted through shouting—the result, no doubt, of the desire to give colour and avoid monotony. Yet so seldom is the sense of passion conveyed by noise; in the heat of quarrel



Hamlet. "BEAVER!"
Polonius. "DEAR ME! THIS MUST BE ONE OF OUR 'BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE!"
Polonius . . . MR. BREMBER WILLS.
Hamlet . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.

perhaps, but certainly not in soliloquy, which is a convention that emphatically has its frame.

I enjoyed this performance and the majestic sweep of this noble play so much that for fear of disillusionment I dared not wait for the churchyard brawl and bombast and the hurried shambles—the tedious necessary winding-up machinery by which the play is lowered from its great peak by poet and philosopher exhausted with the supreme act of creation and bored with the business of getting his audience out of the theatre. A poor thing of a theory doubtless, and shallow—but mine own! This stealthy departure at the height of the argument, after *Hamlet's* meeting with the Norwegian *Captain*, I commend as an experiment to the perceptive playgoer.

Mr. DONALD WOLFIT (the *King*) struck a new note and I thought gave an attractive and plausible performance. The *prie-dieu* soliloquy was particularly well done, nor did he forget to fawn upon the *Queen* in such wise as to give colour to the report of his character and edge to his nephew's rage. Nor, again, did he make himself so personable a man as to render ridiculous the "Hyperion to a satyr" comment. Mr. BREMBER WILLS' *Polonius* was, if a bore, a brisk bore; a little too consciously clowned perhaps; and one would wish the pitch of his voice did not so laboriously go switchbacking up and down: his embroidery of gesture, too, might safely be less elaborate.

A manly, friendly, youthful, clear-speaking *Horatio* (Mr. GYLES ISHAM); a perhaps rather too-mournful *Ghost* (Mr. JOHN WYSE); a *Rosencrantz* and a *Guildenstern* (Mr. ESMOND KNIGHT and Mr. JOHN KILLNER) who were alive and the sort of men one might choose for a difficult diplomatic job—all these seemed to me excellently in the picture. I have often found the Old Vic players on their own ground somewhat inaudible. This is probably a defect of the Hall's acoustics. At the Queen's every word could be heard. . . . I do beg the producer to eliminate those four black imps in the prelude to the play-scene. More nonsense unwisely borrowed from the Hammersmith tradition.

If there are people (as there are) who think they are too low-brow to enjoy our SHAKESPEARE, let them put off their inferiority complex and flock to the Queen's. They will be surprised—and may surprise and somewhat dash their friends with the proud boasts that they can afterwards work off upon them. They may take it from me that this is a really tremendous Super-Talkie. T.



King (getting jumpy). "DASH IT ALL, HERE'S OPHELIA DRESSING IN BLACK NOW!"

Queen . . . . . MISS MARTITA HUNT.
King . . . . . MR. DONALD WOLFIT.
Ophelia . . . . . MISS ADÈLE DIXON.

"LIBERTY HALL" (KINGSWAY).

The second of the Victorian period-pieces at the Kingsway, *Liberty Hall*, by R. C. CARTON, seems to show us that we are nearer the eighteenth century or the Elizabethans than to the astonishing people of the nineties. But I imagine that Captain MARSHALL's presentation of the humour of the period in *His Excellency the Governor* is nearer truth than Mr. CARTON's version of the deeper emotions. *Liberty Hall* seems to us a curiously naïve business in structure, in general dramatic technique and in characterisation; the other is one of those lay-figures of virtue (and fun—unconscious) that the incurably romantic GEORGE ALEXANDER loved to present, and at which the more grown-up amongst us were even then well able to laugh.

Chilworth—complete with picture-gallery, banqueting-hall and (even) library—has recently lost its owner, leaving no heir male, but two daughters, the deathly proud and abysmally stupid *Blanche* and her over-cherished little sister, *Amy*. The new Baronet is a distant cousin, who has conveyed to the sisters, at the hands of an unlikely friend, a *Mr. Owen*, who travels in soap, an invitation to stay on indefinitely at Chilworth, as he, the Baronet, purposes to reside in the Himalayas.

The patrician gorge of *Blanche* rises at this contact with the gentleman "in soap," though she is forced to admit that his manners are better than she would have expected in a person of this kind. As for the insufferable insolence of the Baronet's offer of "charity," her beautiful eyes flash, her lip quivers with all the old Chilworth pride, her heart almost bursts her constricting stays. The family lawyer breaks the news that she has little or, to be more legally precise, no capital or income, and that her nearest relative is an old gentleman who had married her mother's sister and who actually keeps a shop in Bloomsbury.

Not a very flourishing shop, as appears when we see the two young ladies, who have accepted their uncle's kind offer of a home, installed there. They have been there four months. Old *Mr. Todman* mitigates the losses on the books he sells at second-hand by letting his second floor back with occasional use of parlour. The affable *Mr. Owen* is now the lodger—always trying to be of service to the sisters, neglecting his soap shamelessly to help in the shop, advising poor disillusioned *Blanche*, who returns with a patient wan smile from fruitless efforts to sell her sketches, to try Christmas cards at so much a dozen. "You actually suggest," says she in effect and with unutterable disdain to this commercially-minded person, "that I be so unmindful of my blood and my art?" To which with admirable common-sense he replies that he does; that it may perhaps help the old man, who is obviously worried and embarrassed. With ever so slight a lifting of the leg-of-mutton sleeves at the extraordinary unsatisfactoriness of life she swallows the Christmas cards and even begins to feel some respect, even perhaps something deeper, for this uncomfortably candid person of low birth and habits.



THE KIND UNCLE COMES TO TAKE THE BABES OUT OF THE WOOD.

William Todman . . . . . MR. LAWRENCE HANRAY.
Blanche Chilworth . . . . . MISS JOAN MAUDE.
Amy Chilworth . . . . . MISS JOYCE MOORE.

Meanwhile she has caught the eye of another commercial gentleman, of one *Briginshaw*, the draper to whom the old bookseller owes eight-hundred-and-fifty pounds. Draping and drapers were very different in those far-off days. *Briginshaw* is a brazen-tongued, gold-alberted, mutton-chop whiskered, acquisitive, bullying cad with a lecherous eye. He proposes to remit the old man's debt if he will persuade the lovely *Blanche*—who will look so well in the mantle department and elsewhere—to marry him.

It is about time for our *Mr. Owen* to take a hand. The author kindly gave us the clue to his identity in the first few moments of the first Act, and only the invincible imbecility of *Blanche* could have prevented her from guessing it. *Mr. Owen* is of course the heir, determined to be loved for himself alone, pressing his suit behind the almost impenetrable barrier of soap. But we have not quite done with complicated misunderstandings. There is little *Amy*, who has not been very helpful, her chief occupation being to lie upon the sofa with a headache, which merely means that she is in love with a young man of her own world, Lord Harringay's fifth son. And she has never dared to mention this terrible fact to her sister—we can't for the life of us imagine why. Young *Harringay* proposes an elopement. Our *Mr. Owen* gets to know of it. He is not quite sure whether the young man's intentions are strictly honourable. The young man is apparently not quite sure himself. At any rate he is dismissed with a caution by *Owen*, who is discovered by *Blanche* alone at midnight giving sound advice to *Amy*, who has of course put him upon his honour to keep her dark secret. To the bitter reproaches of the woman who, just as she has learned to love him, soap and all, finds him to be merely a common seducer, he has no answer to give save that he is innocent but cannot prove it and must go out of her life for ever first thing in the morning. Naturally he does nothing of the sort. Almost before the milkman comes *Briginshaw* is foiled with a cheque; young *Harringay* asks a formal blessing on an honourable marriage to take place at some discreet future time, and *Blanche*, who has swallowed her pride and accepted our *Mr. Owen*, finds herself the wife of Sir Hartley Owen Chilworth of Chilworth.

I hope I have not given the impression that this was other than a most admirable entertainment. Mr. CLARKE-SMITH produced it quite simply and sincerely, resisting what must have been an almost irresistible temptation to

"rag" it. We have no reason to suppose that there were in the early nineties or at any other period such noble-hearted baronets or such ineffably innocent and idiotic maidens. But apparently we didn't in general mind our playwrights pretending that there were, and could listen with gravity to *Amy* when, conscious of the terrible guilt of secretly harbouring an affection for a quite eligible young man, she pleads in extenuation, "I do so love *Gerald*—and I have no mother!" Two young people in front of me who had to this moment listened with rapt attention and growing amazement were here unable any longer to conceal their pent-up emotions, which they released in a peal of full-throated laughter.

Miss JOAN MAUDE (the minx in *His Excellency the Governor*) played the sweet proud imbecile so skilfully that we almost believed in her—a superb piece of imaginative reconstruction of a distant age against the bias of her temperament. Miss JOYCE MOORE'S more colourless *Amy* was very soundly done. Miss MAY AGATE threw in a well-invented portrait of a truculent char; Mr. DEERING WELLS lacked, I think, belief in his baronet, which was a severe handicap; and Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY gave us one of his eccentric portraits with a genuine touch of tenderness which caused a young lady behind me to declare him repeatedly to be perfectly sweet. T.

AN EGG IDYLL.

CUPID has been busy in our village lately, and his last victims were refreshingly Arcadian. Phyllis was the Squire's daughter, and Corydon a poultry farmer, as shy as he was eligible, who had beaten his sword into a feeding-pan at the end of the War. They met at the village Agricultural Show, where Corydon won the Squire's Silver Challenge Egg-Cups for the best plucked and trussed fowl; and Phyllis the first prize Not Exceeding Ten Shillings for home-made cakes. They received their awards side by side from the Vicar, Cupid hovering in attendance over the latter's bald head.

Phyllis's *beaux yeux* and her cooking won Corydon's heart. He bought her cake, and asked her if she would like half-a-dozen of his best pullets (winter layers). She blushed and thanked him. Some had said it with flowers and others with chocolates, but he was the first swain that had ever expressed his feelings for her with poultry. He replied, with an ardent look, that to her the price would be almost negligible. She, with disarming candour, confessed that her dress allowance was for ever a deficit, but she was sure that Father would buy them.

Corydon arrived at tea-time next day with a hamper, ate three slices of Phyllis's inimitable sponge-roll and introduced her to his pullets, whom he had christened in compliment to her. Helen of Troy was a stately Wyandotte, at present rather leggy but giving promise of maturer beauty when she should be plucked and trussed. Cleopatra was a Rhode Island Red, "as trim and shapely as yourself," said her proud breeder, greatly daring. Salome was a hook-beaked Cochin China, who came of a famous winter-laying line. Corydon had always feared that Fair Rosamond, the Leghorn, might die on him, for she had a lean and hungry look. He passed hastily to Joan of Arc, a warlike Light Sussex whose father had been a grand table-bird. Elaine was a Buff Orpington: he waxed quite sentimental over the little brown eggs that she would lay for his beloved's breakfast.

A week later he sent her instructions for feeding them. "How I love to picture your white hands mixing their dry mash of bran, sharps and potato-peelings!" he wrote, for his love was eloquent on paper. "Give them as much as will take them twenty minutes to eat. Am sure that Rosamund will thrive in your sweet presence and sheltered orchard. Always remember, my dear girl, that fowls must be made to scratch for their food."

Phyllis replied with a moving account of how she had rescued Elaine from her father, who had intended her for Sunday lunch, having mistaken her sex.

Corydon then wrote and begged for a photograph of the pullets. Phyllis sent one of herself, in her most becoming frock, feeding Cleopatra and Co., with a winning smile. Later Corydon appeared, blushing and tongue-tied, and said that he had brought her a present. Her heart fluttered like a hen-house when the fox climbs into it. Was it, could it be, the ring? He tottered into the porch under a sack of maize and laid it at her feet. Cupid, watching them, clucked derisively and barbed his arrow with one of Helen's tail feathers.

Corydon would sit at night over his egg-charts, chewing his pen and dreaming of her whose cheeks were smoother than any egg. But no sooner did he meet her than her full bright eyes, her delicate beak and the proud carriage of her head and wings overwhelmed him with a sense of his own unworthiness. Only a castle could make a fit coop for such a pullet.

Phyllis spent hours with her pets teaching them their names, reciting poetry to them and timing their meals with a stop-watch. Strangers noticed the yearning wistful look that came into her face whenever she met an egg unexpectedly. She felt that she had reached the turning-point of her life when Corydon drove her sixty miles to buy rat-proof coops. A timid surrender trembled on her lips while they chose nest-boxes together, but, alas! his shyness muzzled him. He fancied that he saw a cold gleam in her eyes as he babbled feverishly of his plans for the spring, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of incubators. He wondered whether such a woman would make a fitting guardian to his chicks.

They drove home in silence, and his weekly letters ceased. Phyllis thought that he was too thrilled by his success with cross-bred cockerels at the Crystal Palace to have room in his mind for an unfeathered female. She wept a few hot tears into the maize and grew broody. Then Fair Rosamund confirmed Corydon's suspicions and died. With her Phyllis buried many tender hopes.

Corydon tried to stifle his affection with work, but Phyllis's image swam between his eyes and the patent feeder at eventide. He seemed to hear her infectious laughter echoed in the crowing of his champion Plymouth Rock. What pleasure could he take in the fruit of the hen when he remembered the deft hands that had transformed it into such celestial cakes? He became as listless as a moulting rooster.

Then one day he received a telegram: "Salome has laid first egg hurray let us lay the ghost between us." Seizing a clutch of his finest strain as a propitiatory offering he drove furiously to the Manor. They trysted in the hen-run, where Phyllis was scattering cabbage-leaves and chanting sadly, "Unplume, pullets, the long day's task is done and we must sleep." Only Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, the proud Salome, Joan of Arc and Elaine know what happened.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was a diamond and enamel brooch. "On a field sinople a hen rampant, attired gules and or. Motto '*Amor et Ova.*'"

Now they have a fine pullet and cockerel of their own.

Oriental Candour.

"DIRECT IMPORTERS OF PERSIAN CARPETS AND BUGS."
Damascus Merchant's Advt.

"At this a young bargeworker named Ernest Fisher, who wore a handkerchief in place of a collar and bell-bottomed trousers, spoke as follows. . . ."—*Manchester Paper.*

The Wear-More-Cotton Campaign is evidently making a profound impression in bargee circles.



THE FOREIGN RUG: A TRIUMPH OF SALESMANSHIP.



Sailor (piloting Visitor to Officers' quarters). "AH, THAT 'S A ROPE WOT YOU 'VE TRIPPED OVER, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DO not know a better-turned short story than Mr. LEONARD MERRICK'S, and the fourteen examples in *The Little Dog Laughed* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) have all the old allure of French malice and English kindliness. Nine out of the fourteen are Gallic in setting, and these, I think, are the cream, for, though "Mate" is thrilling in its American style and circumstances, "Little Birdie" suitably Tiny-Tim-ish for an English Christmas, and "The Dovecote" and "Poor Dear George" redolent of an English suburb and an English watering-place respectively, still France has taught Mr. MERRICK the niceties of his technique, and France and the French give him the happiest opportunity of exercising them. Witness "The Departure of Papa," which adjudicates in an admirably poetic fashion between an avaricious *patronne* and a broken-down actor. And "The Epic of the Heavenly Cook," the legend of a Parisian poet supposed to have died young, "at a date (the premises have all the fascination of folk-lore) when the Parisians had good bread and good manners and there were still artists in Montmartre." To a slightly later age I should assign "The Elevation of Lulu," a genial study of a married *cocotte*, and "The Vengeance of Monsieur Dutripon," a provincial vendetta which lands us in the wilds of Brittany. Looking back on a book readable from start to finish, I question whether a writer who has the art of making good work so popular could not afford to indulge in his more subtle and exquisite effects even more audaciously than he does.

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Landlady. "NATURALLY THE CHARGES HERE DEPEND ON WHAT YOU HAVE."
New Arrival. "I SEE. WELL, TO BE QUITE FRANK, I'VE JUST A FIVER."



Sailor (piloting Visitor to Officers' quarters). "AH, THAT 'S A ROPE WOT YOU 'VE TRIPPED OVER, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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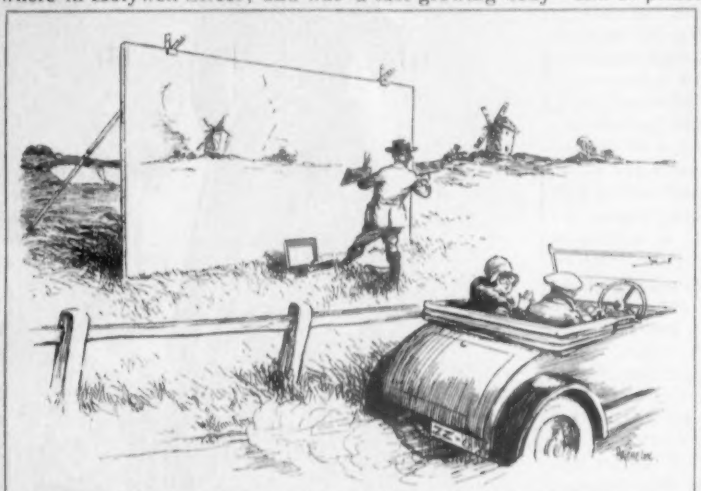
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poultry. Another irritant is the literary emotionalism of some of the characters. It is difficult to believe in a farmer's daughter who says, "Birth and death. Love and death! Honour and death, whichever comes first, death always comes after. Kiss me again and tell me if that kiss isn't the most distant of all things from death." Surely that speech is the most distant of all things from reality!

For some few years, it seems, Mrs. LEWIS RANSOME has cherished thoughts of writing a book—the True History of her Life—and now, at the age of seventy-seven, with the assistance of Miss ETHEL MACGEORGE, she has done it. *The Life and Reminiscences of Jessie Bond* is its name, for, although some of us may have forgotten it, once upon a time Mrs. RANSOME was the gay little *soubrette* of the Savoy who was largely responsible for the immense popularity of the GILBERT and SULLIVAN light operas. Indeed, she played the part of *Hebe* in *H.M.S. Pinafore* as long ago as 1878 at the old Opera Comique, that ancient and dingy theatre which one entered through a tunnel somewhere in Holywell Street; and was with the company when Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE bought out his business directors (after a pitched battle between the *Pinafore's* crew and their emissaries behind the scenes), and also when he took the company over to New York to show the Americans what the real version of the play was like. She thought, by the way, GILBERT the bigger man of the two—but then she only once had a slight breeze with that master of caustic phrase, which makes a difference. These recollections, published by JOHN LANE (7/6), have a simplicity that is rather charming, and the fifteen illustrations will no doubt cause a flutter in the hearts of several elderly gentlemen who haunted the Savoy half a century ago.



Tourist (referring to famous artist's out-size canvas). "ISN'T IT DISGUSTING, GEORGE, IN A BEAUTIFUL SPOT LIKE THIS TO SEE A MAN PUTTING UP ONE OF THOSE UNSIGHTLY HOARDINGS?"

Mrs. FLORENCE KILPATRICK has not been well served by the dust-jacket of her new novel, *Rift Valley* (COLLINS, 7/6), which shows a lady in a brief and clinging garment kneeling at the feet of an aloof young man, complete in riding kit and solar topi, who stares over her head at a distance including the silhouette of Table Mountain. It raised the gloomiest forebodings, but I have not even been able to recognise the incident. It spite of the fact that the heroine's name is *Gloria*, which I felt to be a bad sign, *Rift Valley* is really a straightforward, well-told tale, full of likeable characters, with just one or two nasty people thrown in to make trouble for them. *Michael Lorimer*, a young journalist, meets on board ship a ne'er-do-well on his way out to an uncle's farm in South Africa. This young man, when it becomes evident that he is too ill to survive the journey, persuades *Michael* to impersonate him, the clinching argument being his cousin *Gloria's* charming photograph and a lie to the effect that her father is losing his reason and she is in need of protection. The complications that ensue are many, and the end, though it promises happiness in the future for *Gloria* and *Michael*, is not one of those unnatural exhibitions of sweetness and light which too often make last chapters unconvincing even to the most optimistic reader.

Though the chief appeal of *Printing in the Twentieth Century* (TIMES PUBLISHING CO., 7/6) will necessarily be to those who are professionally interested in the craft in its many branches, there are few people of intelligence who will fail to find instruction and entertainment in this quite admirably comprehensive survey of the history, the technical processes and the æsthetic standards of printing, engraving, paper-making, type-founding, book-binding and newspaper-production. A modest space is devoted to the considerable contribution of *The Times* itself to the progress of printing in its own sphere. For the rest there seems little that is essential, from GUTENBERG to the SIEMENS-KAROLUS system of photo-telegraphy, that is not touched upon and illuminated by carefully detechnicalised description and authoritative comment. Collectors of fine printed books—a fast-growing body—and of prints will in particular find pleasure and profit in this handsome, abundantly illustrated and absurdly cheap quarto, which is a splendid testimony to the enlightened enterprise of the directors of our premier journal; and I can't help thinking it would be a useful and welcome addition to every school library.

At the outset of *The Story of a Surgeon* (METHUEN, 12/6), Sir JOHN BLAND-SUTTON, Bt., writes: "My father picked up odds and ends of medical knowledge from a retired physician, Dr. THOMAS WILLIAM JONES, who lived near us. He taught him how to dispense medicine, and we were regularly dosed in consequence. This bred in me a dislike for amateurs in any profession." I quote this passage because I feel inclined to bless the shade of Dr. T. W. JONES, for, however unconsciously, he was fortifying the boy who has to swallow the paternal concoctions in his determination to acquire real knowledge. Of the use which Sir JOHN has made of that knowledge and of its value in alleviating pain most of us are to some extent aware, but in this pleasantly intimate volume you will find a story that is definitely informing and inspiring. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING provides a delightful Preamble to a book which all who are wise will read.

Miss JOSEPHINE BLUMENFELD's volume of stories, *Shrimps for Tea* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), consists for the most part of light fare pleasantly flavoured; but in "The Tryst" and "Christmas Day" her view of life is both sound and comprehensive. Tragedy lurks in "Christmas Day," but it is suggested by an artist who is wise enough to leave gaps for her readers to fill in. "Darrleeng" also deserves special mention for its graceful telling and the clear and gay light it throws upon human nature. When Miss BLUMENFELD allows her fancy to take more ambitious flights I shall await the result with confidence.

CHARIVARIA.

IN his autobiography TROTSKY tells of Mr. LANSBURY visiting him in the Caucasus, proposing a toast and singing "For he's a jolly good Fellow." Those were the days!

Miss AMY JOHNSON's father has written to the Press contradicting a statement that as a young girl she used to shoot rooks. In the face of this *démenti* we can only point out that no such allegation has appeared in these columns.

An "Ode To Amy" has been written by a Sydney poet, to be presented to Miss JOHNSON on her arrival there. Just when she hoped her troubles would be over!

A published photograph of a tug-of-war team of Inland Revenue officials in action should enable taxpayers to realise the hopelessness of attempting to "take the strain."

Scissors are recommended instead of a knife for removing bacon-rind. Thoughtful housewives should see that this instrument is always on the breakfast table.

Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN is learning to fly, but it is not anticipated that he will command a large Chelsea following in the empyrean.

A paragraphist tells of a Chelsea studio in which the furniture is all concrete, thus differing from the furniture in the creations of Chelsea artists, which is usually abstract.

Off duty, a private soldier in the Russian army is the equal of a colonel, we are told. We should not easily be persuaded to believe, however, that he is the equal of a sergeant-major.

We read of a prospective bridegroom who will have to interrupt his honeymoon to take his *viva voce* examination at Oxford. Many a bridegroom is a bit shaky in his *viva voce* at the altar.

According to a daily paper there is a French pugilist who always listens to a saxophone solo before going into the ring. Others eat raw meat to make them savage.

The sounds of a piano and a gramophone played in a musical copyright case in the Chancery Division are reported to have shocked the Judge sitting in an adjoining court. His lordship would no doubt have to be assured that the court next-door was not a place of entertainment.

"What is home without a mother?" asks a weekly paper. The answer is "Modern."

An American film star has obtained her second divorce three months after her first. It is understood that the delay was due to inclement weather.



OUR CYNICAL ENTERTAINERS.

"Cotton scratches," said a recent golf headline. It is hoped, however, that the statement will not dissuade the friends of Lancashire from wearing that material next the skin.

In view of Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE's exhortation to the Welsh to be less modest it seems up to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to give his fellow-countrymen a lead.

After describing a group of young Socialists as a "spear-head," a political writer remarks that, consisting as it does of a former miner, an ex-civil servant, a college student and an aristocrat, it is a wide net to cast in troubled waters. He evidently has in mind a trawling harpoon.

It is understood that Lord ROTHERMERE's article, "India! India!! India!!!" may be sung in public without fee or licence.

Farmers and gardeners in Norfolk had no complaints to make about last month. Can it be that farmers and gardeners in Norfolk are losing their snap?

A water-tight pocket for bathers which is on the market will hold cigarettes, jewellery, loose change, a handkerchief, and a powder-puff. Some means of powdering the nose in the water has been a long-felt want.

Neck-turning exercises are advocated as a remedy for double-chin. Double-chin is of course rare among American sightseers.

The recent "Bloody Sunday" in Chicago has created an impression that gunmen are lacking in consideration for the feelings of those who disapprove of gang-battles on the Sabbath.

Music, Poetry, Romance, Art, Philosophy, Religion and Suffering were the "Seven Roads to Heaven" described in a series of articles contributed to *The Sunday Express* which were summed up by Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS. Some surprise is felt that he refrained from indicating Sunday Journalism as an eighth road.

Little credence is attached to the rumour that Mr. BALDWIN is contemplating a Shadow Cabinet reshuffle.

"If a man calls 'No Trumps' with one ace in his hand, he is asking for trouble," writes a bridge expert. And more so if it is up his sleeve!

In view of the increasing demand for very small cars, manufacturers are considering the advisability of describing them in terms of pony-power.

An umbrella with a receptacle for small change in the handle is on the market. Our fear is that it may prove an additional temptation to the absent-minded.

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM ALGERNON LOCKER.

BORN 1863—DIED 5th JUNE, 1930.

WE record with sincere sorrow the death of our friend, ALGERNON LOCKER, late Assistant-Editor of *Punch*. He took over this post from ALAN MILNE early in the War, and continued it for nearly thirteen years, till a sudden illness cut him off from all activity. A great journalist—he had been Editor successively of *The Globe*, *The Morning Post* and *The Irish Times*—he inherited many gifts from a distinguished literary family, and brought a wide knowledge of politics and political history to the task, in which he followed "TOBY, M.P.," of writing Mr. Punch's "Essence of Parliament." After relinquishing this work in 1925 he still superintended it until his retirement in 1928.

His genial and gentle nature and the loyalty of his friendship made him greatly beloved among his colleagues of the Table. To his sister-in-law, whose faithful and unremitting care supported him during the long trial, which he bore with the finest courage, we ask leave to tender our affectionate sympathy.

FOOD PROSPECTS.

If all is true that I have read,
  There is a general wish to scrap
The foundling-child deposited
  By BEAVERBROOK in BALDWIN'S lap;
I hear the former 's changed his view,
  And, turning down his own suggestion,
Hopes to persuade the latter to
  Repudiate the brat in question.

In any case I would submit—
  Whether you test the People's soul
On what concerns their stomach 's pit
  By Referendum or the Poll—
That, when you probe them to the core
  And baldly ask them if they wouldn't
Prefer their food to cost them more,
  They 'll answer brightly, "No, we shouldn't."

But how to get it, dear or cheap,
  This fodder that sustains their lives,
Without the wherewithal to keep
  The routes by which the stuff arrives?
Why talk of prices, great or small,
  When here 's a question far more meaty:—
Can any food be got at all
  If once we sign this Naval Treaty?

I 'm all for Parity and Peace;
  I only ask that England's fleet
Should have permission to police
  The trade that carries things to eat;
And, if Columbia lifts a hand
  To cramp our style, I wouldn't let her;
Much as I love the Lord's Own Land
  I love my daily food still better.

O. S.

HIGHBROW-BEATING.

As I expected, my pretty cousin was in the "Fire Bird," together with her pet genius.

Daphne is a truly charming creature, but apt to be carried away by her enthusiasms. Anton is her present enthusiasm. Doubtless he has his gifts, but only one is apparent to the uninstructed beholder. He can retain permanently a two-days' beard. His hat is black and faintly Spanish.

I sat down at their table and ordered coffee. Daphne was drinking tea with lemon and the Genius something coloured. It was doubtless innocuous enough, but he dwelt on it as if it were absinthe. They were discussing a Russian film.

"It 's the otherwareness that appeals," the Genius was saying.

"I see that, of course," said Daphne; "but I still think that it is the rhythmic insistence that really tells."

"I doubt it, unless you 're thinking of the underbeat of successive values."

Well, something had to be done about that.

"I suppose it 's been banned?" I said.

"Naturally," they exclaimed together. "But it 's so wonderful," Daphne went on, "how nothing really quite happens."

"The only possible method with the cinema," Anton pronounced. "The exploitation of discontinuous expectancy. . . ."

"Of course"—my cousin was quite gentle with me—"it isn't everybody . . ."

I wasn't taking that lying down.

"Do you know," I said, "I 'm rather surprised at you people liking that stuff. Isn't it a bit made to order?"

"Listen," exclaimed Anton—"in a moment we shall hear the blessed word 'propaganda.' It 's the opium of the capitalist."

"No," said Daphne, "his cocaine. It induces a febrile and gratifying excitement."

I remained calm. "You see," I explained kindly, "these things are approved by the Soviet Government. They 're official products. It 's like admiring the Royal Academy."

I saw that I had touched them on the raw. Daphne's pretty face fell and Anton was visibly shaken. Then—rashly—I gave him an opening.

"What 's the thing about? What 's the plot?"

"Plot!" Daphne's eyebrows reached her hat. Anton's glance dismissed me to the squalid haunts of the bourgeoisie.

"It 's about nothing. That 's what 's so arresting."

"Of course it isn't everyone . . ." Daphne repeated.

The thing demanded thought. I drank my coffee slowly. Then I smiled.

"Do you know the 'Hammer and Sickle'?" I asked.

"I don't know *any* pubs," said my cousin.

"My dear Daphne, how you refuse life! However, the 'Hammer and Sickle' isn't a pub. It 's a sort of barn in Brewster's Yard, off the East India Dock Road. Communist theatre—the real thing, believe me. You ought to see *Slime*, by Gregor Bortch."

"Never heard of him," said Anton, "and I *think* I know every Russian that counts."

"Russian! My dear chap, it 's Bessarabian. You see, the Bessarabians as a border people have been oppressed for generations, with the result that they 've reached superb depths. They 're putrescent. However, you want to hear about *Slime*." The Genius didn't, but I 'd got him dazed.

"It starts," I went on, "with a prologue in a peasant's hut. The lighting alone is genius. Just two candles, and one of them goes out half-way through. Wonderful!"

Daphne sighed and looked reproachfully at the Genius.

"There it is—the dark room and a Bessarabian peasant lying on the stove. He has his feet to the audience and you think he 's dead until he speaks. You can hear only half of what he says. . . ."

"Might be in any West-End theatre," interjected Anton.

"Ah! but that 's the idea. You 're *intended* to hear only half."

I paused, but they said nothing. I had them stymied, in fact. They couldn't ask me what it was about.

"But that 's nothing to the finish," I continued. "Picture it—the front of the village morgue during an epidemic. Every now and again a coffin is carried across the back. In front there 's a row of women moaning. Then a one-eyed beggar comes on and gives the epilogue. Doesn't speak it, you understand—it 's pure mime. He just *gives* it. It 's—it 's dynamic. You feel every ounce."

The reproach in my cousin's eyes deepened. "But, Anton," she said, "you told me you 'd seen *all* the modern stuff."

Anton made an effort to recall the utterly trifling. "Ah, yes—yes—it comes back now. It was in Stockholm. But there it was called *Detritus*. I remember I slept through the play."

I gave one of those short laughs. You know—the kind that goes down the nose and means "Poor fool."

"There is no 'play,'" I said coldly.

Motto for Spring Cleaning.

"For men must swear when women will sweep."



THE FOUNDLING; OR, THE GREAT REPUDIATION.

AUNTIE BEAVERBROOK. "I'VE TAKEN A DISLIKE TO YOUR BRAT."

AUNTIE BALDWIN. "*MY* BRAT! IT WAS YOUR IDEA THAT I SHOULD ADOPT IT. I DON'T LIKE IT ANY MORE THAN YOU DO. FOR TUPPENCE I'D PUT IT BACK ON THE DOORSTEP."



Single-minded Barber (effecting a rescue). "YOU 'RE GETTING VERY BALD ON THE TOP, SIR."

BLISTER BUILDS ON.

"I HAVE been Building On," said Blister, that simple fellow, to me, looking gloomily over the garden wall of his small cottage.

I believed him at once. A conspicuously new red-brick addition affronted the eye, while a long line of naked earth leading from across his paddock indicated apparently a fresh-laid water-pipe. In fact, it all looked pretty terrible.

"You might think," continued Blister bitterly, as I leant on the Rural District side of his wall while he leant on the Blister side, "that when a fellow owns a bit of land he could Build On anything he liked upon it without getting someone else's permission. Well, you 'd be wrong. There are fellows called District Surveyors who have to pass plans before you can throw up even a shovelful of earth." He executed the motion of a man (certainly not himself) throwing up even a shovelful of earth.

"I suppose it was a bit of a business getting the plans out?" I asked.

"We-ell, no," replied Blister. "This isn't London, you know, where I understand plans have to be in quadruplicate on blue linen paper, with enough formality to build a new bridge. As a fact I hadn't any plans at all."

"Then how on earth did you get them passed?"

"Well, the builder told me that if the job wasn't a big one the thing to do was to get one of the surveyors over and show him on the ground what you were going to do, and then he 'd pass the—er—mental plans. As between friends." Mr. Blister solemnly made the gesture of a man passing mental plans as between friends. Blister is good at gestures. "He mentioned that of course it was as well to keep on the right side of him during the business because he can demand concrete plans if he. . . ."

"Concrete?" I asked, looking vaguely round.

"I mean concrete plans as opposed to intangible plans. Not *concrete*." Blister waved his hands to show a fellow not meaning *concrete* concrete.

"I see. And you keep on the right side of him by——?"

"Well, by——"

"Ah!" Before he could make the gesture of a thirsty man with his elbow up, I made it myself.

"That 's right. I got in a bottle of whisky specially. As you know, I don't drink it myself. The builder told me that the surveyor who was coming over was a friendly fellow and didn't mind an occasional drop of whisky. Liked it, in fact."

"I hope it went off all right?"

"Fine—in the end. But I couldn't get him to touch the whisky. I tried hard. You see, I had the bottle of it on my hands." He made the gesture of a man with a bottle of whisky on his hands—a pretty good gesture that. "He got quite short and shirty with me," he continued gloomily. "The more I pressed him to come and imagine plans over a drink, the shorter and shirtier he got, until he actually began to demand real plans in duplicate."

"But I thought——"

"So did I. Yet every time I mentioned whisky in a casual manner he mentioned plans in a very determined one. It quite worried me. Then I realised from something he said that he wasn't the surveyor the builder had told me to expect, but his colleague." He paused and added mournfully, "Who was a teetotaler." He went through the motions of a man being a teetotaler.

"Good heavens!" I said, "what rotten luck."

"It came out all right in the end. Because I had some home-made cowslip cordial, and he consented to imagine the plans over that. It 's a teetotal drink, of course, though actually Martha put a pint of brandy in it when she made it. She said it 'd make it work better. It did."

"Did he like it?"

"Didn't he! I could have passed plans for an amalgamation of Bucking-

ham Palace and the Woolworth Building if I'd wanted to. But it was annoying about that whisky."

"Very. You still had it on your hands."

"That was what was annoying." He again made the gesture—that rare gesture—of a man annoyed by having a bottle of whisky on his hands. "I couldn't send it back because I'd uncorked it."

"You could give it away to a friend," I suggested very casually, leaning over a bit further on to the Blister side of the wall.

The idea came fresh to him. "So I could have done. But I thought perhaps it might be useful to have about the cottage."

"In case anyone dropped in."

"Yes. And in case the other surveyor ever came to see plans. But I was leaving the cottage empty while the workmen were in and I had nowhere to put it." (I tried to make the gesture of one with nowhere to put a bottle of whisky, but I could not visualise it.) "It wouldn't have been fair on the workmen to leave it about, would it?"

"Hardly," I said very gravely. "What did you do?"

The first slow smile spread over his simple features. "I had a brain-wave. You know, I have a shelf with paint-pots and what-not, and you know how one often keeps things in old bottles? Well, I wrote 'TURPS' on the label and shoved it on that shelf. Neat, I think."

I was really quite struck with the idea. Out of the mouths of babes and Blisters. . . . "I'll remember that dodge," I said gratefully—"if ever," I added, "I have any whisky left when I go away."

The gloom settled on his face again. "The *dodge* was all right, as I tried to explain to Major Gudger. But he was rather angry. He dropped in a few days after I had come back and I offered him a whisky-and-soda. . . . Even though I don't take it myself I did think it looked rather pale, but it wasn't till after he'd taken a good mouthful that I saw that under my 'TURPS' on the label someone had written 'IT IS.'" He made a very comprehensive gesture, which might have represented anything, from a curious workman finding and taking the whisky and refilling the bottle with turps, to Major Gudger dealing with a mouthful of turps like an officer and a gentleman.

I liked to think it was this last. "I must be moving on," I said hastily.

"If ever you do any Building On," called Blister after me, "remember the man with a black moustache is the tee-totaler. Unless they both have. Where are you going?"

"Oh, just along to Major Gudger," I called back. "To ask him to drop round and have a methylated with me to-night. But I shall ask him *across* the hedge." A. A.



Visitor. "WHY, THAT'S THE THIRD WIDE HE'S SENT DOWN!"

Village Supporter. "AH! 'E BE A GOOD LENGTH BOWLER, SIR, BUT SOMETIMES 'E DO ZEEM TO BE A BIT OFF HIS WIDTH."

"Aviation Opportunity for Lady to be Trained as Pilot for distance raids by well known pilot." *Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Are we getting hostile or merely refained?

"Girl, thoroughly clean and trustworthy, assist housework; no children or washing." *Advt. in Scots Paper.*

It seems rather a tragedy that children should be barred from such a paradise.

English Lakes Preferred to Irish for Bathing.

"EARL OF KENMARE TO DISPOSE OF KILLARNEY ESTATES.

The earl proposes to dive permanently in England."—*Daily Paper.*

A Domestic Apology Which Impends in Downing Street.

"Mr. Snowden was unable to accompany Mrs. Snowden to the Free Trade Conference in London, which is the outcome of her recent luncheons at No. 11, Downing-street." *Daily Paper.*

"BISHOP ON HIGH HEELS." *Daily Paper.*

Flesh-tinted art-silk gaiters are being talked of.



"JOHN, THIS HAT HAS CHANGED MY *ENTIRE* OUTLOOK ON LIFE."

SMYTHIANA;

OR, THE SYDENHAM LIMERICK CLUB.

IN handling the *reliquiæ* of George Budlington Smythe I am sensible of a certain difficulty. That the man should have devoted the greater part of his life, in a world so full of variegated interest, to the critical annotation of well-known Limericks, and to that alone, may seem at first sight something like a waste of the golden hours of opportunity.

And yet I do not know. Much of modern literature is harmful; much produced merely for the sake of popular or intimate *réclame*. No living figures sacred to the hearts of Victorians or Edwardians have been tarnished by the pen of George Budlington Smythe. If he rakes with an eager eye the muck-heap of scandal, it is the scandal of fantasy alone. He lived and died poor, yet perhaps over his memory the roses will blossom more sweetly than over the memories of some of our modern diarists and novelists, who make literature the pretence for devoting three hundred pages to the smoking-room stories of the past.

The proceedings of the Sydenham Limerick Club, of which George Budlington Smythe was president, were simple in the extreme. A limerick would be announced for discussion; a dinner would be held at the house of one or other of the members; the food would be excellent, the wine good. They would crown their heads with roses and, the last course being cleared away, they would, over port and subsequently amidst the smoke of Havanas, bring their not unscholarly minds to bear on the matter in hand.

There were only four of them: William Garstrake, Thomas Isinglass, John Tupps, and the subject of the present memoir.

On the following day, his heart cleared of the passions generated by the previous night's discussion, the president would sit down in his pleasant study, which looked out over a small garden and provided beyond it a glimpse of the Crystal Palace itself, and devote himself to the labour of critical research.

I may be pardoned, perhaps, for printing here a few extracts from what will be, when published, an epoch-making tome. If it should catch the eye of that select coterie which awards national prizes for literature, so much the better. If not, there is no harm done. George Budlington Smythe, a reticent man in his lifetime, would be the last to be annoyed by any lack of posthumous fame.

> *"There was an old man of Boulong*
> *Who sang a most tropical song;*
> *It wasn't the words*
> *That frightened the birds*
> *But the horrible double ongtong."*

A great deal of care and a great deal of eager controversy have evidently been spent by the Sydenham group of commentators on this tiny masterpiece. The text established by the president is set down here with the following reasons for upholding its purity as against current variations in vogue:—

Tropical.—Garstrake reads "topical," and this view is supported also by Isinglass, who defends it not only on metrical grounds but because the epithet "topical" as applied to songs is of well-established authority. *Cf.* the works of poet-laureates, light verse-writers, reviews, pantomimes and musical comedy *passim*. Nevertheless, *melior difficilis lectio*, and the contention of Tupps that a topical song has little point in connection with the town of Boulogne seems to be unanswerable, especially when taken in connection with the last two words of the poem. Topical songs may sometimes contain examples of paranomasia, or a play upon words. But much more force is added to the passage if we assume that the *jeux de mots* involved a suggestion of impropriety rather than a mere allusion to current events. Our Gallic neighbours on the other side of the Channel are known to be susceptible to such appeals, and, as Tupps points out rightly, the terror of the birds, albeit a farcical touch, may be imagined as

much more easily induced by a shock to their delicacy than by a reference to contemporary politics or personages. For the use of "tropical," *sc.* warm or hot, in the sense of immodest, there is abundance of precedent, *e.g.*, tropical language, tropical oaths. Nor must we forget that Boulogne might well have been considered, like other French ports within easy access by excursion steamer, to be a suitable setting for a *chanson* of the indicated type, *cf.*—

"There was a young lady of Joppa
Who came a Society cropper,
She went to Ostend
With a gent'eman friend,
And the rest of the story 's improper."

The same *motif* will be found in *The Constant Nymph, q.v.*

Garstrake's inquiry, "What birds?" is, I think, without pertinence. There are plenty of birds, if not in Boulong itself, at least in the afforested country nearby. Or the poet may possibly have been alluding to sea-gulls, the singer being thought of as stationed at the end of the pier.

It is well noted by Isinglass that the irresistible humour of the composition is materially enhanced by the duplex mispronunciation of the French language natural to those who can only afford a brief visit to foreign shores. But Garstrake's attempt to find an historical origin for the lines, and identify the "old man" with the statesman GAMBETTA, I dismiss as utterly absurd. This famous maker and unmaker of French Cabinets was born at Cahors.

"There was a young man who said, 'Why
Did that gentleman spit in my eye?
I had very much rather
He spat at my father
Or anyone else passing by.'"

It is not necessary to suppose, with Tupps, that the young man was actually accompanied by his father when the incident provoking this intemperate outburst occurred. The speech may well have been a soliloquy spoken aloud, or he may have been attended by some other companion, and the imaginary alternative suggested have been envisaged in the mere careless levity of youth rather than on account of any definite ground of hostility towards his male parent. If the father was actually present there would be a certain awkwardness, as Isinglass shows, in alluding to him in the third person. On the other hand I agree with Garstrake in supposing that the significance of the episode lies not in a deliberate insult but a breach of public etiquette, the offender being possibly seated on the top of an omnibus or some similar vantage-point. Assuming this interpretation to be correct, the ironic humour conveyed in the word "gentleman" is very considerably intensified.

The *varia lectio* for the last line, "*And I very much wish he would try,*" is deeply to be deplored, not only on account of the repetition of the adverbs, but as imputing to the protagonist in the drama a smouldering ill-will towards one of his nearest and dearest relations rather than a gay and callous indifference about the feelings of his elders and the sanctity of the home. EVOE.



The Chief. "THE ACCOUNTANT 'S LEAVIN', AN' I 'M GAUN TAE OFFER YE HIS JOB."
Bookkeeper. "THANK YOU, SIR. WHAT WILL THE SALARY BE?"
Chief. "THE SAME AS YE 'RE GETTIN', BUT YE 'LL HAE A HAT-PEG O' YER AIN."

"At the dance on Tuesday there will be a Sausage-and-wash Supper."—*Malay Paper.*

What about an Asparagus-and-mixed-Bath Supper for the Bright Young People?

Mr. Punch's Answers to Correspondents.

"Sir,—A cat of mine has just died at the age of 26. I would like to know if anyone can beat it."—*Letter to Daily Paper.*

On this old question of "Is Pussy now at rest?" Mr. Punch declares himself sceptical of the existence of corporal punishment in the beyond.

"O For a Horse With Wings."
Cymbeline, III. 2.

"Mr. L. Cundell (trainer).—Noble Star has improved so wonderfully this year that I feel justified in saying that with luck he might finish in the first tree."
Derby Notes in Daily Paper.

Mr. Punch never wastes his money on a probable also-flew.

MY LOST PROPERTY OFFICE UMBRELLA.

I AM supposed to be an absent-minded man. Most great men are. I used to be a genius at leaving umbrellas about. I would average about an umbrella a month in the old days. I might almost say the good old days, for they have gone for ever.

It all started with a bright idea of my wife's. It was just after I had lost the new two-guinea umbrella which she had given me for a birthday present.

"It's no use giving you anything nice," she said; "I'm going to buy you an umbrella at the Lost Property Office." And she did. For three-and-six!

From the start I was touchy about that umbrella. I am rather a fastidious man. My taste is quiet but faultless, and the thing struck a jarring note. My friends would cast a glance at it and hastily avert their eyes.

I used to apologise for it. "Ha!" I would say jovially, "what do you think I paid for that? Three-and-six. No need to worry about leaving a thing like that about. I could get a new one a week and hardly feel it."

And they would say politely that it was a good idea and that they might try it themselves.

But they never did, and I very soon stopped talking in that strain. As the days went by and the weeks, I began to detect a subtle difference in the general attitude towards my umbrella. The polite tolerance was gone. They openly sneered. For the whole object of my umbrella was that it should be lost—lost swiftly and swiftly replaced. A quick succession of three-and-sixpenny umbrellas would have justified me. It might almost have brought me a little mild credit. But my one unlosable umbrella was undermining my whole social position.

I could *not* lose it. I ceased to be absent-minded. I became alert and jaunty. Yet the harder I tried the more hopeless the task became.

"But why," you will say, "didn't you throw it away?" Why not, indeed? I suppose it was some obscure instinct for fair play. I longed to lose it, but I must lose it by accident or not at all. I did once leave it deliberately in a bus. For two days I slunk about with an intolerable load of guilt on my conscience. In remorse I went to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard. It was waiting for me. With a kind of grim satisfaction I retrieved it from the rack.

Then at last I hit on a scheme which seemed just within the rules. I belong to one of those clubs which resemble hotels. Generally one takes one's umbrella to the cloakroom, but for the reckless there is an umbrella-stand. I had never trusted my other umbrellas to it; but now I welcomed the risk. Looking round the faces of my fellow-clubmen I was convinced that my umbrella would not long remain in my possession.

But it did. Each afternoon as I came hopefully out of the luncheon-room it was still there leering at me. It had developed a distinct leer. Some might say that it was just the paint coming off the handle. But that would be a superficial view. I could recognise the very soul of my umbrella mocking me.

And then one day it happened. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was gone. Even in that moment of wild triumph I was loyal to the laws of the game. I questioned the hall-porter. I left a message about it. Then I crept away, hardly daring to hope. I gave it a week, and on the eighth day—a crisp Spring morning—I went to the most expensive shop that I knew and chose the most expensive of its umbrellas. I came out a new man, or rather the old man reborn. Blithely I strode to my club. I entered and a chill struck at my heart.

There in the stand stood my old enemy, with the old leer on its handle. I comforted myself with the reflection that the man who had taken it must be a very brazen fellow. He had actually dared to return to the scene of his crime, flaunting the stolen goods. But of course he was not restoring the umbrella. No, no. Pooh! Pooh!

From force of habit I dropped my new umbrella into the stand and entered the luncheon-room. Try as I would I could not dismiss a lurking suspicion. Hastily I consumed my meal and went out like a man who goes to meet his fate. In a moment I knew the worst. My old enemy was still there, still leering at me, but now in triumph. For it was alone. Its supplanter had departed. I had underestimated the brazenness of my supposed benefactor.

With a gesture of defeat I took it from the stand. That was months ago. I have it still.

". . . the Jones-Tolley encounter. The strain was terrific, yet neither player showed much outward sign of this, but both were annoyed as one or the other hit spectators."
Daily Paper.

Nothing is said of the outward signs of the strain incurred by these spectators.

"Wanted Young Girl Dancers. Those willing to learn quickly. Must be loose."
Advt. in Theatrical Paper.

Assuming that the word is used in a physical sense, we are glad to see that managers discourage a return to tight-lacing.

MISLEADING CASES.

WHAT IS A CHEQUE?

Inland Revenue Commissioners
v.
Haddock.

Rex v. *Haddock.*

"WAS the cow crossed?"

"No, your worship, it was an open cow."

These and similar passages provoked laughter at Bow Street to-day when the Negotiable Cow case was concluded.

Sir Joshua Hoot, K.C., appearing for the Public Prosecutor, said: Your worship, these summonses, by leave of the Court, are being heard together, an unusual but convenient arrangement.

The defendant, Mr. Albert Haddock, has for many months, in spite of earnest endeavours on both sides, been unable to establish harmonious relations between himself and the Collector of Taxes. The Collector maintains that Mr. Haddock should make over a large part of his earnings to the Government. Mr. Haddock replies that the proportion demanded is excessive, in view of the inadequate services or consideration which he himself has received from that Government. After an exchange of menaces, abuse, letters, telephone calls and even cheques the sum demanded was reduced to fifty-seven pounds; and about this sum the exchange of opinions continued.

On the 31st of May the Collector was diverted from his respectable labours by the apparition of a noisy crowd outside his windows. The crowd, your worship, had been attracted by Mr. Haddock, who was leading a large white cow of malevolent aspect. On the back and sides of the cow were clearly stencilled in red ink the following words:—

"*To the London and Literary Bank, Ltd.*

Pay the Collector of Taxes, who is no gentleman, or Order, the sum of fifty-seven pounds (and may he rot!)
£57/0/0 ALBERT HADDOCK."

Mr. Haddock conducted the cow into the Collector's office, tendered it to the Collector in payment of income-tax and demanded a receipt.

The Stipendiary. Did the cow bear the statutory stamp?

Sir Joshua. Yes, your worship, a twopenny stamp was affixed to the dexter horn. The Collector declined to accept the cow, objecting that it would be difficult or even impossible to pay the cow into his bank. Mr. Haddock pointed out that the Collector could endorse the cow to any third party to whom he owed money, adding that there must be many persons in that position. The



Gentleman (on latest de-luxe motor-bus). "LUMMY! THIS IS A BIT OF ORLRIGHT, AIN'T IT? 'AVE YER GOT BEDS UPSTAIRS?"

Collector then endeavoured to endorse the cheque——

The Stipendiary. Where?

Sir Joshua. On the back of the cheque, your worship, that is to say, on the abdomen of the cow. The cow, however, appeared to resent endorsement and adopted a menacing posture. The Collector, abandoning the attempt, declined finally to take the cheque. Mr. Haddock led the cow away and was arrested in Trafalgar Square for causing an obstruction. He has also been summoned by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for non-payment of income-tax.

Mr. Haddock, in the witness-box, said that he had tendered a cheque in payment of income-tax, and if the Commissioners did not like his cheque they could do the other thing. A cheque was only an order to a bank to pay money to the person in possession of the cheque or a person named on the cheque. There was nothing in statute or customary law to say that that order must be written on a piece of paper of specified dimensions. A cheque, it was well-known, could be written on a piece of notepaper. He himself had drawn cheques on the backs of menus, on napkins, on handkerchiefs, on the labels of wine-bottles; all these cheques had been duly honoured by his bank and passed through the Bankers' Clearing House. He could see no distinction in law between a cheque written on a napkin and a cheque written on a cow. The essence of each document was a written order to pay money, made in the customary form and in accordance with statutory requirements as to stamps, etc. A cheque was admittedly not legal tender in the sense that it could not lawfully be refused; but it was accepted by custom as a legitimate form of payment. There were funds in his bank sufficient to meet the cow; the Commissioners might not like the cow, but, the cow hav-

ing been tendered, they were estopped from charging him with failure to pay. (Mr. Haddock here cited *Spowers* v. *The Victoria Embankment Magazine*, *Lucas* v. *Finck*, and *Vere Bros.* v. *The Metropolitan Water Board*.)

As to the action of the police, Mr. Haddock said it was a nice thing if in the heart of the commercial capital of the world a man could not convey a negotiable instrument down the street without being arrested. He had instituted proceedings against Constable Boot for false imprisonment.

Cross-examined as to motive, witness said that he had no cheque-forms available and, being anxious to meet his obligations promptly, had made use of the only material to hand. Later he admitted that there might have been present in his mind a desire to make the Collector of Taxes ridiculous. But why not? There was no law against deriding the income-tax.

The Stipendiary, after the hearing of further evidence, said: This case has at least brought to the notice of the Court a citizen who is unusual both in his clarity of mind and integrity of behaviour. No thinking man can regard those parts of the Finance Act which govern the income-tax with anything but contempt. There may be something to be said—not much—for taking from those who have inherited wealth a certain proportion of that wealth for the service of the State and the benefit of the poor and needy; and those who by their own ability, brains, industry and exertion have earned money may reasonably be invited to surrender a small portion of it towards the maintenance of those public services by which they benefit, to wit, the Police, the Navy, the Army, the public sewers, and so forth. But to compel such individuals to bestow a large part of their earnings upon other individuals, whether by way of pensions, unemployment grants or education allowances, is manifestly barbarous and indefensible. Yet this is the law. The original and only moral basis of taxation was that individual citizens, in return for their money, received collectively some services from the State, the defence of their property and person, the care of their health or education. All that has now gone. Citizen A, who has earned money, is commanded simply to give it to Citizens B, C and D, who have not, and by force of habit this has come to be regarded as a normal and proper proceeding, whatever the comparative merits of Citizens A, B, C and D. To be alive has become a virtue and the mere capacity to inflate the lungs entitles Citizen B to a substantial share in the laborious earnings of Citizen A.

The defendant, Mr. Haddock, repels and resents this doctrine, but, since it has received the sanction of Parliament, he unwillingly complies with it. Hampered by practical difficulties, he took the first steps he could to discharge his legal obligations to the State. Paper was not available, so he employed instead a favourite cow. Now there can be nothing obscene, offensive or derogatory in the presentation of a cow by one man to another. Indeed, in certain parts of our Empire the cow is venerated as a sacred animal. Payment in kind is the oldest form of payment, and payment in kind more often than not meant payment in cattle. Further, as Mr. Haddock protested in his able argument, an order to pay is an order to pay, whether it is made on the back of an envelope or the back of a cow. The evidence of the Bank is that Mr. Haddock's account was in funds; the Collector of Taxes therefore did wrong, by custom if not by law, in refusing to take the proffered cheque, and the summons issued at his instance will be adjourned *sine die*.

As for the second charge, I hold again that Constable Boot did wrong. It cannot be unlawful to conduct a cow through the London streets. The horse, at the present time a much less useful animal, constantly appears in those streets without protest, and the motor-car, more unnatural and unattractive still, is more numerous than either animal. Much less can the cow be regarded as an improper or unlawful companion when it is invested (as I have shown) with all the dignity of a bill of exchange.

If the people choose to congregate in one place upon the approach of Mr. Haddock with a promissory cow, then Constable Boot should arrest the people, not Mr. Haddock. Possibly, if Mr. Haddock had paraded Cockspur Street with a paper cheque for one million pounds made payable to Bearer, the crowd would have been as great, but that is not to say that Mr. Haddock would have broken the law. In my judgment Mr. Haddock has behaved throughout in the manner of a perfect knight, citizen and taxpayer. The charge brought by the Crown is dismissed; and I hope with all my heart that in his action against Constable Boot Mr. Haddock will be successful. What is the next case, please?

A. P. H.



"ONE NEVER HEARS ANYTHING OF EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY NOWADAYS; I SUPPOSE HE'S A BIT *DÉMODÉ*."

"WELL, I WAS NEVER VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN MY ANCESTORS."

HADRIAN'S WALL AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read a good deal recently in the papers about the desirability of preserving HADRIAN'S Wall, an historic monument that marks the extreme northward limit of the Roman Empire. I have, however, noticed throughout this correspondence what I regard as a regrettable omission.

No one has suggested consulting or even given a thought to what might be the views of Signor MUSSOLINI.

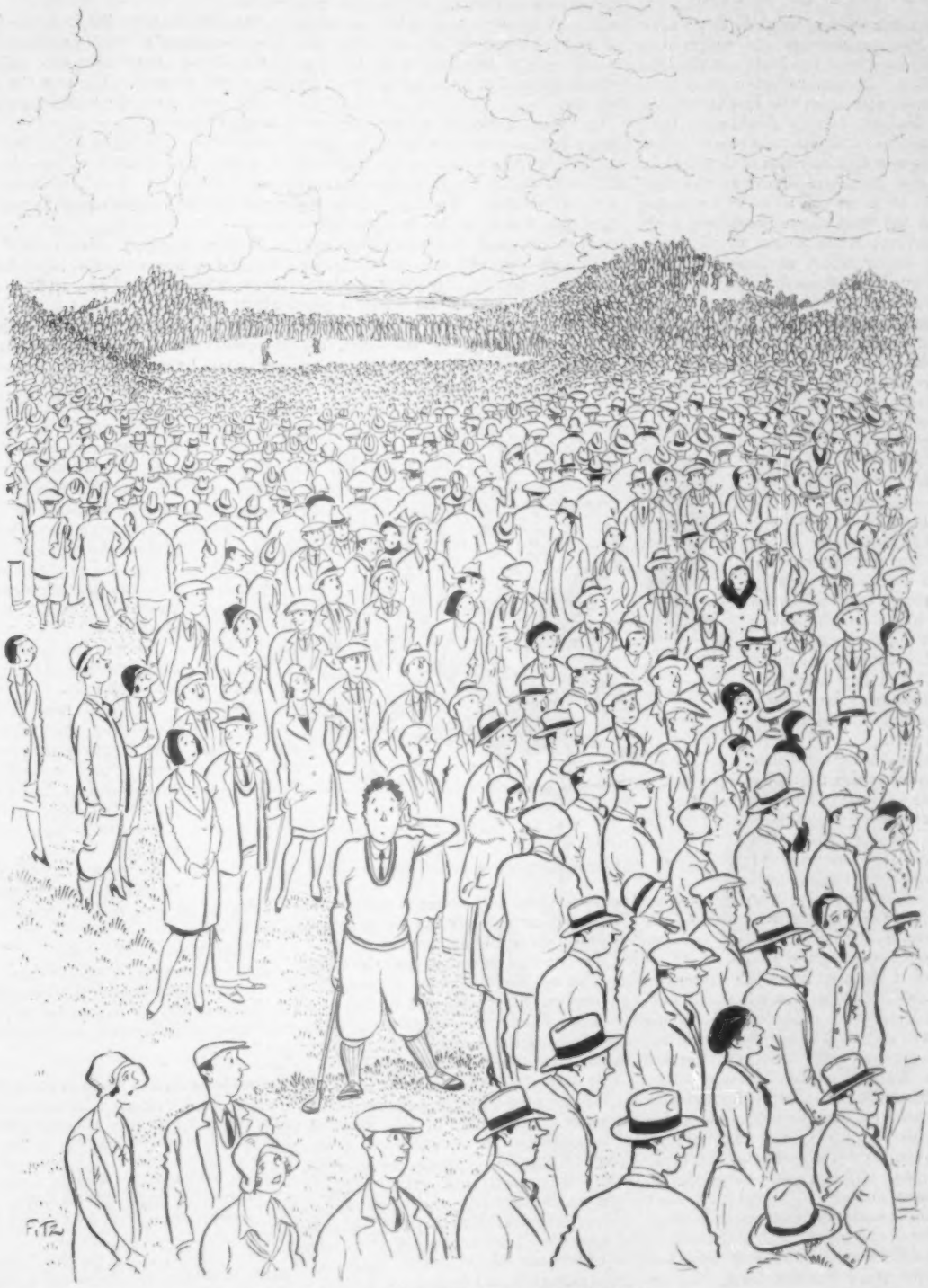
I venture to ask you, Sir, whether it is not at least conceivable that the DUCE, before carrying out his plans for restoring and even extending the old Roman Empire, would incline to prefer the removal of a barrier whose existence might be advanced by purists as constituting a technical but vexatious impediment to the inclusion within that Empire's ambit of the territory of the Picts and Scots?

I write as one who may soon be compelled to sign himself,

Yours sincerely, CIVIS ROMANUS.

"General Inference.—An area of low pressure over the Channel is filling up and barometric pressure is likely to become infirm over the British Isles."—*Sunday Paper*.

As we go to press it appears to have reached a moribund condition.



A DISASTER AT ST. ANDREWS.

THE COMPETITOR WHO GOT LOST.

A TALE OF A BEAR.

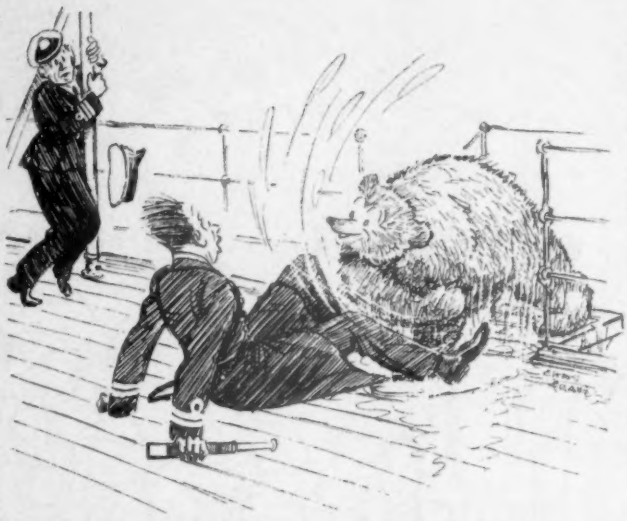
THE sun shining brightly down upon the Fleet anchorage was reflected in golden rays from the bright-work of the flagship. It was reflected even more resplendently from the bright-work of His Majesty's Ship *Lightning*, lying just astern; and this was one source of the increasing bitterness of Commander Capstan, executive officer of the flagship. Of what use to be in a plummy job, a job that should certainly bring promotion, when one's every move, one's every effort is forestalled and outshone by a successful rival in a mere flagless ship of the squadron? Did Commander Capstan dive deeply into his bank account whereby to purchase gold-leaf and so produce something really snappy in lifebelts for the bedizening of the flagship's quarter-deck, so surely did the *Lightning* come forth with new brass cowls for her steamboat, and—mark you—just one day before the new lifebelts left the paint-shop. When by dint of much persuasion of the Depôt the flagship imported a centre-forward that made the Squadron Soccer Cup seem a certainty, the *Lightning* produced out of the bag a cutter's crew that gave them everything worth winning in the regatta.

This, and much more also, was making the normally care-free Commander into a soured and embittered man. As he paced the quarter-deck he frowned malevolently at the *Lightning*, and a side-boy, who intercepted the glance and mistook its object, was removed in a state of babbling collapse by the corporal of the watch.

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Specialist. "BUT, MY DEAR MADAM, I CAN FIND ABSOLUTELY *NOTHING* WRONG WITH YOU. CAN'T YOU—ER—*SUGGEST* SOMETHING?"

DIRGE

Upon reading in my calendar.

JUNE, 1930.

WEDNESDAY

11

To-day's Events.

● Full Moon.

B.C.

1184. Troy taken by the Greeks.

A.D.

1727. George I. died.

1855. *Liverpool Daily Post* first published.

1907. Lowest County Cricket score: Northants 12 *v.* Gloucester.

BROKEN and brown is the chestnut bloom,
The lilac falls and the may is dead,
And I hear the sound of a vacuum broom
Sweeping above my head.

The tulips mock at my heart forlorn,
The violas seem a bit perverse,
And the noisy toot of the motor's horn
Is, if anything, rather worse.

Loud to-night shall be heard the tune
Coming from yonder trees, egad,
Of the nightingale to the orbéd moon,
Pitiful, endless, sad.

My heart is filled with an ancient woe,
Though breakfast is hardly cleared away:
Sorrow for deeds done long ago—
For Troy was taken to-day.

Troy was taken and Paris died,
And, far removed from the windy plain,
Helen the queen, at her husband's side,
Got on with her sewing again.

Troy was taken and Priam fell—
This very morn, with the year at prime,
Troy was taken, the poets tell
(Though they do not state the time).

Dost thou remember the wood-made steed,
Hector's end and Achilles' boast,
Bright Scamander? And dost thou read
The Liverpool Daily Post?

Probably not. Nor wert thou glum
To know that the selfsame day accurst
Shattered the towers of Ilium
And carried off GEORGE THE FIRST.

Where are the heroes' swift heart-pants,
The line of ships, the trench, the fire?
Gone like the measly twelve Northants
Made against Gloucestershire!

* * * * *

Broken and brown is the chestnut bloom,
The lilac falls and the may is dead,
And I hear the sound of a vacuum broom
Sweeping above my head. EVOE.

Mr. Punch At Home.

The New *Punch* Offices will be open for inspection, and an Exhibition of original drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER will be on view from June 17 to July 25. Admission will be by Invitation Card, which will be sent as a matter of course to those who subscribe direct to the *Punch* Offices and all other Subscribers whose names and addresses are there recorded. Invitations will be gladly sent to other readers, if they will apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Bourn got a hole back at the 15th, but Fiddian won the 16th. To get dormie 2½ at the 17th provided the young golfer with an unlooked-for success."—*West-Country Paper.*

"As a fly fisherman Mr. W. M. Woodfull, the Australian captain, is a very good batsman."—*Gossiper in Evening Paper.*

It comes naturally, we suppose, to play one poor fish as well as another.



TWO CAPTAINS.

THE PREMIER. "GOOD LUCK! YOU 'VE GOT A FINE TEAM."
MR. CHAPMAN. "YES, ALL KEEN; EVERY MAN ON HIS TOES."
THE PREMIER. "AH! I ENVY YOU. *MY* TEAM 'S MOSTLY ON *MINE*."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 2nd.—The Lords concluded the Report stage of the Land Drainage Bill, having first amended it so as to make it come into operation in 1933 instead of 1935. They also purged it of a provision to the effect that "confirmation of an Order by the Minister should be conclusive evidence that the requirements of the Act had been complied with and that the Order had been made and was within the powers of the Act." Lord SALISBURY pointed out that this was just another attempt to supersede the Courts of Justice by the Minister's decree and that the public was getting tired of that sort of thing.

The Bill was not read a third time. Possibly their Lordships were waiting for the newly ennobled MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE to appear in their midst. The rumour that he is taking the title of Lord Strawberry of Canning Town is not confirmed, but it is satisfactory to know that every time he sees a ducal coronet he will be reminded of his great services to agriculture.

In the Commons the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, answering various questioners, assured the House that negotiations were proceeding that would result in the adequate preservation of the remaining section of HADRIAN'S Wall. He also announced the welcome news that a Bill is in preparation which will give the Department of Works adequate powers to protect the surroundings of ancient monuments.

Owing possibly to an oversight, Mr. LANSBURY did not mention the recent discovery in the débris of the Wall of an inscribed tablet which appears to have been erected in honour of a popular First Commissioner of Works under the Antonines.

Mr. LANSBURY informed Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE that mixed bathing in the Serpentine would start on June 16th. On being pressed he admitted that he had thought of asking the Right Hon. the Member for Epping to take the inaugural plunge, but a vigorous shaking of Mr. CHURCHILL'S head seemed to indicate that the *rôle* of bathing beauty is not for him.

The PRIME MINISTER promised an early statement on the Channel Tunnel and a free vote of the House on it if that seemed to be the general desire.

Depriving the hungry tiger of its kill is a mere bagatelle compared with the task of wresting the lace industry from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S remorseless grip. Mr. O'CONNOR could hardly do less than try, but quickly realised, what the rest of the House well knows, that Safeguarding will only be maintained in Nottingham over Mr. SNOWDEN'S politically dead body.



Mr. NOEL BUXTON. "THIS CANNED FRUIT IS GOOD IN ITS WAY, BUT IT 'LL NEVER BREAK OUT INTO STRAWBERRY LEAVES, AS I MAY, IF I GO ON AS I 'M GOING."

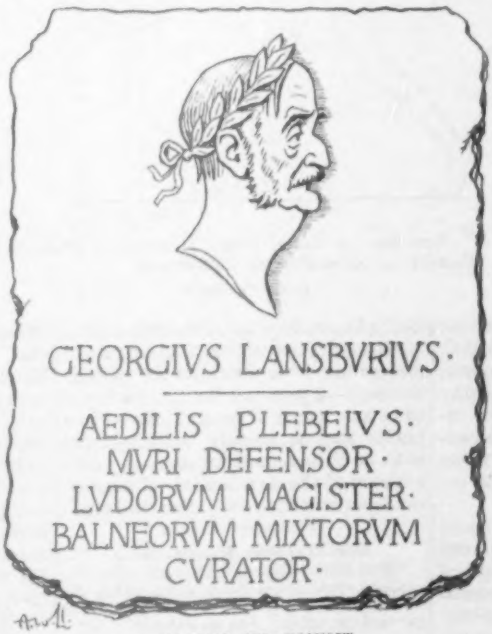
When it was seen that the debate on the London Naval Treaty was to be based not on a direct motion of censure of the Government but on a motion to submit the Treaty to a Select Committee of eleven Members, it became obvious that it would be a very temperate and ineffectual affair. The motion, however, accorded far better with the frame of mind of the Conservative leader, who was admittedly unwilling to associate himself with the anti-Treatyites without further light being thrown on the subject and at the same time was unwilling that a Treaty, so hotly denounced by Mr. CHURCHILL and others who might be expected to know what they were talking about, should go by default.

After all, as Mr. BALDWIN pointed out, it was only a proposal to do what the United States Senate was at that moment busily doing—an argument which, as *The Times* gently reminded us, hardly justified importing into the traditional relations between the Government and Parliament one of the least successful experiments in the Constitution of the United States.

That expressed in a nutshell the main argument advanced by Mr. MACDONALD with more cogency than he usually employs in the House. What the U.S. Senate was doing was a part of its ordinary procedure. Did Mr. BALDWIN seriously wish to see Select Committees sitting to examine each and every action of the Government, including all the Army, Navy and Air Force estimates?

Mr. BALDWIN also found a critic from his own side in the person of Major HILLS, who pointed out that either the Government had gone back on the Admiralty and betrayed the national interests, in which case a vote of censure was called for, or it had the Admiralty experts' approval of what it had agreed to, in which case a discussion by non-expert politicians could hardly be of value.

Mr. ALEXANDER twitted Mr. CHURCHILL with being a man of war. Perhaps he recalled, a little jealously, that even his name-sake, the illustrious monarch of Macedon, is not considered comparable with the tow-row-row-row-row-row-row of the British Grenadiers, to say nothing of the 4th Hussars. For the rest he called the Admiralty to witness that fifty cruisers were enough for safety in all the circumstances,



A ROMAN FRAGMENT.
FROM HADRIAN'S WALL.
MR. LANSBURY.

and that the Naval Treaty was universally commended as a great step towards general disarmament.

That matter being disposed of by a majority of 282 votes to 201 the House turned to the less academic question of Soviet propaganda on the North-West Frontier of India, as to which a relatively subdued Mr. DALTON assured the House that, if investigations revealed serious breaches of the Soviet Government's No-propaganda pledge (of which the Government must be the best judges in the first instance), the Government would consider what further action, if any, must be taken.

Tuesday, June 3rd.—Lord BANBURY can hardly have expected to extract from Lord PARMOOR any detailed admission that the Government's recent abortive exercise of powers under the Official Secrets Act was merely a master-stroke of bureaucratic buffoonery, but there was no harm in trying. Lord PARMOOR naturally declined to admit anything or disclose anything, as Governments naturally do when they have made donkeys of themselves.

A subsequent speech by Lord GAGE on the subject of Britain's lack of air enterprise broke no new ground. Lord THOMSON in a speech of great length once more reviewed the whole aviation field—Empire routes, subsidies, airships and all the rest of it—with special emphasis on airships, of which the MINISTER, though admitting them to be still in the experimental stage, is obviously a fan.

Arms and the man concerned the Commons at Question time, Harrow O.T.C. representing the arms, Mr. J. H. THOMAS being the man of destiny. True, a second man was mentioned, Mr. J. H. WHITLEY, one time Speaker of the House of Commons, who, Mr. LEES-SMITH announced, is to be the new Chairman of the B.B.C. The House applauded the appointment; at the same time it is a distinct pity that the new Chairman cannot be introduced to his listeners-in by a broadcast of Mr. WHITLEY quelling a posse of too ebullient back-benchers with his eagle eye.

An announcement of greater moment was that in which the PRIME MINISTER informed the House that he proposed to divide the Dominions and Colonial Secretaryship into two, one Minister looking after the Colonies and one the Dominions. The forthcoming Imperial Conference made this overdue readjustment imperative, and equally made it desirable "both for inter-Imperial purposes and in connection with our own unemployment policy" that Mr. J. H. THOMAS should take the Dominions.

Answering Mr. CHURCHILL and others, Mr. MACDONALD stated that the readjustment of posts connected with unemployment, as necessitated by this change, would be announced later, and hinted that the possibility of setting off the new Secretaryship of State by the suppression of other Ministerial offices had not been lost sight of.

The House then discussed the Finance Bill in Committee, Mr. CHURCHILL moving the reduction of the standard rate of income-tax from four-and-six to four shillings—a proposal far too academic to be any longer of general interest to a public that is already contemplating with no little apprehension next year's advance of the standard rate of income-tax from four-and-six to five shillings.



THE SON OF THOM, CHIEF HAWKER TO PHARAOH (RAMSAY I.), GETS BUSY AT HELIOPOLIS.

LORD THOMSON.

Our Eccentric Stateswomen.

"Miss Ellen Wilkinson, in black satin, discarded a shawl at the swing doors which she had been wearing to ward off the chilliness of the early morning. She seemed bewildered."
Liverpool Paper.

We too always get bewildered when wearing swing doors.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—Staying in the country last week-end, I was introduced to the latest game as played, not by those who can afford it—for none can—but by those whose spirits are gay enough. The Saturday being so wet that we could do nothing, my host said, after lunch, "Let 's drive over to that old curiosity-shop at Blankbury and forget SNOWDEN." That is the game—forgetting SNOWDEN—which can be played also in Bond Street and in restaurants.

I have just had a very vivid illustration of the expansion of science and corresponding contraction of the globe. An American friend who has been staying in London told me that at half-past two the other night he was awakened by the telephone. It was a call from his brother in Philadelphia (where the time was half-past nine in the evening), who explained that he wanted him to bring back, when he sailed on the day after to-morrow, two fishing-rods of a special kind procurable only in England. He then surrendered the telephone to the old cook who looks after these two brothers, saying that she wanted to speak too, but the excitement of holding a conversation with an employer so many miles away across the Atlantic was too much for her and she could think of nothing to say but clung dumbly to the instrument until the call had run to twenty-five pounds sterling.

A propos of science and its marvellous ways, you know, I suppose, that the wireless long ago captured the song of the nightingale for the pleasure of those that listen-in; but this, I believe, is the first spring in which the Automobile Association has issued a list of routes leading to spots where that bird is likely to be heard. I remember in my youth that whenever the great tenor, SIMS REEVES, came to the town where I lived, so capricious was he that sandwich-men used to patrol the streets with boards bearing the reassuring message, "SIMS REEVES has arrived and will sing as announced." Nightingales arrive sure enough, but, as they can't be made to redeem their promises quite like that, there must be many disappointments. He was not made for dates, immortal bird, even though the hungry generations of motorists track him down.

London, as you are aware, is always changing, and you will have read in the papers about the last new statue—



ROMANCE OF THE TOOTHPICK INDUSTRY.

GATHERING QUILLS ON A PORCUPINE FARM IN THE TROPICS.

General FOCH's, near Victoria station. But I don't suppose any paper has told you about the most beautiful of our new night possessions. This is the illuminated tower by the Underground station at St. James's Park, on whose *façade* are the EPSTEIN reliefs which engendered so much heat when they were set up. The tower rises like the summit of a Babylonian palace and is of the whitest stone, which the hoses of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade made even whiter a few weeks ago, and every night the soft radiance of a searchlight is turned on it. Seen through and above the trees of St. James's Park it is as lovely and unreal as, at sunset seen across the same park from Buckingham Palace, is the *façade* of the Admiralty and the *façade* of Whitehall Court. I wonder if you remember this view? Close your eyes and think.

Long ago I said how wonderful it would be if the Sacré Cœur on Montmartre, which is also white, could be lighted up at night by invisible rays as a beacon for Paris. Perhaps some wealthy Frenchman, visiting London and seeing the St. James's station tower, may be moved to emulation?

London is indebted to the management of its Underground railways also for a picture-gallery, which, unlike the Royal Academy, is open all the year round, is free and is constantly changing. For a long while now some of the best artists have been engaged in making designs that shall lure those who see them to travel to various spots of interest or beauty which are reached by this traffic system. One of the most amusing of the recent posters is by Mr. PHILIP CONNARD, in which he makes fun of fellow-Academicians all at work or play in some easily-accessible silvan grove not named. Here you might see Mr. ADRIAN STOKES, with two attendant art critics in the form of capering goats; Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN pursuing a nymph; Sir JOHN LAVERY at one easel and Mr. WILSON STEER at another. Another of the new posters, the work of an impish lady, Miss ARNRID JOHNSTON, depicts a new Zoological Gardens, in which the sightseers are the animals and the occupants of the cages men and women.

There is also a provocative leaflet, issued by the Underground railways, containing woodcuts of six little rivers not too far away from Charing Cross: the Misbourne in Bucks, the Ver in Herts, the Mole and the Bourne in Surrey, the Darent in Kent and the Roding in Essex. Some of these names were new to me. The woodcuts also are by a woman-artist, Mrs. RAVERAT. Never can there have been a time when more intelligence and taste were at work to get Londoners to see their own environs.

I suppose you don't have daylight-saving out there? It is a great boon here, although no one seems to know whether it was invented by the ingenious Mr. WILLETT to lengthen the hours of play or the hours of toil. All I can say is that, after travelling about in France and Belgium and returning home, one is convinced either that the workmen of those countries go on too long or that ours begin too late or stop too soon. As a friend of mine said the other day, "When I go home at five o'clock the train is full of workmen; when I go home at seven it is full of employers." Food for thought there, in a nation largely unemployed! My own sole objection to daylight-saving is that it makes one's evening-clothes look so rusty.

Yours,
E. V. L.

Cricket On All Fours.

"After luncheon Goddard bowled round the wicket with four short legs and Gibbons was soon dismissed."—*Daily Paper.*

Things We Should Never Have Dared To Say.

"CURIOUS FOSSILS.
Royal Society of Edinburgh.
THREE SCOTTISH TYPES."
Scottish Paper.

"EVENING WEATHER FORECAST.
Temperance will be moderate."
Bolton Paper

We had always credited Lancashire with moderation even in its virtues.



Novice (to particularly keen opponent). "NOW, CHARLES, PLAY THE GAME. NO BLOWING."

A LOBE-GESANG.

["Herr Moissi possesses an attractive personality and a voice of gold. It is a voice which vibrates from the frontal lobes like that of an Italian tenor and is well adapted to the rich blank verse of the Tieck-Schlegel translation of Shakespeare."
Evening Standard.]

ALTHOUGH in doubt whether to call him MOISSI
Or, in the trisyllabic form, Mŏïssĭ—
In other words, to rhyme him with Lord JOICEY
Or with the Cornish village, Mevagissey—
When we discuss the merits of his voice he
Dispels all doubt, whether from stage-struck missy
Or expert critic; only melophobes
Deny the magic of his frontal lobes.

His organ is mellifluously mellow,
Golden in quality, both round and full,
Unlike the tinny telephonic "Hello!"
Which causes us to pad our ears with wool;
Stentorian in its strength, but not the bellow
Suggestive of a mad and brazen bull,
Yet capable of cracking bulbs and globes
When frontally assaulted by his lobes.

For tragedy in its most poignant strain
He manifests a special predilection,
And for each mood of the unstable Dane
Finds the appropriate accent and inflection;
The grief of *Lear*, the agony of Cain,
Othello's fury, or the deep dejection
Of Jeremiahs or desponding Jobs—
All gain in volume from his frontal lobes.

Thanks to the wondrous structure of his cranium,
Which to his larynx resonance has lent,
He can at will command a succedaneum
(Or substitute) for any instrument—
Recall the double pipes of Herculaneum,
The double Bass of Burton-upon-Trent—
In short, all depths, all heights of sound he probes
By the sheer splendour of his frontal lobes.

A MATCH FOR CELIA.

"WELL, Celia, what good wind blows you here? I hope you haven't been running about London alone."

"No, Jimmy Carruthers brought me along in his Baby. He's gone to have his hair cut, so I thought I'd blow in on you."

"Blow in on me! What expressions you do use, child!"

"Well, you used it yourself. You asked me what wind blew me here. I suppose you couldn't produce a cocktail, could you?"

"Certainly not, Celia. The idea of such a thing!"

"I suppose they didn't have them in the Ark. But they did have cigarettes, you know. They've just discovered a carving of NOAH smoking one on the top of Mount Ararat. Ah, that's better! One deep draught of life-giving smoke and I'm a different girl. You do love me, don't you, Clive darling?"

"I should love you better, Celia, if you were the charming modest child you used to be. I don't like these modern ways. A year ago you would never have thought of calling me by my Christian name."

"Well then, General Clive Darington. You're a rather nice old thing, aren't you? I think I'll sit on the edge of your chair."

"I have been meaning for some time to talk to you, Celia, about the deterioration of your manners."

"How nice the top of your head smells! What do you put on it?

"Never mind what I put on it. You are my brother's only child, and I have a special responsibility towards you. Besides, there is our family to consider. I am the male head of it, but it is for you to carry it on into future generations."

"Aren't you being a trifle indelicate, darling?"

"You ought to be thinking of getting married."

"But, darling, I'm thinking of it all the time."

"Then you ought not to be. And I'll tell you what it is, my dear; the right sort of man won't *look* at a fast girl."

"Oh, *won't* they!"

"They may amuse themselves with her for a time, but for a wife they want something different. They want a good, pure, modest woman, with—with——"

"With red flannel knickers."

"Celia! I may be old-fashioned; I dare say I am; but it offends me to have ladies' undergarments mentioned in my presence."

"Sweet old pet! But you wear undies yourself, don't you?"

"Married life, I was about to say, is a serious business, Celia. You can't go jazzing and cocktailing through it. A woman must devote herself to her home and her husband and her children."

"But, darling, we've got past the days of red flannel—er—waistcoats. I shouldn't mind getting married if I could find the right egg, but I should want to crash about a bit."

"I shouldn't want you to marry a *very* young man. They don't know their minds."

"Should you consider Lord Sevenoaks suitable? He isn't so very young."

"Don't be silly, Celia. Sevenoaks is an older man than I am by some years, with grown-up grandchildren. He likes to have young things about him. If he cares to take notice of you, you ought to be flattered."

"I am. But I don't want to marry him."

"He's not likely to ask you."

"He *has* asked me."

"What!"

"He took me out to dine last night, and then we went on to a dancing-place, but I think his corns were hurting him. He proposed to me in the taxi going home."

"What did you say?"

"I told him to ask you."

"Told him to ask me! Didn't you refuse him?"

"I didn't know whether you'd want me to."

"Oh, come now, Celia, you're not so simple as all that. If Sevenoaks were twenty or thirty years younger——"

"Or forty or fifty years."

"——it would be the sort of match I should approve for you. Anyhow, I dare say you misunderstood him. Perhaps he *is* rather an old fool. He may have got carried away, and——"



Culprit. "ANYTHING MORE YOU'D LIKE? WHAT ABOUT TAKIN' ME FINGER-PRINTS?"
Officer. "OH, I EXPECT THEY GOT *THEM* AT THE YARD."

"He wasn't blotto."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean bosky. I think he understood that I wasn't for him. I only referred him to you to stop him kissing my vaccination marks. I don't suppose you'll hear from him."

"If I do I shall know what to say. I shouldn't go out with him again if I were you."

"I'm not going to. He's too damp."

"Well, my dear, I'm glad you told me about this, but I'm sorry your first proposal should have been of that nature."

"Oh, it wasn't my first. My first was—— But that's Jimmy's horn. I must fly, darling. Good-bye! You've been very sweet. I'll tell you about the rest next time." A. M.

AT THE PLAY.

"MOLOCH" (STRAND).

PEACE hath her propagandists no less intemperate than war. And I confess that when *Mrs. Morris* put dog-poison in her son's tea to save him from the Army she not only obscured the pacifist argument of this play but shocked me more than so gentle a protagonist should. True she had warned us earlier in the play that she would stick at nothing to prevent his going for a soldier, and the tear-inviting context cannot be said to have been outraged by this horrid climax; but such hostages to melodrama were hardly redeemed by the play's insistence on propaganda. . . .

When the first curtain rose on the living-room of the *Morris* family, with *Mary* being firmly and confidently wooed by *William*, the prospect of real comedy seemed rosy. *Mary* fenced with his proposals less from any doubt of her heart's response than from prickings of conscience. For there in the corner of the room stood the empty chair and the flower-enshrined photograph of Ted, her first husband, who had been killed in the War twelve years ago. And, when Ted's mother returned from her annual pilgrimage to the Cenotaph and spoke aloud her simple prayer before this pitiful *memento mori*, we understood and sympathised with *Mary's* vacillation.

However, all went so far well that wedding-bells rang up the second curtain, and the domestic humours that had enlivened the first Act continued to cheer. Racy neighbours popped in and out while the bride attired herself upstairs; her mother-in-law put the finishing-touches to the cake and its garnish of breadcrumbs on the ham, and *William*, the prospective bridegroom, so far defied superstition as to come and inspect the bride before they set out for the church. But, as *Mrs. Morris* moved with sudden and sorrowful reluctance to follow them, deep sleep overcame her and with it a vivid recapitulatory dream.

To her (and us) in this dream came her son, *Mary's* first husband, from the War and from the dead, to re-live with her all the agonizing ecstasies of that war-time home-coming which had been her last memory of him on earth. Dreams, it is true, are a law unto themselves; yet the purist may not unpardonably wonder how Ted managed to arrive straight from the trenches with a badly-wounded arm still out of action and without so much as a by-your-leave to those vigilant authorities, the R.A.M.C. These and similar snubs administered to the laws of probability were symptomatic of much that failed to persuade us in the play.



A PRESENT FOR A GOOD GIRL.
William Bromley . . . MR. CYRIL RAYMOND.

In this important scene, and even more openly in the Act that follows, the rostrum zeal of the authors outruns discretion; and the transition from homely, even pleasing, characterisation to platform rhetoric is often as abrupt as it is startling. So that, while this impassioned dream-interlude gives Miss MARY CLARE and Mr. CARL HARBORD an intensive opportunity to wring our hearts, it does so to the prejudice of our credulity.

The return of the wedding party and the dazed awakening of the dreamer put us and the play in train for the third Act's alarming disclosures. These postulate that within two years from now we shall be in the throes of another war that will reproduce all the late war's familiar features with others that are new. Young ladies with more spirit than imagination will hand white feathers to young men who do not merit them; saccharine and similar dietary horrors will return; Jingo will be himself again. It is a consummation devoutly to be abhorred.

Fortunately these prophecies are not very persuasive, nor are the actors altogether comfortable in making them. What, for instance, can one say of the old German chemist, whom Mr. LEWIS CASSON invests with such crisp carefulness of manner, save that he is histrionically improbable? Or of the curious inconsistency of *Mrs. Morris*, as the authors' mouthpiece, in permitting her son to assist the old chemist in the manufacture of the poison gas that is to be the new war's worst weapon?

No such uncertainty of comment attaches however to the blithe appearances of Miss MARGARET YARDE as an impulsive and very human neighbour. This staunch comédienne's vigorous common-sense, reassuring physique and loud vitality would make even a nightmare tolerable. Similarly Miss NADINE MARCH, as the white-feather distributor whose vainglorious cruelty precipitates the tragedy, plays throughout with an acid sharpness that bites as deeply into one's resentment of the character as into one's appreciation of the actress.

Thus, with military bands blaring in the offing and recruiting taunts and heroics to set off the tragic mother, the play moves to its climax. The absent-minded old German supplies the poison; the mother administers it, and her son falls asleep in her arms. This stroke may shock and its moral beg the question; but it suitably concludes an argument whose warmth of heart should excuse some crudity of manner. H.



THE INVENTOR OF A WAR-GAS GETS BLOWN UP.
Mrs. Morris . . . . . MISS MARY CLARE.
Mrs. Greaves. . . . . . MISS MARGARET YARDE.
Professor Zeigher . . . . . MR. LEWIS CASSON.

THE TRANSLATION OF JULIAN HARICOT.

Julian Haricot was a half-friend of mine. That is to say that outside Chelsea he was in a most condescending way aware of my presence; inside Chelsea he was not aware of it. He soared so far above me that the skirl of his pinions was all I was permitted to hear.

Now it is different. Last week I met him and he patted my hand—in Chelsea. He also called me "dear fellow," but we may have advanced into Fulham by then.

"I've had a unique and degrading experience, dear fellow," he said. "You remember my masterpiece, 'Study of a Walled-in Nun'?"

"Of course," I replied; "wasn't that your little thing of a purple brick wall in the moonlight with seven spotted suns on it?"

"Exactly!" He stopped and grasped my hand. This must have been near West Brompton. "A dreadful experience," he muttered. "I have been betrayed by Nono, my soul-mate. A beautiful green serpent. She hypnotised me. Have you ever met Nono?"

"No," I replied. I thought vaguely of something devilish and Chartreusey.

"It was the frock she wore, so archaic, so covering. We quarrelled and she translated me. Ah, what perfidy! At one moment I was a genius in Chelsea. In the next I was—what?"

I made three bad guesses and then passed.

"Ah, in the next! Too loathly! Can you think of me as a mere myrmidon of Burlington House? A mere man in a white apron holding up a picture—my picture! In front of me the Selection Committee. How slick! The President waved a cigar and spoke to the man on his left.

"'I think that speech last night was very sound,' he said. And then, 'Ah! A picture.'

"They looked at it—my masterpiece. A man who was smoking a pipe removed it from his mouth. He had the grace to do that, or perhaps he was unable to speak with it there. 'A very nice wall that,' he said; 'I like the colour of the third course.' Probably thinking of his lunch—red beefsteak or something gross.

"Then another, who obviously had the instincts of a bricklayer, said, 'That lower left base wants re-pointing.' Architects have no right to judge the pigments of genius.

"Then a little man flourished a nauseous cigarette. 'I think,' he said, 'that a sound north wall is necessary in every garden. Good for fruit, shelters the ground and gives a chance to the early potatoes.'



Wife of Humorous Artist (to Charwoman). "I'M SORRY WE'VE GOT TO LOSE YOU, MRS. USHER, BUT MY HUSBAND COMPLAINS THAT YOU NEVER SAY ANYTHING WORTH ILLUSTRATING."

"The President seemed to agree with all of them. Then he waved his cigar again and I staggered out of their presence—dismissed by a gesture."

Julian clasped his brow and then, before I could side-step, embraced me. This was in the neighbourhood of Parsons Green—quite a long way from Chelsea.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "Nono has a hypnotic influence over me. She will translate me again. I cannot escape her sinister Egyptian soul. She will not forgive. She laughs; she ridicules my work. That is her revenge—to slay my art. I feel that I in turn must destroy, not my art, for that is indestructible, but something or somebody. Tell me what or whom."

"No, no," I replied hastily.

"Nono," he repeated and gripped my arm hysterically. "My friend, you have saved me. Yes, I will slay Nono."

Before I could explain he had vanished into the night, and I was alone somewhere near Putney, an involuntary accessory to a possible crime.

Still, it consoles me a little to think that these intimate revelations had gone far (nearly as far, indeed, as Putney) to develop my half-friendship with Julian Haricot into a perfect whole.

"Mr. Philip Snowden was the guest of honour at a private dinner of inspectors of taxes in London last night."—*Manchester Paper.*

We resist the temptation of talking about honour among thieves.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

[Commenting on a recent "Broadcast" of the nightingale's song by the B.B.C., a writer in *The Evening Standard* remarks, "It is worth adding that, no matter what the poem may say, Keats's nightingale sang in the Hampstead garden in a plum-tree in the morning before luncheon."]

NOT mine the cynic's pleasure
His molars to display,
To take a poet's measure
And give the man away;
But now this mental ferret
Makes me sit up and think
How kindred works of merit
May likewise have a kink.

I 'd feel distinctly bitten
If GRAY, whom I admire,
His *Elegy* had written
Before a cheery fire;
TENNYSON'S *Brook* might clearly
Provide a nasty hitch
If proved to have been merely
A miserable ditch.

Would WORDSWORTH'S *Maid* be fated,
I 'm wondering, to survive
Had she asseverated,
Privately, "We are Five"?
What of the *Skylark* (SHELLEY)?
Mightn't the song sound cheap
If he at her reveille
Had really been asleep?

A truce to this high treason!
Away the impious doubt!
No longer thus I 'll reason
"About it and about;"
What though the bard romances?
By him I 'll still be led,
Pay homage to his fancies
And take the facts as read. A. K.

HOW TO SATISFY ITALIAN CLAIMS.

IN Southern Italy life is very complicated; the inhabitants are incapable of separating one department of activity from another.

When my watch came to an abrupt and definite stop I gave it to the *Portiere Principale*, who in private life is known as Antonio, with instructions to get it repaired. This I did to save time and trouble. Events showed that a better course of action would have been to establish intimate relations with Annibale the watchmaker and induce him to do the work for the love of England, in which country he had once resided, or alternatively to do the work myself.

However, as I have said, I delivered my watch to Antonio. I allowed a week to elapse and then, tired of relying for the time on the erratic church-bells of the neighbourhood and the lazy clock of the Municipio, I ventured to ask Antonio when my watch would be ready. He at once replied, "To-morrow." For some days I repeated my question at our every meeting and each time Antonio replied, with a convincing air of certitude, "To-morrow." He might have held me off in this way for several weeks, but one day, passing Annibale's shop, I espied my watch in his window, where it occupied a place of honour. I noticed that it was not going.

I entered into the shop and conversation with Annibale. He said that the watch indicated had been brought to him for repair; he was engaged on the work, which he hoped shortly to complete. As to the owner of the watch, it might be myself. The customer who brought it had said nothing of its ownership and he, as a tradesman, had made no inquiries.

Seeing Annibale's mood I left the subject of the watch and inquired after the health of his wife and family. We next talked of England, and when I had listened to his lyric rhapsodies of Battersea Park I felt I had made some progress. Next day I paid another visit and our acquaintance warmed, but whenever I raised the question of my watch I was given to understand that he must be approached through the regular channels, *i.e.*, his customer.

I then began to apply the lever of importunity at the other end, and with the assistance of Signor Scamporino, the Hotel Manager, I elicited the following facts. Antonio had handed the watch to Domenico, whose official title is *Portiere Effettivo*. Domenico had delegated the business to Pietro, a youth who has no official title but does most of the porters' work. Pietro had passed on the watch to Annibale.

I could now review the position financially. The price of repairing the watch would be twenty lire for an Italian, fifty lire for a foreigner. It was on this difference of thirty lire—on this distributable surplus, as the economists say—that battle was engaged. Everybody connected with the deal would expect to share in the sum. But Annibale, seeing the English maker's name on the dial, raised his net price to thirty lire, leaving only twenty for the three porters. Pietro dissented, saying that Antonio would certainly insist on fifteen lire for himself as chief *entrepreneur* and Domenico would take the remaining five lire and still be intensely dissatisfied. There was little prospect of Pietro getting anything but the sack.

Pietro spent all his spare time in Annibale's shop, alternately cursing the watchmaker and imploring him to reduce his charges. Annibale stoutly refused to part with the watch until he had received thirty lire in cash. The position continued without change.

Now I had another friend in the town, a cabman called Luigi. The local system requires that whatever cabman is first engaged by a visitor owns that visitor during his stay. The latter may hire nobody else but his original owner, nor, in fact, will any other cabman drive him, even if requested.

Now, on arrival, Luigi had driven me from the station and Signor Scamporino, according to custom, had suitably rewarded him for bringing a guest. But Domenico, instead of hiring Luigi for an unowned Englishman who was leaving the hotel at that moment, had palmed him off with an unremunerative French fare, after drawing commission on me. Luigi gave me to understand that Domenico was an abandoned fellow, not in the least likely to be satisfied with five lire on my watch. On the other hand, Annibale was prominent in the Fascist Party, so that no complaint to police or judge would be of any avail. If I really valued the watch, I must occupy myself with a handful of the new silver coins which had been specially minted for the convenience of foreigners.

So when Pietro brought his girl round to help him wail and implore me to be generous, I bought my watch back from him for fifty lire. They were very good at imploring, and Pietro's threat of immediate suicide was extremely convincing, so I gave him fifteen lire more to keep Domenico sweet and twenty lire wherewith to buy a present for his girl.

Later, Luigi pointed out to me that it had only been by following his advice that I had my watch back at all and for this advice he was entitled to something on his own account. So I gave him ten lire.

And now Pietro informs me that Annibale gave Luigi five lire for furthering the business, and that Domenico, delighted with his rake-off, allowed a few lire to Luigi on account of the French fare. Domenico and Luigi were last seen embracing cordially.

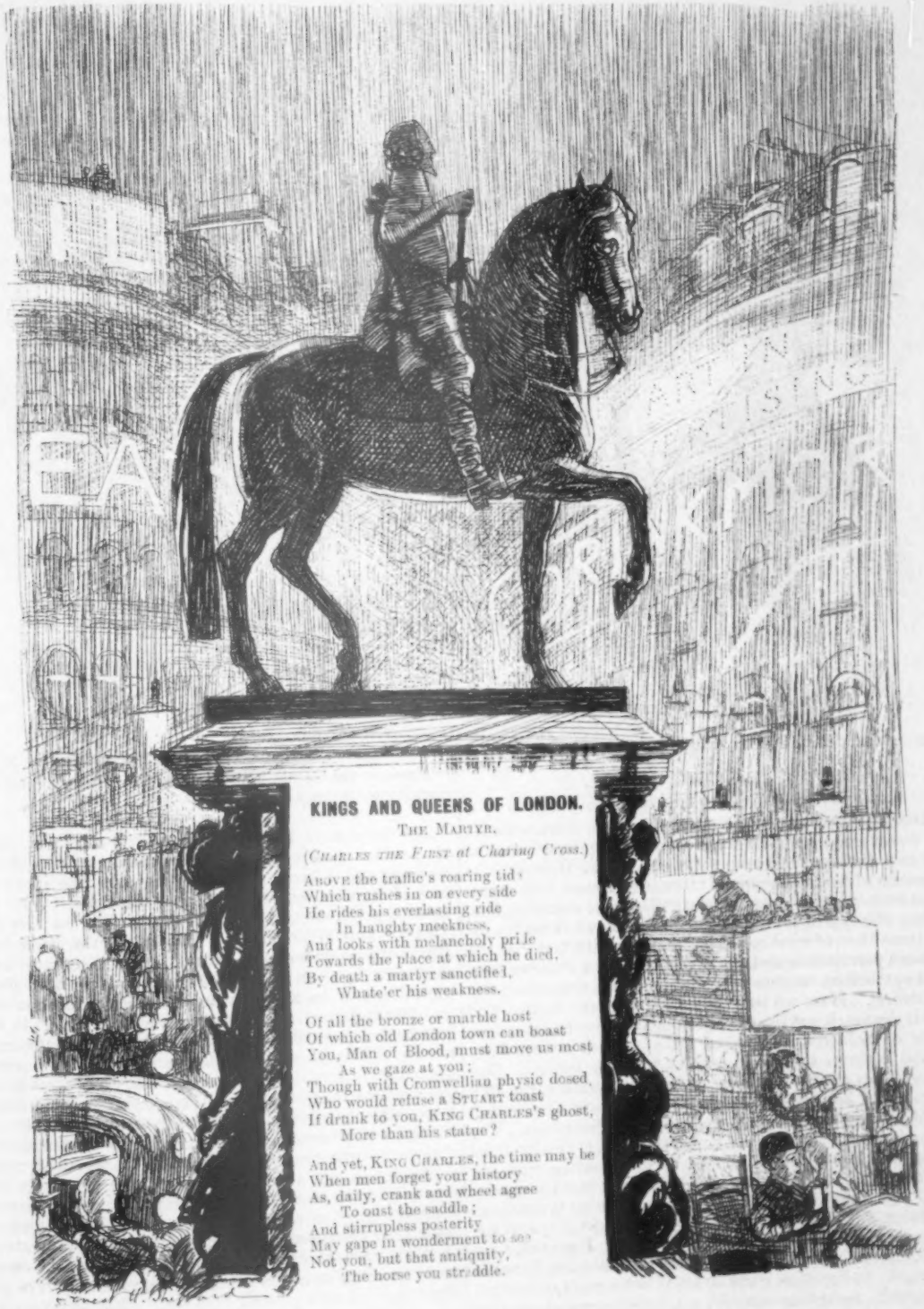
So everybody is pleased; I have spread sunlight in this little town. But next time I travel in these parts I shall carry a spare watch. E. P. W.

The Magic of Mr. Robert Jones.

"R. T. Jones had to play at his very best to beat S. Roper, of Nottingham, who won in splendid form."—*Daily Paper.*

"AMATEUR GOLF.
JONES THE CHAMPION.
WETHERED LOSES 7 AND 6."
Headlines in Sunday Paper.

Doesn't the acceptance of this sum make JONES a professional?



KINGS AND QUEENS OF LONDON.

THE MARTYR.

(*CHARLES THE FIRST at Charing Cross.*)

ABOVE the traffic's roaring tide
Which rushes in on every side
He rides his everlasting ride
In haughty meekness,
And looks with melancholy pride
Towards the place at which he died,
By death a martyr sanctified,
Whate'er his weakness.

Of all the bronze or marble host
Of which old London town can boast
You, Man of Blood, must move us most
As we gaze at you;
Though with Cromwellian physic dosed,
Who would refuse a STUART toast
If drunk to you, KING CHARLES's ghost,
More than his statue?

And yet, KING CHARLES, the time may be
When men forget your history
As, daily, crank and wheel agree
To oust the saddle;
And stirrupless posterity
May gape in wonderment to see
Not you, but that antiquity,
The horse you straddle.



"LOOK WHERE YOU 'RE 'ITTING, BILL!"
"LUMME, I CAN'T KEEP MY EYE ORF O' YOUR COMIC DIAL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS V. SACKVILLE-WEST'S new novel, though descended in a direct line from *Lothair*, is an original piece of work as well as a distinguished and witty one. Like DISRAELI the authoress of *The Edwardians* (HOGARTH PRESS, 7/6) appreciates both the greatness and the littleness of mankind, and, though she has a far less acute sense of what makes for greatness than of what makes for littleness, the fact that she has such perceptions and can invest them in a striking temporal symbolism renders her work more than momentarily interesting. Here we have the passing of the castle—and with it the passing of the cottage—embodied in the decorative career of *Sebastian*, a typical duke. *Sebastian* has been warned betimes that it is his lot to grow typical. One *Anquetil*, an explorer, whose explorations have given him the *entrée* of *Sebastian's* mother's circle, repays that circle's hospitality by stressing its viciousness to *Sebastian*. The youth, however, has already embarked on a typically ducal liaison and has no more chance of withdrawing from his position than the mythical old lady who went eternally round and round the old Underground. So he proceeds as scheduled, till KING GEORGE'S Coronation and *Anquetil* between them incidentally create a diverson. I am not, I am afraid, impressed by the validity of the diversion, but I cannot too highly praise Miss SACKVILLE-WEST'S portrayal of the mill-round. *Sebastian* himself, his Tudor mansion with its acres of red-brown roof, his relatives, guests, retainers and mistresses are handled with unfailing bravura and occasionally with poignant beauty.

The springs of his own action resolved by a man of imagination and honesty must always make delectable reading; and I know nothing in its own line more compact of impressiveness and charm than Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE'S posthumous book, *A Writer's Notes on His Trade* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6). Doubtless the book helped MONTAGUE to understand himself. It will unquestionably shed new light on his already luminous work. But its capital use is to serve as an examination of conscience for other craftsmen and for the reading public. It is, if you happen to agree with its doctrine, a thing of confirmations strong; if you do not, a challenge and an indictment. A miscellany, unrevised and uncompleted, of words, ideas and the wonders that issue from their sacramental union, the book's fifteen essays reiterate a doctrine profoundly traditional and personal. The key essay on craftsmanship is that on "Putting in and Leaving Out," in which all creative activity is likened to building up a figure in wax or disengaging it from marble. That we must, under penalty of creative impotence, strive to represent something—but something enhanced and supervitalized—is the contention of "Too True to be Good," and this admirable doctrine crops up again in a very necessary plea for the art of pleasing, "Easy Reading, Hard Writing." For MONTAGUE the curse of Adam was "The Blessing of Adam," and vision was created by work. He was one of the few, in an age that

he rightly and happily stigmatized as "The Doldrums," to enjoy both to an eminent degree.

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Fly-fishermen and those who spin owe
  A debt of certain gratitudes
To W. REYNOLDS for *Fly and Minnow*,
  A work which COUNTRY LIFE includes
Among the issues lately out
At ten-and-sixpence; it treats of trout

And likewise of their cousin, salmon,
  At home and on the Continent;
It tells, with diagrams, how to gammon
  Both sorts to rise—and then repent
When he who angles by our book,
Raising his wrist, drives home a hook.

Here is the learning of a master
  In "minor tactics," so say I,
To make proficient the young bait-caster,
  To coach a boy who 'd throw a fly.
His pen must interest us all—
Although you 'll find it, may befall,
For *charm* a bit too technical.



The Skipper. "'IM A GOOD BOWLER! WHY, 'E 'ARDLY KNOWS ONE END OF THE BALL FROM THE OTHER!"

Confessions of Zeno (PUTNAM, 10/6), which was written with the encouragement of Mr. JAMES JOYCE and published in Italy in 1923, is one of those books that demand collaboration from the reader. If one is in lazy or ultra-flippant mood or in the exalted state of "having no nonsense about one," then it will be best to avoid the elaborate vapourings of this *malade imaginaire* who delights in his "sense of disease." It is essential that one should be in a flexible state of mind before opening Signor ITALO SVEVO'S note-book of a hypochondriac; for then only will *Zeno's* wooing of three sisters in one evening, and his offer to show his certificate of sanity to the fourth (a twelve-year-old), appear serious enough to make his humours a delight, and then only will all his shilly-shallyings and egoisms, his life of business and the business that he makes of love, appear humorous enough to be robbed of tiresomeness. Yet, given the time and the mood and *Zeno* all together, a most diverting excursion can be made into a strange man's mind—a diversion that is rendered more profitable by Mlle. BERYL DE ZOETE, whose translation allows us so great an intimacy with *Zeno's* shuttlecock emotions.

Caliban in Grub Street (SHEED AND WARD, 7/6) is no doubt a good selling title; but SHAKESPEARE'S "savage and deformed slave," the very type of superstitious terror, is hardly a fair symbol for the group of distinguished writers whose pronouncements on certain great matters Father RONALD KNOX has set himself to analyse; while Grub Street, with its Rowlandsonian suggestion of a tatterdemalion penny-a-liner scribbling in an empty garret by the light of a farthing dip, is not the environment in which



"LOOK WHERE YOU 'RE 'ITTING, BILL!"
"LUMME, I CAN'T KEEP MY EYE ORF O' YOUR COMIC DIAL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS V. SACKVILLE-WEST'S new novel, though descended in a direct line from *Lothair*, is an original piece of work as well as a distinguished and witty one. Like DISRAELI the authoress of *The Edwardians* (HOGARTH PRESS, 7/6) appreciates both the greatness and the littleness of mankind, and, though she has a far less acute sense of what makes for greatness than of what makes for littleness, the fact that she has such perceptions and can invest them in a striking temporal symbolism renders her work more than momentarily interesting. Here we have the passing of the castle—and with it the passing of the cottage—embodied in the decorative career of *Sebastian*, a typical duke. *Sebastian* has been warned betimes that it is his lot to grow typical. One *Anquetil*, an explorer, whose explorations have given him the *entrée* of *Sebastian's* mother's circle, repays that circle's hospitality by stressing its viciousness to *Sebastian*. The youth, however, has already embarked on a typically ducal liaison and has no more chance of withdrawing from his position than the mythical old lady who went eternally round and round the old Underground. So he proceeds as scheduled, till KING GEORGE'S Coronation and *Anquetil* between them incidentally create a diversion. I am not, I am afraid, impressed by the validity of the diversion, but I cannot too highly praise Miss SACKVILLE-WEST'S portrayal of the mill-round. *Sebastian* himself, his Tudor mansion with its acres of red-brown roof, his relatives, guests, retainers and mistresses are handled with unfailing bravura and occasionally with poignant beauty.

The springs of his own action resolved by a man of imagination and honesty must always make delectable reading; and I know nothing in its own line more compact of impressiveness and charm than Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE'S posthumous book, *A Writer's Notes on His Trade* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6). Doubtless the book helped MONTAGUE to understand himself. It will unquestionably shed new light on his already luminous work. But its capital use is to serve as an examination of conscience for other craftsmen and for the reading public. It is, if you happen to agree with its doctrine, a thing of confirmations strong; if you do not, a challenge and an indictment. A miscellany, unrevised and uncompleted, of words, ideas and the wonders that issue from their sacramental union, the book's fifteen essays reiterate a doctrine profoundly traditional and personal. The key essay on craftsmanship is that on "Putting in and Leaving Out," in which all creative activity is likened to building up a figure in wax or disengaging it from marble. That we must, under penalty of creative impotence, strive to represent something—but something enhanced and supervitalized—is the contention of "Too True to be Good," and this admirable doctrine crops up again in a very necessary plea for the art of pleasing, "Easy Reading, Hard Writing." For MONTAGUE the curse of Adam was "The Blessing of Adam," and vision was created by work. He was one of the few, in an age that

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one imagines Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT or Mr. HUGH WALPOLE plying their fruitful pens. Be that as it may, Father KNOX has been studying those symposia on religious questions which the newspapers organize from time to time, and he has taken a short way with the symposiasts. But, admitted that many of his carefully selected extracts display a pretty confusion of thought in minds which in other fields work clearly enough, one cannot help feeling that this clever satirist has set himself too easy a task. A man with his feet on a rock fights at great advantage against one floundering in shifting sand; and that Father KNOX ignores that the major premise of most of these amateur theologians is that the sands, for them, *are* shifting, detracts from the value if not from the entertainment of his polemic.

In a first novel which is above the average Mr. JOHN C. MOORE gives us a sad picture of the unequal warfare which industry is waging on the countryside. Of the latter he writes well, with the vigour born of understanding; and though one feels that he is only able to see macadam through the biassed eyes of a horseman, and urban development through those of a naturalist, it is comforting to find a new writer whose love is for the land. *Dixon's Cubs* (J. M. DENT, 7/6) are the five children of a yeoman farmer who, unable to tackle modern economic conditions, is on the verge of bankruptcy when he is mercifully killed in a riding accident. His cubs, just grown-up, have to fend for themselves, and we follow their fending through the ups and downs of the War to a fairly satisfactory conclusion. With the soil and with animals Mr. MOORE seems to be instinctively in touch; and, though at present he is more at home with Nature than with his people, I think his characterisation, which is apt to be a little flat, will soon improve. He possesses a good sense of situation, and the descriptions of the deaths of *Dixon* and his son *Martin* and of the early-morning scene in the stables show considerable dramatic power. The War chapters are written with a restraint which is as refreshing as it is rare.

DAVID CARVALHO was one of those experts who apparently are always quietly at work discovering the one little flaw overlooked by the perpetrator of the perfect crime. His speciality was handwriting, and the occasions on which he was able to prove forgery of one kind or another ran into many thousands. Indeed, until I read the pleasantly-written record of his work in *Crime in Ink* (SCRIBNERS, 10/6), by his daughter, CLAIRE CARVALHO, and BOYDEN SPARKES, I had no idea that so many crimes and misdemeanours (chiefly in America, however) have turned upon this one thing. CARVALHO's interests were almost solely in his investigations, which in their numerous ramifications led him into a profound knowledge of paper and inks of all ages, and one gathers that he was sufficiently suspicious of the SHAKESPEARE signatures to have been a rather dangerous witness on the BACONIAN or any other opposing side if any SHAKESPEARE manuscript had ever come to light. His most outstanding work was probably his evidence against M. BERTILLON in the DREYFUS case, in which, having become convinced from a facsimile of the Bordereau that it was not in the hand of the victimised officer, he offered his services gratis to Mme. DREYFUS. But many of his minor achievements as related in this book are no less interesting.

It is a remarkable feat in these days to find a subject that has not attracted the attention of writers, and in a preface to *Sport in Classic Times* (BENN, 16/-) Dr. A. J. BUTLER tells us that, although thousands of books have been written about the language, art, life, etc., of the Greeks and Romans, not one book has been written on their field-sports. This omission Dr. BUTLER has now corrected in a volume which, especially in its chapters upon hunting, was to me entirely fascinating. The more one studies these charming pages the deeper becomes one's conviction that, in the skill of hunting and in the training of hounds for the chase, sportsmen of "classic times" had little or nothing to learn. Dr. BUTLER has taken infinite care in consulting his authorities, and his labours have been by no manner of means in vain. Indeed, although his book literally teems with information and will remain a standard work, it is also so completely free from any trace of pedantry that its popularity should be assured. The accompanying illustrations have been chosen with fine discrimination.

Diamonds to Sit On (METHUEN, 7/6), with its sub-title, "A Russian Comedy of Errors," is a delightfully ridiculous story, in which *Ostap Bender* plays a part that is as ingenious as it is amusing. *Hippolyte Vorobianinov* had good reason to believe that his family jewels had been hidden in the seat of one of twelve chairs. These chairs had been confiscated by the Soviet Government, and no sooner had *Hippolyte* heard what one of them contained than, with the assistance of the efficient and altogether unscrupulous *Bender*, he set out to track them down. Time and again the hunters were without money and almost without hope, only to be saved by *Bender's* optimism and ability to squeeze blood out of stones. The tragic end of this wonderful filibuster is, I think, a mistake, but the tale as a whole is both humorous and also, in the quiet shafts of satire directed by ILYA ILF and EUGENE PETROV at the Government of Russia, very effective. The translators, Miss ELIZABETH HILL and Miss DORIS MUDIE, deserve more than a word of praise.



Seaside Landlady. "I COULDN'T LET THIS ROOM UNDER THIRTY SHILLINGS, SIR."
Visitor. "HOW DO YOU KNOW? HAVE YOU EVER TRIED?"

"The Prohibition laws had created a special kind of criminal, generally of Southern European birth. These men killed each other with considerable frequency."—*Evening Paper.*

Their apparent habit of resuscitation goes far to explain the difficulties of the American police.

CHARIVARIA.

"TENNIS-EYE," an affection to which spectators are said to be increasingly liable, differs of course from "cricket-eye," which is characterised by a tendency to close.

Disappointment has been expressed that no hotel dance-band celebrated the sale of the vodka left in the cellars of the Hotel Cecil by rendering the "Vodka Swan-Song."

Starch baths are recommended. Try one for that limp feeling.

"If ST. PAUL had been caught and killed when his friends lowered him in a basket from the wall of Damascus, should we now be Christians?" speculates Dean INGE. It is a sobering thought that there might to-day be no Dean of St. Paul's.

With reference to a prediction that musical law-suits will be frequent it is suggested that judges without knowledge of the art may welcome the assistance of assessors. Others again may prefer to be at liberty to ask such questions as "What are Brahms?"

A newspaper correspondent mentions that a blue medallion on a house in Upper Tooting indicates that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE once lived there. No such medallion has yet been affixed to No. 10, Downing Street.

Mr. J. H. WHITLEY, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, has been appointed Chairman of the B.B.C. It is anticipated that there will be competition among intending broadcasters to catch his eye.

Members of the Poetry Society have been invited to participate in the festivals in honour of VIRGIL at Mantua, where he was born, and at Naples, where he died. Italians recognise his claim to have been one of the earliest to "see Naples and die."

The American heiress who has married a plumber as her fourth husband is believed to have been influenced by the traditional solicitude of plumbers for their mates.

"CHIANG KAI-SHEK is at his best," says a special correspondent, "when his back is to the wall." The Great Wall is indicated.

An American inventor's scheme to keep entire families warm in unheated houses in the coldest weather by means of radio is understood to be quite distinct from the idea of utilising hot-air from the loud-speaker.

When silver is stored a piece of camphor will keep it from tarnishing, says a domestic hint. Put a piece in the sporran.

The only man to be seen on a mysterious yacht sighted in the Channel was described as "fashionably dressed in plus-fours." Rigged for Cowes, of course.



DOMESTIC PICTURE OF A CHICAGO GANGSTER CLIPPING HIS HEDGE.

Sufferers from hay fever are advised to take a sea voyage. Haymaking, on the other hand, is recommended for those who are subject to *mal-de-mer*.

Conjecture is rife as to what the purchaser of a ducal coronet at a sale by auction intends to do with it. Our suggestion is that it would add distinction to the hat-rack.

A sponge dipped in sweetened water is recommended as a means of ridding a house of ants. A sponge dipped in unsweetened water is found more effective in dealing with sluggards.

There is a new fashion among Italian ladies of being presented to Signor MUSSOLINI not only by their names or titles but also as the mothers of so many children. The DUCE is believed to be considering the creation of an Order of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

Speaking at a meeting in Dublin, Senator BENNETT, Chairman of the Free State Senate, said he was proud of the civilising of Scotland by Irishmen. So that 's why Scotsmen flock to England.

A well-known doctor has stated that there is no such thing as a broken heart. Yet when thinking about our income-tax collector we have sometimes seemed to detect symptoms of a fracture.

According to a police official there is a superstition among thieves that it is unlucky to rob a lawyer. Other people merely regard it as impossible.

Experts, we read, can often predict what will happen in two or three hundred years' time. Perhaps so, but what is really wanted is a short-distance prophet who can tell us what is going to win to-morrow's two-thirty.

A woman charged at Bow Street was accused of biting a policeman. She should have known that policemen must not be eaten except when there is an "X" in the month.

As a man stepped from the prison van at Willesden Police Court he remarked that it was the worst Black Maria he had ever ridden in. Unless a better vehicle is provided he proposes to take his business elsewhere.

Southport having been awarded the palm as the cleanest town in this country, there is some talk of sending Manchester away to be dry-cleaned.

The suggestion that French deputies should wear uniform is attributed in some quarters to the increasingly powerful influence of the cinema-attendant.

An income-tax collector has a tame rook which follows him about when making his calls. We turn this one down as being too easy.

A doctor advises mothers not to think their babies are ill if they throw blancmange on the floor. It may be just a sign that they are destined to be film-stars.

Third Degree in France.

"After hearing several witnesses for the defence the Correctional Tribunal at Nice adjourned the case."—*Evening Paper.*

THE WRECKER'S PROGRESS.

THE taxi-cabs of London may be divided into three classes: the Brand New (very rare), the Antique (quite common, except on wet nights), and the Absolutely Hopeless.

The last are legion. They are to be seen everywhere, patrolling the gutters, their drivers still absent-mindedly fumbling behind them for the whip when they want to pass something. At the approach of rain the Brand New taxis are immediately rushed into convenient garages—for they disappear completely from the face of the waters—and the Absolutely Hopeless class come out like earwigs.

Of course the Brand New class offers many advantages. The driver is better protected from the English summer. They carry a radiator mascot. Their ash-tray is more efficient. They are fitted with a toilet mirror and have real flowers in a cut-glass holder. And there is a telephone, in place of the old draughty speaking-tube, to connect the passenger with the driver.

The word "telephone," so I learned at school, means "far speech." And I rather fancy that the designer of these cabs must be a schoolfellow of mine; for the mouthpiece is inlaid into the side of the cab at hip-level. A little notice says, "Press Button and Speak Close to Mouthpiece." To effect communication it would be necessary:—

(*a*) to lie flat on the seat; or
(*b*) to stand on your head; or
(*c*) to lie on the floor and rest your head on the cushion; or
(*d*) to stop the taxi, by beating on the glass with your umbrella-handle (old style), and hang out of the window screaming in the teeth of the gale. Once the taxi is at rest it should be quite simple to speak into the mouthpiece by leaning in through the open door.

But the Brand New taxis are unquestionably faster. They can pass anything on the road. That is, they can pass anything except the rocket-car I took the other night. I found it in Covent Garden, this patriarch of the Absolutely Hopeless class. During the day I fancy it must have been used for carting vegetables; it had not been properly cleaned by the time I came along.

"Highgate!" I shouted to the driver.

He stirred uneasily in his sleep.

"You for Reigate?" he grumbled.

"No, Highgate!" I shouted.

"That 's what I said," he remarked; "'op in."

Inside it was ornate, like a bridal coach, with artificial roses and velvet curtains. It smelled as though some of the day's vegetables had been overripe. A struggle with one of the windows rewarded me with half a strap and a pinched finger. The upholstery was musical but not restful. The back of the seat was too near the front, and the front too far from the floor.

In the first traffic-block we came abreast of one of the Brand New class.

"'Ullo, 'ullo," my driver remarked critically. "Been spending again?"

The driver of the Brand New taxi sniffed and turned away.

At that my hired assassin edged the bridal coach up until his mud-guard overlapped the running-board of the other.

"Wotcher up to?" the Brand New driver asked angrily.

"Trying to keep warm," the Absolutely Hopeless driver told him.

Just then the policeman dropped his hand, and on the fourth attempt the Brand New taxi got clear. At the same time the rocket-car I was in suffered one of its periodic explosions and missed the policeman by inches. It seemed that in his efforts to stand on the accelerator the driver must have dropped the steering-wheel, for we swerved dizzily along to the next traffic-block. The Brand New taxi slid in abusively beside us.

My driver wrenched open the door and addressed me: "See 'im trying to run me down?" he asked. "If 'e scratches my paint 'e 's for it."

He was interrupted by the traffic-block's breaking up and had barely time to jam the Brand New taxi with the still open door.

"Steady, steady," he said as he got down. "No good losing our 'eads over a little job like this."

We were the first away from the scrum and by means of a skid, two swerves and an attack of wheel-wobble we kept the Brand New taxi behind us as far as Hampstead Road.

At this point the road was up. And it was here that my hackney tumbril suddenly stopped. I got up from the floor and heard the taxi behind me brake fiercely. My driver got down and walked round to the front of his Absolutely Hopeless vehicle. Then he strolled back to the driver of the Brand New taxi.

"Got a match, mate?" he asked. "A morf 's put my lamp out."

At the third match the lamp lit and the driver strolled back to return the box. A long line of cars, all with blaring horns, stretched out behind the Brand New taxi.

"'Ullo," said my driver, "you 're unpopular. You 're holding things up."

Then, steering by the mirror, the driver of my mechanical barouche managed to keep the Brand New taxi behind us as far as Highgate. Then the motor-murderer swerved into the side and dismounted in a cloud of steam from the boiling radiator. The Brand New taxi swept past silently and gracefully.

"'Oo 's after yer?" shouted my driver and turned to me. "There 's shocking driving for yer," he said, "'anging on my 'eels like that. Wot 's the orders now, Guvnor?"

I told him. And the Absolutely Hopeless taxi began to grind up Highgate Hill. Two Antiques passed it. Then a man on a bicycle. Then two pedestrians. And I saw the driver fumble behind him for his whip.

HELL IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

["There is a great deal of secret cider-drinking in Herefordshire."—*Evidence of Dr. WEEKES before the Royal Commission on Licensing.*]

THE wild white rose is cankered
Along the Vale of Lugg,
There 's poison in the tankard,
There 's murder in the mug;
Through all the pleasant valleys
Where stand the pale-faced kine
Men raise the Devil's chalice
And drink his bitter wine.

Unspeakable carouses
That shame the summer sky
Take place in little houses
That look towards the Wye;
And near the Radnor border
And the dark hills of Wales
Beelzebub is warder
And sorcery prevails.

For, spite of church or chapel,
Ungodly folk there be
Who pluck the cider apple
From the cider apple-tree,
And squeeze it in their presses
Until the juice runs out,
At various addresses
That no one knows about.

And, maddened by the orgies
Of that unholy brew,
They slit each other's gorges
From one A.M. till two,
Till Ledbury is a shambles
And in the dirt and mud
Where Leominster sits and gambles
The dice are stained with blood!

But still, if strength suffices
Before my day is done,
I 'll go and share the vices
Of Clungunford and Clun,
And watch the red sun sinking
Across the march again
And join the secret drinking
Of outlaws at Presteign. EVOE.

A Bargain for Mr. Edgar Wallace.

"Swift Auto-Copper with combined ringer."
House-Agent's Advertisement.



RURIMANIA.

EX-KING MICHAEL (*fixing the crown on his father's head*). "TAKE IT, PAPA, AND TRY TO BE WORTHY OF YOUR SON!"



Performer. "ASK THOSE PEOPLE IF THEY THINK I 'M A CIRCUS?"
Caddy. "AN' SUPPOSE THEY DO?"

A WHITSUN GIFT.

IT is not often one comes into contact with the majesty of the Post-Office, unless one moves in select mail-bagging circles, but it seems that things have been tightened up recently. Bags of registered letters can no longer be had by a thief for the asking; he jolly well has to sign for them now. However. . . .

Just before the Whitsun week-end we received a postcard from my Aunt Araminta in the country. It was dated, in Aunt Araminta's inimitable style, Thursday, 6th (leaving one to wonder whether she meant Thursday 5th or Friday 6th), a *jeu d'esprit* which she more usually reserves for the fixing of important engagements at short notice, and it stated quite simply that she was sending us by parcel-post a nice fat country church. We didn't believe it at first; who would? Truthful though my Aunt Araminta has always been, she would *never* send country churches about by parcel-post. Chapels perhaps, but churches, no.

Then Frances, our cross-word champion, went at it again and said that number four across was *chicken*. Which made it certainly more feasible. We licked our lips with anticipatory smiles and sat down to wait for the parcel-post.

We then realised that the last parcel-post had already come and gone chickenless, and that, owing to the Whitsuntide saturnalia, there would not be another for some days. Aunt Araminta had done it as usual. With the result, as Frances pointed out—adding in significant parenthesis that the forecast prophesied a warm sultry spell—that we should not receive our country chicken till Tuesday morning in what one might describe as a desecrated condition. If, that was, we received it at all, for since Aunt Araminta's ideas of tying up even a square box in a parcel are pretty sketchy, with a chicken she would probably be a total loss. And as for addresses, well, she has a constant flow of correspondence from the Dead Letter Office. When I tell you—and it 's the sober truth—that she once wrote from London to me in Belfast and the letter did not arrive for three months, an error in the superscription having sent it to Australia, you will see what she can do. Or, as she puts it, how stupid the post-office people are.

Remembering all this, Frances had a brain-wave. Obviously that was why our chicken had not reached us by the last post. It was no doubt lying loosely addressed and totally undressed at the local postal depôt. I could just slip round and fetch it, and we would have a chicken orgy over the week-end after all. I could take the postcard to prove my claim. Quite simple.

I, poor fish, went. Quite simple. Heh! heh! I suppose innocent young cracksmen are told it 's quite simple to walk into the local bank and bring out the safe.

I strolled into the building, went through a door and at once found myself in a sort of postmen's recreation-room, with postmen reading papers and chatting in groups. I retired rapidly. I next penetrated a hall where men were sorting letters and chatting in groups. I waited around guiltily till I was noticed, which was not long—a bare ten minutes.

Then a gentleman in postal shirt-sleeves asked what I wanted. I told him I wanted a parcel, a perishable parcel, which, possibly owing to illegible, detachable, insufficient or inefficient address, could not now be delivered normally till Tuesday, and . . .

He put it all more briefly. He said, "You want the superintendent." I repeated it all to the superintendent. He laughed at me. He explained that I couldn't just come in and take any

parcel as if it were a—— "Mail bag?" I suggested. . . .

We calmed down after a bit and I gave him Aunt Araminta's postcard. He read it all carefully and said no parcel containing a fat country church had . . . . I explained that she meant chicken. He retorted that she should have put chicken. I pointed out that as far as she knew she *had* put chicken, and we got into an interesting discussion about calligraphy, which, after it had progressed as far as forged signatures on postal-orders, I at last brought tactfully round to chickens. We moved off into the parcel department.

Here we poked about for a bit till at last I found Aunt Araminta's chicken. As I suspected it had apparently felt the heat a little and taken all its clothes off, with the exception of a few shreds still held on by a fragment of string. It lay semi-naked and repulsive on the top of a pile of other packages as an Oriental potentate might recline among his cushions. Awed, I took my hat off.

"That 'll be it," I said, and explained about Aunt Araminta and parcels. He examined the bird. On no vestige of paper was there a trace of address or postmark. The bird was homeless and friendless.

"But you can't take it. There 's no proof," began the superintendent, and we had another argument. Eventually he saw my point, that, if he allowed it to be "unclaimed," he would either have to deal with it "as requisite" (here I fixed him with a suspiciously accusing eye) or else keep it for three months or pass it over to the Dead Letter Office as a dead chicken.

He reluctantly agreed, but when I would then have taken it he said No, it had to be *delivered* to my *address*. So I made out a form, paid a small delivery fee and went home, followed at a short distance by a small messenger-boy bearing the chicken. I let myself in, shut the door, listened for the knock which followed two seconds after, and opened the door.

"Dear me! What is it?" I asked, to show that two could play.

"Parcel. Name of Apple?"

"Yes."

"Sign, please."

I did. "Why," I cried delightedly to Frances, "I declare it 's a chicken! I *am* surprised. . . ."

We did have chicken then for Whitsun, and I told Frances how stupidly suspicious the superintendent had been not to believe that it was our bird at first.

On Wednesday morning I realised that his suspicions had not been ill-founded, for Aunt Araminta's chicken turned up with a note saying that she had suddenly realised the church might not reach us in time after all and so had kept it back over the week-end. . . .

Ah, well, I don't know whose church we did have, but at least we didn't rob them of it. It was a jolly fine church too; Frances and I had a transept each at the first meal. A. A.



Suburban Daughter. "HOW PERFECTLY MOULDY! COUSIN CLARA IS COMING UP TO STAY. HOW IN THE WORLD AM I TO EXPLAIN HER TO BRIGHTER BALHAM?"

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Happily.

"Let me say that if the milk producers can only put up a water-tight scheme for utilising that surp'us. . . ."
Mr. Baldwin, reported in Daily Paper.

"Tolley was beaten in the foursomes. He batted as long as three hours and 40 minutes for his 102."—*Continental Paper.*
Not a very good round for TOLLEY.

Mr. Punch At Home.

The New *Punch* Offices will be open for inspection, and an Exhibition of original drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER will be on view, until July 25. Admission will be by Invitation Card, which has been sent as a matter of course to those who subscribe direct to the *Punch* Offices and all other Subscribers whose names and addresses are there recorded. Invitations will be gladly sent to other readers, if they will apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

The Franco-German Entente.

"Then a voice called out in French: 'Frau Schindler.'"—*Serial in Daily Paper.*

CLEOPATRA'S TWINS.

HERE is a message of hope to the mothers of twins.

I have never understood why twins should be funny. Once the immediate practical inconvenience of having to provide two of everything is over there is much to be said for twins. The position of the singleton baby, alone among a crowd of monsters, must have excited the compassion of all sensitive men. The character of the only child is seldom quite satisfactory. But the twin, which has company from the very first, is always, in my experience, lively, intelligent, unselfish and affectionate. The twin is Nature's safeguard against the only child. And yet we laugh at it. We do not have fits when a dog increases the population by two; we do not have to hold our sides when a rabbit has four pairs of twins; but when a charming British matron presents her lord with only one pair it is a huge joke.

If you say that twins are *not* funny I can only answer, "Well, try it." Get some comedian friend to say "Twins" on the stage and hear the roar. Announce in company that Mrs. So-and-so has just had twins and see the slow smile travel round the drawing-room. I cannot imagine why, but there it is—twins *are* funny.

And now I bring a message of hope to the mothers of twins.

CLEOPATRA had twins.

CLEOPATRA, conqueror of JULIUS CÆSAR, ANTONY, et cæterorum, type of Feminine Enchantment and Beauty, First World's Sweetheart, SHAKESPEARE'S heroine, Egypt's Queen—CLEOPATRA had twins, a boy and a girl.

She presented twins to ANTONY, who annoyed the Romans by calling them ALEXANDER and CLEOPATRA, or the Sun and the Moon, respectively.

I stumbled on this information as I turned over the pages of Mr. PLUTARCH, which I had never read. No doubt it is old news to many scholars and voracious readers; no doubt SHAKESPEARE knew all about it, and other authors. But, so far as I know, in all literature there is no study of CLEOPATRA as a mother, and no other author has fearlessly faced the twins. SHAKESPEARE speaks of her children, it is true, but he does not mention the twins. Neither ANTONY nor CLEOPATRA in their protracted dying orations make any reference to the family or any provision for them. ANTONY at least, since he named them "Sun" and "Moon," must have attached some importance to the little things. I think the proud father, badly wounded though he was, would have given the twins a thought; after all, he found breath for thirty-nine lines of blank verse between falling on his sword and dying. I think he must have muttered something like this:—

"And for the twins, our pretty Sun and Moon,
To some academy conduct them. O!
For that bright planet which was ANTONY,
Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.
Yet shall these little embers of our love,
Blown on with fury and my Egypt's care
And this and that and all that sort of thing,
Flame forth at last and fill the firmament
To wither CÆSAR with their vengeful beams."

I count it a fault in SHAKESPEARE that he missed this opportunity. It makes one suspect his sincerity and the accuracy of all his historical work. For all we know, the real note of CLEOPATRA was motherhood. I once read eagerly a book about LUCREZIA BORGIA, and was shocked to find that she was, on the whole, a virtuous domestic female and died the mother of a large family. I have a feeling that CLEOPATRA was fond of needlework and spent a great deal of time crooning baby-talk in the nursery. But how much of all this does the theatrical fellow SHAKESPEARE give us?

What is the explanation of his silence? Were twins funny in his day also, and did he therefore keep them dark? Or were they *not* funny, so that it never occurred to him to mention them? What is the use of all these dons and scholars moling about in manuscripts and folios if they give us no light upon the things that interest?

What, for example, was the history of the twins? Perhaps the scholars know, but I don't. Was the little CLEOPATRA another charmer? Or, horrible thought, was she plain? Did she change her name? And, if not, did she find it difficult to live it down?

Well, well, I wonder. But here, at any rate, mothers, is my message of hope—

CLEOPATRA had twins.

A. P. H.



AT THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.

THIRSTY WORK FOR THE TRAINED BANDS.

R.S.M. "PIKEMEN, TAKE HEED, AND EYES OFF THE TUDOR ARMS."

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

THE sunburned young man standing in the road addressed me with an ingratiating smile. "Just the thing for your garden, Sir." I glanced down at the contents of the basket he held. Tortoises. "Nice healthy young ones," he assured me. He lifted one up and it waved its legs feebly at me and craned a leathery neck. "Rid your garden of all pests. Half-a-crown each."

I hesitated. "Are they all the same price?"

"The larger ones cost more, cos I'll tell you why, they've been specially trained, see, to eat slugs and snails."

"I only want a small one," I said.

He leaned towards me confidentially and lowered his voice to a hoarse murmur. "I'd have two, Sir, if I was you, cos I'll tell you why, two's company—see? I mean, they're company for one another like."

"I don't want two."

"You shall have them for four shillings. There!"

"I've nothing to take them home in," I argued. "I've got to catch a bus. I can't get into a bus with a pair of loose tortoises."



AT THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.

HISTORY RE-MADE ON ALDERSHOT HOE: SIR FRANCIS DRAKE DOES *NOT* FINISH HIS GAME.

"I 'll get you a box," he said. Setting down his basket he darted into the nearest shop, a draper's, penetrating, apparently, to the underlinen department and emerging in a surprisingly short time with a cardboard box which had once contained a suspender belt. The tortoises were transferred to their new quarters, four shillings changed hands and I started on my homeward journey.

In the omnibus the conductor, I thought, looked at me rather coldly as I sat nursing the box on my knees. The tortoise-merchant had made a ragged hole in the lid to give the occupants air.

I wondered if I ought to take tickets for them and if they travelled half-price. The Company might have some by-law dealing with saurians. I proffered my own fare.

"You won't let nothing out of that," urged the conductor as he punched my ticket; "I can't have nothing hopping over my bus upsetting the lady-passengers."

"They are tortoises," I said brightly. "I got them to eat the slugs and snails."

The conductor thawed. "Ar! Good luck to them! I got an allotment meself."

On reaching home I introduced them to Janet. "They come, I believe, from Greece, so I thought we might call them Castor and Pollux."

"How sweet!" she crooned as I put them down on the lawn. "I 'll find them some snails at once to start on. I expect they 're hungry, poor darlings!"

The snails were found without difficulty. There was a flourishing colony in the clump of iris by the gate. Janet spread the festive board and waited rather shrinkingly to see Castor and Pollux fall to.

"It seems rather unkind to the snails," she murmured. "I hope they don't feel it much."

There was a lengthy pause. The two snails in front of Pollux had drawn in their horns. Pollux too remained in dignified aloofness. When at last his head emerged and he contemplated the *plat du jour* there was a marked distaste in his air that reminded me of an elderly colonel of my acquaintance declining rice-pudding and stewed prunes. In the end he shuffled off to a bed of aubrietia, leaving us and the snails together. Castor had preceded him.

"Perhaps," I said hopefully, "they prefer to catch their own."

It was not until Tony came home from school that all my illusions were finally shattered. "Tortoises!" he said. "Ripping! But it 's all rot about their eating insects and slugs. Wait a mo!" He rushed into the dining-room and returned with a handful of lettuce. "This is what they like," he announced. "I 'll just wash off the salad-dressing."

Castor and Pollux have lived on lettuces ever since, at a considerable cost, and we have abandoned our attempts to train them to lead useful lives as carnivores. But still there are compensations. Janet says she is getting really fond of them and that Castor flaps his arms when she addresses him by name.

"For M. Vintila Bratianu the word compromise has no meaning. He answered his nephew in violet language."—*Scots Paper.*

To us, Rumanian has always appeared a sequence of purple patches.

"In the Supreme Court, Dublin, yesterday, the Chief Justice appointed Mr. Alfred —— a Commissioner for Oats at Wicklow."

Irish Paper.

We believe that the younger generation in Ireland could do with short rations of the wild variety.

VERSATILITY.

[After "movie" and "talkie" the words "singie" and "widie"—in reference to the extended screen—have been coined and seem likely to find a place in the language. It is respectfully suggested that a similar nomenclature might be adopted by literature.]

I FONDLY fancied that I might
  Attain a goodly sale
If only I sat down to write
  A simple rustic tale,
But I was destined soon to learn
  This thought was merely barmy;
I did not get the least return
  From my entrancing "farmie."

Though naturally pained, I showed
  No over-great distress,
But, hoping that a change of mode
  Would bring about success,
Decided that I had no part
  In daisied banks and thymy,
And did my best to meet the mart
  By turning out a "crimie."

Again the public downed my book;
  I made no sort of mark
With my conception of a crook,
  My notion of a nark;
But hope is rising up once more;
  The third time should be lucky;
I'll turn my pen towards the War
  And perpetrate a "muckie."

"RIGHT AWAY OVER THERE. . . ."

IT is a good thing, I fancy, that, having gone up to the top of Mount Pisgah, which is over against Jericho, MOSES died and was buried there. Surviving, yet still forbidden to enter the Promised Land, he would probably have built some kind of tent or tabernacle and insisted on showing week-end visitors the view.

"That is Naphtali, with Ephraim just beyond it, and a little bit of Manasseh showing in the corner. On clear days you can see the whole land of Gilead right away to Zoar. Wait a minute. I believe you can see Zoar now, six inches to the right of the balm factory. Let me go in and fetch my map."

Nobody who possesses a view can resist behaving like this about it. Fame is the spur that the pure spirit doth raise, that last infirmity of noble mind; but the desire to point out funny little dots and blobs on the landscape runs it exceedingly close.

The visitor of course is helpless. Not even a rock-garden full of rare plants, not even a Roman museum, overwhelms him so utterly. Dropping perhaps into a deck-chair after an excellent lunch, he notices with a start of horror that most of England is spread out before his feet. He is on the brow of a hill. It is here that his host has unmercifully poised his habitation. The worst is about to occur. Yet now is the very peak of summer. This should be the moment—especially on a sunny afternoon this should be the moment—for letting the beauty of the landscape steal peacefully over the mind. The red roofs of the villages, the white puff of the travelling train, the variegated pastures, the distant shimmer of the sea, all of them as it were blending and, so to speak, harmonising with the chirp of bird-life, the hum of insect-life, the bubble of tobacco-life, until it is practically time for tea. . . .

Either that, or let us play tennis or golf at once and have done with it. Who wants to ransack half England, looking for Bicester on a day like this?

The Ordnance Survey, like the SIMON Commission, have, in my opinion, performed their duties wisely and well. Their dispositions need no change. They have put Bicester where it ought to be, and I am content to leave it there. I would not have it moved about this way and that way to suit a mere momentary week-end whim. Yet this ferreting out of Bicester, or whatever the place may be, this transportation of Bicester, this remoulding of it nearer to the heart's desire, becomes a kind of passion with every host exhibiting to a harmless visitor his view. He sees a lot of houses a long way off behind a lot of trees, and points at them.

"Hullo! There 's Bicester!" he says; "I thought we should see Bicester to-day."

Apparently Bicester has been creeping about for nearly a month, trying to escape notice, but we have got it at last. Or have we? This is just where the practised visitor should begin to be very wary indeed. Bicester should be accepted quietly but not with enthusiasm, still less with any hostility or suggestion of unbelief. I myself have an unfortunate habit of fulsomeness when I am being shown a semi-concealed landmark on the countryside.

"You see that yellow patch?"

"Yes."

"And then, just behind it, that brown patch?"

"Yes."

"And then some trees?"

"Green trees?"

"Yes. And then a little way to the right a very tall clump of trees?"

"Yes. Green ones again. I see."

"And then two chimneys?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"Well, that 's Bicester."

Here is the point when in pretended admiration of my host I am too apt to murmur, "No, you don't mean it? Surely, it can't be! Not Bicester, there. I should have thought it was nearer Aylesbury."

Not, of course, that I really think so in the least. My eyes are half-shut. I have not been following the hunt. He has got me completely muddled up with his yellow and brown patches and his clumps of green trees. I mention Aylesbury merely as another town which is likely to be slinking about in his view, and I want him to suppose I enjoy chasing country towns up and down the scenery. Aylesbury, again, might lead us on to Mr. EDGAR WALLACE and the quiet avenues of murder, so much more restful after lunch than topography.

But it was a bad stroke of work to talk of Aylesbury. It puts him on his mettle. He points out reason after reason why it must be Bicester that we have cornered—another green patch and another brown patch, and a blue hill and a high steeple, and a railway line which between them have got Bicester hemmed in so that it cannot possibly escape; and then, just as I think it is all over and the mort, so to speak, has been sounded over Bicester, he goes indoors and fetches out field-glasses and a map to make sure.

Brain-work now begins, and after half-an-hour's study my host pulls up Bicester and puts it down half-a-dozen miles to the left, alters the name of the hill to the right, eliminates a lake in the distance and substitutes the gleam on the roof of a barn for it, hands over the metal tracks of one railway company to the directors of another, and generally rearranges Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire as they have not been rearranged since Domesday Book.

Well, well. It is his view. He can move it about as he pleases. Possibly he has got the map mixed up and Bicester isn't there at all. If we had the scenery on the other side of the hill pulled round a little, we might bring Ascot in. My own reaction to scenery is to let all these towns escape and not to turn a rather pleasant green and pink and yellow panorama into an identification parade. Especially on a sunny afternoon, when the red roofs of the villages, the white puff of the travelling train, the variegated pastures, the distant shimmer of the sea, all of them as it were blending, and so to speak harmonising and. . . .

* * * * *

"Would you really believe that tiny speck of white was Middle Barton? What a *thrill!*" EVOE.

"To give way to . . . the advocates of the mailed fish would be perfidy and cowardice of the first order."—*Scots Paper.*

We have always thought it a poor joke to send kippers through the post.



Old Lady (to policeman who has assisted her across the road). "I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TALK TO YOU. YOU'RE THE SAME NUMBER AS MY FAVOURITE HYMN."

GENTS' SMART NECK-WEAR.

[Lines inspired by the spectacle of a number of club-ties in the window of a sixpenny "cash-and-carry" store.]

How deep a debt we owe to Mr. WOOLWORTH
(I speak in tropes; his rule is strictly cash),
Who for our humble sixpence gives such full worth,
Enabling one and all to cut a dash
(It matters not with howsoever thick a mist
Obscurity enwraps their earlier years)
Either as Old Etonian or Wykehamist
On Britain's proms and piers!

Incogniti, Crusaders, Bacchanalians,
See how they flaunt their richly-blended hues!
Hawks, Butterflies, Authentics, Old Borstalians,
I Zingari—you've only got to choose;
No need to face the hazard of rejection
Or year by year to pay immoderate subs;
At sixpence each you have a wide selection
Of all the smartest clubs.

But one cravat is missing from the cluster
Where rainbow-like athwart the store they shine;
Yet is there one whose chaste distinctive lustre
Shall still adorn no other neck than mine;
Though myriads boast them, planking down their tanner,
Free Forester, Salopian or Guardee,
I, only I, shall bear the glorious banner
Of M.O.B.Y.C. *

* My Own Bally Yacht Club.



Wife (who is finding difficulty with the bit). "I SAY, HOW DO YOU MAKE A HORSE YAWN?"

THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF LONDON.

[An American recently observed that two of the chief attractions of London were her twisting thoroughfares and their "Protean nomenclature, such as Lanes and Rows and Places and so on."]

ARISE and let us sing
The praise of London, Eng.,
Her tortuous ways and, so to speak, their nomenclaturing!
Ye lyric measures, flow on!
We 'll let our voices go on
Her Lanes and Groves and Streets and Walks and Rows and Roads and so on!

How exquisite a treat
To tread a London Street—
Threadneedle, Baker, Newgate, Sloane, Victoria or Fleet!
The Roads ain't 'arf amazin'
(That brings a local phrase in)—
Try Brompton, Old Kent, Edgware, Bow or Tottenham Court or Gray's Inn!

The Lanes! Enchanting! Who
Could paint the praises due
To Drury, Mark or Petticoat, to Pudding, Park or Shoe?
To tour the Rows is not an
Event to be forgotten:
Savile and Rochester are hard; a Row that 's soft is Rotten.

No lack of fancy baulks
The Londoner of Walks;
Through Birdcage, Broad and Cheyne he continually stalks;
Or should he be allotting
His time to body-swatting
He has the Hills of Ludgate, Hay, of Haverstock and Notting.

How fortunate the cove
Who hankers for a Grove!
Through Ladbroke, Elm and Lisson he is ever free to rove;
And nobles, now historic,
Shed lustre (metaphoric)
On Avenues like Shaftesbury, Northumberland and Warwick.

How pleasant is the case
Of those who love to p ace
A Terrace, Circle, Crescent, Court, a Garden, Vale or Place!
And theirs as well who spurn aims
To furnish routes with surnames;
Of types like Lothbury, Pall Mall and Aldwych they prefer names.

This class of oppidan
Should be a happy man;
He has Old Jewry, Knightsbridge, Strand, Eastcheap and Barbican;
And wait—that isn't quite all;
It 's vital the recital
Should mention Piccadilly and The Mincries and Whitehall.

Rise, then, and sing the praise
Of London's glorious Ways!
Ye Lanes and Groves, ye Rows and Roads, to you our hats we raise;
We sing to celebrate your
Superbly crooked nature,
And even more to tell of your "Protean nomenclature." C. B.

Smith Minor Again.

"James VI. of Scotland came down to England to be King because Elizabeth had no hair.

"Napoleon was banished to Semolina."
Schoolboy's Answers to an Exam. Paper.

"One of his present interests is the committee that is sitting on the proposed new bridge across the Thames."—*Daily Paper.*

It will be a great moment for him when the splash comes.

"Tubs of rose-trees, with bedding for waiters who must sleep at Ascot, are already arriving."
Evening Paper.

Nothing is said (as yet) about the thorns.

"A few weeks ago, when Great Britain met Germany in the first round of the Davis Cup, at Queen's Hall, we lost the first two singles—and won the match.

Can we repeat that performance?"
Daily Paper.

Only by the inclusion of TOSCANINI.

SPARE OUR BLUSHES.

IT would be ungracious to pay no attention to the volume, entitled *Comic Art in England*, which the Dutch critic, Mynheer CORNELIS VETH, has written and which Mr. EDWARD GOLDSTON publishes; but so much of its space is given to Mr. Punch's share in the development of English comic art and so enthusiastic are the praises of certain members of his staff, past and present, that the task of reviewing the book is one of some delicacy. Even merely to commend the work would come within the charge of self-praise. Since, however, to leave it alone would be base ingratitude, let Mr. Punch say what he becomingly can, although it would not surprise him if the ink on this page turned red in the process.

In matters of commerce one of the faults of the Dutch may have been to give too little, but when it comes to art criticism there is no stint. Mynheer VETH gives full measure, beginning as far back as the sculptors of grotesque gargoyles and corbels on church walls and finishing with an example of the work of Mr. Punch's own F.R., with the famous political cartoonists of the eighteenth century, GILLRAY and ROWLANDSON, in the middle distance. But he does not warm to his work until he reaches GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, who is his first real hero. Five heroes has he in all, of whom the others are CHARLES KEENE, LINLEY SAMBOURNE, L. RAVEN-HILL and MAX BEERBOHM.

Perhaps the appreciation of Mr. Punch's "SAMMY" is the most attractive section of the book, not only because of the subtlety of the analysis but because it is probable that justice has hitherto not been done to the remarkable gifts of this most inventive, thoughtful and fanciful draughtsman. Where the critic seems to be insufficiently alive to the merit of others, it would not become Mr. Punch to make suggestions. Somebody else must do that, and in fact somebody else has already done a little in that direction, namely Mr. JAMES GREIG, who in his Introduction to the book gently drops a hint that it is possible that the genius of one PHILIP WILLIAM MAY, known to the gods as "Phil," has been underrated there.

But in the main Mynheer VETH is sound, while such is his vigilance that he seems to have missed almost no worthy practitioner dead or living. Perhaps he is too embracive, for it is doubtful if Mr. WILLIAM NICHOLSON should be grouped with purely comic artists; and among those of the recent past it is a little surprising to find so much emphasis laid on AUBREY BEARDSLEY, who may have strayed into the fields of grotesque but rarely displayed any fun. As an indication, however, of the comprehensiveness of Mynheer VETH's net let it be said that, very rightly, it is wide enough to include Miss BEATRIX POTTER, the inventor of Peter Rabbit.

It is a great pity that this novel and attractive book was not made in England, for then it might have been free from the myriad misprints that disfigure it. Dutch compositors are excellent fellows so long as they are dealing with their own language; when asked to set up English they need a more watchful proof-reader than they have had in the present instance. Not only are proper names too often mangled—DISRAELI, for example, is nearly always DISREALI—but the punctuation goes sadly astray. The book is furthermore uncomfortably large and heavy. To say this makes Mr. Punch exceedingly uneasy; it is worse than looking a gift-horse in the mouth: it is more like examining and condemning the quality of the bouquet that has just been thrown at him; but not to say it would be a treachery.



The Lady-Artist. "HE IS SO MODERN, SO ADVANCED—QUITE *FIN DE SIÈCLE*!"
Friend. "REALLY? WHICH *SIÈCLE*?"

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

ONE evening Mr. Howkerby came home to his wife and said to her I think the luck has changed at last and I have got a very good contract for building several bridges to go across the River Potomosi.

And Mrs. Howkerby said where is the River Potomosi, I have never heard of it. And he said well it wouldn't be quite fair to tell you that until the contract is signed as it is all very confidential, it isn't quite settled yet but they told me to-day that if my references were satisfactory I should get the contract, and I am sure they will be satisfactory, one of them is the Vicar and as I always go to church once every Sunday except when I am not very well or want to play golf he will give me a good character.

And Mrs. Howkerby said how much shall we get out of it, there are several things I should like to buy if you get the contract, some of the face-towels have holes in them and I should like to have a new fish-kettle. And he said well I haven't worked it out to pounds, shillings and pence yet, but I should think it would come to about a million pounds, but I shouldn't buy anything new if I were you until it is quite settled because I believe in being cautious. And she said she wouldn't, because she had always been a good wife to him and had saved all the money she could when people didn't want bridges built and he had had to do quite little things instead, like putting down crazy pavements in front-gardens.

Well the next morning Mr. Howkerby went to his office full of hope, and there was a letter there for him from the people who were going to buy the bridges, and it said Dear Sir we are sorry we cannot give you the contract for building six bridges to go across the River Potomosi because we have found out that you are not at all a satisfactory character yours truly Bulge & Co. Limited.

Well Mr. Howkerby was very angry at that because he knew that he was quite a satisfactory character and always had been, and he put on his hat and went straight round to the office of Messrs. Bulge & Co. Limited, and he said to Mr. Bulge what is this, I must know about it.

And Mr. Bulge who wasn't really limited at all except in his intellect said well Mr. Howkerby I am glad you called round, it is a very serious matter and of course we couldn't overlook it, but if you can clear it up nobody will be more pleased than I shall, I have never forgotten that picnic you invited me to and the nice bit of salmon that Mrs. Howkerby provided and all the cider we drank, and I would rather you had the contract than anybody if you can clear your character.

Well Mr. Howkerby felt a little more comfortable at that and he said hasn't the Vicar given me a good character? And Mr. Bulge said oh yes, he says the only fault he has to find with you is that you sometimes go to sleep in his sermons, but we decided to overlook that if you gave us a written undertaking not to go to sleep while you are making the bridges. No it is this letter that is so serious, and he handed him a letter which began Dear Sirs as one who has always taken an interest in the River Potomosi I warn you against giving the contract for six bridges to go across it to Mr. Howkerby for the following reasons, one when he made a bridge to go across the River Riposto he made it six feet too short, and if a train had gone across it same would have tumbled into river and everybody would have been drowned.



"MR. HOWKERBY WAS SIMPLY FURIOUS."

And Mr. Howkerby said oh what a lie, I only made it six inches too short and directly I found out the mistake I paid for making it longer myself. And Mr. Bulge said well I call that very honourable and what I should have expected of you, but read on.

So Mr. Howkerby read on, and the letter said two I have reason to believe that Mr. Howkerby is getting into debt in the place where he lives and owes a large fishmonger's bill. And he said well that is just the sort of half truth that is worse than a lie. I did tell the fishmonger that I would pay him for that cut of salmon we had at the picnic when I got the contract, I don't generally buy salmon because it is too expensive but of course I wanted to treat you well because of the contract and you had said something to me about liking salmon. And the fishmonger was quite agreeable, and besides that I don't owe anybody anything except for a bundle of peasticks which I can afford to pay for at any time.

And Mr. Bulge said well I don't see anything in that, and it was partly my own fault for saying I like salmon, but read on.

So he read on, three I accuse Mr. Howkerby of having mumps to wit in November last and going about and giving it to a lot of innocent women and children without saying anything about it.

And Mr. Howkerby was simply furious at that and he said that is the worst lie of all, I did have a sore throat and I told Mr. Trinkle that I thought it might be mumps, but it wasn't, and afterwards his wife and children did have mumps and if anybody spread it about they did.

And Mr. Bulge said is that the Mr. Trinkle who builds bridges himself if he can find anybody to buy them? And Mr. Howkerby said yes it is, and he built such a rotten bridge to go across the River Worple that all they could do was to grow ivy over it and say it was a Roman ruin. And Mr. Bulge said well then I expect it was he who wrote that letter, you see it is anonymous and he only signs it Philopotomosi which is French for being fond of the River Potomosi, but I am sure that is all humbug and he is just mad because he didn't get the contract himself.

And Mr. Howkerby said well I shall get him sent to prison for taking away my character, he is not at all kind to his wife and children and I don't suppose they will mind not having him at

home for a year or two, especially as Mrs. Trinkle's father is a rich shoe-manufacturer and can afford to look after them.

So there was a trial, and an expert in handwriting said that the P in Potomosi was exactly the same in the anonymous letter as in the one that Mr. Trinkle had written about the contract, and he was sent to prison. And he got some extra hard labour because it came out at the trial that he wasn't really married to Mrs. Trinkle at all, though she quite thought he was, but had a wife somewhere else. And Mr. and Mrs. Howkerby adopted one of his children because they were very kind-hearted, and as Mr. Howkerby got the contract for making six bridges to go across the River Potomosi they could well afford it. A. M.

Commercial Candour.

"Not to have read —— is to have missed a rarely amusing treat."
Advt. in American Paper.

"On Monday afternoon a severe hailstorm was held in the Parish Church, when Rev. R. M. —— officiated."—*Dundee Paper.*

Many parishes would prefer this to thunderbolts from the pulpit.

THE SERVANTS OF THE ROSE.

THE smiles of June, which sun my nose
And bronze it as they please,
Not only render adipose
The buds upon my China rose
But rouse the aphides.

So multifarious men to-day
In multifarious scenes
(From here perhaps to Paraguay)
Collaborate upon a spray
To give an aphis beans.

For ships on Caribbean seas
East of the Spanish Main,
Rolling to warm Jamaican quays,
Bring quassia wood from quassia trees
When they roll home again.

Mid Polynesia's tropic calm
The native loops a rope
And climbs with well-dissembled qualm
The many-cokernutted palm
In quest of stuff for soap.

And potash men provide for lye,
Potassium being what
They use when they saponify
To constitute soft-soap thereby,
Which sodium salts will not.

Of whom are some of little fame
Beyond my best surmise,
Indifferent to praise or blame;
But some I know quite well by name
Because they advertise.

In Persia Karun's ripples roll
Where men in shorts and shirt,
Stern, silent, stiff with self-control,
Go with a drill and bore a hole
In carboniferous dirt;

And crude petroleum floods the plain
And yet more men begin
A somewhat complicated train
Of distillation whence they gain
Perfected paraffin.

These in accord shall condescend,
Now that the pests prevail,
To aid me towards my lethal end:
For such ingredients I shall blend
With water in a pail,

And launch the lotion on my foes,
Douse them and they shall die;
For June, who gives the budding rose,
With balanced equity bestows,
To spoil the gilt, green-fly.

An Impending Apology.

". . . the Official Deceiver intimated that he would apply to the County Court."
Cheshire Paper.



Waitress (at ice-cream sundae specialist's). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, ARE YOU THE KNICKERBOCKER GLORY?"

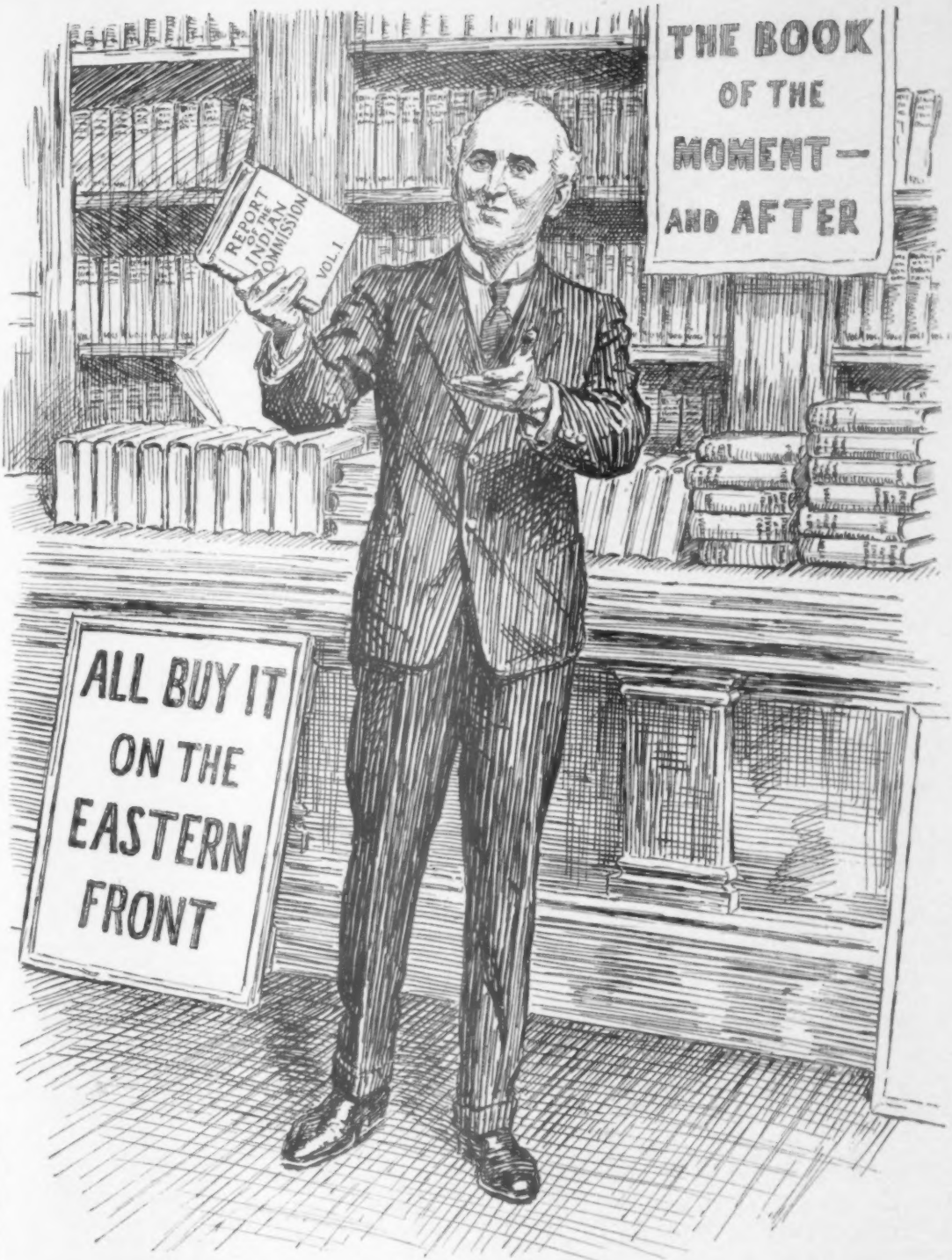


Aunt. "JOAN, YOU OUGHTN'T TO SHOUT 'HULLO' TO PEOPLE YOU DON'T KNOW."
Friendly little Girl. "BUT, WHEN I'VE SHOUTED 'HULLO' TO THEM, THEN I *DO* KNOW THEM."

THE CONVEYANCER'S MARRIAGE.

THESE ARTICLES OF MARRIAGE are made the Second day of June in the year One thousand nine hundred and thirty BETWEEN JOHN SCRIVENER of Parchment Buildings Lincoln's Inn Fields in the City of London Solicitor (hereinafter called "the Groom") of the one part and SARAH EUPHEMIA his Wife (hereinafter called "the Bride") of the other part WHEREAS the Groom having previously attained the age of twenty-one years and being ostensibly of sound memory and discretion and so far as the Bride was then aware free from incumbrances did on the First day of April make a proposal of marriage to the Bride AND WHEREAS the Bride knowing that a kind heart often beats beneath an unprepossessing exterior and being interested in the reclamation of the fallen and having regard to the post-war shortage of males did accept the said proposal AND WHEREAS it was agreed that after the solemnization of the then intended marriage the Groom and the Bride should enter into these Articles in manner hereinafter appearing AND WHEREAS the said marriage was duly solemnized on the First day of June in the year One thousand nine hundred and thirty NOW THIS DEED WITNESSETH as follows:—

1. IN consideration of the premises and of the covenants hereinafter contained and on the part of the Bride to be observed and performed the Groom hereby covenants with the Bride in manner following that is to say:—
   (*a*) That he will at all times hereafter love honour cherish comfort feed clothe buy hats for and listen to the Bride.
   (*b*) That in addition to the Bride he will at any time and at all times respect cherish welcome defer and bow down to her parents brothers sisters uncles aunts nephews nieces and other relations (if any).
   (*c*) That he will provide for the Bride an adequate home complete with roof walls floors windows bath (h. and c.) and all such things as are usual in homes having due regard to the proper social standing and dignity of the Bride and the comforts and amenities to which she has been accustomed.
   (*d*) That he will paint with two coats of oil paint in a workmanlike manner all the wood iron and other parts of the said home heretofore or usually painted as to the external work in every third year and as to the internal work in every seventh year the time in each case to be computed from the date hereof and on and after every internal painting will grain varnish distemper wash stop whiten and colour all such parts as have been previously so dealt with and will repaper with suitable paper the parts usually papered.
   (*e*) That he will during the continuance of the said marriage diligently pursue his calling of a Solicitor arriving at his Office punctually at nine A.M. and not leaving there until he shall have performed his daily labours to the satisfaction of his Clients Partners Managing Clerk and Typist and will not do any act of commission or omission whereby the maintenance of the said home shall or may be in jeopardy.
   (*f*) That he will not frequent American Bars Billiard Saloons Taverns



SIMON THE BEST-CELLARER.



Taxi-Driver (avoiding collision). "D' YOU WANT THE 'OLE —— ROAD TO YOURSELF?"
Damsel. "I 'VE AS MUCH —— RIGHT TO THE —— ROAD AS YOU HAVE."
Taxi-Driver. "BEG PARDON, LADY."

the Law Society's Rooms the Athenæum or other resorts of similar repute without the written consent of the Bride first had and obtained such consent however not to be unreasonably withheld.

(*g*) That he will not fall asleep within three hours from the conclusion of dinner.

(*h*) That he will not snore in bed.

(*i*) That he will during the continuance of the marriage make to the Bride an adequate allowance for the upkeep of the said home and the purchase of necessaries therefor PROVIDED ALWAYS that ales beers wines spirits cigars tobacco and cigarettes shall not be considered to be "necessaries" within the meaning of this clause and shall not be chargeable upon the said allowance.

2. IN consideration of the premises and of the covenants hereinbefore contained and on the part of the Groom to be observed and performed the Bride for herself and her successors in title and to the intent that these covenants shall run with the Groom and be binding upon any person into whosoever hands he shall come hereby covenants with the Groom as follows:—

(*a*) That she will at all times love honour obey respect admire and appreciate the humour of the Groom.

(*b*) That she will not during the continuance of the marriage absent herself from the said home except at the express request of the Groom such request however not to be unreasonably made.

(*c*) That she will not mortgage or assign the said allowance made her for the purposes of the maintenance of the home.

(*d*) That she will not assign sub-let or part with possession of the Groom.

(*e*) That she will not frequent Taverns Tea Shops Picture Palaces Milliners or Modistes without the consent of the Groom in writing first had and obtained such consent however not to be unreasonably withheld.

(*f*) That she will on the request of the Groom cook bake roast fry boil broil stew such foods meats fruits or vegetables as are usually cooked baked roasted fried boiled broiled stewed and will have such ready for his consumption at such time and in such places as he shall desire.

3. IN case either party hereto shall desire to determine the marriage and shall give six months' notice in writing to the other party of such his or her desire then immediately on the expiration of such notice the marriage and everything herein contained shall cease and be void but without prejudice to the rights and remedies of either party against the other in respect of any antecedent claim or breach of covenant.

IN WITNESS whereof the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first before written.

"STAGE PYJAMA SUIT IN TANGERINE."
Daily Paper.

We seem to remember others which would have gone into a nutshell.

"Who knows but that a masterpiece may be written in the room where once a blacksmith swung his anvil?"—*Eastbourne Paper.*

It all depends how much was left of the room.

ANOTHER FRANCO-ITALIAN IMBROGLIO.

THE Italian boat from Tunis was advertised to start for Palermo at six in the evening, and notice was printed on the tickets in four languages enjoining punctuality on the passengers. We simple Northern Europeans took the ticket at its word, but the Italians knew better. They began to assemble on the quay in batches at about half-past seven. Each *bona-fide* passenger was accompanied by an average of ten relations. The captain (from the bridge), the officers (from the upper decks), and the stewards (from the portholes) waved and screamed to acquaintances below, and in these difficult circumstances a social evening began to be conducted.

Half-an-hour later the Tunisian passengers with their families appeared and began holding a fair upon the unoccupied portion of the quay. Stalls and wheelbarrows distributed fish, fried liver and miscellaneous household goods. The sound of the local dog-fight Arabic mingled in the air with the language of DANTE, Neapolitan brand.

One of the traders, pushing a small cart containing earthenware of divers gaudy colours, attracted the special interest of the Italians, and soon nothing could be seen of the cart for a forest of waving arms. Presently the cart and its owner would again appear in view, while a short distance away some successful purchaser of a candlestick or a spittoon could be seen exhibiting his prize.

Meanwhile the captain, having delivered, at least three times each, all the messages he could think of, blew his horn and ordered the gangways to be lowered. It was now nearly nine o'clock, and the Tunisians who proposed to make the voyage grabbed fresh handfuls of liver and fish and leisurely climbed aboard, often pausing on the gangway to shout back a final witticism or exhortation. The Italians fell on each other's necks and joined in a general embrace, which, so far as I could judge, was a free-for-all affair, not limited to the departing.

Only one gangway now remained. On this the traffic was more than congested, with belated passengers striving to get on board and earlier arrivals finding they had still another message to communicate or yet another kiss to bestow. The captain from time to time sounded his horn, but there was no cessation of the opposing streams.

Amid this bustle I noticed that in front of the earthenware-merchant's cart stood a tall Italian, waving his arms and occasionally pointing to a pair of vases which lay among shavings. A titanic struggle was in progress, now the customer, now the retail potter, seeming to get the upper hand. The crowd took advantage of this free entertainment and obscured my view. I could now see nothing of the protagonists beyond the arms of the Italian when he raised them, as he did very often, and the fez of the crockmonger.



A DEVOTEE OF DEMETER.

AMONG THE OFFERINGS USUALLY MADE TO THE GODDESS OF AGRICULTURE WAS A PIG, AS AN EMBLEM OF FERTILITY.

[Mr. BALDWIN spoke on Whit-Monday about the Conservative agricultural policy.]

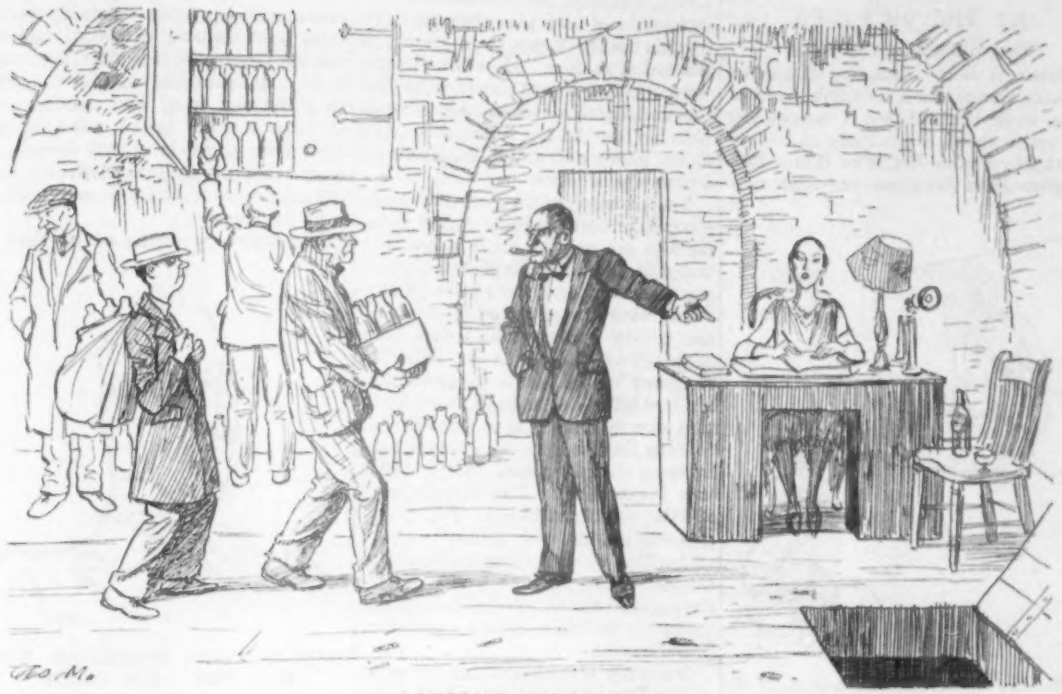
It was then that I came to divine the reason why the fez, which carries only a truncated rat-tail of a tassel in Algeria, exhibits a caudal development as one moves east as far as Tripoli. At Tunis the tassel is about two feet long and responds delicately to every movement of the wearer's head. When the wearer is nodding amiably in the Oriental fashion from side to side, the tassel swings in graceful undulating curves. But if the wearer is stirred to strong negation and rigid firmness, the tassel describes straight uncompromising whip-strokes which are very likely to flick the antagonist across the nose, if he is foolish enough to come within tassel-shot. In Algeria the natives are less addicted to gesture and could make no efficient use of a horse-tail on the head. Now I understand the whole system.

Soon the captain's desire for Palermo and home began to get the better of him. He honked again, he caused noises to be made in the engine-room and he gave orders to stop the stream of passengers leaving the boat. The gangway emptied and the dockhands made a feint to lower it. They made no serious attempt, however, for all eyes were on the duel. From the boat and from one side of the quay advice was shouted to Amilcare, which it seemed was the tall Italian's name. From the other side of the quay rose a low guttural murmur of support, which the vase-vendor's tassel acknowledged with a dignified bow.

The tussle continued. One of Amilcare's hands could be seen holding aloft two coins, while the other indulged in frantic gymnastic exercises with its fingers. The tassel replied vigorously, sweeping to and fro in lightning flicks and condemnation of Amilcare's proposal. But gradually its movement grew less abrupt, shifted from *con brio* to *allegro* and, after a short set-back into *pizzicato*, settled down to a steady *andante*. The crowd drew back to allow a view of the tradesman's beaming face as he accepted three coins with the grace of an alderman receiving the freedom of the City. A chorus of "*Brava*" ascended from one side, while from the other came the magnified sound of a person talking coaxingly to a cat. The Tunisians were expressing their approval. The affair had ended in a general glow of satisfaction. The captain gave three hoots of finality and the docksters really set themselves to lower the gangway as soon as Amilcare should have mounted.

But when, halfway up the incline, Amilcare was pausing to acknowledge the plaudits of his compatriots a demoniac yell rent the atmosphere. The seller of the vases, having bitten unsuccessfully on two of Amilcare's coins, had felt his teeth meet through the third. He merely shouted a few words, tersely describing Amilcare's ancestry, and as though by magic the whole atmosphere changed, gay faces became rigid and the Tunisians looked like men who had just heard the jehad preached.

Amilcare hurried to escape with his booty. He put on speed and leaped nimbly up the rest of the gangway. But



LONDON'S UNDERWORLD.

THE MASTER CRIMINAL WHO ORGANISES WHOLESALE THEFTS OF MILK-BOTTLES FROM DOORSTEPS.

in his haste he tripped over the edge and landed prone on the deck, the vases being dashed from his hands into a million pieces. A groan of deep content and thankfulness to Allah for his ready retribution arose from the Tunisian side, a wail of despair from unredeemed Italy. A moment later the gangway fell.

As the ship drew away the Italians, momentarily abashed, began to sing "Giovanezza" in smouldering style. The vase-vendor received the condolences of his fellows, who glared threateningly at the friends of the alleged passer of forged currency. I could hear Amilcare's defenders opposing to the accusation the theory that the bitten coin was not Amilcare's but a substitute kept for the purpose. They suggested searching the potter's person for further substitutes. The potter appeared to resist the proposal.

As the boat moved away the sounds grew gradually fainter. Then a dozen Senegalese soldiers, smiling like animated advertisements of tooth-powder, filed across the quay with fixed bayonets and stood in a line immobile. A sudden silence fell. Before we were out of sight the quay was empty.

And on deck sat Amilcare, a broken figure, shedding bitter and copious tears over some fragments of rather crude earthenware. E. P. W.

In a Good Cause.

ON July 7th at the Savoy Hotel the PRINCE OF WALES will take the Chair at a dinner to be held on behalf of the National Union of Students.

This Union was started in 1922, and its object, non-political and non-sectarian, is to bring the students of our Universities and University Colleges into contact with the students of the Dominions and of Europe. It is one of thirty-nine units comprised in the Confédération Internationale des Étudiants, which has a membership of eight hundred thousand. By the interchange of hospitality the students of these units are enabled to see other countries under the most favourable and economic conditions, to study local problems and compare views on matters affecting the interests in which they are individually interested—Agriculture, Art, Botany, Education, Geology, Medicine.

The National Union of Students serves two great purposes. "Imperially"—in the words of its President, Lord CECIL—"it binds the students of the Dominions in a common understanding and loyalty with those of the Mother Country. Internationally, it seeks to promote a better understanding between the students of the Empire and those of other countries."

That it emphasises a growing need is shown by the fact that its "turn-over" has risen in eight years from some £450 to over £21,000. The students themselves and their Universities have supplied its revenue; but their activities are crippled by the lack of any form of endowment. It is essential that £30,000 should be raised for the building of a National and Imperial Headquarters in London and to provide an Establishment Fund for the extension of hospitality.

The appeal has the support of many public men, including the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. BALDWIN, Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Lord GREY, Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY. It has lost by death two good friends in Lord BALFOUR and Dr. NANSEN. The trustees are Lord CLARENDON, Lord CHELMSFORD and Mr. REGINALD MCKENNA; the Honorary Treasurers, Sir HARRY GOSCHEN and Sir WILLIAM PLENDER.

Mr. Punch hopes that his readers will show practical sympathy with this good cause for which the PRINCE OF WALES is to appeal at the dinner on July 7th, and will send donations to the Chairman's List.

Gifts should be addressed to the Honorary Treasurers, the National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C. 1.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE ALPS AND THE WAR.

SINCE it is a peculiarity of cinema theatre programmes to think more of next week than of this, I cannot say as much about the history of the remarkable Alpine film, *The White Hell of Pitz Palu* (hundred-per-cent not-



Exacting Fan (as avalanche is depicted). "I DO HOPE THEY 'RE NOT DUMMIES."

talking) as I should like to; for when I turned to the pages that naturally should be informative I found that they were occupied by the glories of a forthcoming event. I cannot tell therefore exactly where Pitz Palu raises its minatory head; all I can say is that it is the most formidable member of a chain of snow mountains, and its White Hell is an abyss in one of its perpendicular sides known as the North Wall.

For some reason, unexplained except by Alpine fever, it is the uncontrollable desire of all honeymooners sojourning on the lower slopes of Pitz Palu to scale the North Wall during their period of bliss, even without training. When *Dr. Krafft* and his *Maria* did so in 1928, his *Maria* was lost in the North Wall chasm, and ever since then the *Doctor* haunted the place in a fruitless endeavour to find her. On the night that the play begins two other lovers were occupying the climbers' hut, and when they found that the invading *Doctor* intended to attack the North Wall once again on the following day, although warned by the guide that the avalanche season had opened, they insisted on joining him.

All very improbable; but it is not the plot that matters, it is the amazing photography. No one who is at all under the fascination of the Playground of Europe (as LESLIE STEPHEN called it) should miss this wonderful film, in which, although the foolhardiness and intrepidity of man play their part, the terrible beauty of mountain scenery is the real attraction. How the pictures were obtained I have no notion, or how the undauntable camera-man escaped with his life. All honour must be given to Dr. FANCK and Mr. G. W. PABST for a unique production.

The assumption that that which made a popular novel must also make a popular film can now be really adequately tested, for the million English and American readers of *All Quiet on the Western Front* have the opportunity of seeing the screen version which has been prepared for them from it. Whether Germany has its own home-grown REMARQUE talkie I cannot say, but the version now in London is so American as to be to English ears—or at any rate to mine—a sharp surprise. Why? What was I expecting? I hadn't thought, and therefore I don't know. But, thinking the matter over calmly since, I realise that whatever tongue other than German was employed would equally have caused me to recoil. Except the tongues of neutrals—Dutch, Spanish or Scandinavian.

Naturally, since America makes most of the films and consumes most of the films, it is right and proper that when translations are needed they should be made into American. But this is right and proper only when the stories that are translated are stories of peace. When they are stories of the War it becomes a totally different matter. That is my point. That is why when, in the screen



A BEAUTY-SPOT FOR HONEY-MOONERS.

version of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, the professor calls on the students to become "Iron Youths," and one after the other they fall under the spell of his passionate eloquence and enlist, it is such a shock to find them all expressing their loyalty and purpose in the accents of Hollywood. I should probably have been equally disturbed had the accents been those of Elstree, the reason being that dramas of the War conceived in a German mind and dealing with German soldiers ought not—at any rate when there is actual speech—to be enacted by performers drawn from the nations whom those German soldiers were fighting.

The corollary seems to be that all



THE MILITANT PROFESSOR WHO WAS NOT "ALL QUIET."

English and American versions of REMARQUE'S classic would be a mistake, unless of course they were silent. So there you are. As, however, among its myriad readers I am a rather too exacting unit, I feel sure that the American talkie now on view will please more than disappoint its supporters.

E. V. L.

THE EARLY MIDGE.

SCARCELY has the laggard summer
Taught the bud to be a rose,
Ere I feel you, blithe new-comer,
Lightly landing on my nose;
Almost I am sentimental,
Howsoever you annoy,
Since I know you're incidental
To all sorts of summer joy.

As you tickle, shall I swat you
On my nose's tender ridge,
With an ogre cry of "Got you!"
Or show mercy to a midge
Who's perhaps an ace, a trier,
An example to his clan
As a gallant lonely flier,
First to taste this season's Man?

Temerarious speck, I puff you
Thus from my proboscis' tip;
Go unhurt—that gust should show you
Yours has been a risky trip;
Go and, grateful, tell your legions
Forage elsewhere should be found;
Say that these are dangerous regions,
I a fatal landing-ground! W. K. H.



Wireless Fiend. "NOW WHAT STATION WOULD YOU LIKE?"
Victim. "THE ONE YOU GET OUT AT."

SEA CHANGE.

THERE was fog off the Foreland, white as wool, and Billy he says, says he,
"If ever I win the Calcutta Sweep, a thing as might easy be,
I'll build me an 'ouse down Ramsgate way, as near to the drink 's I can get
Without an 'igh tide comin' inside an' makin' the doormat wet;
So 's I can lay in the blankets o' nights when the Foreland fog-'orn 's goin'
And 'ear 'im blarin' the 'ole night long an' the steamers' sirens blowin',
An' think o' the bosun rousin' the watch with a voice as 'd wake the dead—
'Jump now, ye sogers, rise an' shine!' . . . an' say as I turn in my bed,
'Now ain't you glad, young feller me lad, now ain't you glad you 're 'ere,
As warm an' snug as a bug in a rug, with plenty o' pals an' beer,
An' not out there wi' the fog in your eyes an' the drizzle drenchin' you through,
Like them poor divvles o' sailormen wot ain't as lucky as you?'"

Off o' the Lizard she shipped 'em green, and Billy these words did say,
"When I get spliced to a widder with cash, which I mean to be some day,
We 'll settle down in a snug little pub, will me and my blushing bride,
An' where it may be don't matter to me so long as it 's waterside;
So 's when it 's blowin' a beast o' a gale an' snowin' as well may be
I can lay in the sheets like a bloomin' lord and think o' the ships at sea,
An' the fellers fistin' the topsails down when they 're stiff wi' the frozen spray,
Or flounderin' round in the flooded waist' . . . an' just turn over and say,
'Now ain't you glad, young feller me lad, you 're anchored safe ashore,
Instead o' fightin' with frozen sails the same as you used before,
Instead o' haulin' on sodden ropes with a thunderin' surf alee,
Like them poor divvles o' sailormen as keeps on going to sea?'"

Down in the Tropics she logged it fine, and Billy he says, says he,
"You may talk as you like o' your berths ashore, but this is the sort for me;
'Gimme a trick at the wheel,' says he, 'an' the flyin'-fish an' the spray,
I wouldn't swop for a fried-fish shop or a pub down Ratcliff Way;
For it 's grand to feel the sun on your neck an' the wheel-spokes warm to your 'and,
An' think o' fellers trampin' around in the cold an' the rain on land,
An' 'ear the same ole steady ole Trade as he shoves the ole barkey along
In shrouds an' backstays an' topsail sheets a-singin' the same ole song,
'Now ain't you glad, young feller me lad, now ain't you glad you 're 'ere,
Without no wife to trouser your pay an' leave you a bob for beer?
Now ain't you glad, young feller me lad, you signed an' sailed once more,
Instead o' trudgin' around in the wet like them poor divvles ashore?'"

C. F. S.

AT THE PLAY.

"PETTICOAT INFLUENCE" (ST. MARTIN'S).

THE governorship of the island of Ardah in the Pacific is vacant. *Dick Chalfont* (Mr. FRANK ALLENBY) is obviously *the* one man for the job. *Lord Darnaway* (Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR), an influential and cynical member of the Cabinet (portfolio and colour of politics not specified), at the instance of his Countess, recommends her uncle, the brainless and impecunious *viveur*, *Lord Algernon Raytoun* (Mr. MORTON SELTEN), for the position, a shameless piece of inverted nepotism about which he has distinct qualms. *Peggy Chalfont* (Miss DIANA WYNYARD), *Dick's* capable, ambitious and, where her man's interests are concerned, unscrupulous, wife, guessing that *Darnaway's* secretary, *Reggie Melcombe* (Mr. ROBERT HOLMES), is the lover of *Lady Darnaway* (Miss JANE MILLICAN), contrives to let her know, without putting the matter crudely into words, that it will be as well if the appointment of *Lord Algernon*, not yet announced, is definitely cancelled.

From this opening Mr. NEIL GRANT works out with considerable resource and invention, in a bright idiom sufficiently yet not too obtrusively garnished with epigram, and with quite plausible characterisation, a very pretty game of cross-purposes. *Lady Darnaway* now implores her husband to secure the appointment of *Chalfont*—on patriotic grounds. The *Earl*, accurately gauging the depths of his shallow lady's patriotism, at once assumes from her change of front that he has the explanation of something which has been long troubling him. He knows that his wife has a lover. He now has his finger on the man. Very well, *Chalfont* shall have his governorship and go off into exile, while he consoles himself with the pretty *Peggy*, in whom he has already shown considerable interest. That chaste minx, now willing to play any part that will give her husband what he wants, suffers this misunderstanding to continue till the appointment is formally offered and accepted.

I have given here a heavy and dull account of a very engaging and ingeniously-woven affair. *Peggy's* diplomacy is of the most difficult. She has, being a sportsman, to safeguard the embarrassing secret of *Reggie*, her friend, and of the *Countess*, her adversary; to prevent her husband, a man of honour and nice scruples about wire-pulling, from discovering her hand in this business. He does in fact discover enough to make him withdraw his acceptance. But he doesn't know how high or low she has played, and is cajoled by her, with the embarrassed assistance of the now deflated *Darnaway*, who doesn't want to look ridiculous and has abjectly apologised to *Chalfont* for his suspicions, to withdraw his withdrawal. The spluttering *Lord Algernon* is fobbed off with a soft job in International Waterways, and even this he loses in the end to the astute *Reggie*, who has long had his eye on it, and is left with his highly-involved financial and love affairs.

The comedy is swiftly, smoothly and cleverly played and makes its points so clearly that I much regretted the unnecessary declination to over-broad farce at the end. Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR, who up to that point had given us a very attractive, quietly humorous study of the cynical peer, then took the bit between his teeth. Clearly the author in writing had slipped into farcical mood as his situations became just a little too involved and absurd for plausible solution. But the too broad touch had the effect of a patch and seemed to destroy the integrity of the affair. It isn't as if we hadn't taken the humour of it all easily, and indeed I don't think the extra laughs that were scored by the over-elaborate despatch-box manner of the apologising *Earl* were of as sound a quality as those which preceded them.

Miss WYNYARD employed, without abusing them, her gifts of producing the attractive *moue*, the eloquent shrug, the stifled laugh at the appropriate moment. Mr. HOLMES gave us another careful study of one of those not quite satisfactory but extremely plausible young men in whom he specialises. Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS' magnificently unveracious account of a telephone call and one look, discreet but all-comprehending, at one of his master's visitors, proved his *Talbot* to be a butler of parts.

We thought we had caught the author carelessly working off on us that old wheeze of the hurried and unnecessary concealment of one of his young women behind the curtain. But he used the incident so cleverly and got her out again with such adroitness and inevitability that we more than forgave him.

A high-spirited, competent and wholesome affair, not lacking wit or spice. T.



LONGER PETTICOAT INFLUENCE.

The Countess of Darnaway	MISS JANE MILLICAN.
Peggy Chalfont	MISS DIANA WYNYARD.
The Earl of Darnaway	SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR.
Reginald Melcombe	MR. ROBERT HOLMES.
Richard Chalfont	MR. FRANK ALLENBY.

"THE COMMAND TO LOVE" (DALY'S).

This highly-seasoned and elaborately-moulded piece of Viennese pastry has taken seven cooks to prepare and serve it—RUDOLF LOTHAR and FRITZ GOTTWALD, original makers; HERMAN BERNSTEIN and BRIAN MARLOW, adapters; BERNARD MERIVALE, reviser; GRAHAM BROWNE and NORMAN LORING, producers.

"The action of the play takes place in the capital city of the kingdom of Tierra di Buena Esperanza, during the Greek Calends"—so we need not expect too literal a transcript from life. Much concern is shown by the Ambassador from the Republic of Nullepart, for that the new military attaché, *Gaston, Marquis du Saint Lac*, shows himself exceedingly neglectful of his primary duties. It is the diplomatic tradition of Nulle-

part that friendly relations with the Esperanzans are best maintained by elaborate and intimate courtesies to their women, and that in particular the shortest way to persuade the King's Ministers to a given course of action favourable to the Republic is to seduce their wives. In general the Esperanzans, a romantic and sensitive race, expect something of the sort. And indeed the ascetic life led by the new personable Attaché is becoming something of a scandal and a source of grave disquiet to the Ambassador. "Our gallant allies are not accustomed to be flouted in this way. The continued insult of your studied neglect may produce serious diplomatic complications. See to it that you mend your conduct. The Republic demands it of you." The embarrassed *Marquis* makes what excuses he can but is unable to promise serious amendment.

We are not, of course, at all surprised that the next lady to come into the room falls languishingly into his arms and is embraced with profound relish and the technique of an expert. She happens, not unnaturally, to be the Ambassador's wife and fanatically possessive. Her *Gaston* must not visit or dance with or even glance at another woman. If he fails her there are certain letters which shall be shown to the Ambassador. Yes, she will even do a thing like that rather than let him go.

Meanwhile a political crisis is developing. The War Minister of Buena Esperanza, an honest and uxorious blockhead, is against a certain colonial policy. The instructions to the military Attaché become explicit. The reluctant Minister must be persuaded in the traditional manner.

The Attaché having caught an encouraging glimpse of the lady indicated in his orders is by no means reluctant, and the *clou* of this edifying piece is the friendly duel between the *Marquis* (Mr. RONALD SQUIRE) and *Doña Manuela* (Miss YVONNE ARNAUD) which occupies the second Act. With what virtuous reluctance the lady crosses the threshold of the Attaché's discreet apartment; with what cleverly assumed air of injured innocence spurns his carefully graduated advances with just sufficient vehemence not to discourage further effort; with what intriguing byplay of shy approach and coy retirement she controls the tempo of this delicious and exciting interlude; with what genuine alarm for her threatened reputation retires behind the sound-proof doors of the inner room when the bell heralds the successive visits of her husband, of the Ambassador, and of the Ambassador's wife; with what a chal-



DIPLOMATIC AMENITIES.

Duce de Munaterra MR. JULIAN ROYCE.
The Ambassador from Nullepart . . MR FREDERICK CULLEY.

lenging air she wears the Picasso-designed pyjamas which in one of her retirements she has ventured to try on; and finally what gay and conscienceless and predetermined surrender she makes on the very eve of the day when she is to be awarded the medal of the International Society to Preserve the Sanctity of Marriage, the securing of which by the kind offices of the *Marquis du Saint Lac*, who has a brother on the committee, was the object of the worthy War Minister's recent visit—all this those who know the range of Miss YVONNE ARNAUD's art can well imagine.



AN ATTACHÉ'S ATTACHMENTS.

Marie Anne . . . . . MISS ISOBEL ELSOM.
Marquis du Saint Lac . . MR. RONALD SQUIRE.
Manuela . . . . . MISS YVONNE ARNAUD.

And of the other part you can guess the quiet resourcefulness of Mr. SQUIRE's technique of approach, retirement and encirclement; the smooth glibness of his explanations to his inconvenient visitors—a comprehensive manual of "alibis" for the professional gallant could be compiled from this scene—the convincing air of innocence or assumed stupidity; the assured confidence in and the complacent acceptance of victory.

Just as the First Act was no more than a prelude, the Third is a more or less perfunctory epilogue, in which the business of hoodwinking husbands and outwitting jealous abandoned lovers is quickly rounded off.

Décor and dressing were excellent, supplementary players adequate, Miss ISOBEL ELSOM as the *Ambassador's* jealous possessive wife, and Mr. ALEXANDER SARNER as the cynical father of a shameless young thing, were something more than that.

We all laughed heartily and eased our consciences by reminding ourselves that these highly reprehensible things could only happen on the shameless Continent and during the Greek Calends. The New Restoration drama is digging itself well in. T.

DO IT NOW.

(From a Los Angeles Correspondent.)

THERE are many difficulties in life for the dwellers in Los Angeles, and some of these difficulties continue after death, if one can believe the realtors. It appears that the graveyards are so full that, if people have not had the foresight to secure six feet of earth, cremated they must be.

"Ye can't efford to putt it aff till yer dead—ye jest can't. No, Me'em," said a man who was trying to sell me a grave the other day. "Here's a fine an' dendy wan; a wunnerful bargain; holds two easy, an' three et a pinch."

It happened this way. I got a letter which began:—"As we look back over our lives we recall when a good suggestion has brought us many hours of content and protection." And it

ended by offering to send me two booklets, free of charge, one entitled *Before Need*; the other, *Truth about Burial Customs and Costs.*

Now, booklets free of charge are my joy, so I posted him his stamped card. That was after dinner, and at nine-thirty next morning a young man was in our parlour. He was the representative of a vurry luvely cemetary, an' his auto wuz at the door. Would I drive out with him an' see the cemetary, and—well, just *see* it? No abligation; jest a pleasant drive to a wunnerful spat.

By ten-thirty I was there.

But there was nothing doing; just scenery. No graves under simply thousands of dollars. I told him there must be a cheaper spat found for me or else I must remain above-ground. He was hurt at my levity. I don't wonder, for a more reckless driver than that young man I have yet to meet.

He passed me on to a mortician. I asked his prices. They were huge, but then he was mortician to all the best movie-stars' husbands, so he had the ball at his fut, as he himself said.

"Ah hire them thur mournin's fur the efternoon," he said. "Crape to surround a star, to fair swaller 'er up, delivered at her home and called fur next day is just a hundred dallers. Course I hev gane 's fur 's a thousand an' gat it back in purfect condition; still, thet wuz a vurry special case. She made all the plans three weeks in advance, and the crape came from Parrus by air. None of them stars wants to keep their mournin's in their home. Kind o' unlucky, they say."

In the local newspaper that morning there had been a headline: "Morticians Frolic at Long Beach." Well they might.

However, though I was useless as "a prospect," my young man drove me home again as recklessly as before. As we parted he said a sinister thing: "Remember, Me'em, ef people don't get ready beforehand, when the time comes and they 've gat to buy, their sales resistance is apt to be vurry, vurry poor."

The Gerber Star had an odd advertisement lately. "Ten cents a line will be charged for all obituary notices to all business men who do not advertise in *The Star* while living. Delinquent subscribers will be charged fifteen cents a line for an obituary notice. Advertisers and cash subscribers will receive as good a send-off as we are capable of writing, without any charge whatever. Better send in your advertisements and pay up your subscriptions as bug-cholera is abroad in the land."

". . . guests were received by footmen in red plus breeches."—*Indian Paper.*

Ah, but plus how many?

NAVAL GADGETS.

ONE of the great advantages of serving in a really modern ship is that it possesses a complete telephone system. Every office and most cabins have an instrument, and somewhere, tucked away in the bowels of the ship, there is an exchange and an operator.

It has often been a matter for speculation what are the principles upon which telephone operators are selected ashore. On board, however, the matter is not in doubt for one moment. Suppose, for instance, that an operator is to be detailed from the Foretop Division, it is not to be expected that Lieutenant Blank, the officer in charge of that division, is going to detail Able Seaman A (who is his most efficient deck-scrubber and most zealous brightwork-polisher), nor yet Able Seaman B (who is the mainstay of the divisional office) for a job which will mean that he is never going to see them again. No; what he does do is to walk along the ranks of his division until he spots Ordinary Seaman C, whose lack of forehead, gaping mouth and general vacuity of expression indicate an almost total absence of grey matter, and that man will be detailed for telephone operator. If he happens to suffer from adenoids and an impediment in his speech as well, those are of course additional natural qualifications for the post.

In spite of this it does sometimes happen that one establishes telephonic communication with the person one wants to talk to. After all there are only about one-hundred-and-fifty numbers on the switchboard, so the sea-going operator has not the infinite variety of wrong numbers to choose from that his brother (or sister) ashore has. In consequence, by the law of chances, he is bound to hit the right number sometimes.

Besides, one gets accustomed with experience to discovering immediately to what part of the ship one has actually been connected without waiting for a reply. For instance, you ask for the Ward-Room Ante-Room, wishing to speak to a messmate. If you hear "BXQ 'oist. 'And me a long pad. Where 's that —— boy?" you 've got the Signal Bridge. If you get a musical fragment by a high-powered male-choir, it 's the Stokers' Mess Deck. And should you hear nothing but rhythmic snores it 's a pound to a button that you are on to the Chaplain's Cabin. In any of which cases you can ring off at once, moisten the lips and start afresh.

It is no good getting angry and abusing the operator. He wins every time. The Naval telephone instrument, you see, is not fitted with a bell, but with a very powerful buzzer—the sort of thing that they let fly in factories at noon to remind the workmen of their lunch-pails. The practical-joke department of the Admiralty has fitted the buzzer in the earpiece of the instrument, and this constitutes the operator's chance of revenge. You call him a useless ullage; he performs on the buzzer and you wake up in the sick-bay with a severe concussion and a perforated ear-drum.

On the rare occasions when the ship lies alongside a dockyard they connect our telephone up with the shore exchange, the theory being that you can then ring up any part of the ship from the town and *vice-versa*. This facility was recently the undoing of Lieutenant Dash.

Lieutenant Dash is a very keen student of the theatrical art as represented by the local music-halls. This means that he often does not return to the ship at night until after the ward-room bar has closed. In order to avoid the resulting dearth of refreshment he has for long been in the habit of ordering a whisky-and-soda and sandwiches to be placed in his cabin to await his return, a proceeding which is contrary to the law and the prophets.

A few nights ago he went ashore as usual and it was not until he was well into the town that it struck him that he had forgotten to give his customary order to the steward. He bethought himself of the telephone, rang up the ship and asked for the ward-room pantry. The line was bad and he could hear little, but, as soon as he was sure that someone had answered, he roared out, "Lieutenant Dash speaking. Put a whisky-and-soda and some sandwiches in my cabin before you close the bar." He repeated this twice, hung up and went on his way rejoicing.

When he got to his cabin that night there were the sandwiches and there was the whisky. It struck him as a little peculiar that the plate was of the very recognisable fluted pattern which is not supplied to ward-rooms but only to captains. That fact sank in slowly, but he did not fully realise the situation until he noticed a folded chit on the top of the whisky-glass. This he opened and read:—

"The Commanding Officer presents his compliments to Lieutenant Dash and hopes he will enjoy his supper. The Commanding Officer further hopes that he and Lieutenant Dash will have an early opportunity of discussing their apparently varying interpretations of the exact meaning of Article 107842 of the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions."



Square-Leg. "HOW 'S THAT, COLLINS?"
His Chauffeur. "PRACTICALLY SIMULTANEOUS, SIR."

RHYMING HINTS FOR FORTY-EIGHT WOULD-BE LAUREATES.

["It was not who was to be made Poet Laureate of England that was the real question. . . . The great problem is to prevent the election of forty-eight Poet Laureates of the Legislatures of the forty-eight American States. . . . What a test case for competition! In rhyming, Tennessee, Delaware, Kentucky, Oregon, Illinois, Washington, Arkansas, Maine, Idaho have obvious advantages; New York (pork, fork), Georgia (Borgia), Ohio (So shy, O), Indiana (banana) seem limited: Massachusetts, Texas, Virginia, Mississippi are almost hopeless."—*The Saturday Review of Literature* (*New York*).]

IF you would be the minstrel of the State of Mississippi,
Don't hesitate to laud the works of Fra FILIPPO LIPPI;
But, if you 'd be the laureate of the ladies of Missouri,
You mustn't fail to say that everyone of them 's a houri
Or leave unsung their *teretes*, their *sericatæ suræ*.

For the State of Minnesota the immigration quota
Is a better theme for rhyming than the pastime of *pelota*;
And this remark applies as well to North and South Dakota.
While the hustling bustling vigour that is found in
Oklahoma
Suggests a happy contrast with the Mother Country's coma.

Then, if you 'd wish to gain the solid suffrages of Tennessee,
Be sure to make some reference to the vintages of
HENNESSY;
And, if impelled to celebrate the dignity of Delaware,
You may contrive to indicate its citizens are well aware
How wonderful the exploits of the famous youth of Pella
were.

But, if your choice should be to voice the merits of
Nebraska,
Lug in somehow a reference to the lean and hungry Casca,
And, anyhow, compare its claims with that of bleak Alaska.

Only an artist who has seen the paintings in the Prado
Can render fitting justice to the charms of Colorado;
Only a good Pacificist, the foe of martial mania,
Knows why the Penn is mightier than the Sword in
Pennsylvania;
Only a Spanish scholar can recognize in Kansas
The home of modern Quixotes and of local Sancho Panzas.

C. L. G.

"ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

Tug-of-War—130 tons R.A.F. Championship."—*Scots Paper.*

What buoyant souls our intrepid fliers must have!

"The rococo outline of the Taj Mahal and the glowing towers and minarets of Malabar Hill gladden the eye as one nears Bombay. . . ."
Article in Liverpool Paper.

It would take a very glad eye indeed to distinguish even a rococo outline at six hundred miles.

". . . The quaking procession of men and women, on foot, with others on horseback and in carts, set forth solemnly like a caravanserai across the desert, praying that the sands would not shift. . . ."
Wireless Paper.

As the Arabian aphorism says, "When the pub moves, move too."



The Other Man's Chauffeur. "IF YOU 'RE THINKING OF SACKING YOUR CHAUFFEUR OVER THIS, SIR, MAY I APPLY FOR THE SITUATION? I 'M—ER—FREE NOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE dozen short stories of which *The Gates of Paradise* (CASSELL, 7/6) is the first are good examples of Mr. ROBERT HICHENS' vein, which personally I almost prefer to see exhibited in this summary fashion. Mr. HICHENS is to my mind the better for limitations—very few keen craftsmen are not. Even the distinct leaning towards one theme, noticeable in the present collection, leaves you captivated by the virtuosity that can execute such effortless variations on one air. Nine tales are in one way or another connected with strange confessions or avowals of identity; yet they are all different either in setting or atmosphere and owe a marked heightening of interest to both accessories. My own first favourite is "Old Jo"—even though I guessed *Old Jo's* secret in mid-career. At the opposite pole to "Old Jo's" kindly jocosities comes "Saturday Night," with its cruelly plausible tragedy of a young playwright debauched by success. These are perhaps the most spirited of the stories with a native setting; of those that owe something of their glamour to Egypt, the finest, I think, is "The Grip." This provides an impressive picture of a tempest in the Sahara, in the midst of which the narrator, shut up in a native inn, becomes acquainted with the dramatic past of an exiled compatriot. "The Cure," also Egyptian in setting, is the most subtle example of Mr. HICHENS' confessional range. The weakest is, I feel, "The Middle-Man," in which a prison chaplain by disavowing his professional functions is rendered the acceptable confidant of a condemned prisoner.

"The civilian public," says Mr. B. H. LIDDELL HART, "is apt to trust soldiers too little in peace and sometimes too much in war," and this dictum pretty well summarises his attitude throughout a rather impressive study—*The Real War* (FABER AND FABER, 12/6). He is not concerned so much with the trials and heroism of the fighting troops, or even with gains of territory and balance-sheets of casualties, as with the psychological reaction of the various High Commands to the shock of disaster or the energy of their mental response to a changing situation. The real victory of the Marne took place, he is pretty sure, in the mind of General GALLIÉNI when he immediately envisaged a flank attack on learning of VON KLUCK's swing inward, and Germany was beaten when—and because—LUDENDORFF was thrown off his balance by the "black" eighth day of August. Mr. HART, in a straightforward and well-jointed account of the swaying of the battle-fronts, recurs again and again to the value of surprise, and has far more to say of golden opportunities missed than of Napoleonic moments captured. If he did not express himself often so dogmatically as to evoke a healthy resistance he might even make one inclined to believe not only that MOLTKE and FALKENHAYN were invaluable pro-Ally assets but even that FOCH and HAIG were pretty ordinary mortals stumbling along from blundering experiment to stiff-necked tragedy; while, on the other hand, some of our politicians and amateur strategists were stouter fellows than they have been allowed to think themselves for many a long day.

Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD has strong opinions about the road Europe is travelling, and he clearly dislikes politicians of the Extreme Left. In *Storm Over Europe* (BENN, 8/6) he has invented a kingdom of his own in the Near East as a stage on which to expose the follies of his enemies. Cisalpania, however, is a republic when the story opens, for the last male of the House of Mittelsbach, says the prologue, had been turned out of the country by a bloodless revolution in the autumn of 1912, and *Paul Michaelson*, that respectable Liberal leader, is in power. But *Ruysdael*, head of the People's Party, and *D'Alvarez*, who holds a watching brief,

so to speak, on behalf of the Royalists, are the two who will shortly come to grips in the second (and not quite bloodless) revolution of 1928. To find a *raison d'être* for his party, *D'Alvarez* has first to discover his Princess, with whom he naturally falls in love; so that we have in effect another *Rupert of Hentzau*, with modern accessories like machine-guns and aeroplanes, and a silent but extremely competent General of British extraction who directs the revolution with the precision of a German conductor. *Storm Over Europe* is readable, interesting and out of the common, written by an author who really has a point that he wants to drive home, and it contains eloquence, irony and romance in almost equal proportions.

Colonel S. G. GOLDSCHMIDT writes
With a wit and force
That whets our stable appetites
The Fellowship of the Horse,
A *Country Life* book which one picks
Up everywhere for twelve-and-six.

Here the budding horseman can
Learn a tidy lot
Of all the arts equestrian,
Of how to ride, how not,
Of how, in fact, *au fait* to be
With his steed's psychology;

While the author tells him true
Of hunters he has found
Good or bad, of ponies too
For the polo ground,
And eke of tinier sorts that Dad
Buys for little lass or lad.

Now I've but to recommend
The COLONEL'S best book yet
All about the horse, our friend,
And to name my debt
To SIMPSON (CHARLES), who, only look,
Illustrates this happy book.

Most of us, I suppose, owe what knowledge we possess of the Mormons to an early best-seller by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. It is therefore only fair to allow Mrs. SUSA YOUNG GATES, one of the twenty-nine daughters of the Mormons' most redoubtable pioneer, to put *The Life Story of Brigham Young* (JARROLDS, 18/-) on a more historical footing. Maintaining, and I think rightly, that the colonising of North America has always owed more to religious fanaticism than to a spirit of secular adventure, Mrs. GATES gives a temperate and convincing picture of the Mormon subjugation of Utah. BRIGHAM YOUNG, originally a New England cabinet-maker, succeeded the assassinated founder, JOSEPH SMITH. He deliberately led his Latter-Day Saints to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, asserting that a site so bleak was unlikely to be contested by other pioneers. Here he set to work by means of a magnificent system of irrigation and a bizarre but successful social and sanitary policy to make the desert fruitful and populous. Mrs. GATES explains the notorious doctrine of plural marriages as a sort of Schopenhauerish concession to spirits waiting "on the other side"; but it is easy to see how a system so patriarchal flourished under such patriarchal circumstances. Indeed BRIGHAM YOUNG's blend of religion, agriculture and the cult of the family, if a little eclectic, strikes me as having, as Dr. JOHNSON would say, a bottom of sound sense. His daughter's account of it is modestly and capably put together and makes eloquent use of contemporary diaries and photographs.

Life must be a difficult business for Mr. HUGH SCOTT and, if I may hazard a guess, very ticklish indeed for his friends. I should personally hesitate a long time before



Sailor (discussing the latest luxury liner). "MARK MY WORDS, JOE, THE LUXURY SHIP BUSINESS 'LL COME TO THIS. IN A FEW YEARS YOU WON'T GET NO PASSENGERS TO SAIL IN A SHIP WOT AIN'T GOT A CATHEDRAL AN' A DIRT-TRACK."

eating sphagetti in his company; and to tackle asparagus, feel sick or fulfil any other likely social function under his eagle eye would be clearly to risk social suicide. For he appears to have an altogether uncanny knowledge of what One should do, and what Not, and he exercises it at considerable length in *Good Manners and Bad* (BENN, 10/6). I have always imagined that the first qualification for anyone setting out to analyse the manners of his neighbours was a sense of humour of a rare and delicate distortion. But in Mr. SCOTT'S book I looked for this quality in vain; he seems content to rely for light relief on other and possibly less notable wits, whose epigrams figure largely in his pages. Yet it is evident that his is the crowning merit of assiduity, and his book covers the whole range of social ineptitude in a way which cannot but call for admiration. He must be a marvel of self-confidence who can read it from cover to cover without a tremor as to his past and a certain feeling of hopelessness as to his future. But I am afraid that, whatever Mr. SCOTT and we other diehards may say, the Bright Young People, if they truly exist, will continue whenever so inclined to consume their elders with horror and peas with their knives.



Rabbit. "ARE YOU QUITE SURE THAT THIS RACQUET DOESN'T SAY 'TWANG'? BECAUSE I RATHER WANT ONE THAT SAYS 'PING.'"

In calling her new volume of stories *The Curate's Egg* (MILLS AND BOON, 7/6) the Baroness VON HUTTEN is not quite accurate in her suggestion. It is true that some of her tales are better than others, but not one of them is bad in the sense that one supposes that tactful cleric's breakfast-dish to have been. Not one of them, that is to say, is offensive. Indeed, in certain quarters their conspicuous lack of that quality might be imputed to them for a fault; and, without being of the dour school which regards gloom and tragedy as the hall-mark of good literature, one cannot help being aware that the original destination of these stories was the less disturbing magazines. However desperate the situation in which her characters find themselves, one may always rest assured that a happy ending to their troubles is in store for them. The Baroness, however, is unfailingly vivacious and fertile in invention, and a few of her baker's dozen stand out from the ruck. Rather notable, for instance, are the queerly named "Chapter Forty-Nine"—perhaps it really is, like certain of KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S stories, a fragment of an unachieved novel—and "Daphne Pursued." There is a touch of the fantastic, at least of what BACON meant by "strangeness," in both these tales which redeems them from sentimentality.

In *Tradition and Hugh Walpole* (HEINEMANN, 6/-) Mr. CLEMENCE DANE, an impenitent generaliser and labeller, sets out zealously to prove that the author of *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail* is the authentic successor of the long line of masters of "the traditive" novel. What is the traditive novel? It would seem that the writer of novels is the creation of the Gentle Reader. The Gentle Reader as a child demands either a story pure and simple, a moral tale or a fantasy. The Gentle Reader, grown-up and universalised, is, by a turn of argument which I do not follow, "a blend of the three main types of English taste in reading," and "the typical English novel—I call it the traditive novel—seems to be the result of that blend. The moralist, the romantic and the realist . . . demanded . . . a type of novel which should . . . satisfy their combined hungers," "not a traditional but a traditive novel: a novel based on tradition but not dependent on tradition." This rather arbitrary thesis is argued with much ingenuity, felicity of phrase and apt quotation—the critic has apparently read every considerable English novel, traditional, traditive or eclectic—and anyway it must all be immensely flattering to Mr. WALPOLE.

Diana Dauntless (HEINEMANN, 7/6), in spite of its rather flamboyant title, entitles Mr. PAUL KESTER to serious consideration as an historical romancer. His story of early eighteenth-century England has its faults, at times it is involved and its stage overcrowded. But its merits largely outweigh its defects. His gipsies, for instance, are real people; his pictures of the Court are not over-coloured; even his hero, a young duke and an ardent and intrepid lover, is a human being and not an impossible paragon. It is a full-blooded tale, but Mr. KESTER has judiciously abstained from interlarding his dialogue with strange and unnecessary oaths. To those whose fancy is to go back for a few hours to times when wives were sold, duels fought and passions ran high, I cheerfully recommend this history of *Diana's* progress from poverty to fortune.

Grimmett on Getting Wickets (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 3/6) appears at a time when its author is certainly practising what he preaches. But anyhow this little book, both for its sound advice and the encouragement it gives to youthful bowlers, would be warmly welcomed. Mr. GRIMMETT'S success took some winning, and it will do young and ambitious cricketers all the good in the world to read how he attained it. And here are examples of the advice he offers to those who teach and those who learn:—"One of the first things a boy should be taught is what is good length"; "It is very important to attack. Do not waste your energy in sending down useless balls"; "It does not matter what your success may be, you will never be able to say of cricket that you are unable to learn." A modest and helpful book, and the illustrations add much to its value.

CHARIVARIA.

FRANCE and Italy, it seems, are dumping green peas in this country. A disquieting possibility is that they may be eaten with dumped ducklings.

"The hay crop will be extremely abundant this year," we read, "owing to a very favourable season." The explanation impresses us as indicating an almost uncanny observation of agricultural causes and effects.

We gather from the fashion reports that women are wearing their legs shorter.

Critics of wireless in the Free State complain that too much Erse is broadcast. Listeners-in have difficulty in distinguishing their own language from atmospherics.

A writer in an evening paper asks, "What can be done with the seaside golfer?" We think this problem should be referred to the College of Pestology.

When the first woman to win the Newdigate Prize was married at Oxford last week some surprise was felt that the happy pair did not leave the church under an archway of pentameters.

Greyhounds formed a guard of honour at a recent London wedding. The only flaw in a perfect day was the lack of an electric bridegroom.

Several scientists, on being consulted by a daily paper, have explained that the blueness of the sea, as observed on the South Coast recently, is due to reflection of the sky. They reject the theory that it is caused by the dye of cheap bathing-costumes.

At Paris telephone exchanges certain stock phrases are now uttered by a phonograph instead of the operator. We have been unable, however, to obtain confirmation of the rumour that our own G.P.O. is experimenting with mechanised versions of "Sarray you have been tr-r-roubled."

When the Lord Mayor of PORTSMOUTH and his daughter entered a den of young lions, the latter were at first inclined to be restive, but were induced by their trainer to form a tableau. Lions are apt to be ill at ease in the company of civic dignitaries.

A Hollywood couple have got married after being engaged for a year in order to make sure that they really cared for one another. Most Hollywood couples would consider a year more than long enough to enable them to make sure that they really cared for several other people.

It is expected that when Mr. BALDWIN addresses Conservatives in the Paddock at Epsom on July 2, he will treat the Turf as an agricultural feature.

A paragraphist who looked in vain for an ideal feminine beauty in a Tube train observes that modern girls seem to neglect their feet. Those who have any regard for their feet avoid the Tube.

By way of advice to young men, Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, junior, quoted the saying: "So live that you can look any damn man in the face and tell him to go to hell." We ourselves must confess to a certain hesitancy in trying this on our income-tax collector.

A Beaconsfield man of sixty who has lived in the town all his life has never seen the sea. On the other hand there are probably coast-dwellers who have never seen Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, the well-known resident of Beaconsfield.

In the Lake District even rabbits are observed to have acquired road-sense. WORDSWORTH never had to.

In view of the official estimate of the Imperial Bureau of Entomology that if there were no insects in the British Empire it would support an additional population of forty-five millions, it is anticipated that Lord BEAVERBROOK will incite his Crusaders to ruthless insecticide.

A Press photograph shows Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL repairing a wall in his garden while smoking a cigar. Real bricklayers never do that.

The Commissioner of the Chicago police states that Chicago has less crime than any other place of the same size. Indeed they boast that the only time they ever used a revolver was when they had to shoot a man in order to start a local cemetery.

A *Daily Express* reader claims to have caught an eel ninety-seven inches in length. Possibly it had been thrown back into the water by a *Daily Mail* reader who was fishing for sea-serpents.

Captain TOM HICKMAN of the Texas Rangers, who arrived in London last week and is well known as the queller of lynching riots, is said to be fond of English meals. So much for the belief that all Texas Rangers lunch off six-inch nails.

A news item mentions the case of a Brompton Road shop-assistant who felled a man with a leg-of-mutton. Another effective way of stunning the fellow would have been to tell him the price of mutton a pound.



"WHAT DO THEY CALL THIS PLACE?"
"THE LOUNGE."
"WELL, WHY DON'T YER LOUNGE?"

The Test Gallery.

Among the land-skips recently exhibited at Trent Bridge, none attracted more admiration than "The Youngster's Catch," by COPLEY FIELDING.

An Impending Apology.

"Sir Walter Runciman had the pleasure yesterday of taking his friends on a tour of inspection of his fine yacht, Sunbeam II. . . . The sea-pie, which formed one of the courses at luncheon, was held to be beyond approach."
Yorkshire Paper.

"GIFT TO BURY."
Manchester Paper.

This must be Aunt Maria's toast-rack.

PARLIAMENTARY PIPERS.

MAY I in all seriousness suggest that all-night sittings in the House of Commons be abolished by law? May I entreat the Mother of Parliaments, by some simple self-denying ordinance, to do away with these spectacles of mingled somnolence and grime? Else is she likely to lose what faint respect yet lingers for her majesty in foreign lands.

Even our own newspapers, not all too cleanly in other respects, turn away with disgust from the sordid details of an all-night sitting. A few of the more inane details they do attempt to transcribe, but for the most part they leave the grisly *Hansard* to wallow alone in the night-life of our legislative underworld. I say nothing of the fact that this sleeping on Parliamentary benches is mixed sleeping, and there are no cubicles provided. That is not the sort of remark that I like to make. Although one might have supposed that in a country where the poor are not allowed to sleep on seats in the public parks, their elected representatives might well be forbidden to doss down under the shadow of Big Ben.

The nocturnal torpor of persons in their daytime clothes is always terrible to look upon and dreadful to hear; the loosened collar, the stertorous breathing, the apoplectic grunt, the wild cries of half-wakened women with dishevelled hair—are these things worthy of the Great Witanagemot?

But, if the thought of honourable Members who lie in ungraceful postures for their various constituencies all through the heat of a midsummer night is painful to me, still more painful are the short yaps and shrill bickerings of those who, pinching themselves, manage to stay awake.

"A few minutes afterwards, while Mr. Williams was speaking, a Ministerialist on the back benches began to whistle.

The CHAIRMAN at once requested the hon. Member to stop whistling, which he said was out of order.

Mr. MILLS (Dartford, Lab.). If whistling is considered an infliction, what is that? (pointing to Mr. Williams.)

The CHAIRMAN. I rule that whistling is out of order. It has taken place very often during the night (Ministerial cries of "No"), and I warn members that it must not continue.

Mr. CHURCHILL. Permit me, Sir, very respectfully to suggest that you should ask the hon. gentleman who whistled to own up like a man. (Laughter.)

Mr. BECKETT. May I call your attention to the fact that before the whistling started the right hon. member for Epping was repeatedly shouting out interruptions in a very loud voice?

The CHAIRMAN was understood to reply that he wished there were only one or two disorderly members. If one member was making an interruption that was no excuse for the member who was whistling.

Mr. HAYCOCK (Salford W., Lab.). Should not the speech to which we have been listening be set to music? (Laughter.)

At this point a Member on the Ministerial back-benches blew a faint, short blast on what appeared to be a police-whistle, amid loud laughter and Opposition cries of 'Name!'"

I am merciful in this matter. I quote merely from *The Times*. I will not descend to the Proustian intimacy with which *Hansard* no doubt elaborates the psychology of this orgiastic scene. And when one considers that, unstirred by the tumult, on this seat perhaps the snoring Member of Blowhampton lay asprawl, his mouth open and his hands folded across his front, while on that other, may be, the beautiful representative of the men and women of Wortlebury pouring out sub-conscious memories of childhood in a half-wakeful dream, one is filled with a feeling that is partly pity and partly disdain.

I shall be told that legislation is important, that there have been all-night slap-stick debates, conducted amidst the moans and sighs of sleepers, many a time before. But what was debated or what was settled at this particular pyjama-party to which I allude? Almost nothing that I can discover. Certainly nothing that justified the grime, the squalor, infantile behaviour of the miserable proceeding. Fifteen hours were spent upon a single clause. It was a clause of the Finance Bill. Mr. SNOWDEN as usual was adamant. But is the reputation for being adamant worth fifteen hours of frowst? The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the flushed faces, the crumpled shirt-fronts, the half-powdered faces of those beneath. A few kind words from Mr. SNOWDEN would have sent everybody back to knit up the ravelled sleeve of care in their own quiet beds, instead of which he needs must turn our national chamber of deputies into something between a home for mental defectives and a workhouse ward.

No doubt in Surrey woods the nightingale was singing. But no allusion was made to the fact. There were quiet places where the trees rustled under a canopy of stars. Yet for fifteen hours the House of Commons dosed uneasily, snorted, whistled and screamed. There is no record that they whistled tunefully or well. They did not even whistle well enough to get a good Press while Ascot and the Open Golf Championship were still occupying the electors' minds. They numbered among themselves no accomplished *siffleurs* or *siffleuses*. The parrots in the Zoological Gardens, who now on certain nights stay up until 11 P.M., have accomplished as much for England's good.

I may seem to speak strongly. In fact I do. But there are times when a humble elector and taxpayer feels compelled to utter his mind. And the contemplation even in retrospect of this awful cacophony, this night of horror, this medley of shrill blasts and loud bellowings in Parliament Square, causes me to protest indeed. I would sooner pay extra money and provide understudies who should whistle and snore through the darkness for our legislators than see their energies frittered away in these noisy vigils and unwashen dreams. Or let them all sleep peacefully for a few hours after midnight, and all begin whistling together at 4 A.M., like the birds. I do not care which.

EVOE.

THE STRAWBERRY BOATS.

To-day in France's sunny land
Ten thousand little boats
Push off from pastry dockyards, manned
By crews in scarlet coats;
Stuck by the syrup to their seats,
Fixed in a luscious glaze,
They make the most delicious sweets,
These brave *barquettes aux fraises*.

Perhaps they span from stern to bows
Five inches—hardly that;
Each crew is four if space allows,
But three if very fat;
All ripe and picked, serene they float
And navigate their ways
Down my appreciative throat,
These brave *barquettes aux fraises*.

To-day they have the people's voice
Above all other tarts,
The children's dream, the maiden's choice,
The capturer of hearts;
Should I come back in six weeks' time
They will have run their days;
Now is the moment to berhyme
These brave *barquettes aux fraises*.

Hot Stuff.

"Tate clean bowled Bradman with a ball which literally fizzled off the pitch at a very low angle."—*Sunday Paper.*

"That he had been aggravated beyond endurance by the immortality of his wife, was the allegation of William ——."
North-Country Paper.

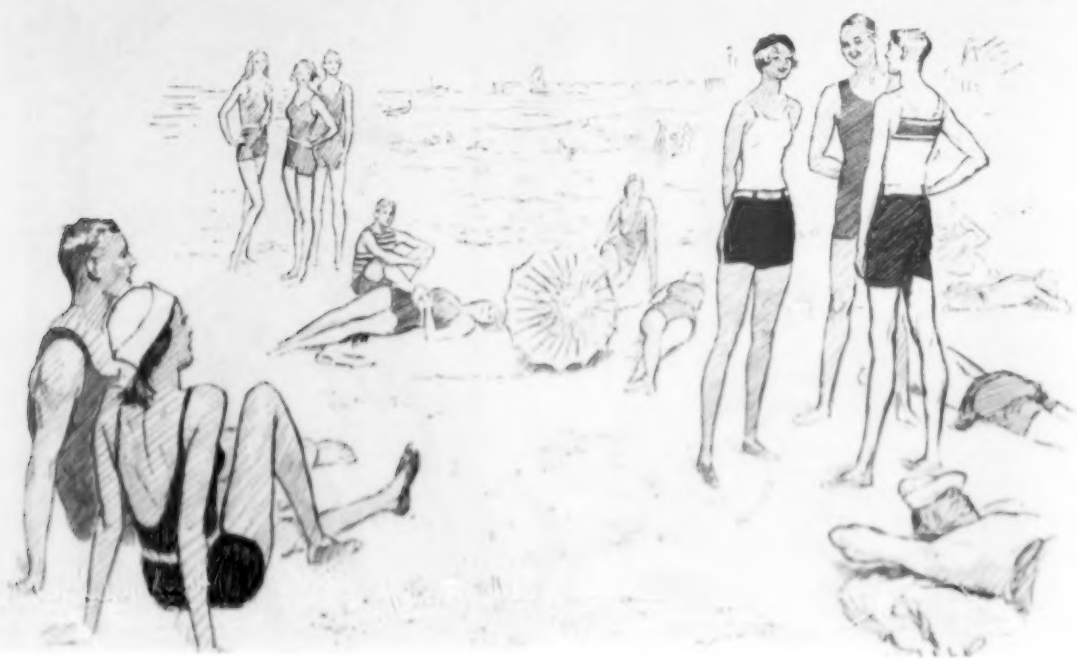
Mr. Punch, who once suffered from the same form of aggravation, is full of sympathy.



THE SUBORDINATE PARTNER.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "WE'RE BOTH OUT TO BEAT BOGEY. SHALL WE GO ROUND TOGETHER?"

MR. MACDONALD. "BY ALL MEANS; AND THEN YOU CAN CADDIE FOR ME."



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Dusk of Trompastry decayers, manned
By crews in scarlet coats;
Stuck by the syrup to their seats,
Fixed in a luscious glaze,
They make the most delicious sweets,
These brave *barquettes aux fraises.*

Perhaps they span from stern to bows
Five inches—hardly that;
Each crew is four if space allows,
But three if very fat;
All ripe and picked, serene they float
And navigate their ways
Down my appreciative throat,
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To-day they have the people's voice
Above all other tarts,
The children's dream, the maiden's choice,
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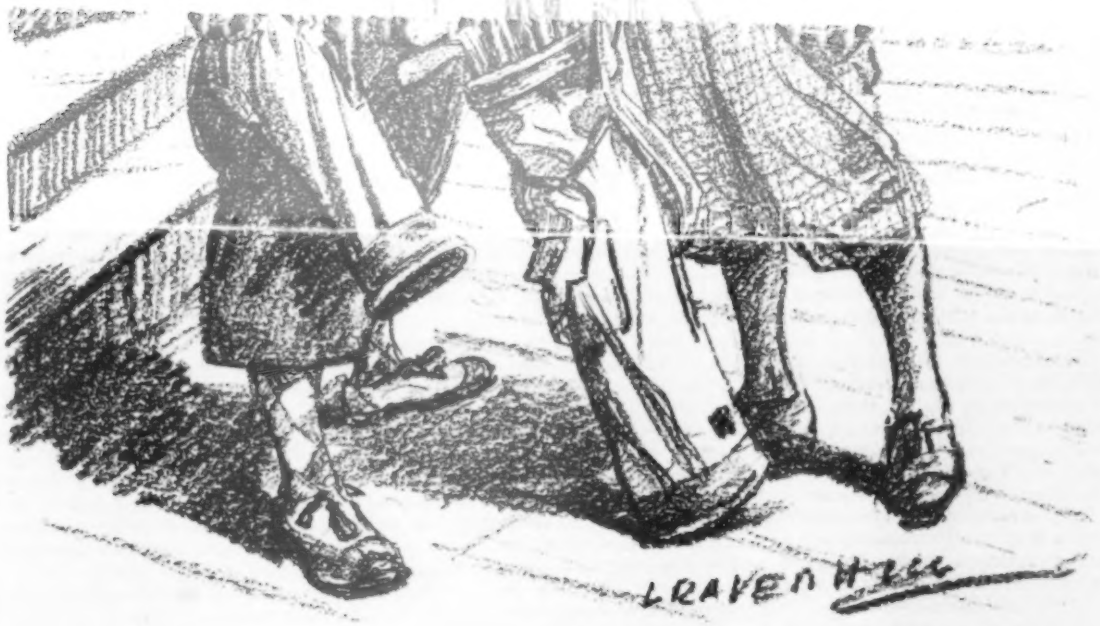
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North-Country Paper.

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found for Mr. Sparrow and awarded him heavy damages. Mr. Pipp appealed upon the point of law, and the Court of Appeal, fortified by many decisions of your Lordships' House, were easily persuaded to allow the appeal, holding that the learned judge had done wrong in allowing the case to go to the jury.

"Mr. Sparrow appealed; and it is now for your Lordships' House to say whether you are for common-sense or for the Common Law. That is the naked issue, unwelcome though it must be to any member of our honourable profession. Now what is the Common Law? It is a body of principles, customs, doctrines, rules and decisions not made by Parliament but handed down from Court to Court, from Judge to Judge, through many generations. In theory we have no such thing as Judge-made law: whenever a question arises to which precedent can provide no definite answer the Court must make what is in effect a new decision; but that decision is supposed to follow necessarily from some established principle or doctrine, and the agreeable fiction is that that decision

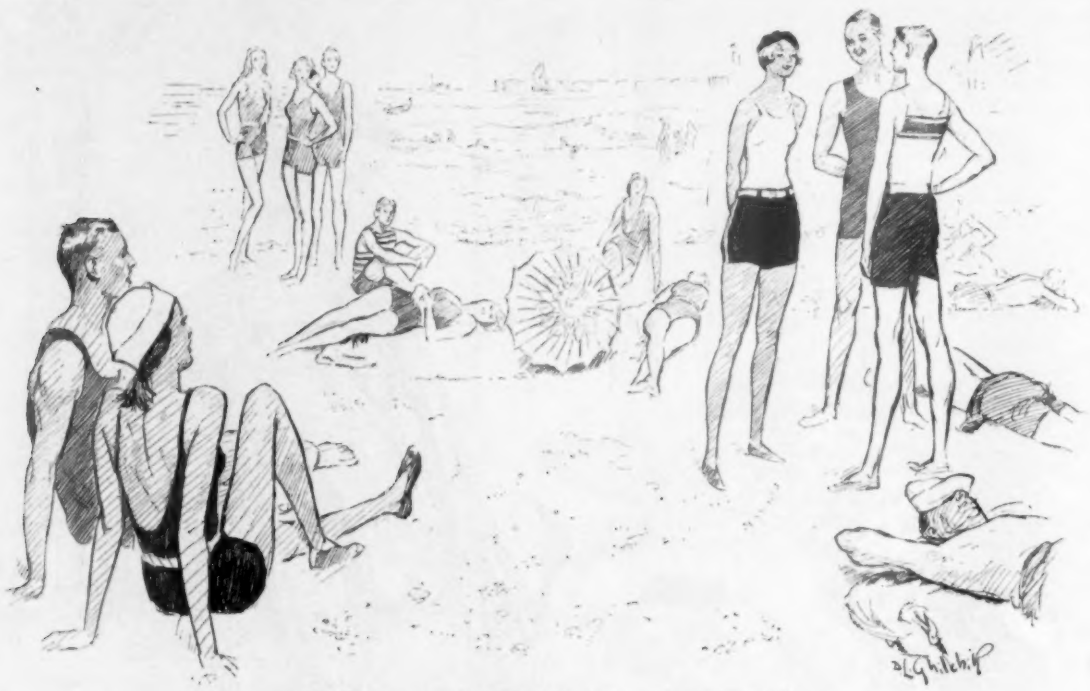




THE SUBORDINATE PARTNER.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "WE'RE BOTH OUT TO BEAT BOGEY. SHALL WE GO ROUND TOGETHER?"

MR. MACDONALD. "BY ALL MEANS; AND THEN YOU CAN CADDIE FOR ME."



He. "I SAY, HOW GLORIOUSLY TANNED THAT GIRL IS!"
She. "POOH! THAT'S LAST SEASON'S SHADE."

MISLEADING CASES.

REBELLION IN THE LORDS.

Sparrow v. *Pipp.*

JUDGMENTS of a startling nature were delivered by the House of Lords to-day in this appeal, which was the sequel to a political libel action.

The Lord Chancellor said: "My Lords, in this appeal we are called upon to make decisions whose consequences may reach out far beyond the lives and fortunes of the particular parties in the case.

"The appellant, Mr. Sparrow, was a Candidate at a Parliamentary Election, and his opponent was Mr. Pipp. In the course of a controversy between them concerning the fiscal policy of these islands Mr. Pipp saw fit to say, or suggest, that Mr. Sparrow was a crook, a divorced person and in general unfitted morally to be the Parliamentary representative of Bogton Parva. Mr. Sparrow was defeated at the polls and brought an action for defamation.

"Now the statements complained of were made at a public meeting by word of mouth and not committed to writing. I have had occasion before to comment on some of the strange, illogical and antiquated features of our law of libel. One of the strangest is that distinction between slander and libel by which the spoken word, however offensive, is not actionable unless the victim can prove that he has suffered special damage. There are exceptions to this rule, as, for example, where imputations are made against a woman's honour. But the honour of a man is held by the law to be of less importance. If Mr. Pipp had written on a postcard, 'Mr. Sparrow is a crook,' Mr. Sparrow would have had a clear cause of action, but since it was shouted at a public meeting he has to show not only that the words are defamatory but that they have caused him actual damage. That is undoubtedly the Common Law.

"At the trial of the action before our learned brother, Mr. Justice Wool, Mr. Sparrow was unable to produce any evidence of special damage, for it appears that accusations of the kind complained of are such common currency in political life that few of the electors had taken much notice of them, and in any case it was impossible to prove that but for those accusations Mr. Sparrow would have been elected. Counsel for Mr. Pipp therefore very properly submitted to the Judge that there was no case to go to the jury. There then followed an event without precedent in the judicial history of our land. Mr. Justice Wool defied the law.

"We learn from counsel who were present that the day was hot and sultry. There had been a thunderstorm and there was the threat of further atmospheric disturbances in the air. Our learned brother throughout the hearing had shown marked sympathy with Mr. Sparrow and had once or twice expressed his loathing of the offensive and, it appears, inaccurate Mr. Pipp. Further, our learned brother was suffering from hay-fever and had shown signs of a nervous irritability which is rarely found on the Benches of our land. And in response to the learned counsel's submission he used the following words, which I read with some reluctance from the shorthand report:—

"'Stuff and nonsense, Sir Ethelred! Yes, I know all about *Shrike* v. *The Glassware Union*, and I know all about *Thurtle* v. *The Dean of Ely*—Usher, open that window, blast you!—I know what you say is the law, but it isn't *sense*. My hat, I'm going to sneeze again!' (The learned Judge here sneezed seven times.) 'Do you really think I'm going to sit here and administer a dam silly law like this? Put it to yourself, Ethelred, old boy. Do you really think at my time of life I'm going to let this absolute toad, tyke, thug, Mr. Pipp, get away with it just because of some footling decision in 1854? A-tishoo! He's insulted Sparrow and he's got to answer for it. The case must go on. Usher, another handkerchief. A-tishoo! O Hell!'

"The case then proceeded. The jury

found for Mr. Sparrow and awarded him heavy damages. Mr. Pipp appealed upon the point of law, and the Court of Appeal, fortified by many decisions of your Lordships' House, were easily persuaded to allow the appeal, holding that the learned judge had done wrong in allowing the case to go to the jury.

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"My Lords, as you know very well, this is nonsense. The Judges of our land are constantly making law, and have always done so. The pity is that there is not more Judge-made law. For most of His Majesty's Judges are much better fitted for the making of laws than the queer and cowardly rabble who are elected to Parliament for that purpose by the fantastic machinery of Universal Suffrage.

"To say that is not to say that the Judges of a hundred years ago are necessarily the persons best fitted to legislate for the circumstances of the present day. But that is the quaint position to which our attachment to precedent has led us. An English Judge, confronted with the decision of a superior Court that the earth is flat, would be bound by that decision, and in a similar case must give a similar judgment, though the members of that Court may have been defunct for fifty years and the circumstances which led them to that conclusion may have disappeared. In the present case your Lordships are bound by a fatuous decision of your Lordships' House in the case of *Thurtle* v. *The Dean of Ely* (2 A. C., 1834). My Lords, I confess that I incline to the same opinion as our learned brother, Wool, much as I deplore the inelegance of his expressions. It is manifestly nonsense that a person who shouts a slander to a crowd of citizens should go free, while he who writes an insult in a private letter may be brought to book. This is but one of the many follies and anomalies, founded for the most part on nothing but historical accident, in our law of libel. Parliament might amend that law, but Parliament at the present time cannot be trusted to amend the laws which matter, for the sole concern of Parliament is to take away the citizen's money and prevent him from enjoying himself.

"It is not for *puisne* Judges such as our learned brother, Wool, to amend the law—and, making due allowance for the effect of thunder and hay-fever, I feel bound to associate myself with the lengthy rebukes already administered by the Court of Appeal. But your Lordships have the power to amend the Common Law, provided that you are willing to abandon in some degree the devoted and mechanical adhesion to precedent which has been for centuries the foundation of our judicial practice. For my part I am willing to take the risk; and I am not willing to be bound hand and foot by the observations of Lord Justice Mildew made in 1834, a year, my Lords, in which the world was a very different place. Since Parliament has surrendered or forgotten its proper function, which is to keep the laws abreast of the times, your Lordships' House must, in my judgment, discharge that duty. So long as I sit upon the Woolsack, whenever an appeal discloses a divergence between the



Village Hosier. "I 'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THAT IS THE ONLY KIND OF WHITE BOW I HAVE LEFT. THE EVENING-DRESS SEASON IS RATHER PAST THE ZENITH WITH US."

Common Law and common-sense it will be my practice to be guided by the latter. We may as well begin with the law of libel. I hold therefore that our learned brother, Wool, though inelegant and insubordinate, was right, and the appeal must be allowed.

"One word more, my Lords. The question must soon arise: If we are prepared to amend the ancient Common Law, most of which is still sensible, what is to be our attitude to modern Statute Law, most of which is not? Nearly all the laws recently enacted by the Legislature are vexatious and foolish, yet we are expected to enforce them as jealously as if they were necessary and good. My Lords, we are venerable, dignified and wise, superior in almost every respect to the elected legislators of the House of Commons; yet, like the rest of His Majesty's Judges, we find ourselves in the position of hired dispensers, compelled continually to dispense the prescriptions of a crazy doctor, which they know to be ineffective or even poisonous. My Lords, is it good enough? My Lords, it is not. My Lords, I give notice that from this day forth it is my intention to decide such disputes as come before me in accordance with my own good sense and judgment, ignoring both precedent and Parliament where they are opposed to my opinions. As for the House of Commons, my Lords, the House of Commons be blowed!"

Lord Lick, Lord Arrowroot, Lord Pullover and Lord Laburnum concurred.

A. P. H.

Mr. Punch At Home.

THE New *Punch* Offices will be open for inspection, and an Exhibition of original drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER will be on view, until July 25. Admission will be by Invitation Card, which has been sent as a matter of course to those who subscribe direct to the *Punch* Offices and all other subscribers whose names and addresses are there recorded. Invitations will be gladly sent to other readers, if they will apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

"PRISON FOR KISSING GIRLS."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

Lucky warders!

THE FIRST TEST.

AT a time when every ball bowled and hit or missed in a Test match is described for the morning and evening papers not only by the accredited writers on the game, whose living it is, but also by most of the ex-England captains, ex-county captains, sporting amateurs and men of letters; and when furthermore there is a broadcaster at work too, moment by moment informing millions of listeners as to the progress of events, there is little left for a recorder ten days after the fair.



HAMMOND, WOOLLEY AND HENDREN FOLLOWED ONE ANOTHER OUT VERY CLOSELY.



GRIMMETT THE GRIM.

Nevertheless, since I went to Nottingham and saw the first Test match of 1930, between England and Australia, I hope I may set down an impression or two, even though they have all the appearance of ancient history. For some things cannot be said too often: for instance that, after losing our fast bowler through sudden illness, we won by ninety-three runs; and again, that our Captain has, wherever he may place himself in the field, such certitude of gathering the ball and such speed of return as can never have been excelled. Why left-handers should throw with so suave and fluid an action I cannot explain, but they do, and CHAPMAN stands out as our foremost proficient, which, considering that WOOLLEY was a competitor, is saying much. CHAPMAN'S "Captain's innings," as it was called, was a noble effort, with some of those fine cool strokes to the ropes at long-off which left-handers make by nature and right-handers toil for. But, although there have been greater wielders of the bat, no one has ever fielded better or with half his easy charm.

And then HOBBS. It is late in the day to say anything new of this supreme living master both of defence and attack; but one of the spectators said it. "HOBBS," he declared, as GRIMMETT either tied up this or that English batsman, or sent him back to the pavilion in disgrace—"HOBBS is the Bank of England." And not once but twice did HOBBS earn this epithet, for it was his pride and privilege to get over seventy in each innings and thus make the Old Country safe. And he will be forty-eight this year!

I wish I could tell of the wonderful things that DULEEPSINHJI did with the bat. But, alas! as twelfth man, he was not in the team until after SUTCLIFFE played a fast ball from WALL with his thumb and was put out of action for fielding. Some one must be twelfth man, and I am as sure that the Sussex Indian bore his disappointment with fortitude as that he will be included in one of the four teams yet to be chosen. But during England's first innings he made an appearance which proved how warm is the place he has won for himself, for when, after a spell of bowling, the mighty, massive and heroic TATE (who had been a bit of a banker too) clapped his hands for a sweater to be brought him it was DULEEPSINHJI who brought it, and next to the salvoes which greeted HOBBS at the end of his two innings, next to the salvo which greeted ROBINS as with 50 not out to his name he left the field, came

the assurance to DULEEPSINHJI that he had the crowd's sympathy and admiration. Later, when he was guarding the boundary for SUTCLIFFE, he won new applause for his fielding and effortless but accurate throwing-in.

The Australian team, though every member is a trier, did not strike me as



CHAPMAN TREATS HORNIBROOK'S LEG THEORY WITH LEVITY.

of the same class as that of 1926; but BOY BRADMAN—or shall we save time by calling him BRADBOY?—is a recruit of the first magnitude, already a performer of the highest order and promising to be more dangerous still. He has all the strokes and no nerves. KIPPAX is attractive and dangerous too, with a natural grace, and RICHARDSON can hit very hard, while the youngest of the newcomers, MCCABE, who will not be out of his teens until next month, is a tower of strength both with bat and ball. Yet it was sad now and then to see, moving inconspicuously among the crowd, retiring and unassuming as ever, the great MACARTNEY himself, armed not with a bat but a pen. The MACARTNEY spirit is sadly lacking, nor did I find in the field anything like my yellow-haired PELLEW. WOODFULL, PONSFORD and RICHARDSON are sound as can be, but in this team there is no magic. PELLEW, ANDREWS and TAYLOR—all are missing. As for the bowlers, GRIMMETT alone seems to me to have anything beyond talent. WALL will have his victims, but only with the assistance of an army in the slips; GRIMMETT's dour attack is, so to speak, single-handed. You see his brain at work and are not surprised when at the stall you are confronted by a pile of books entitled *On Getting Wickets*, and find that he is the author.

Rain tried very hard to spoil the match, but was frustrated. What wonderful cricket seasons we should have if (as it ought to do) the blessed dew of heaven fell only at night and then never enough to soak the pitch, and all day long the sun (as it should be) was shining. And why not? Still, in spite of the rain on the first two days, this Test match was finished, whereas, you remember, the play in the last Test match at Nottingham, in 1926, was confined to a few minutes on the first day and then the pitch became a lake. It was useless to remain on the ground then, because there was no future possible, but the other day, during the showers, I beguiled the weary minutes—and no minutes are so weary as those spent at a cricket-match in waiting for the rain to stop—by studying the pictures and relics in the Trent Bridge pavilion; in gazing, for instance, upon the bat with which SHREWSBURY made 1 257 runs in 1899, his last season, and upon a bat made of the oak of one of the piers of old Trent Bridge, assumed to have been under water for a thousand years.

But even more interesting was the copy of the marriage certificate of the great WILLIAM CLARKE, the father both of Nottingham cricket and of the Trent Bridge ground. One of the less known poems of CHARLES LAMB runs:—

"If ever I marry a wife,
I'll marry a landlord's daughter.
For then I can sit in the bar
And drink cold brandy and water."

WILLIAM CLARKE went beyond that; he married, in 1837, the landlady herself, MARY CHAPMAN of the Old Trent Bridge Inn, and the first thing he did after hanging up his hat there was to get busy about the adjoining meadow, which in the following year was opened as a cricket-ground and is open still, and will, I trust, be open for ever, for the best of games to be played on it, and not too much rain to fall. Before then the Nottingham matches were played on the Racecourse or "on the Forest." I wondered what "Old CLARKE," as he came to be called, would have thought of the crowds that packed this ground of his at the historic match last week? He was accustomed to tens where thousands assembled. Not much lace could have been made in Nottingham in those four days;



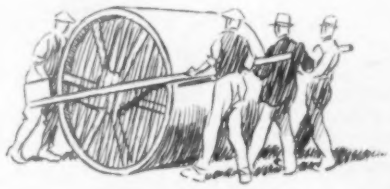
WHILE ENGLAND'S FATE HUNG IN THE BALANCE.

and terrible must have been the mortality among office-boys' grandmothers.

And now for Lord's, June 27th, 28th, 30th, and July 1st. E. V. L.



SATURDAY'S ROLLER—



AND MONDAY'S.

Our Cynical Critics.

"Grimmett did a very big thing in disposing of three out of the five batsmen on whom England mainly depended for practically nothing."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Two Large White boars at the Tockwith sale were named Beaverbrook II. and Beaverbrook III. One was bought for a workhouse and the other for an asylum."
Scots Farming Paper.

We assume that Beaverbrook I. was also a bit of a boar.

"Bailie Fraser said that the committee would be well advised to submit a report as to who was responsible and not wrap the mater up in 'flannel.'"—*Scots Paper.*

In these days it calls for diplomacy to do that even to a great-grand-mater.

There is a young man named ROUGHT-ROUGHT
Of whom it is well to take nought;
He bowls with a zip
And he fields at fine slip,
And Light Blue is the shade of his cought.



Interviewer. "AND WHAT MADE YOU BECOME A SCULPTOR?"
Famous Sculptor. "I WAS ONE OF A LARGE FAMILY AND I HAD TO DO SOMETHING."

"NON-LEGAL ADVICE."

IT is only since I received my lawyer's account that I have begun to realise what a philanthropic lunatic I have been; for here is a man whose livelihood consists of attending to the affairs of others, whilst I, poor fool, have been doing the very same thing all these years for nothing.

To think that I have allowed my friends to drink at the fountain of my knowledge, to help themselves from my vast store of entertainment and to obtrude their paltry affairs upon my notice without ever paying me a penny for the privilege!

But "Nothing for Nothing" will be my motto for the future, and my friends must understand that, if they wish to avail themselves of my advice or my company, they must pay me just as they would have to pay their lawyers. If George wants me to inspect his gladioli or meet his provincial aunt or play bridge with his wife, I shall be only too pleased to let him have my quotation for any of these services. And in order that those with whom I associate may have fair warning of the sort of thing that is coming to them here is an extract from my friend Pobblethwaite's account, in the preparation of which I have used the best legal model:—

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT.

	£	s.	d.
July 4th.			
TO Casual meeting outside G.P.O. Saying "Hullo, Pobblethwaite, how are you?"		2	0
Attending your remarks *re* weather, considering same and advising that present conditions are likely to be maintained		6	8
Attending your remarks *re* trade depression, commiserating and commenting thereon		6	8
Saying "Well, cheerio, Pobblethwaite"		2	0
10% on fees in respect of above owing to inclement weather conditions		1	9
Whisky-and-soda owing to suspected incipient chill due to above		1	6
July 5th.			
TO Letter asking for return of borrowed book		5	0
Stamp			1½
Attending telephone call in which you alleged that you never borrowed borrowed book		2	6
TO borrowed book		7	6
July 10th.			
TO Visiting personally, at your request	1	1	0
Examining male offspring, aged 2 yrs., perusing, considering and commenting thereon		3	4
Holding same		3	4
Advising as to best Schools and Colleges for same		6	8
Teatime consultation, conversing amiably		3	4
Complimenting your wife on cakes		3	4
Saying Good-bye		2	0
Petrol			9
To FEES as above	3	9	7
To DISBURSEMENTS as above		9	10½
	3	19	5½
Less CREDIT by tea and cake 10th July			9
TOTAL	£3	18	8½

Remittance will oblige.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Happily.

"The bright sunshine brought out the frocks which were conspicuously absent on the opening day."
Report of May Races in Daily Paper.

"The leaders of the populace have established a sort of *emporium in imperio*."
South African Paper.

Can this be a reference to the Army and Navy Stores?

MANNERS AND MODES AT ASCOT.



AT FIRST SIGHT ONE IMAGINED ONE WAS BACK AT THE ASCOT OF ONE'S GRANDMOTHER.



BUT CLOSER INSPECTION REVEALED THE MODERN TOUCH.

TRADESMEN.

I WANT a man who knows his trade
To do a job for me;
I want a quick hedge cut and laid
As hedges used to be;
And not a hedger can I find,
Though all the lads repeat
How Granfer used to stake-and-bind,
Years back he did, a treat.

The countryside I vainly secur
For plasterers well skilled
To deck with leaf and bird and flower
The little house I build;
There's not a mort o' call for such,
No use to learn the knack;
Now Granfer had a rare fine touch
At fancy moulds, years back.

The thatcher for my visioned roof,
My smooth eaves shining sleek,
Remains elusive and aloof
However far I seek;
We thatches ricks a tidy few,
But roofs be middlin' queer;
That was the trade poor Granfer knew,
Called home this thirty year.

Oh, Progress bears refreshing fruits
And pleasant, on the whole—
The Pictures and the Institutes,
Trades Unions and the Dole;
But Tradesmen, as the times move on,
Be bad to find, all say;
Old Granfer's like be past and gone,
We'll see no more o' they.

JUNE IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE has come to my garden. She came along the road and leaned tentatively over the gate for a little while, as if waiting to be asked in; then, as I had apparently missed my cue, she pushed it shyly open and did come in. She stole, soft-footed as a breath of pine fragrance, along the path, timid yet conscious of her power to charm, boldly natural yet ingratiating, while I bent over my weeds and would not notice.

Thus June came that bright afternoon to my garden and found it full of flowers.

I gardened hard and still pretended not to notice. June watched me politely.

"I've come to see you," she announced at last.

"Why, hullo, June!" I said to the little fairy-like figure poised lightly on tiptoe but too heavily for one of my antirrhinums.

"I'm seeing my friends and my friends and my friends this afternoon."

June's friends are apparently kept in three classes, like the old railway-trains. I didn't like to ask which I was or I might be told in the bell-like tones of childhood, speaking the plain unvarnished truth, that she had already visited "*every*body else." So I stood up, straightening my back with a loud creaking noise.

This vastly interested June. "Why did you do that?" she asked.

I blushed with pleasure, as who would not who has succeeded in interesting a modern child by a simple trick.

"It 's from stooping so long," I explained gravely. "My back gets like an old gate that hasn't been opened for years. Then when I stand up it creaks."

"But your *back* didn't make that noise. You did it with your mouth. I saw you. Why did you do it?"

Aren't kids hell? "Come and see the garden?" I suggested coldly.

We walked off along the path.

"Have you any big sturshies?" asked June affably, to show that it was all right with her about my mouth creaking if it was all right with me.

It wasn't yet all right with me. I have a sensitive nature. You know, easily hurt. "*Tropæolum majus*, erroneously but persistently called the nasturtium, is not yet in flower," I rebuked stiffly.

There was a terrific pause. Then "Coo!" said June, regarding me in awed fashion. So I considered we were all square over the misplaced creak, and we went hand-in-hand to inspect the herbaceous border.

"Now I like that," said June, standing back and surveying a mass of pink and white stocks.

"Yes, beautiful, aren't they? They're stocks. Now these things here . . . ."

She stood still further back.

"Yes, I *do* like those. *Aren't* they lovely?" She advanced again. "Why, look—there 's one fallen off!"

I looked. It had hardly fallen off; it was just drooping. It would probably pick up in the evening. Still. . . .

"Isn't it lovely? What do you do with the ones that fall off?" continued the child.

I am as clay in the hands of the opposite sex. I picked it and gave it to her. No one apparently was more surprised than June.

"Oh, how nice! *Thank* you!" She then addressed the stock. "Poor little flower, taken away from your friends. All by yourself."

I felt a bit of a brute, so I picked a few more. June thanked me profusely. Getting over her gratitude she found time to admire the flaming boldness of a clump of Oriental poppies. "What a lovely colour that would be for my room!" she remarked.

I found time while I gave her a few to admire the flaming boldness of June. Then we moved on.

"Now aren't those lovely?" Those were pinks and clusters of star-like nemesia growing in with them.

"Yes, they go well together," I agreed with pride, and gratuitously gave her several pinks because it does them good to cut them.

"They go well together," murmured June, as one repeating the wise saying of a master.

She had me there. I cut some nemesia, though it doesn't do them good to cut them. . . .

"Now that," remarked June, moving across the lawn, "is a very pretty pink tree. What is it?"

"Wigelia," I essayed. I am never quite certain of the word.

"Oh! then I shall call it 'pinktree.'" I wish horticultural experts had as much sense in naming things as June. "Don't you ever pick any of it?" she continued.

"It wouldn't be any good to you, June," I replied hastily. "It dies so quickly."

June turned some invincibly feminine logic on to the question.

"Then if it dies quickly I think you ought to pick it before it dies. You could always give it away if you didn't like it dying quickly after you 'd picked it." She had the grace, however, after this dialectical masterpiece to bury her face in her bouquet, ostensibly to smell it, though one bright eye still regarded me hopefully.

I had quite an original idea all of my own and picked some wige—pinktree.

"You wouldn't like a basket?" I inquired as we just managed to force it into the bunch. I carefully kept all sarcasm out of my voice. Which was perhaps a mistake, for June said, Thank you, she would. So we got a basket, a smallish basket.

"Now where had we got to?" asked June, leading the way back to the herbaceous border.

It was not difficult to find the exact spot; there was a noticeable deficiency of colour up to the point where we had left off.

June at once went into ecstasies over the lupins with their castled spires of pink and blue and white.

"Just lovely!" she cried. "Wouldn't they go well with the pinktree. The pinktree I have here," she added swiftly, to prevent any unfortunate mistake.

Several did.

I had to be firm about the anchusa. It stood nearly three feet high, had taken two years to grow from seed, and was the only one in the garden. June was, I think, a trifle disappointed in me at this. I'm not certain she didn't contemplate having friends and friends and friends and friends, the new and fourth class to be occupied solely by me.



Sentimental Old Lady (at residential hotel). "THERE SEEM TO BE A GREAT MANY WIDOWS STAYING HERE, JANE."
Cynical Chambermaid. "YES. AND THERE 'S SOME AS WOULD FIND IT 'ARD TO LAY THEIR 'ANDS ON THEIR 'USBANDS' TOMBSTONES."

However I redeemed myself, and incidentally scored a good point, by getting her to admire the golden heads of a mass of that infernal weed, charlock, in a field I hadn't yet done. We picked a lot of it and added it to the collection. Then I made a tactical error in trying to get her to include groundsel, which she knew.

"Well, I'm going now," said June, realising her basket was full. "Unless you have another basket?"

I was convinced I hadn't.

"Oh, well, then, good-bye! A pity you haven't got any sturshies. I like sturshies best of all."

There's no affectation of politeness about June; and it's very good for all of us she meets.

"I say," she suddenly called back over the hedge; "Mother *will* be surprised about my having these flowers. She said I was *not* to ask you to give me any. And I haven't, have I?" She flashed a delightful smile at me—of the type that in some years' time will make her husband reach resignedly for his cheque-book—and was gone.

Thus June came that bright afternoon to my garden, and left it not quite so full of flowers.

You know, I shall point out to that child's mother that June only comes once a year. . . . No, dammit, I won't. She might take me seriously and really stop her from coming. And what good would my flowers be then? A. A.

"Men, replete in morning dress, were soaked to the skin."—*Ascot Report in Scots Paper.*
Still, it was a comfort to have lunched first.



Boatman (instructing visitor). "YE 'LL MANAGE A FEW STROKES IN TIME, SIR. BUT YE 'LL NEVER BE WHAT I CALLS SEAWORTHY."

ASCOT, AND SO ON.

ALL the dresses in the leafy garden
Were long as long could be,
Lovely as the dress of the late Dolly Varden,
Filmy as the foam of the sea,
And the plaints and the sobs of the short-dress lovers
Faded on the breeze and died,
For the legs of the ladies were covered by covers
Impeding their stride.

None of the dresses in the Royal Enclosure
(If anybody cares two pins)
Yielded the least little trace of exposure
To any one's shins;
Souls that were swept by rapture or by passion,
Dowagers, débutantes, flirts,
Followed the dictates of the present-day fashion
Regarding their skirts.

All of the gentlemen were wearing trousers,
At least so far as I know,
Earls Ambassadors, and sandwich-browsers,
Simpkins and Johnnie Doe;
Legs that were mighty or lowly in their places
Each had the pantaloon
Reaching from the coy concealment of the braces
Down to the shoon.

None of them, Duke or philosopher or farmer,
Strutted in thigh-high boots;
Still less did any of them put on armour
Over their morning-suits;
And the trees of a Berkshire June were apparelled
(Or so I am given to understand)
In the green they have always worn since HAROLD
Was lord of this land.

Fashion and history! Mutable forces!
Nature alarmingly crude!
Strange is the world; I must note that the horses
Were pretty well nude;
Times are gone by when, liking it or loathing,
Under the tournament's box
Gentlemen's quadrupeds had to wear clothing
As far as the hocks.

Petticoats, hose, galligaskins and waders,
Trousers, Court breeches and greaves,
Crinolines, woad, chain-mail for Crusaders,
Lingerie, laces and leaves!
This thing is old and that thing is recent,
This thing is short and that high,
Some legs are shameful and some legs are decent—
And who can say why?

EVOE.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCHEME.

LORD BEAVERBROOK (*as Oberon, expressing the magic juice on to Titania's eyelids*):

"WHAT THOU SEEST WHEN THOU DOST WAKE,
DO IT FOR THY TRUE-LOVE TAKE."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II., Scene 2.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, June 17th.—A thunderstorm was brewing when the Commons convened for what it hopes will be the last and will certainly be the busiest instalment of the Session. Perhaps that is why an air of listlessness seemed to pervade the proceedings, or can it have been a prophetic sense that when all the Bills have been passed and the legislative tumult and shouting have died down the country will not be a whit better off than it is now and no Party in the House will have notably increased the public's desire that it should assume or resume the mismanagement of the nation's affairs?

The "left over" Questions produced no thrills. Dr. ADDISON made his bow as Minister of Agriculture, but it was only to inform the avid Mr. DAY that on April 1st last the farmers who had been April fools enough to grow it had two-hundred-and-seventeen-thousand tons of wheat on their farms. Mr. PARKINSON, a Lord of that Paradisus in Sole, the Treasury, explained on behalf of the Ministry of Transport that rubber paving-blocks are still high, and the PRIME MINISTER explained that pressure of business would not allow of time to be found for an Export of Horses Bill.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, whose "fortifying chirp," like that of the robin, can lighten the dullest afternoon, contrived to chaff the PRIME MINISTER about the prospects of the "poor old Trade Disputes Bill."

The storm broke and the cloudburst fell over Westminster before public business was well under way, but, though the air outside was cleared a bit, there was still thunder in the House, not on the Left, but reverberating, punctured with plashy lightnings, between the Front Benches. It all arose out of a clause in the Finance Bill exempting foreign Consuls from income-tax on their salaries, a clause which Mr. SNOWDEN said took the place of the Treasury concession by which the exemption had previously been granted. "Where is the Treasury Minute?" asked Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, but although Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and off stage (it is stated) his own Chief Whip, urged that the Minute should be produced Mr. SNOWDEN resolutely refused to produce it. Instead he charged Sir AUSTEN with holding up the business of the House on a flimsy excuse, to which Sir AUSTEN retorted that no other Minister in his experience had shown himself so contemptuous of the House as to refuse to produce a document cited by him as the basis of proposed legislation.

Mr. SNOWDEN may enjoy these opportunities of flouting the Opposition, which, as far as he is concerned, is merely the chorus of merry villagers that enhances Mr. CHURCHILL's egregious turns, but the result, if he does not moderate his splenetic transports, will be that the passing of the last clause of the Finance Bill will coincide with the appearance on our expectant dinner-tables of the first cold-storage grouse.



AN ALL-NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT.
MR. SNOWDEN AND MR. CHURCHILL REMAIN AT GRIPS.

Mr. SNOWDEN is not wholly to blame. If the Whips had got together and time-tabled the Bill, instead of leaving it a sort of dog-fight, with the Chairman of Committees shouting "Time!" at discreet intervals, the Government's ambitious programme would have had some chance of going through according to plan.

The foreign Consuls got their income-tax exemption (unless they have the misfortune to be British subjects, in which case Mr. SNOWDEN "larns 'em to be consuls" by depriving them of the coveted exemption), and the House passed on to a clause giving the Special Commissioners powers to demand from bodies corporate certain particulars as to the registered holders of securities. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL made a persuasive effort to convince the House that the clause did not involve any new or drastic inquisitorial powers, and that in any case they were necessary as there were so many forgetful taxpayers about; but he found his arguments being sharply traversed from the Liberal Benches by no less formidable an opponent than Mr. NORMAN BIRKETT, K.C. Had the battle of legal giants been *in foro* Mr. BIRKETT would no doubt have won his case; but the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had a packed jury behind him and ruthlessly appealed to it.

Wednesday, June 18th.—Not so very long ago a common object of the countryside was a poster depicting two cats sitting on the wall. The sleek white cat, the product, we were given to understand, of Swiss tinned milk, was commiserating with the stringy plebeian tabby condemned to eke out an attenuated existence on skim-milk. Nowadays, apparently, the enterprising foreigner tins the skim-milk too, and, beneath a label deceptively redolent of

> ". . . hushed cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,
> Blue, silver-white and budded Tyrian,"

vends it to the unsuspecting British housewife.

It is true, as Lord CRANWORTH admitted when he raised the question to-day in the House of Lords, that every tin must be labelled "unfit for babies," but was that a reason, he asked, why the stuff should be foisted on people who, if they had not an infantile mentality, would certainly stick to the nourishing, if occasionally tuberculous, beverage that is supplied direct from the lowing herd?

Lord MARLEY professed sympathy with Lord CRANWORTH's desire that in the interests of the national health steps should be taken to reduce the growing consumption of dried and tinned milk. He was all for the lowing herd, he explained. The difficulty was that there were many places, especially in the country, where the lowing herdsman wound so seldom o'er the lea that a tin of milk in reserve was more or less a necessity, and, in cases where the whole milk available was not as clean as it might be, was sometimes a boon.

The Commons have paid the first instalment of the price of inter-Party frightfulness. As they trooped in for to-day's sitting they all but met themselves coming out from yesterday's. The Government's supporters, most of whom believe that early to bed and early to rise makes a Labour man healthy,

wealthy (in the respect of his constituents) and even wiser than he is already, were particularly resentful at spending twenty-two hours leavening with a very small amount of business done an eternity of bickering and back-chat. Naturally they vented their disgust on the Opposition, but they had to thank for it Mr. SNOWDEN, who on his own admission postponed making certain explanations for four hours because Mr. CHURCHILL had been "insolent and offensive."

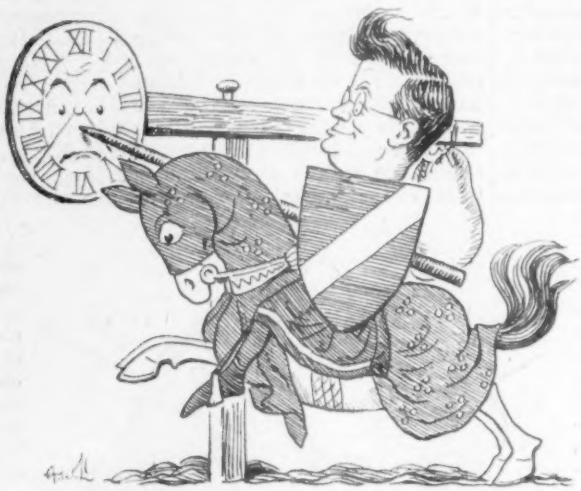
Even the Government supporters found difficulty in applauding this attitude. They know that being offensive to each other is an integral part of Mr. CHURCHILL's and Mr. SNOWDEN's stock-in-trade and they saw no particular reason why those inimitable comedians should conduct their knockabout turn at the expense of the House. The morning wore on, however, and by noon everybody was being insolent and offensive to anybody else that he could get to listen. At 12.25 P.M. the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved to report progress with his Clause 27 still undisposed of. He had gone on defying the House, as Mr. CHURCHILL said, and had met his Waterloo.

It was a somewhat chastened House that returned to work exactly two hours after leaving off, but it perked up considerably on learning from the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR that Members might expect to have their promised jaunt in Airship R100 on one of the middle Saturdays in July.

The Unemployment debate which followed, occasioned by the vote for one million five hundred thousand pounds in respect of Unemployment schemes, produced no new suggestions and derived what interest it had only from the recent Cabinet shuffle, from Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S proposal to summon a conference of local authorities to discuss the speeding-up of unemployment schemes and from the invitation tendered by the PRIME MINISTER to the leaders of the other two Parties that they should co-operate with the Government (not, however, taking any share of its responsibility) in the solution of unemployment as a national problem.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE accepted that invitation for himself, but his appeal to Mr. BALDWIN to rise and do likewise appeared to leave the Conservative leader cold, Mr. MACDONALD having stated that Safeguarding would be ruled out of discussion.

Perhaps the least happy contribution to the debate was that of Colonel ASHLEY, who opposed extravagant road schemes. This brought about his ears Mr. MORRISON, who reminded Colonel ASHLEY that, if he had been a bit quicker at spending money when he was at the Ministry of Transport, Mr. CHURCHILL might not have felt so tempted to raid the Road Fund.



TILTING AT *THE TIMES*.
MR. HERBERT MORRISON.



"Who is the Minister that we shall have before us in the House that we may harass?"
MR. KIRKWOOD.
(*After a mosaic at Pompeii.*)

No other promising victim of his bow and spear being visible at the moment, the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT shrilly denounced *The Times*, "one of the greatest destructive forces of modern times when one wanted to get anything done," for criticising the Bath Road scheme.

Thursday, June 19th.—Lieut-Commander KENWORTHY, who rather likes to act as a ginger group all on his own, asked the PRIME MINISTER if he intended, "in view of the extra responsibilities he had undertaken," to appoint another Leader of the House. A somewhat vague reply brought Mr. KIRKWOOD into the field. "Who is the Minister we shall have before us that we can *harass*?" he demanded with a rolling of the "r" and a hissing of the "s's" that gave the word a fierce and sinister emphasis. Some laughter had an effect the reverse of soothing on this most harassful Member. It was a serious matter, he declared, as one Member of the Cabinet knew, for they had harassed him out of his job. The PRIME MINISTER replied amiably that he would be sorry to restrict his friend's opportunities of harassing any one Minister.

After Mr. SNOWDEN had made the interesting revelation that the Treasury Minute, which the Opposition demanded on Tuesday night, did not in fact exist, the House was treated to another instalment of the serial exchange of recriminations that the late and present Chancellors of the Exchequer have made an almost monotonous feature of their joint public appearances.

Mr. SNOWDEN subsequently devoted his acidulated attentions to Mr. A. M. SAMUEL, and Sir KINGSLEY WOOD in turn undertook the task of telling the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that he was a rude and offensive fellow.

The Clause under consideration was the one which leaves it to the Commissioners to decide, in case of an appeal against an assessment, what part of the tax is in dispute and what not—a concession to departmental tyranny not the less undesirable, as Mr. HANNON pointed out, because it first made its appearance in a Tory Finance Act. Mr. SNOWDEN however was too much devoured by Party spleen to bother about the rights of mere taxpayers and savagely closured the Clause through.

He then intimated in reply to Mr. CHURCHILL that he would be satisfied to call it a day when the House had passed Clause 25. "Very reasonable," agreed Mr. CHURCHILL in amiable tones, and midnight found the CHANCELLOR thankfully moving to report progress.



TROPICAL RESEARCH.

FIRED BY THE SUCCESS OF A SPECIAL EXPEDITION FOR THE PURPOSE OF STUDYING THE HAUNTS AND HABITS OF THE WHALE, THE COLONIAL OFFICE IS NOW EXPECTED TO INVESTIGATE THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE COMMON OR EDIBLE WHELK.

THE PROGRESS OF JONES.

As down the gulf of time I idly wander
And school companions gratefully recall,
Of one I find that I was really fonder
Than any of the others, great or small:
He could imitate the cuckoo on his fingers,
He could play the ocarina and the bones,
And the memory still permanently lingers
Of the varied versatility of Jones.

He could write correct and fluent elegiacs,
Held the record of the school for both the jumps,
Knew the manners and the customs of the Dyaks,
And was wonderfully smart behind the stumps.
He was not confined to prowess in Latinity,
He was skilful in negotiating loans
And carried off the school-prize in Divinity—
Did our enviable admirable Jones.

If there was any weakness in his make-up
That seemed to bar his climbing to the top,
It was the zeal with which he used to take up
A subject, the caprice that let it drop;
And therefore, while applauding his agility,
We somehow felt his choice of stepping-stones
Afforded little prospect of stability
In after life to Albert Edward Jones.

His masters all were vocal in their warning
That he must concentrate and specialize,
And there was wonder mingled with our mourning
When he departed on a strange emprise—
Not with a scholarship or exhibition,
But on a search for prehistoric bones
In Mexico, a scientific mission
Led by his uncle, Cassowary Jones.

The sequel of this strange extravaganza
Revealed a talent that from us he hid;
It did not seem to promise a bonanza,
Yet that is just exactly what it did;
For while engaged in desultory digging
He struck the famous oil-well (which he owns)
And which, without recourse to market-rigging,
Has made a millionaire of Albert Jones.

And yet, though at the early age of thirty
He is immersed in opulence and oil,
I miss the bright unconscionable Bertie,
Who had no axe to grind or pots to boil;
Who made things hum; who never let us stagnate;
Who kept queer pets and played three saxophones;
But now is just a dull unsmiling magnate,
Sir Albert Edward Ebenezer Jones. C. L. G.

How They Brightened the Waiting Time at Nottingham.

"The thousands at Trent Bridge had their reward. How pleased they were when they saw the man with the broom and the light roller being trundled over the pitch!"—*Evening Paper.*

"The Canada goose mates for life, and Scientists have succeeded in extracting the valuable sugar xylose from cotton."—*Montreal Paper.*

While the iguana is largely arboreal in its habits, and on the 14th January, 1684, JOHN VANLOO was born at Aix, in Provence.

AT THE PLAY.

"BADGER'S GREEN" (PRINCE OF WALES).

Badger's Green definitely proves that Mr. R. C. SHERRIFF is not a one-play man. It perhaps also proves that he would prefer for dramatic purposes a one-sex world, the women of *Badger's Green*, with the exception of the little maid in old *Dr. Wetherby's* house, being most perfunctorily thrown in. What really interested him were the character, ideals, bloodless warfare and struggle for power of the *Doctor* and the *Major*, as shown in the management of the cricket club, and the thwarting of the affable speculative builder who threatens to make a model bungalow-town of Badger's Green.

The B.G.C.C. is the centre of the social and political life of the village. The kindly-peppery *Dr. Wetherby*, the president and founder, had also been the captain till, some ten or so years ago, *Major Forrester*, an energetic, not to say pushful, fellow, arrived and disputed the *Doctor's* supremacy. Mistaking the older man's goodwill for weakness he has brought the rivalry to such a point as to make it necessary, so the worthy *Doctor* tells the guileless secretary, *Mr. Twigg*, the (retired Stock Exchange) butterfly-hunter and fretworker, to make a stand. And we see him making it at a committee-meeting. And here let me say at once I think Mr. SHERRIFF has done his sex a disservice. One can well imagine the comments widely made or suppressed (as the case may be) by our gentle partners in life who have seen this play. "So this is how you men go on at your precious committee-meetings. All that pomping and elaboration, those polite forms and repressions, followed by outbursts of childish temper, all about a silly old cricket club—just as if you were governing the world."

Well, we must leave Mr. SHERRIFF to his conscience. And yet who shall say that he has seriously maligned us?

But do not suppose that the *Doctor*, the *Major* and the fretworker are held up to obloquy by the author. They are good fellows all, as proved when a threat from without unites them. They will show this man *Butler* that he can't put his disgusting bungalows where he likes just because he has bought up some land. He is sent for to the hastily-constituted tribunal; appears with his *Secretary*; astutely plays upon their weaknesses; makes them, before they know they have changed their minds, his allies in the building up of a new Badger's Green, with a hospital under charge of the *Doctor*, a magnificent sports club under the *Major*. Even poor *Twigg*, with his hatred of crowds and noise, is seduced by the sympathy of the *Builder's* secretary.

But saner counsels prevail. And in a most Machiavellian manner the *Builder's* sportsmanship is used to wreck his plans. The annual match against a neighbour village is to-day. A nervous tension is apparent. *Twigg*, the Badgers' slow bowler, has been laid under solemn promise to cease from fret-working. He has broken his word, overcome by the desire to finish a coat-rack for the marquee. The chisel slips, and under the bitter reproaches of his friends the little man wishes he were dead. . . . The *Builder* shall take his place; so say the cricketers in their capacity of conspirators. And going in ninth wicket down shall win the match and lose his train. The missing of that train saved Badger's Green from Progress, and you can see that the *Builder*, though his scheme was not as ill-conceived as most of its kind, is half-willing to lose his opportunity. It takes many hundred years to make a Badger's Green. You can destroy it in as many months. And there are, no doubt, many other excellent morals.

The main characters, the *Doctor*, the *Major*, *Mr. Secretary Twigg*, are all types observed with a kindly malice and real affection, exaggerated lawfully in the interests of laughter and excellently differentiated by Mr. HORACE HODGES, Mr. LOUIS GOODRICH and Mr. SEBASTIAN SMITH. We have no actor that can fill out a part like this of the kindly, public-spirited, touchy yet essentially dignified elderly doctor as cleverly and subtly as Mr. HODGES. It is a tribute to Mr. SHERRIFF's ability that he has made so good a thing out of material that seems so slender. But then all material is good if well put together. Mr. FELIX AYLMER well indicated that good fellow the *Builder* with his rocky aitches and his essential right-mindedness mitigated but not destroyed by shrewd business instincts. Mr. FREDERICK BURTWELL's landlord of the "Blue Boar" and official scorer of the B.G.C.C. pleased us all, and no praise could well be too high for the way in which Miss KATHLEEN HARRISON got into the skin of the part of the little slow-witted maid, *Mary*. A quite exceptionally good piece of work.



BULWARKS OF BADGER'S GREEN.

Doctor Wetherby . . . . . MR. HORACE HODGES.
Mr. Twigg . . . . . MR. SEBASTIAN SMITH.
Major Forrester . . . . . MR. LOUIS GOODRICH.

Of course the scene in the pavilion, which Mr. JAMES WHALE, the producer, handled admirably, went like a house on fire. We wanted the Badgers to win as keenly as we want to keep the Ashes, and could scarce forbear to cheer when the *Builder* made two off his knuckles to win for the Green. T.

"THE BEAUX STRATAGEM" (ROYALTY).

What an admirable well-wearing comedy this is! Unless my memory fails me Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR now produces it with less emphasis on his particular forms of bizarre embroidery, and I think it gains thereby—gains so much indeed that I would beg him to commit an heroic act of self-abnegation and some day play it "straight," or as straight as its charming artificiality will allow. Perhaps the tentative process of straightening has here left a few ragged joints.

True we shouldn't like anything altered in Miss EDITH EVANS' rich billowing *Mrs. Sullen*, or in the idiosyncratic clowning of Mr. MILES MALLESON's *Scrub*. These are both privileged and accomplished persons and can carry off their whimsies. Mr. TOWNSEND WHITLING (*Bonniface*) and Mr. ARNOLD PILBEAM (*Gibbet*) had rather the air of being too conscious understudies of Mr. SCOTT-RUSSELL and Sir NIGEL in the Hammersmith production. But *Bonniface* in praise of his old ale was delightful.

The key of Miss HELEN CANE's play-

ing of *Dorinda* seemed just right, and her conversion from shrinking ignorance to instructed ardour is nicely graduated, and in her gracious person she provided every excuse for the sudden change of *Aimwell* the fortune-hunter into *Aimwell* the romantic. Mr. ERIC PORTMAN's presentation of this worthy was perhaps a little lacking in glitter, and Mr. GODFREY TEARLE seemed much too honest and, I venture to think, something too heavy for the conscienceless *Archer*. The pretty baggage, *Cherry*, was intelligently and not too extravagantly presented by Miss CHERRY COTTRELL.

And Mr. MARTIN WALKER's *Sullen*, if something less of a blockhead than the author's label implied, filled out intelligently a lightly sketched part.

Miss EDITH EVANS still dominates the stage as *Mrs. Sullen*—indeed dominates the play. Could the wistful, "I can't swear I could resist the temptation, though I can safely promise to avoid it, and that's as much as the best of us can do," be better said—with that delightful half-break in the voice upon the last phrase?

Really there's no excuse for anybody who cares for the theatre to miss this timely revival.

"Nor can the pictures give a just offence,
For fools are made for jests to men of sense." T.

ANGNA ENTERS (QUEEN'S).

If you are seeing the Episodes and Compositions in Dance Form of Miss ANGNA ENTERS for the first time, your likeliest reflection, as in her first number she whirls round, dreamily sensuous, in the arms of an imaginary partner, who occasionally whispers impolite nothings in her ear and steals a kiss here and there, will probably be, "How very odd!" If you are especially perceptive you may see as far into the business as the American critic who wrote, "The dance emanates the thick sweetness of hot *schokolade* sipped in an autumnal Prater's fat confectionery palaces, the heady bouquet of Tokay wines and the brassiness of sentimental bands." I quote this from a number of appreciations which Messrs. C. B. COCHRAN and MAURICE BROWNE, joint sponsors of this enterprise, have thoughtfully selected to help us all to make a sound judgment. And here, if you miss the hot chocolate, as I did, you will catch a good many other things and begin to say, "How interesting!" And you will certainly be startled into complete attention by the artist's reappearance looking (if we are to hazard these explicit guesses) like an extremely sinister widow returned from the funeral of the husband she has murdered. But your programme reads, "Feline: *Claude Debussy*," and you will begin to realise the purport of this tortured arabesque of steps and postures against the agitated background of DEBUSSY's deliberate cacophonies and gratefully accept as an apt summary of the affair Mr. JAMES LAVER's, "Instead of a woman dressed up as a cat we saw a cat with the body of a woman." And you will note with interest how the artist eschews the obvious conventional sleek movements of the wise and friendly companion from our hearthrugs and selects only such movements as will present a dark legendary attendant on witches, a graveyard-haunting beast—and so forth.



"LAUGHTER HOLDING BOTH HIS SIDES."

Scrub . . . . . MR. MILES MALLESON.
Mrs. Sullen . . . . MISS EDITH EVANS.

"Promenade"—the posturings of a young woman of free manners waiting to keep an appointment with a gentleman-friend and not perhaps indisposed to cancel it if anything more promising turns up—you may perhaps dismiss as having been done many times before. Still, if you reflect afterwards, something was here said that was new.

Later, in "Aphrodisiac–Green Hour," Miss ENTERS develops a darker mood of this essential situation and through the twisted mask of her absinthe-drinking hireling says swiftly many things which it is as well not to put into words. A powerful and indeed terrible interlude.

In two other bracketed and contrasted compositions, "Moyen Age" and "Queen of Heaven," the Madonna is presented—in the first as a sort of vivid pastiche of old coloured sculpture with a strangely broken rhythm of gaunt gestures; in the second we are given a less remote but still strictly and discreetly conventionalised and finely imagined figure showing forth a grave mystical sweetness, blessing, pity, mother-love and spiritual dignity. But never here—as I submit might be fitting—or indeed anywhere else in her repertory, not even in her humorous interludes, does Miss ENTERS seem able to twist her strangely malleable mask of a face to express any note of gaiety—an omission which is rather oppressive to the spirits.

In "Pavana—Spain, 16th century," a lady sombrely and magnificently attired dances, grimly oblivious of her partners and of the rich (imagined) spectacle, the baleful intensity of her frozen glance suggesting that some offending Spanish gentleman or competing lady may take a cup of poison or a dagger-thrust before the night is spent.

The lighter episodes seemed less effective—I should imagine because this artist jokes with difficulty. The young girl playing through her piece with conscientious heavy-handedness must, I think, be as old as TUBAL CAIN. It was excellently done, but scarce worth doing. "Field Day," a young American perfunctorily performing the boring rites of physical jerks and mechanical patriotism, again emphasised the lack of jollity in the artist's temperament. "Cake-Walk, 1897" was admirably presented, but here there was some deeper emotion than gaiety to exploit.

As I find myself persistently going over and over in my mind the various items and trying to estimate their significance, I realise that this artist has something more to give than can be fully apprehended at a single sitting.

Perhaps, indeed certainly, she takes too great a chance of tiring her audience by offering a two hours' wordless entertainment and carrying the whole bur-



Old Lady (as they drop the pilot). "MY DEAR, IF I'D KNOWN WE SHOULD HAVE TO GET OFF THE SHIP LIKE THAT, I'D NEVER HAVE COME."

den herself. This of course may be our native stupidity, but it is a factor to be reckoned with. It is obviously not seemly to upbraid an artist who is a tragedienne in grain for not being bright and breezy. She is definitely and persistently interesting and at times genuinely exciting. T.

The Domestic Note at Nottingham.

"Woodfull was brilliantly caught by Chapman at backyard point. . . ."
Nottingham Paper.

That's where we too learnt our cricket.

The Stalled Ox.

"'I went to the ox office just before the play started, and I must have got the only stall that was left.'"—*Evening Paper.*

"The bride travelled in a tomato and oyster ensemble."—*Welsh Paper.*

Adhesive wedding breakfasts are clearly to be avoided.

"The new Savile, off Cambridge-circus, has its entrance hall in the Royal Academy."
Theatre Notes in Daily Paper.

Surely a confusion between the legitimate stage and the "pictures."

ELIZABETH'S SHIP.

Elizabeth's ship
For a very long trip
Is hardly a craft to commend,
For it 's rather too small
And your legs, if you 're tall,
Are obliged to hang over the end;
The bows and the stern
Come apart if you turn,
The rudder is often forgotten,
And I 'm sure that the sails
Wouldn't stand many gales,
For they 're tied in their places with cotton.

But the Captain is smart
(That 's Elizabeth's part),
And he wears a most lovely cocked hat
As he orders the crew
(That 's Elizabeth too)
To go and do this or do that;
And, though he may shout
As he swaggers about
And his nautical knowledge is slight,
In dangers at sea
He 's as calm as can be
And everything seems to go right.

And in spite of its size
You will learn with surprise
That the speed of this ship is terrific;
It takes to Bordeaux
Twenty seconds or so,
And a minute to cross the Pacific;
You find with a shock
That you 're safely in dock
When you thought you were only just starting;
And explorers turn green
When they hear what you 've seen
And the journey you 've done since departing.

And if ever you want
To go off to an aunt
Who is living in Cannes or in Kandy,
You charter this ship
And make the whole trip
Without any change, which is handy;
The Captain and crew
Are delightful to you,
The meals are both varied and many,
And the charge is, I know,
Most remarkably low—
I think it is only a penny.

Things that Lord Beaverbrook must never Know.

"In the afternoon a picturesque fancy-dress competition for children proved to be very popular, and Joyce Duddell as 'Buy Empire Goods' took the first prize—a handsome German clock."—*Newmarket Paper.*

"Comfortable sleeping quarters for the automobile are provided with a folding bed which, when not in use, may be tucked away behind the rear backrest."—*Montreal Paper.*

Our Baby flatly refuses to transport its bassinet.



HINTS FOR MR. LANSBURY.

IF THE SERPENTINE BECOMES TOO CONGESTED, WHY NOT PROVIDE OVERFLOW BATHING FACILITIES ELSEWHERE—IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, FOR INSTANCE?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is odd that the flimsy experimentalism which apparently embodies what the American intelligentsia feels about marriage should inspire so solid a tract upon caprice as Mr. JOHN ERSKINE'S *An Experiment in Sincerity* (PUTNAM, 7/6). Three butterflies are broken on the wheel of this Topcliffian enthusiast: a business man, *Winthrop Beauvel*, and *Winthrop's* two wives, *Isabel* and *Mary*. *Winthrop* has been living with *Mary* in apparent (but, as a matter of fact, undocumented) matrimony for ten years. *Isabel*, the real holder of the marriage lines, has been absent in Europe. The old judge who straightens out the snarl of the trio's finances wonders how the situation came about—and of course in a morally disciplined community you *would* wonder. In the *Beauvel* circle, however, you expect, and rightly, that any or every pinprick would precipitate a crisis; and as a matter of fact it was a magazine article by *Isabel*—an article redolent of the Ibsen age and signed "*Norah Helmer*"—that broke up the *Isabel-Winthrop ménage* and assigned *Winthrop* temporarily to *Mary*. *Isabel* proceeded to France, succumbed (inanely) to a professional seducer, renounced remarriage with a high-souled compatriot and drifted back to the States to regain her husband through the coquetry learnt from her lover. A portrait (inset) of an exalted schoolmistress who avoids divorce by the simple expedient of companionate marriage stands—so far as I can perceive—for the ideal. A few unemancipated onlookers, gallantly endeavouring to adapt themselves to the *Beauvel* lack of standards, provide an unconsciously humorous background of bewildered practicality.



WHAT IT WILL SOON COME TO.
THE CADDIE OF THE FUTURE.

It is a poor compliment to an author to be afraid to open his book lest the promise of the title should not be kept in the text, but I think Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE, whose *Desert Islands* (FABER AND FABER, 21/-) first scared and then entranced me, will be the first to understand the fear. His promise is so magnificently fulfilled that even those who have in fancy been Island-dwellers from their youth up will find no disillusions as they voyage in his company to and from many little lands surrounded by water, and meet again CRUSOE (chiefly CRUSOE), SELKIRK, PETER WILKINS, *John Silver*, the *Swiss Family*, *Prospero* and other Island-enchanters. The book proper (described by the author as "A Hulk, called by courtesy a Lecture, that was launched under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature many years ago") contains only seventy-two pages, but Mr. DE LA MARE, not content to set minds wandering on their own by the rich suggestiveness of his prose, has further encouraged their voyages by adding an appendix, "an unconscionable Cargo of Odds and Ends and Flotsam and Jetsam." Only the dullest-minded, brought up to hope that "when the wind was due east the ship wouldn't travel due west," will be annoyed by the tacking of this most seaworthy and adventurous craft; the rest, while enjoying the treasures in the hold, will be content to take a roundabout course to the Happy Isles. Mr. REX WHISTLER'S decorations have helped to make as pretty a ship as ever bent sails before the winds of Fancy.

It is nowadays so common for the artist to present his subject in Through-the-Looking-Glass fashion, as only a sort of thing in his dream, that a sculptor whose work is in anyway representational blesses us (as Mr. BELLOC would say) with surprise. Yet, because mere representation can never be the be-all and end-all of art, I feel that Mr. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY was wise in stressing the scientific value of the work of *Tait McKenzie* (COUNTRY LIFE, LTD., 25/-). Undoubtedly the distinguished Canadian sculptor is first and foremost a scientist; and there is a curious parallel between his plastic technique and the *dossier* method by which the naturalists of the nineteenth century constructed their novels. A doctor specializing in the physical training of American undergraduates, he was thirty-four when his first statue, "The Sprinter," was cast; and this was a composite portrait based entirely on statistics. The sculptor emancipated himself from the method, but never wholly, I feel, from the outlook it engendered; and the fact that his work was built up in clay, not hacked out of marble, hindered it from acquiring the æsthetic quality of work conditioned by material with a will of its own. This quality is to a certain extent imposed on MCKENZIE'S statues by the exigencies of costume, and to my mind his "Edinburgh Boy" and the WOLFE Memorial, destined for Greenwich, have more æsthetic significance than most of his nudes. His work is admirably treated here in a sympathetic and discerning text, with a generous abundance of illustration.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that eminently Victorian institution known as a "commonplace book" no doubt more than justified its name. The one kept by Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE is however, as might be expected, distinctly the hundredth case, and the selections from its pages which he has given to the world under the unassuming title of *What the Doctor Thought* (BENN, 7/6 net) are by no means such as answer to that disparaging epithet. Recollections grave and gay, anecdotes, scraps of philosophy and verse, and a host of good stories, Scottish and other, are the ingredients which make up this engaging pot-pourri from the garden of memory. Among the subjects touched upon are HUXLEY'S religion, Scottish scones, draughts, a strike of lunatics, tea-bibbing, coronets and clogs, and long life, upon which last the author is admirably qualified to speak; and from the many capital stories I am tempted to quote the following: "Mr. Johnstone, a farmer in Galloway, was elected an elder to represent the Presbytery at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Meeting him soon after his election, the laird congratulated him and said, 'You will have to take Mrs. Johnstone



The Woman. "I FEEL A LETHARGY CREEPING OVER ME."
The Man. "GRASS IS FULL OF 'EM."

into Edinburgh with you.' 'Na, na,' replied Mr. Johnstone, 'that wad double the expense and halve the pleasure. Na, na, I 'll gang by mysel'.'"

With a lively recollection of *Together* as an amusing story, I was hopeful, on opening *A Man of Manners* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), that Mr. PHILIP HUGHES would again be entertaining. But this tale of the infatuation of an incredibly unsuspicious girl for a man whose attractiveness, however vigorously insisted upon, was never apparent to me, is more irritating than amusing. I was in fact beginning to think that *Dorothy's* innocence amounted to something perilously akin to idiocy, when I found that Mr. HUGHES himself was becoming uneasy about her. "One cannot help wondering," he says, "why so astute a girl as Dorothy—and in some directions she was most astute—should have shown such confidence in Basil when so many exterior circumstances tended to disturb it." And then, though with some hesitation, he proceeds to explain that her faith in her unscrupulous husband was due to "the false idealism that her parents had given her as a representation of real life." When at length she realised the truth she tried to commit suicide, but failing in the attempt she remained to be loved by one of those rugged men whose destiny in fiction is to console foolish women.

Miss F. TENNYSON JESSE, who has edited *The Baffle Book* (HEINEMANN, 2/6), states in a preface that this is not a collection of short stories but "a parlour game, and a very good game too." And in a foreword, addressed to "All who revel in Crime Detection," the American originators of this game, Mr. LASSITER WREN and Mr. RANDLE MCKAY, explain its rules and offer advice to those who wish to play it. Here we are given some thirty mysteries to solve and, so that we shall not too easily seek aid in our task, the answers are printed upside down at the end of the book. These mysteries are fairly set forth, and whether you read them at your ease or organise a Baffle Party and amuse (or conceivably bore) your friends with them, I can without reservation assert that they will provide ample exercise for your powers of deduction.

Although Mr. JOHN NORTH has probably no special regard for the canons of ARISTOTLE, he has adhered in his new novel, *St. Peter and the Profile* (JARROLDS, 7/6), to the unity of time in a way which gives the book a curious and, I think, a pleasing compactness. *St. Peter* is an aged portrait-painter, once sought after but now only a relic of forgotten fashion. The profile is of an elusive image in his mind which he is constantly at pains to trap on paper; at certain moments clearly seen, but invariably escaping in its perfection his pursuing pencil. Inspired by a meeting with a girl whose features approach his ideal, he is nearly achieving it on the back of an envelope when a chance intrusion into a deserted club-room robs him of the few seconds necessary for its completion. A few minutes later he is knocked down and killed by a motor-car. The reactions of four people to *St. Peter's* death during the following twenty-four hours give Mr. NORTH excellent material for character-studies, and I think he has used it well. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the sketch of *Mr. Mellow*, the publisher's clerk.



THE EMPIRE PRESS AT THE ZOO.

Mr. Punch (recognising an Overseas Delegate to the Empire Press Conference). Well met, Sir. I was this very moment looking forward to the pleasure of welcoming you next week to my New Offices and an exhibition of some of my Old Masters.

Delegate. Thank you. I met a member of your staff five years ago in Australia at the last Congress of the Empire Press, and I should like to see him in the added beauty of his local colouring.

Mr. Punch. I will arrange for him to be exhibited with the other pictures. But I am afraid it will be a relatively unexciting entertainment after your orgy of sight-seeing—Epsom, Ascot, Eton, Gleneag'es. What, may I ask, was the general impression that you received from those samples of our social life? You remarked, no doubt, that the country is trembling on the verge of financial ruin?

Delegate. That was not the precise conclusion that I drew from any of the scenes you mention.

Mr. Punch. It is in the nature of a proud race to dissemble its penury. But you must have heard rumours of an impending cataclysm. At least you have been told by Lord BEAVERBROOK that our only hope of survival lies in his crusade for Empire Free Trade?

Delegate. Not by word of mouth; only in the organs which he and his friends control.

Mr. Punch. But I pictured him as rushing impetuously to your very first Conference to expound his views and persuade the Dominions to do something which will enable our food to cost us more.

Delegate. Well, he didn't. You see, he might have heard some embarrassing truths from those who know.

Mr. Punch. But surely Lord ROTHERMERE has brought the weight of his intellectual influence to bear upon your councils?

Delegate. Not in person.

Mr. Punch. Well, well, here we are at the monkey-house. How they chatter! And see those two, how earnestly they scratch one another's backs. By the way, have you studied the ROTHERMERE and BEAVERBROOK papers and noticed what high opinions those two noblemen have formed of one another?

Delegate. The fact is that the programme of dissipation arranged for us has been so exacting that I have had little leisure to study the politics of your popular Press; though I remarked one curious thing—that the Conservative Party seems to have no London evening paper to represent it. We have, of course, done a little work by way of relaxation; but our attention at the Conference has been mostly riveted on technical matters, such as the best way of securing and circulating news.

Mr. Punch. News is an excellent thing to get, and I have before now availed myself of the services of papers that provide it. But I could wish you had discussed the crying need for journalists to distinguish between news that is worth being told and news that is not. The curse of popular journalism is its craving for mere novelty, its contempt of tradition and continuity in literature and life. It won't talk of anything more than a month old for fear of a decline in net sales. So we only read of the shining names of the past when a centenary offers the chance of a stunt.

Delegate. But you have your great newspapers that keep up the great traditions. And you have your critical weeklies. You yourself, though you follow current events, are less concerned with news than with the achievement of permanent truth through the medium of imagination. But cannot you make allowance for those whose business is to supply news and only to employ their imagination when news is lacking or needs to have its dulness embroidered?

Mr. Punch. I do; but I wish our popular Press would show a little more sense of proportion. When I take up my evening paper, do I find the place of honour given to some matter of serious historical importance? No; I find on the front page an arresting headline which shouts: "AMAZING MYSTERY OF HALF-DRESSED TYPIST."

Delegate. Perhaps that's what the public wants.

Mr. Punch. So the sub-editors say. But how do you account for the fact that I am just as likely to find the front page blatant with the announcement that somebody I have never heard of has joined the Empire Crusade? That can't be what the public wants. It is simply what Lord BEAVERBROOK or Lord ROTHERMERE wants the public to want. Have you anything in your country corresponding to the obtrusion into our syndicated Press of propaganda dictated by the Managing Director's own peculiar policy or, worse still, by his personal dislike of some public statesman?

Delegate. In my country we have nothing quite like either Lord ROTHERMERE or Lord BEAVERBROOK.

Mr. Punch. And now shall we leave the monkey-house and take the fresh night air? Let us look at the lions, type of our breed. This is a great evening for the animals. They have never yet seen an Empire Press Delegate after dark. They are staying awake on purpose to make good this defect.

Delegate. Shall we see an account of to-night's reception in your columns?

Mr. Punch. Sir, I am no guest-gossip; but I have considered myself at liberty to publish a précis of our conversation, which (apart from its zoological allusions) might have occurred anywhere. In this report it is my aim, if I may use your own words, to "achieve permanent truth through the medium of imagination." Indeed, my imagination has been exercised to such good purpose that my account of our dialogue has already been exhibited on the bookstalls to-day.

Delegate. It has escaped me; I had only a moment to glance at your paper between my return from the Headmaster's afternoon reception at Eton and the official dinner here at the Zoo. I shall be greatly interested to read your intelligent anticipation of our dialogue.

Mr. Punch. It forms, I hope, a fitting conclusion to a work that is characterised throughout by an unimpeachable veracity. A miraculous feat of the binders, following instantaneously upon the issue of the current number, enables me to have the privilege of offering you, here and now, a copy of that opus, which constitutes my

One Hundred and Seventy-Eighth Volume.

